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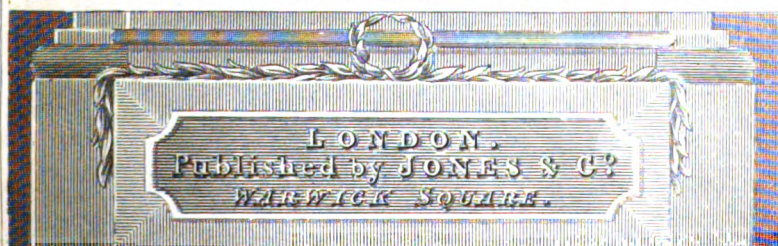
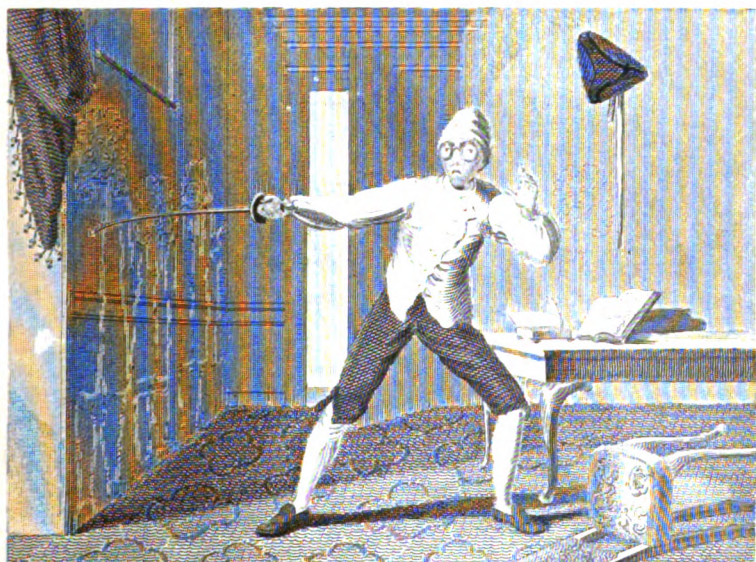
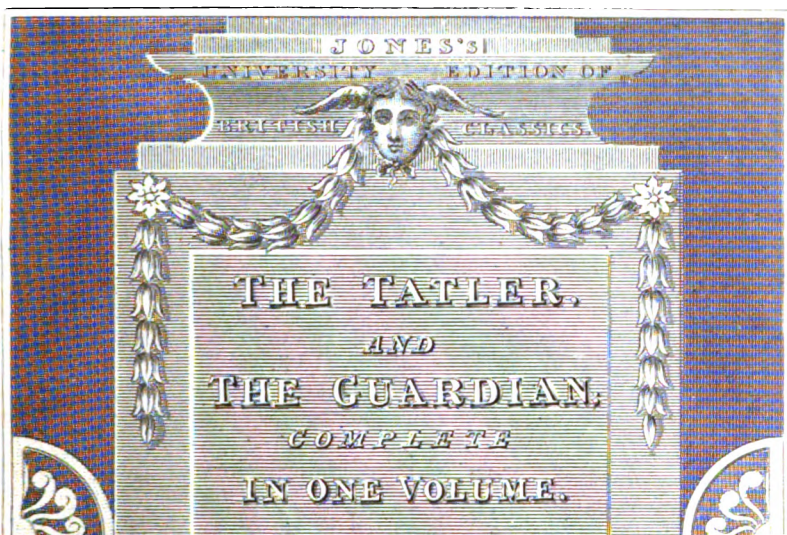
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GENERAL INDEX.....

ORIGINAL DEDICATIONS.

Volume the First.

TO

MR. MAYNWARING.*

SIR,

THE state of conversation and business in this town having been long perplexed with Pretenders in both kinds; in order to open men's eyes against such abuses, it appeared no unprofitable undertaking to publish a Paper, which should observe upon the manners of the pleasurable, as well as the busy part of mankind. To make this generally read, it seemed the most proper method to form it by way of a letter of intelligence, consisting of such parts as might gratify the curiosity of persons of all conditions, and of each sex. But a work of this nature requiring time to grow into the notice of the world, it happened very luckily, that, a little before I had resolved upon this design, a gentleman had written predictions, and two or three other pieces in my name, which rendered it famous through all parts of Europe; and, by an inimitable spirit and humour, raised it to as high a pitch of reputation as it could possibly arrive at.

By this good fortune, the name of Isaac Bickerstaff gained an audience of all who had any taste of wit; and the addition of the ordinary occurrences of common Journals of News brought in a multitude of other readers. I could not, I confess, long keep up the opinion of the town, that these Lucubrations were written by the same hand with the first works

which were published under my name; but, before I lost the participation of that author's fame, I had already found the advantage of his authority, to which I owe the sudden acceptance which my labours met with in the world.

[The general purpose of this Paper is to expose the false arts of life, to pull off the disguises of cunning, vanity, and affectation, and to recommend a general simplicity in our dress, our discourse, and our behaviour. No man has a better judgment for the discovery, or a nobler spirit for the contempt of all imposture, than yourself; which qualities render you the most proper patron for the author of these Essays. In the general, the design, however executed, has met with so great success, that there is hardly a name now eminent among us for power, wit, beauty, valour, or wisdom, which is not subscribed for the encouragement of these volumes. This is, indeed, an honour, for which it is impossible to express a suitable gratitude; and there is nothing could be an addition to the pleasure I take in it but the reflection, that it gives me the most conspicuous occasion I can ever have, of subscribing myself, Sir,

Your most obliged, most obedient,

and most humble servant,

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

* Arthur Maynwing, Esq.

Volume the Second.

you are usually conversant. The images which you will meet with here, will be very faint, after the perusal of the Greeks and Romans, who are your ordinary companions. I must confess I am obliged to you for the taste of many of their excellences, which I had not observed until you pointed them to me. I am very proud that there are some things in these papers which I know you pardon;* and it is no small pleasure to have one's labours suffered by the judgment of a man, who so well under-

stands the true charms of eloquence and poesy. But I direct this address to you; not that I think I can entertain you with my writings, but to thank you for the new delight I have, from your conversation, in those of other men.

May you enjoy a long continuance of the true relish of the happiness heaven has bestowed upon you! I know not how to say a more affectionate thing to you, than to wish that you may be always what you are; and that you may ever think, as I know you now do, that you have a much larger fortune than you want. I am, Sir, your most obedient,

and most humble Servant,
ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

* This seems to amount to a declaration that E. Wortley Montague, Esq. was himself a writer in these papers.

Volume the Third.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM LORD COWPER,
BARON OF WINGHAM.

MY LORD,

AFTER having long celebrated the superior graces and excellences, among men, in an imaginary character, I do myself the honour to show my veneration for transcendent merit under my own name, in this address to your lordship. The just application of those high accomplishments of which you are master, has been an advantage to all your fellow-subjects; and it is from the common obligation you have laid upon all the world, that I, though a private man, can pretend to be affected with, or take the liberty to acknowledge, your great talents and public virtues.

It gives a pleasing prospect to your friends, that is to say, to the friends of your country, that you have passed through the highest offices, at an age when others usually do but form to themselves the hopes of them. They may expect to see you in the house of lords as many years as you were ascending to it. It is our common good, that your admirable eloquence can now no longer be employed, but in the expression of your own sentiments and judgment. The skilful pleader is now for ever changed into the just judge; which latter character your Lordship exerts with so prevailing an impartiality, that you win the approbation even of those who dissent from you, and you always obtain favour, because you are never moved by it.

This gives you a certain dignity peculiar to your present situation, and makes the equity, even of a lord high chancellor, appear but a

degree towards the magnanimity of a peer of Great Britain.

Forgive me, my lord, when I cannot conceal from you, that I shall never hereafter behold you, but I shall behold you, as lately, defending the brave and the unfortunate.*

When we attend to your lordship engaged in a discourse, we cannot but reflect upon the many requisites which the vain-glorious speakers of antiquity have demanded in a man who is to excel in oratory; I say, my lord, when we reflect upon the precepts by viewing the example, though there is no excellence proposed by those rhetoricians wanting, the whole art seems to be resolved into that one motive of speaking, sincerity in the intention. The graceful manner, the apt gesture, and the assumed concern, are impotent helps to persuasion, in comparison of the honest countenance of him who utters what he really means. From whence it is, that all the beauties which others attain with labour, are in your lordship but the natural effects of the heart that dictates.

It is this noble simplicity, which makes you surpass mankind in the faculties wherein mankind are distinguished from other creatures, reason and speech.

If these gifts were communicated to all men in proportion to the truth and ardour of their hearts, I should speak of you with the same force as you express yourself on any other subject. But I resist my present impulse as

* The duke of Marlborough.

agreeable as it is to me; though, indeed, had I any pretensions to a fame of this kind, I should, above all other themes, attempt a panegyric upon my lord Cowper; for the only sure way to a reputation for eloquence, in an age wherein that perfect orator lives, is to

choose an argument, upon which he himself must of necessity be silent.

I am, my Lord,
Your Lordship's most devoted,
most obedient, and most humble servant,
RICHARD STEELE.

Volume the Fourth.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE CHARLES, LORD HALIFAX.

MY LORD,

From the Hovel at Hamptonwick,
April 7, 1711.

WHEN I first resolved upon doing myself this honour, I could not but indulge a certain vanity, in dating from this little covert, where I have frequently had the honour of your lordship's company, and received from you very many obligations. The elegant solitude of this place, and the greatest pleasures of it, I owe to its being so near those beautiful manors wherein you sometimes reside. It is not retiring from the world, but enjoying its most valuable blessings, when a man is permitted to share in your lordship's conversations in the country. All the bright images which the wits of past ages have left behind them in their writings, the noble plans which the greatest statesmen have laid down for administration of affairs, are equally the familiar objects of your knowledge. But what is peculiar to your lordship above all the illustrious personages that have appeared in any age, is, that wit and learning have from your example fallen into a new era. Your patronage has produced those arts, which before shunned the commerce of the world, into the service of life; and it is to you we owe, that the man of wit has turned himself to be a man of business. The false delicacy of men of genius, and the objections which others were apt to insinuate

against their abilities for entering into affairs have equally vanished. And experience has shown, that men of letters are not only qualified with a greater capacity, but also a greater integrity in the despatch of business. Your own studies have been diverted from being the highest ornament, to the highest use to mankind; and the capacities which would have rendered you the greatest poet of your age, have, to the advantage of Great Britain, been employed in pursuits which have made you the most able and unbiassed patriot. A vigorous imagination, an extensive apprehension, and a ready judgment, have distinguished you in all the illustrious parts of administration, in a reign attended with such difficulties, that the same talents, without the same quickness in the possession of them, would have been incapable of conquering. The natural success of such abilities, has advanced you to a seat in that illustrious house, where you were received by a crowd of your relations. Great as you are in your honours, and personal qualities, I know you will forgive an humble neighbour the vanity of pretending to a place in your friendship, and subscribing himself, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obliged,
and most devoted servant,
RICHARD STEELE.

PREFACE TO THE OCTAVO EDITION, 1710.

IN the last Tatler I promised some explanation of passages and persons mentioned in this work, as well as some account of the assistances I have had in the performance. I shall do this in very few words; for when a man has no design but to speak plain truth, he may say a great deal in a very narrow com-

pass. I have, in the dedication of the first volume, made my acknowledgments to Dr. Swift, whose pleasant writings, in the name of Bickerstaff, created an inclination in the town towards any thing that could appear in the same disguise. I must acknowledge also, that, at my first entering upon this work, a certain

uncommon way of thinking, and a turn in conversation peculiar to that agreeable gentleman, rendered his company very advantageous to one whose imagination was to be continually employed upon obvious and common subjects, though, at the same time, obliged to treat of them in a new and unbeaten method. His verses on the 'Shower in Town,' and the 'Description of the Morning,' are instances of the happiness of that genius, which could raise such pleasing ideas upon occasions so barren to an ordinary invention.

When I am upon the house of Bickerstaff, I must not forget that genealogy of the family sent to me by the post, and written, as I since understand, by Mr. Twiaden, who died at the battle of Mons, and has a monument in Westminster-abbey, suitable to the respect which is due to his wit and his valour. There are through the course of the work very many incidents which were written by unknown correspondents. Of this kind is the tale in the second Tatler, and the epistle from Mr. Downes the prompter, with others which were very well received by the public. But I have only one gentleman, who will be nameless, to thank for any frequent assistance to me, which indeed it would have been barbarous in him to have denied to one with whom he has lived in an intimacy from childhood, considering the great ease with which he is able to despatch the most entertaining pieces of this nature. This good office he performed with such force of genius, humour, wit, and learning, that I fared like a distressed prince, who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid; I was undone by my auxiliary; when I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence on him.

The same hand writ the distinguishing characters of men and women under the names of 'Musical Instruments,' 'The Distress of the News-writers,' 'The Inventory of the Playhouse,' and 'The description of the Thermometer,' which I cannot but look upon as the greatest embellishments of this work.

Thus far I thought necessary to say relating to the great hands which have been concerned in these volumes, with relation to the spirit and genius of the work; and am far from pretending to modesty in making this acknowledgment. What a man obtains from the good opinion and friendship of worthy men, is

a much greater honour than he can possibly reap from any accomplishments of his own. But all the credit of wit which was given me by the gentlemen above-mentioned, with whom I have now accounted, has not been able to atone for the exceptions made against me for some raillery in behalf of that learned advocate for the episcopacy of the church, and the liberty of the people, Mr. Hoadly. I mentioned this only, to defend myself against the imputation of being moved rather by party than opinion; and I think it is apparent. I have with the utmost frankness allowed merit wherever I found it, though joined in interests different from those for which I have declared myself. When my Favonius is acknowledged to be Dr. Smalridge, and the amiable character of the Dean in the sixty-sixth Tatler, drawn for Dr. Atterbury; I hope I need say no more as to my impartiality.

I really have acted in these cases with honesty, and am concerned it should be thought otherwise; for wit, if a man had it, unless it be directed to some useful end, is but a wanton frivolous quality; all that one should value himself upon in this kind is, that he had some honourable intention in it.

As for this point, never hero in romance was carried away with a more furious ambition to conquer giants and tyrants, than I have been in extirpating gamesters and duellists. And indeed, like one of those knights too, though I was calm before, I am apt to fly out again, when the thing that first disturbed me is presented to my imagination. I shall therefore leave off when I am well, and fight with windmills no more; only shall be so arrogant as to say of myself, that, in spite of all the force of fashion and prejudice, in the face of all the world, I alone bewailed the condition of an English gentleman, whose fortune and life are at this day precarious; while his estate is liable to the demands of gamesters, through a false sense of justice; and to the demands of duellists, through a false sense of honour. As to the first of these orders of men, I have not one word more to say of them; as to the latter, I shall conclude all I have more to offer against them, with respect to their being prompted by the fear of shame, by applying to the duellist what I think Dr. South says somewhere of the liar, 'He is a coward to man, and a bravo to God.'

THE TATLER.

No. 1.] Tuesday, April 12, 1709.

Qui:quid agunt homines——
Nostri est farrago libelli. Juv. Sat. l. 85, 86.

‘Whate’er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme.’ P.

THOUGH the other papers, which are published for the use of the good people of England, have certainly very wholesome effects, and are laudable in their particular kinds, they do not seem to come up to the main design of such narrations; which, I humbly presume, should be principally intended for the use of politic persons, who are so public-spirited as to neglect their own affairs to look into transactions of state. Now these gentlemen, for the most part, being persons of strong zeal and weak intellects, it is both a charitable and necessary work to offer something whereby such worthy and well-affected members of the commonwealth may be instructed, after their reading, what to think; which shall be the end and purpose of this my paper, wherein I shall from time to time report and consider all matters of what kind soever that shall occur to me, and publish such my advices and reflections every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday in the week, for the convenience of the post. I resolve to have something which may be of entertainment to the fair-sex, in honour of whom, I have invented the title of this paper. I therefore earnestly desire all persons, without distinction, to take it in for the present, *gratis*, and hereafter, at the price of one penny, forbidding all hawkers to take more for it at their peril. And I desire all persons to consider, that I am at a very great charge for proper materials for this work, as well as that, before I resolved upon it, I had settled a correspondence in all parts of the known and knowing world. And forasmuch as this globe is not trodden upon by mere drudges of business only, but that men of spirit and genius are justly to be esteemed as considerable agents in it, we shall not, upon a

dearth of news, present you with musty foreign edicts, or dull proclamations, but shall divide our relation of the passages which occur in action or discourse throughout this town, as well as elsewhere, under such dates of places as may prepare you for the matter you are to expect, in the following manner.

“All accounts of gallantry, pleasure, and entertainment, shall be under the article of *White’s Chocolate-house*;* poetry, under that of *Will’s Coffee-house*;† learning, under the title of *Grecian*;‡ foreign and domestic news, you will have from *Saint James’s Coffee-house*; and what else I have to offer on any other subject shall be dated from my own apartment.

“I once more desire my reader to consider, that as I cannot keep an ingenious man to go daily to *Will’s* under twopence each day, merely for his charges; to *White’s* under sixpence; nor to the *Grecian*, without allowing him some plain Spanish, to be as able as others at the learned table; and that a good observer cannot speak with even *Kidney*|| at *Saint James’s* without clean linen; I say, these considerations will, I hope, make all persons willing to comply with my humble request (when my *gratis* stock is exhausted) of a penny a-piece; especially since they are sure of some proper amusement, and that it is impossible for me to want means to entertain them, having, besides the force of my own parts, the power of divination, and that I

* *White’s Chocolate-house* was then on the west side of *St. James’s-street*.

† “*Will’s Coffee-house* was on the north side of *Russell-street*, *Covent-garden*, where the wits of that time used to assemble, and where *Dryden* had, when he lived, been accustomed to preade.”

Johnson’s: “*Lives*,” &c. vol. iv. p. 15. 8vo. edit. 1781.

‡ The *Grecian* was, and still is, in *Devereux-court* to the Strand; probably the most ancient coffee-house in or about London. In 1652, an English Turkey-merchant brought home with him a Greek servant, who first opened a house for making and selling coffee.

|| *Kidney* was one of the waiters at *St. James’s Coffee-house*.

can, by casting a figure, tell you all that will happen before it comes to pass.

“But this last faculty I shall use very sparingly, and speak but of few things until they are passed, for fear of divulging matters which may offend our superiors.”

White's Chocolate-house, April 7.

The deplorable condition of a very pretty gentleman, who walks here at the hours when men of quality first appear, is what is very much lamented. His history is, that on the ninth of September, 1705, being in his one-and-twentieth year, he was washing his teeth at a tavern window in Pall-Mall, when a fine equipage passed by, and in it a young lady who looked up at him; away goes the coach, and the young gentleman pulled off his night-cap, and instead of rubbing his gums, as he ought to do, out of the window until about four of the clock, sits him down and spoke not a word until twelve at night; after which, he began to enquire if any body knew the lady?—The company asked what lady? but he said no more, until they broke up at six in the morning. All the ensuing winter he went from church to church every Sunday, and from play-house to play-house every night in the week; but could never find the original of the picture which dwelt in his bosom. In a word, his attention to any thing but his passion was utterly gone. He has lost all the money he ever played for, and been confuted in every argument he has entered upon, since the moment he first saw her. He is of a noble family, has naturally a very good air, and is of a frank, honest temper; but this passion has so extremely mauled him, that his features are set and uninformed, and his whole visage is deadened by a long absence of thought. He never appears in any alacrity but when raised by wine; at which time he is sure to come nither and throw away a great deal of wit on fellows who have no sense farther than just to observe, that our poor lover has most understanding when he is drunk, and is least in his senses when he is sober.†

The reader desired to take notice of the

Love for Love.* Those excellent players, Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Bracegirdle, and Mr. Dogget, though not at present concerned in the house, acted on that occasion. There has not been known so great a concourse of persons of distinction as at that time; the stage itself was covered with gentlemen and ladies, and when the curtain was drawn, it discovered even there, a very splendid audience. This unusual encouragement, which was given to a play for the advantage of so great an actor, gives an undeniable instance, that the true relish for manly entertainments and rational pleasures is not wholly lost. All the parts were acted to perfection: the actors were careful of their carriage, and no one was guilty of the affectation to insert witticisms of his own; but a due respect was had to the audience for encouraging this accomplished player. It is not now doubted but plays will revive, and take their usual place in the opinion of persons of wit and merit, notwithstanding their late apostacy in favour of dress and sound. This place is very much altered since Mr. Dryden frequented it; where you used to see songs, epigrams, and saïres, in the hands of every man you met, you have now only a pack of cards; and instead of the cavils about the turn of the expression, the elegance of the style, and the like, the learned now dispute only about the truth of the game. But however the company is altered, all have shewn a great respect for Mr. Betterton; and the very gaming part of this house have been so touched with a sense of the uncertainty of human affairs (which alter with themselves every moment) that in this gentleman, they pitied Mark Anthony of Rome, Hamlet of Denmark, Mithridates of Pontus, Theodosius of Greece, and Henry the Eighth of England. It is well known, he has been in the condition of each of those illustrious personages for several hours together, and behaved himself in those high stations, in all the changes of the scene, with suitable dignity. For these reasons, we intend to repeat this late favour to him on a proper occasion, lest he, who can instruct us so well in personating feigned sorrows, should

Greeks and Romans, wherein he is but faintly imitated in the translations of the modern Italian operas.

St. James's Coffee-house, April 11.

Letters from the Hague of the sixteenth say, that Major-general Cadogan was gone to Brussels, with orders to disperse proper instructions for assembling the whole force of the allies in Flanders, in the beginning of the next month. The late offers concerning peace were made in the style of persons who think themselves upon equal terms; but the allies have so just a sense of their present advantages, that they will not admit of a treaty, except France offers what is more suitable to her present condition. At the same time, we make preparations as if we were alarmed by a greater force than that which we are carrying into the field. Thus this point seems now to be argued sword in hand. This was what a great general* alluded to, when being asked the names of those who were to be plenipotentiaries for the ensuing peace, he answered with a serious air, "There are about an hundred thousand of us." Mr. Kidney, who has the ear of the greatest politicians that come hither, tells me, there is a mail come in to-day with letters, dated Hague, April the nineteenth, N. S. which say, a design of bringing part of our troops into the field, at the latter end of this month, is now altered to a resolution of marching towards the camp about the twentieth of the next. Prince Eugene was then returned thither from Amsterdam. He sets out from Brussels on Tuesday: the greater number of the general officers at the Hague, have orders to go at the same time. The squadron at Dunkirk consists of seven vessels. There happened the other day, in the road of Scheveling, an engagement between a privateer of Zealand and one of Dunkirk. The Dunkirker, carrying thirty-three pieces of cannon was taken and brought into the Texel. It is said, the courier of Monsieur Rouille is returned to him from the court of France. Monsieur Vendosme, being re-instated in the favour of the dutchess of Burgundy, is to command in Flanders.

Mr. Kidney added, that there were letters of the seventeenth from Ghent, which give an account that the enemy had formed a design to surprise two battalions of the allies which lay

with so much discourse upon a matter which I at the very first mentioned as a trifle, viz. the death of Mr. Partridge,* under whose name there is an almanack come out for the year 1709; in one page of which, it is asserted by the said John Partridge, that he is still living; and not only so, but that he was also living some time before, and even at the instant when I writ of his death. I have in another place, and in a paper by itself, sufficiently convinced this man that he is dead, and, if he has any shame, I do not doubt but that by this time he owns it to all his acquaintance; for though the legs and arms and whole body of that man may still appear, and perform their animal functions; yet since, as I have elsewhere observed, his art is gone, the man is gone. I am, as I said, concerned that this little matter should make so much noise; but since I am engaged, I take myself obliged in honour to go on in my lucubrations, and by the help of these arts, of which I am master, as well as my skill in astrological speculations, I shall as I see occasion, proceed to confute other dead men who pretend to be in being, although they are actually deceased. I therefore give all men fair warning to mend their manners; for I shall, from time to time, print bills of mortality; and I beg the pardon of all such who shall be named therein, if they who are good for nothing shall find themselves in the number of the deceased.

No. 2.] *Thursday, April 14, 1709*

Quicquid agunt homines——
Nostrum est farrago libelli. *Juv. Sat. l. 85, 86.*
Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

Will's Coffee-house, April 13.

THERE has lain all this evening on the table, the following poem. The subject of it being matter very useful for families, I thought it deserved to be considered, and made more public. The turn the poet gives it, is very happy; but the foundation is from a real accident which happened among my acquaintance. A young gentleman of a great estate fell desperately in love with a great beauty of very high quality, but as ill-natured as long flattery and an habitual self-will could make her. However, my young spark ventures upon her like a man of

spark flies to the bottle for relief from satiety. She disdains him for being tired with that for which all men envied him; and he never came home, but it was—"Was there no sot that would stay longer? would any man living but you? did I leave all the world for this usage?" to which, he—"Madam, split me, you are very impertinent!" In a word, this match, was wedlock in its most terrible appearances. She, at last, weary of railing to no purpose, applies to a good uncle, who gives her a bottle he pretended he had bought of Mr. Partridge the conjurer. "This," said he, "I gave ten guineas for. The virtue of the enchanted liquor (said he that sold it) is such, that if the woman you marry proves a scold (which it seems my dear niece is your misfortune; as it was your good mother's before you) let her hold three spoonfuls in her mouth for a full half hour after you come home—" But I find I am not in humour for telling a tale, and nothing in nature is so ungraceful as story-telling against the grain, therefore take it as the author has given it you.

THE MEDICINE.

A Tale—for the Ladies.

Miss Molly, a fam'd toast, was fair and young,
Had wealth and charms—but then she had a tongue!
From morn to night th' eternal larum run,
Which often lost those hearts her eyes had won.

Sir John was smitten, and confess'd his flame,
Sigh'd out the usual time, then wed the dame;
Possess'd, he thought, of every joy of life;
But his dear Molly prov'd a very wife.
Excess of fondness did in time decline,
Madam lov'd money, and the knight lov'd wine.
From whence some petty discord would arise,
As, "You're a fool!"—and, "You are mighty wise!"

Though he and all the world allow'd her wit,
Her voice was shrill, and rather loud than sweet;
When she began—for hat and sword he'd call,
Then after a faint kiss,—cry, "Bye, dear Moll!"
"Supper and friends expect me at the Rose!"—
"And, what Sir John, you'll get your usual dose!
Go, sink of smoke, and guzzle nasty wine;
Sore, never virtuous love was us'd like mine!"
Oft as the watchful bell-man march'd his round,
At a fresh bottle gay Sir John he found.
By four the knight would get his business done,
And only then reel'd off, became alone;
Full well he knew the dreadful storm to come,
Ent, arm'd with Bourdeaux, he durst venture home.
My lady with her tongue was still prepar'd,
She rattled loud, and he impatient heard:
"Tis a fine hour! In a sweet pickle made!
And this, Sir John, is every day the trade.
Here I sit moping all the live-long night,
Devoar'd with spleen, and stranger to delight;
'Till morn sends staggering home a drunken beast,
Resolv'd to break my heart, as well as rest." (sponse.)

"Hey! hoop! d'ye hear my damn'd obstreperous
What, can't you find one bed about the house?
Will that perpetual clack lie never still?
That rival to the softness of a mill!
Some couch and distant room must be my choice,
Where I may sleep uncares'd with wife and noise."

Long this uncomfortable life they led,
With snarling meals, and each a separate bed.
To an old uncle oft she would complain,
Beg his advice, and scarce from tears refrain.
Old Wsawood smok'd the matter as it was,
"Cheer up!" cried he, "and I'll remove the cause."

"A wondrous spring within my garden flows,
Of sovereign virtue, chiefly to compose

Domestic jars, and matrimonial strife,
The best elixir 't appease man and wife;
Strange are th' effects, the qualities divine,
'Tis water call'd, but worth its weight in wine.
If in his sullen airs Sir John should come,
Three spoonfuls take, hold in your mouth—then morn,
Smile, and look pleas'd, when he shall rage and scold;
Still in your mouth the healing cordial hold;
One month this sympathetic medicine try'd,
He'll grow a lover, you a happy bride.
But, dearest niece, keep this grand secret close,
Or every prattling hussy 'll beg a dose."

A water-bottle's brought for her relief;
Not Nants could sooner ease the lady's grief:
Her busy thoughts are on the trial bent,
And, female like, impatient for th' event!
The bonny knight reels home exceeding clear,
Prepar'd for clamour and domestic war:
Entering, he cries,—“Hey! where's our thunder stud!
No hurricane! Betty's your lady dead!”
Madam, aside, an ample mouthful takes,
Court'sies, looks kind, but not a word she speaks:
Wondering, he star'd, scarcely his eyes believ'd,
But found his ears agreeably deceiv'd.

"Why, how now, Molly, what's the crotchet now?"
She smiles, and answers only with a bow.
Then clasping her about—"Why, let me die!
These night-cloaths, Moll, become thee mightily!"
With that he sigh'd, her hand began to press,
And Betty calls, her lady to address.

"Nay, kiss me, Molly,—for I'm much inclin'd,"
Her lace she cuts, to take him in the mind.
Thus the fond pair to bed enamour'd went,
The lady pleas'd, and the good knight content.

For many days these fond endearments past,
The reconciling bottle falls at last;
'Twas us'd and gone.—Then midnight storms arose,
And looks and words the union discompose.
Her coach is order'd, and post-haste she flies
To beg her uncle for some fresh supplies,
'Transported does the strange effects relate,
Her knight's conversion, and her happy state!
"Why, niece," says he,—“I prythee hence apprehend,
The water's water—be thyself thy friend;
Such beauty would the coldest husband warm,
But your provoking tongue undoes the charm:
Be silent and complying.—You'll soon find,
Sir John without a medicine will be kind."

St. James's Coffee-house, April 13.

Letters from Venice say, the disappointment of their expectation to see his Danish majesty has very much disquieted the court of Rome. Our last advices from Germany inform us that the minister of Hanover has urged the council at Ratisbonne to exert themselves in behalf of the common cause, and taken the liberty to say, that the dignity, the virtue, the prudence of his electoral highness, his master, were called to the head of their affairs in vain, if they thought fit to leave him naked of the proper means to make those excellencies useful for the honour and safety of the empire. They write from Berlin of the thirteenth, O. S. that the true design of general Fleming's visit to that court was to insinuate, that it will be for the mutual interest of the king of Prussia and king Augustus to enter into a new alliance; but that the ministers of Prussia are not inclined to his sentiments. We hear from Vienna, that his imperial majesty has expressed great satisfaction in their high mightinesses having communicated to him the whole that has passed in the affair of a peace. Though there have been

practices used by the agents of France, in all the courts of Europe, to break the good understanding of the allies, they have had no other effect, but to make all the members concerned in the alliance more doubtful of their safety, from the great offers of the enemy. The emperor is roused by this alarm, and the frontiers of all the French dominions are in danger of being insulted the ensuing campaign. Advices from all parts confirm, that it is impossible for France to find a way to obtain so much credit as to gain any one potentate of the allies, or conceive any hope for safety from other prospects.

From my own Apartment, April 13.

I find it of very great use, now I am setting up for a writer of news, that I am an adept in astrological speculations; by which means, I avoid speaking of things which may offend great persons. But, at the same time, I must not prostitute the liberal sciences so far, as not to utter the truth in cases which do immediately concern the good of my native country. I must, therefore, contradict what has been so assuredly reported by the news-writers of England, that France is in the most deplorable condition, and that their people die in great multitudes. I will therefore let the world know, that my correspondent by the way of Brussels, informs me upon his honour, that the gentleman who writes the gazette of Paris, and ought to know as well as any man, has told him, that ever since the king has been past his sixty-third year, or grand climacteric, there has not died one man of the French nation who was younger than his majesty, except a very few who were taken suddenly near the village of Hockstet in Germany; and some more who were straitened for lodging at a place called Ramilies, and died on the road to Ghent and Bruges.* There are also other things given out by the allies, which are shifts below a conquering nation to make use of. Among others, it is said there is a general murmuring among the people of France, though at the same time, all my letters agree, that there is so good an understanding among them, that there is not one morsel carried out of any market in the kingdom but what is delivered upon credit.

No. 3.] Saturday, April 16, 1709.

Quotid agant homines

Nostrum est farrago libelli.

Juv. Sat. l. 85, 86.

'What'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme.'

P.

* An humorous compliment to the Duke of Marlborough, who, as Mr. Steele insinuates, so reduced the French, that they had now, neither more young men to go to war, nor more ready money to carry to market.

Will's Coffee-house, April 14.

THIS evening the comedy* called the Country Wife, was acted in Drury-lane, for the benefit of Mrs. Bignell. The part which gives name to the play was performed by herself. Through the whole action she made a very pretty figure, and exactly entered into the nature of the part. Her husband, in the drama, is represented to be one of those debauchees who run through the vices of the town, and believe when they think fit, they can marry and settle at their ease. His own knowledge of the iniquity of the age, makes him choose a wife wholly ignorant of it, and place his security in her want of skill to abuse him. The poet on many occasions, where the propriety of the character will admit of it, insinuates, that there is no defence against vice, but the contempt of it: and has, in the natural ideas of an untainted innocent, shown the gradual steps to ruin and destruction which persons of condition run into, without the help of a good education to form their conduct. The torment of a jealous coxcomb, which arises from his own false maxims, and the aggravation of his pain, by the very words in which he sees her innocence, makes a very pleasant and instructive satire. The character of Horner, and the design of it, is a good representation of the age in which that comedy was written; at which time, love and wenching were the business of life, and the gallant manner of pursuing women was the best recommendation at court. To this only, it is to be imputed, that a gentleman of Mr. Wycherly's character and sense, condescends to represent the insults done to the honour of the bed, without just reproof; but to have drawn a man of probity with regard to such considerations had been a monster, and a poet had at that time discovered his want of knowing the manners of the court he lived in, by a virtuous character in his fine gentleman, as he would show his ignorance by drawing a vicious one to please the present audience. Mrs. Bignell did her part very happily, and had a certain grace in her rusticity, which gave us hopes of seeing her a very skilful player, and in some parts, supply our loss of Mrs. Verbruggen. I cannot be of the same opinion with my friends and fellow-labourers, the Reformers of Manners, in their severity towards plays; but must allow, that a good play, acted before a well-bred audience, must raise very proper incitements to good behaviour, and be the most quick and most prevailing method of giving young people a turn of sense and breeding. But as I have set up for a weekly historian, I resolve to be a faithful one; and therefore take this public occasion to admonish a young nobleman, who came flustering into the box last

* By Wycherly. It was first acted in 1698.

right, and let him know how much all his friends were out of countenance for him. The women sat in terror of hearing something that should shock their modesty, and all the gentlemen in as much pain out of compassion to the ladies, and perhaps resentment for the indignity which was offered in coming into their presence in so disrespectful a manner. Wine made him say nothing that was rude, therefore he is forgiven, upon condition he never will hazard his offending more in this kind. As I just now hinted, I own myself of the "Society for Reformation of Manners." * We have lower instruments than those of the family of Bickerstaff for punishing great crimes and exposing the abandoned. Therefore, as I design to have notices from all public assemblies, I shall take upon me only indecorums, improprieties, and negligences, in such as should give us better examples. After this declaration, if a fine lady thinks fit to giggle at church, or a great beau come in drunk to a play, either shall be sure to hear of it in my ensuing paper; for, merely as a well-bred man, I cannot bear these enormities.

After the play, we naturally stroll to this coffee-house, in hopes of meeting some new poem or other entertainment among the men of wit and pleasure, where there is a dearth at present. But it is wonderful there should be so few writers, when the art is become merely mechanic, and men may make themselves great that way by as certain and infallible rules as you may be a joiner or a mason. There happens a good instance of this in what the hawker has just now offered for sale, to wit, "Instructions to Vanderbank: A Sequel to the Advice to the Poets: A Poem, occasioned by the glorious success of her Majesty's arms under the command of the Duke of Marlborough, the last year in Flanders." † Here you are to understand that the author, finding the poets would not take his advice, troubles himself no more about them; but has met with one Vanderbank, ‡ who works in arras, and makes very good tapestry hangings: therefore, in order to celebrate the hero of the age, he claps together all that can be said of a man that makes hangings:

Then artist, who does nature's face express
In silk and gold, and scenes of action dress;

Does figur'd arras animated leave,
Spin a bright story, or a passion weave;
By mingling threads, canst mingle shade and light,
Delineate triumphs, or describe a fight?

Well, what shall this workman do? why, to show how great an hero the poet intends, he provides him a very good horse:

Champing his foam, and bounding on the plain,
Arch his high neck, and graceful spread his mane.

Now as to the intrepidity, the calm courage, the constant application of the hero, it is not necessary to take that upon yourself: you may, in the lump, bid him you employ raise him as high as he can; and if he does it not, let him answer for disobeying orders.

Let fame and victory in inferior sky
Hover with balanc'd wings, and smiling fly
Above his head, &c.

A whole poem of this kind may be ready against an ensuing campaign, as well as a space left in the canvass of a piece of tapestry for the principal figure, while the under-parts are working; so that in effect, the adviser copies after the man he pretends to direct. This method should, methinks, encourage young beginners; for the invention is so fitted to all capacities, that by the help of it a man may make a receipt for a poem. A young man may observe, that the jig of the thing is, as I said, finding out all that can be said in his way whom you employ to set forth your worthy. Waller and Denham had worn out the expedience of "Advice to a Painter:" this author has transferred the work, and sent his Advice to the Poets; that is to say, to the Turners of Verse, as he calls them. Well, that thought is worn out also; therefore he directs his genius to the loom, and will have a new set of hangings in honour of the last year in Flanders. I must own to you, I approve extremely this invention, and it might be improved for the benefit of manufactory: as, suppose an ingenious gentleman should write a poem of advice to a Calico printer; do you think there is a girl in England that would wear any thing but the "Taking of Lisle," or, "The Battle of Oudenarde?" They would certainly be all the fashion until the heroes abroad had cut out some more patterns. I should fancy small skirmishes might do for under-petticoats, provided they had a siege for the upper. If our adviser were well imitated, many industrious people might be put to work. Little Mr. Dactile, now in the

poets, of so useful a turn as this adviser. I shall think of it; and, in this time of taxes, shall consult a great critic employed in the custom-house, in order to propose what tax may be proper to be put upon knives, seals, rings, hangings, wrought beds, gowns, and petticoats, where any of these commodities bear mottoes, or are worked upon poetical grounds.

St. James's Coffee-house, April 15.

Letters from Turin of the third instant, N. S. inform us, that his royal highness* employs all his address in alarming the enemy, and perplexing their speculations concerning his real designs the ensuing campaign. Contracts are entered into with the merchants of Milan for a great number of mules to transport his provisions and ammunition. His royal highness has ordered the train of artillery to be conveyed to Susa before the twentieth of the next month. In the mean time, all accounts agree, that the enemy are very backward in their preparations, and almost incapable of defending themselves against an invasion, by reason of the general murmurs of their own people; which, they find, are no way to be quieted but by giving them hopes of a speedy peace. When these letters were despatched the marshal de Thesse was arrived at Genoa, where he has taken much pains to keep the correspondents of the merchants of France in hopes that measures will be found out to support the credit and commerce between that state and Lyons: but the late declaration of the agents of Monsieur Bernard, that they cannot discharge the demands made upon them, has quite dispirited all those who are engaged in the remittances of France.

From my own Apartment, April 15.

It is a very natural passion in all good members of the commonwealth, to take what care they can of their families. Therefore, I hope the reader will forgive me, that I desire he would go to the play called, the Stratagem,† this evening, which is to be acted for the benefit of my near kinsman Mr. John Bickerstaff.‡ I protest to you, the gentleman has not spoken to me to desire this favour; but I have a respect for him, as well in regard to consanguinity, as that he is an intimate friend of that famous and heroic actor, Mr. George Powel; who formerly played Alexander the Great in all places, though he is lately grown so reserved, as to act it only on the stage.¶

* Prince Eugene.

† The Beaux Stratagem, by G. Farquhar. Acted at the Hay-market, 4to. 1707. It was begun and finished in the course of six weeks, while the author laboured under the Miasm of which he died during the run of his play.

‡ A real player of that name.

¶ A delicate animadversion on the irregularity of Mr. Powel, who, about this time, began to sink in his reputation by abandoning himself to drunkenness.

No. 4.] *Tuesday, April 18, 1709.*

Quicquid signat homines——

—— nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv. Sat. l. 83, 86.*

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

'It is usual with persons who mount the stage for the cure or information of the crowd about them, to make solemn professions of their being wholly disinterested in the pains they take for the public good. At the same time, those very men who make harangues in plush doublets, and extol their own abilities and generous inclinations, tear their lungs in vending a drug, and show no act of bounty, except it be, that they lower a demand of a crown to six, nay, to one penny. We have a contempt for such palky barterers, and have therefore, all along informed the public, that we intend to give them our advices for our own sakes, and are labouring to make our lucubrations come to some price in money, for our more convenient support in the service of the public. It is certain, that many other schemes have been proposed to me; as a friend offered to show me a treatise he had writ, which he called, 'The whole Art of Life; or, The Introduction to great Men, illustrated in a Pack of Cards.' But, being a novice at all manner of play, I declined the offer. Another advised me, for want of money, to set up my coach, and practise physic; but, having been bred a scholar, I feared I should not succeed that way neither, therefore, resolved to go on in my present project. But you are to understand that I shall not pretend to raise a credit to this work upon the weight of my politic news only, but, as my Latin sentence in the title-page informs you, shall take any thing that offers for the subject of my discourse. Thus, new persons, as well as new things, are to come under my consideration; as, when a toast or wit is first pronounced such, you shall have the freshest advice of their preferment, from me, with a description of the beauty's manners, and the wit's style; as also, in whose places they are advanced. For this town is never good-natured enough to raise one without depressing another. But it is my design to avoid saying any thing of any person which ought justly to displease; but shall endeavour, by the variety of the matter and style, to give entertainment for men of pleasure, without offence to those of business."

White's Chocolate-house, April 18.

All hearts at present pant for two ladies only, who have for some time engrossed the dominion of the town. They are, indeed, both exceeding charming, but differ very much in their excellencies. The beauty of Clarissa is soft, that of Chloe piercing. When you look at Clarissa, you see the most exact harmony of feature, complexion, and shape; you find in Chloe nothing extraordinary in any one of those par-

ticulars, but the whole woman irresistible: Clarissa looks languishing; Chloe killing: Clarissa never fails of gaining admiration; Chloe of moving desire. The gazers at Clarissa are at first unconcerned, as if they were observing a fine picture. They who behold Chloe, at the first glance discover transport, as if they met their dearest friend. These different perfections are suitably represented by the last great painter Italy has sent us, Mr. Jervas. Clarissa is by that skilful hand placed in a manner that looks artless, and innocent of the torments she gives; Chloe is drawn with a liveliness that shows she is conscious of, but not affected with, her perfections. Clarissa is a shepherdess, Chloe a country girl. I must own, the design of Chloe's picture shows, to me, great mastery in the painter; for nothing could be better imagined than the dress he has given her of a straw-hat and a ribbon, to represent that sort of beauty which enters the heart with a certain familiarity, and cheats it into a belief that it has received a lover as well as an object of love. The force of their different beauties is seen also in the effects it makes on their lovers. The admirers of Chloe are eternally gay and well-pleased: those of Clarissa, melancholy and thoughtful. And as this passion always changes the natural man into a quite different creature from what he was before, the love of Chloe makes cuxcombs; that of Clarissa, madmen. There were of each kind just now in this room. Here was one that whistles, laughs, sings, and cuts capers, for love of Chloe. Another has just now writ three lines to Clarissa, then taken a turn in the garden, then came back again, then tore his fragment, then called for some chocolate, then went away without it.

Chloe has so many admirers in the house at present that there is too much noise to proceed in my narration; so that the progress of the loves of Clarissa and Chloe, together with the bottles that are drunk each night for the one, and the many sighs which are uttered, and songs written on the other, must be our subject on future occasions.

Will's Coffee-house, April 18.

Letters from the Hay-market inform us, that on Saturday night last the Opera of Pyrrhus and Demetrius was performed with great applause. This intelligence is not very acceptable

formance was done in Italian; and a great critic* fell into fits in the gallery, at seeing, not only time and place, but languages and nations confused in the most incorrigible manner. His spleen is so extremely moved on this occasion that he is going to publish a treatise against operas, which, he thinks, have already inclined us to thoughts of peace, and, if tolerated, must infallibly dispirit us from carrying on the war. He has communicated his scheme to the whole room, and declared in what manner things of this kind were first introduced. He has upon this occasion considered the nature of sound in general, and made a very elaborate digression upon the London Cries, wherein he has shown from reason and philosophy, why oysters are cried, card-matches sung, and turnips an all other vegetables neither cried, sung, nor said, but sold, with an accent and tone neither natural to man nor beast. This piece seems to be taken from the model of that excellent discourse of Mrs. Manly† the school-mistress, concerning sauplers. Advices from the upper end of Piccadilly say, that May-fair‡ is utterly abolished; and we hear Mr. Penkethman has removed his ingenious company of strollers to Greenwich. But other letters from Deptford say, the company is only making thither, and not yet settled; but that several beathen gods and goddesses, which are to descend in machines, landed at the King's-head Stairs last Saturday. Venus and Cupid went on foot from thence to Greenwich; Mars got drunk in the town, and broke his landlord's head, for which he sat in the stocks the whole evening; but Mr. Penkethman giving security that he should do nothing this ensuing summer, he was set at liberty. The most melancholy part of all was, that Diana was taken in the act of fornication with a boatman, and committed by justice Wrathful; which has, it seems, put a stop to the diversions of the theatre of Blackheath. But there goes down another Diana and a Patient Grizel next tide from Billingsgate.

It is credibly reported, that Mr. D—y§ has agreed with Mr. Penkethman to have his play acted before that audience as soon as it has had its first sixteen days run in Drury-lane.

St. James's Coffee-house, April 18.

They write from Saxony, of the thirteenth instant, N. S. that the grand general of the

ten circular letters, wherein he exhorted the Palatines to join against him; declaring that this was the most favourable conjuncture for asserting their liberty.

Letters from the Hague of the twenty-third instant, N. S. say, they have advices from Vienna which import that his electoral highness of Hanover had signified to the imperial court, that he did not intend to put himself at the head of the troops of the empire, except more effectual measures were taken for acting vigorously against the enemy the ensuing campaign. Upon this representation, the emperor has given orders to several regiments to march towards the Rhine; and despatched expresses to the respective princes of the empire to desire an augmentation of their forces.

These letters add, that an express arrived at the Hague on the twentieth instant with advice that the enemy having made a detachment from Tournay of fifteen hundred horse, each trooper carrying a foot soldier behind him, in order to surprise the garrison of Alost; the allies, upon notice of their march, sent out a strong body of troops from Ghent, which engaged the enemy at Asche, and took two hundred of them prisoners, obliging the rest to retire without making any further attempt. On the twenty-second in the morning, a fleet of merchant ships, coming from Scotland, were attacked by six French privateers, at the entrance of the Meuse. We have yet no certain advice of the event; but letters from Rotterdam say, that a Dutch man-of-war of forty guns, which was convoy to the said fleet, was taken, as were also eighteen of the merchants. The Swiss troops in the service of the States have completed the augmentation of their respective companies. Those of Wirtemberg and Prussia are expected on the frontiers within a few days; and the auxiliaries from Saxony, as also a battalion of Holstein, and another of Wolfenbüttele, are advancing thither with all expedition. On the twenty-first instant the deputies of the States had a conference near Woerden, with the president Rouille; but the matter which was therein debated is not made public. His grace the duke of Marlborough and prince Eugene continue at the Hague.

From my own Apartment, April 18.

I have lately been very studious for intel-

lignation minister has entered into a firm league with the ablest and best men of the nation, to carry on the cause of liberty, to the encouragement of religion, virtue, and honour. Those persons at the helm are so useful, and in themselves, of such weight, that their strict alliance must needs tend to the universal prosperity of the people. Camillo,* it seems, presides over the deliberations of state; and is so highly valued by all men for his singular probity, courage, affability, and love of mankind, that his being placed in that station has dissipated the fears of that people, who of all the world are the most jealous of their liberty and happiness, and the least provident for their security. The next member of their society is Horatio,† who makes all the public despatches. This minister is master of all the languages in use, to great perfection. He is held in the highest veneration imaginable for a severe honesty, and love of his country: he lives in a court unsullied with any of its artifices, the refuge of the oppressed, and terror of oppressors. Martio‡ has joined himself to this council; a man of most undaunted resolution, and great knowledge in maritime affairs; famous for destroying the navy of the Franks,|| and singularly happy in one particular, that he never preferred a man who has not proved remarkably serviceable to his country. Philander§ is mentioned with particular distinction; a nobleman who has the most refined taste of the true pleasures and elegance of life, joined to an indefatigable industry in business; a man eloquent in assemblies, agreeable in conversation, and dexterous in all manner of public negotiations. These letters add, that Verono,¶ who is also of this council, has lately set sail to his government of Patricia, with design to confirm the affections of the people in the interests of his queen. This minister is master of great abilities, and is as industrious and restless for the preservation of the liberties of the people, as the greatest enemy can be to subvert them. The influence of these personages, who are men of such distinguished parts and virtues, makes the people enjoy the utmost tranquillity in the midst of a war, and gives them undoubted hopes of a secure peace from their vigilance and integrity.

ADVERTISEMENT.

No. 5.] Thursday, April, 21, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines—

— nostris est farrago libelli. *Jur. Sat.* l. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

White's Chocolate-house, April 20.

'Who names that lost thing, love without a tear,
Since so debauch'd by ill-bred customs here?
To an exact perfection they have brought
The action love, the passion is forgot.'

This was long ago a witty author's lamentation, but the evil still continues; and if a man of any delicacy were to attend the discourses of the young fellows of this age, he would believe there were none but prostitutes to make the objects of passion. So true it is what the author of the above verses said a little before his death of the modern pretenders to gallantry: 'they set up for wits in this age, by saying when they are sober, what they of the last, spoke only when they were drunk.' But Cupid is not only blind at present, but dead drunk; he has lost all his faculties: else how should Celia be so long a maid with that agreeable behaviour? Corinna with that sprightly wit? Lesbia with that heavenly voice? and Sacharissa, with all those excellencies in one person, frequent the park, the play, and murder the poor tits that drag her to public places, and not a man turn pale at her appearance? But such is the fallen state of love, that if it were not for honest Cynthio, who is true to the cause, we should hardly have a pattern left of the ancient worthies that way; and indeed, he has but very little encouragement to persevere; but he has a devotion, rather than love, for his mistress, and says,

'Only tell her that I love,
Leave the rest to her and fate;
Some kind planet from above
May, perhaps, her passion move;
Lovers on their stars must wait.'

But the stars I am so intimately acquainted with, that I can assure him he will never have her; for, would you believe it? though Cynthio has wit, good sense, fortune, and his very being depends upon her, the termagant for whom he sighs is in love with a fellow who stares in the glass all the time he is with her, and lets her plainly see, she may possibly be his rival, but never his mistress. Yet Cynthio, the same unhappy man, whom I mentioned in my first narrative, pleases himself with a vain imagination,

his real character is, a little thief that squints for ask Mrs. Meddle, who is a confident or spy upon all the passions in town, and she will tell you that the whole is a game of crues purposes. The lover is generally pursuing one who is in pursuit of another, and running from one that desires to meet him. Nay, the nature of this passion is so justly represented in a squinting little thief (who is always in a double action,) that do but observe Clarissa next time you see her, and you will find, when her eyes have made their soft tour round the company, she makes no stay on him they say she is to marry, but rests two seconds of a minute on Wildair, who neither looks nor thinks on her or any woman else. However, Cynthio had a bow from her the other day, upon which he is very much come to himself; and I heard him send his man of an errand yesterday, without any manner of hesitation; a quarter of an hour after which he reckoned twenty, remembered he was to sup with a friend, and went exactly to his appointment. I sent to know how he did this morning; and I find that he hath not forgot that he spoke to me yesterday.

Will's Coffee-house, April 20.

This week being sacred to holy things, and no public diversions allowed, there has been taken notice of, even here, a little treatise, called, 'A Project for the Advancement of Religion: dedicated to the Countess of Berkeley:' * the title was so uncommon, and promised so peculiar a way of thinking, that every man here has read it, and as many as have done so, have approved it. It is written with the spirit of one who has seen the world enough to undervalue it with good-breeding. The author must certainly be a man of wisdom as well as piety, and have spent much time in the exercise of both. The real causes of the decay of the interest of religion are set forth in a clear and lively manner without unseasonable passions; and the whole air of the book, as to the language, the sentiments, and the reasonings, shows it was written by one whose virtue sits easy about him, and to whom vice is thoroughly contemptible. It was said by one of the company, alluding to that knowledge of the world the author seems to have, "The man writes much like a gentleman, and goes to heaven with a very good mien."

with be acknowledged king of Spain, by a solemn act of the congregation of cardinals, appointed for that purpose: he declared, at the same time, that if the least hesitation were made in this most important article of the late treaty, he should not only be obliged to leave Rome himself, but also transmit his master's orders to the imperial troops to face about, and return into the ecclesiastical dominions. When the cardinal reported this message to the pope, his holiness was struck with so sensible an affliction, that he burst into tears: his sorrow was aggravated by letters which, immediately after, arrived from the court of Madrid, wherein his nuncio acquainted him, that, upon the news of his accommodation with the emperor, he had received a message to forbear coming to court; and the people were so highly provoked, that they could hardly be restrained from insulting his palace. These letters add, that the king of Denmark was gone from Florence to Pisa, and from Pisa to Leghorn, where the governor paid his majesty all imaginable honours. The king designed to go from thence to Lucca, where a magnificent tournament was prepared for his diversion. An English man-of-war, which came from Port-Mahon to Leghorn in six days, brought advice, that the fleet, commanded by admiral Whitaker, was safely arrived at Barcelona, with the troops and ammunition which he had taken in at Naples.

General Boneval, governor of Comachio, had summoned the magistrates of all the towns near that place to appear before him, and take an oath of fidelity to his imperial majesty, commanding also the gentry to pay him homage on pain of death and confiscation of goods. Advices from Switzerland inform us, that the bankers of Geneva were utterly ruined by the failure of Mr. Bernard. They add, that the deputies of the Swiss Cantons were returned from Suleure, where they were assembled at the instance of the French ambassador, but were very much dissatisfied with the reception they had from that minister. It is true, he omitted no civilities or expressions of friendship from his master, but he took no notice of their pensions and arrears: what further provoked their indignation was, that, instead of twenty-five pistoles, formerly allowed to each member, for their charge in coming to the diet, he had presented them with six only. They write from

for speculation. Letters from Paris, of the twenty-second of this month say, that marshal Harecourt and the duke of Berwick were preparing to go into Alsace and Dauphiné, but that their troops were in want of all manner of necessaries. The court of France had received advices from Madrid, that on the seventh of this month, the states of Spain, had, with much magnificence, acknowledged the prince of Asturias presumptive heir to the crown. This was performed at Buen-Retiro; the deputies took the oaths, on that occasion, from the hands of cardinal Portocarrero. These advices add, that it was signified to the pope's nuncio, by order of council, to depart from that court, in twenty-four hours, and that a guard was accordingly appointed to conduct him to Bayonne.

Letters from the Hague, of the twenty-sixth instant, inform us, that prince Eugene was to set out the next day for Brussels, to put all things in readiness for opening the campaign. They add, that the grand pensioner having reported to the duke of Marlborough what passed in the last conference with Mr. Rouville, his grace had taken a resolution immediately to return to Great Britain, to communicate to her majesty, all that has been transacted in that important affair.

From my own Apartment, April 20.

The nature of my miscellaneous work is such, that I shall always take the liberty to tell for news, such things (let them have happened never so much before the time of writing) as have escaped public notice, or have been misrepresented to the world; provided that I am still within rules, and trespass not as a Tatler, any farther than in an incorrectness of style, and writing in an air of common speech. Thus, if any thing that is said, even of old Anchises or Æneas, be set by me in a different light than has hitherto been hit upon, in order to inspire the love and admiration of worthy actions, you will, gentle reader, I hope, accept of it for intelligence you had not before. But I am going upon a narrative, the matter of which, I know to be true: it is not only doing justice to the deceased merit of such persons as, had they lived, would not have had it in their power to thank me, but also an instance of the greatness of spirit in the lowest of her majesty's subjects.

opportunities even to strike his rival, and profess the spite and revenge which moved him to it. The centinel bore it without resistance; but frequently said, he would die to be revenged of that tyrant. They had spent whole months thus, one injuring, the other complaining; when, in the midst of this rage towards each other, they were commanded upon the attack of the castle, where the corporal received a shot in the thigh, and fell; the French pressing on, and he expecting to be trampled to death, called out to his enemy, 'Ah, Valentine! can you leave me here?' Valentine immediately ran back, and in the midst of a thick fire of the French, took the corporal upon his back, and brought him through all that danger, as far as the abbey of Salsine, where a cannon ball took off his head: his body fell under his enemy whom he was carrying off. Unnion immediately forgot his wound, rose up, tearing his hair, and then threw himself upon the bleeding carcass, crying, 'Ah, Valentine! was it for me, who have so barbarously used thee, that thou hast died? I will not live after thee.' He was not, by any means, to be forced from the body, but was removed with it bleeding in his arms, and attended with tears by all their comrades who knew their enmity. When he was brought to a tent, his wounds were dressed by force; but the next day, still calling upon Valentine, and lamenting his cruelties to him, he died in the pangs of remorse and despair.

It may be a question among men of noble sentiments, whether of these unfortunate persons had the greater soul; he that was so generous as to venture his life for his enemy, or he who could not survive the man that died, in laying upon him such an obligation?

When we see spirits like these in a people, to what heights may we not suppose their glory may rise? but (as it is excellently observed by Sallust) it is not only to the general bent of a nation that great revolutions are owing, but to the extraordinary genius that lead them. On which occasion, he proceeds to say, that the Roman greatness was neither to be attributed to their superior policy, for in that the

til he has ascended to the character of a prince, and become the scourge of a tyrant, who sat on one of the greatest thrones of Europe, before the man who was to have the greatest part in his downfall, had made one step into the world. But such elevations are the natural consequences of an exact prudence, a calm courage, a well-governed temper, a patient ambition, and an affable behaviour. These arts, as they were the steps to his greatness, so they are the pillars of it now it is raised. To this, her glorious son, Great Britain is indebted for the happy conduct of her arms, whom she can boast, that she has produced a man formed by nature to lead a nation of heroes.

No. 6.] *Saturday, April 23, 1709.*

Quicquid agunt homines——

—— nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv. Sat. l. 86, 86.*

Whatever men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme.

P.

Will's Coffee-house, April 22.

I AM just come from visiting Sappho, a fine lady, who writes verses, sings, dances, and can say and do whatever she pleases, without the imputation of any thing that can injure her character; for she is so well known to have no passion, but self-love; or folly, but affectation; that now, upon any occasion, they only cry, 'It is her way!' and, 'That is so like her!' without farther reflection. As I came into the room, she cries, 'Oh! Mr. Bickerstaff, I am utterly undone; I have broke that pretty Italian fan I shewed you when you were here last, wherein were so admirably drawn our first parents in Paradise, asleep in each other's arms. But there is such an affinity between painting and poetry, that I have been improving the images which were raised by that picture, by reading the same representation in two of our greatest poets. Look you, here are the same passages in Milton and in Dryden. All Milton's thoughts are wonderfully just and natural, in that inimitable description which Adam makes of himself, in the eighth book of Paradise Lost.

First found me, and with soft oppression seiz'd
My drowned sense, untroubled, though I thought
I then was passing to my former state
Insenible, and forthwith to dissolve.

But now I cannot forgive this odious thing, this Dryden, who, in his 'State of Innocence,' has given my great grandmother Eve the same apprehension of annihilation on a very different occasion; as Adam pronounces it of himself, when he was seized with a pleasing kind of stupor and deadness, Eve fancies herself falling away, and dissolving in the hurry of a rapture. However, the verses are very good, and I do not know but what she says may be natural; I will read them:

When your kind eyes look'd languishing on mine,
And wreathing arms did soft embraces join;
A doubtful trembling seiz'd me first all o'er,
Then wishes, and a warmth unknown before;
What follow'd was all ecstacy and trance,
Immortal pleasures round my swimming eyes did dance,
And speechless joys, in whose sweet tumults lost,
I thought my breath and my new being lost.

She went on, and said a thousand good things at random, but so strangely mixed, that you would be apt to say, all her wit is mere good luck, and not the effect of reason and judgment. When I made my escape hither, I found a gentleman playing the critic on two other great poets, even Virgil and Homer.* He was observing, that Virgil is more judicious than the other in the epithets he gives his hero. Homers usual epithet, said he, is Πόδας ὀδύς, or Ποδάργος, and his indiscretion has been often rallied by the critics, for mentioning the nimbleness of foot in Achilles, though he describes him standing, sitting, lying down, fighting, eating, drinking, or in any other circumstance, however foreign or repugnant to speed and activity. Virgil's common epithet to Æneas, is *Pius* or *Pater*. I have therefore considered, said he, what passage there is in any of his hero's actions, where either of these appellations would have been most proper, to see if I could catch him at the same fault with Homer: and this, I think, is his meeting with Dido in the cave, where *Pius* Æneas would have been absurd, and *Pater* Æneas a burlesque: the poet, therefore, wisely dropped them both for *Dux Trojanus*; which he has repeated twice in Juno's speech, and his own narration: for he very well knew, a loose action might be consistent enough with the usual manners of a soldier, though it became neither the chastity of a pious man, nor the gravity of the father of a people.

Grecian Coffee-house, April 22.

While other parts of the town are amused

* Addison, on reading here this curious remark upon Virgil, which he himself had communicated to Steele, instantly discovered that his friend was the author of the Tatler, to which, he very soon after, became a principal contributor. He was at this time in Ireland, secretary to lord Wharton, and returned to England with the lord lieutenant, the eighth of September following, 1709.

with the present actions, we generally spend the evening at this table in enquiries into antiquity, and think any thing news which gives us new knowledge. Thus we are making a very pleasant entertainment to ourselves, in putting the actions of Homer's Iliad into an exact journal.

This poem is introduced by Chryses, king of Chryseis and priest of Apollo, who comes to re-demand his daughter, who had been carried off at the taking of that city, and given to Agamemnon for his part of the booty. The refusal he received enrages Apollo, who for nine days, showered down darts upon them, which occasioned the pestilence.

The tenth day, Achilles assembled the council, and encourages Chalcas to speak for the surrender of Chryseis, to appease Apollo. Agamemnon and Achilles storm at one another, notwithstanding which, Agamemnon will not release his prisoner, unless he has Briseis in her stead. After long contestations, wherein Agamemnon gives a glorious character of Achilles's valour, he determines to restore Chryseis to her father, and sends two heralds to fetch away Briseis from Achilles, who abandons himself to sorrow and despair. His mother Thetis, comes to comfort him under his affliction, and promises to represent his sorrowful lamentation to Jupiter: but he could not attend to it; for, the evening before, he had appointed to divert himself for two days, beyond the seas, with the harmless Ethiopians.

It was the twenty-first day after Chryseis's arrival at the camp, that Thetis went very early to demand an audience of Jupiter. The means he used to satisfy her were, to persuade the Greeks to attack the Trojans; that so they might perceive the consequence of contemning Achilles, and the miseries they suffer if he does not head them. The next night he orders Agamemnon, in a dream, to attack them; who was deceived with the hopes of obtaining a victory, and also taking the city, without sharing the honour with Achilles.

On the twenty-second, in the morning, he assembles the council, and having made a feint of raising the siege and retiring, he declares to them his dream; and, together with Nestor and Ulysses, resolves on an engagement.

This was the twenty-third day, which is full of incidents, and which continues from almost the beginning of the second canto to the eighth.

The armies being then drawn up in view of one another, Hector brings it about, that Menelaus and Paris, the two persons concerned in the quarrel, should decide it by a single combat, which tending to the advantage of Menelaus, was interrupted by a cowardice infused by Minerva: then both armies engage, where the Trojans have the disadvantage; but being afterwards animated by Apollo, they repulse the enemy, yet they are once again forced to

give ground; but their affairs were retrieved by Hector, who has a single combat with Ajax. The gods threw themselves into the battle: Juno and Minerva took the Grecians' part, and Apollo and Mars, the Trojans': but Mars and Venus are both wounded by Diomedes.

The truce for burying the slain ended the twenty-third day, after which the Greeks threw up a great intrenchment, to secure their navy from danger. Councils are held on both sides. On the morning of the twenty-fourth day, the battle is renewed, but in a very disadvantageous manner to the Greeks, who are beaten back to their intrenchments. Agamemnon, being in despair at this ill success, proposes to the council to quit the enterprise, and retire from Troy. But, by the advice of Nestor, he is persuaded to regain Achilles, by returning Chryseis, and sending him considerable presents. Hereupon Ulysses and Ajax are sent to that hero, who continues inflexible in his anger. Ulysses, at his return, joins himself with Diomedes, and goes in the night to gain intelligence of the enemy: they enter into their very camp, where finding the centinels asleep, they made a great slaughter. Rhesus, who was just then arrived with recruits from Thrace, for the Trojans, was killed in that action. Here ends the tenth canto. The sequel of this journal, will be inserted in the next article from this place.

St. James's Coffee-house, April 22.

We hear from Italy, that notwithstanding the pope has received a letter from the duke of Anjou, demanding of him to explain himself upon the affair of acknowledging king Charles, his holiness has not yet thought fit to send any answer to that prince. The court of Rome appears very much mortified, that they are not to see his majesty of Denmark in that city, having perhaps given themselves vain hopes from a visit made by a Protestant prince to that see. The pope has despatched a gentleman to compliment his majesty, and sent the king a present of all the curiosities and antiquities of Rome, represented in seventeen volumes, very richly bound, which were taken out of the Vatican library. Letters from Genoa of the fourteenth instant, say, that a felucca was arrived there, in five days from Marseilles, with an account, that the people of that city had made an insurrection, by reason of the scarcity of provisions; and that the intendant had ordered some companies of marines and

A vessel which lately came into Leghorn, brought advice that the British squadron was arrived at Port Mahon, where they were taking in more troops, in order to attempt the relief of Alicant, which still made a very vigorous defence. It is said admiral Byng will be at the head of that expedition. The king of Denmark was gone from Leghorn towards Lucca.

They write from Vienna, that in case the allies should enter into a treaty of peace with France, count Zinzendorf will be appointed first plenipotentiary, the count de Goes the second, and monsieur Van Konsbruch a third. Major-general Palmes, envoy extraordinary from her Britannic majesty, has been very urgent with that court, to make their utmost efforts against France the ensuing campaign, in order to oblige her to such a peace, as may establish the tranquillity of Europe for the future.

We are also informed, that the pope uses all imaginable shifts to elude the treaty concluded with the emperor, and that he demanded the immediate restitution of Comachio; insisting also, that his imperial majesty should ask pardon, and desire absolution for what had formerly passed, before he would solemnly acknowledge king Charles. But this was utterly refused.

They hear at Vienna, by letters from Constantinople, dated the twenty-second of February last, that on the twelfth of that month, the grand seignor took occasion, at the celebration of the festivals of the Mussulmen, to set all the Christian slaves, which were in the galleys, at liberty.

Advices from Switzerland import, that the preachers of the county of Tockenbourg, continue to create new jealousies of the Protestants; and some disturbances lately happened there on that account. The Protestants and Papists in the town of Hamman, go to divine service one after another, in the same church, as is usual in many other parts of Switzerland; but on Sunday, the tenth instant, the popish curate, having ended his service, attempted to hinder the Protestants from entering into the church, according to custom; but the Protestants briskly attacked him and his party, and broke into it by force.

Last night, between seven and eight, his grace the duke of Marlborough, arrived at court.

From my own Apartment, April 22.

must be allowed, that they had an equal greatness of soul; but Cæsar's was more corrected, and allayed by a mixture of prudence and circumspection. This is seen conspicuously in one particular, in their histories, wherein they seem to have shewn exactly the difference of their tempers. When Alexander, after a long course of victories, would still have led his soldiers farther from home, they unanimously refused to follow him. We meet with the like behaviour in Cæsar's army, in the midst of his march against Ariovistus. Let us, therefore, observe the conduct of our two generals in so nice an affair: and here we find Alexander at the head of his army, upbraiding them with their cowardice, and meanness of spirit; and, in the end, telling them plainly, he would go forward himself, though not a man followed him. This shewed, indeed, an excessive bravery; but how would the commander have come off, if the speech had not succeeded, and the soldiers had taken him at his word? the project seems of a piece with Mr. Bayes's in 'The Rehearsal,' who, to gain a clap in his prologue, comes out with a terrible fellow, in a fur-cap, following him, and tells his audience, if they would not like his play, he would lie down and have his head struck off. If this gained a clap, all was well: but if not, there was nothing left but for the executioner to do his office. But Cæsar would not leave the success of his speech to such uncertain events: he shews his men the unreasonableness of their fears in an obliging manner, and concludes, that if none else would march along with him, he would go himself, with the tenth legion, for he was assured of their fidelity and valour, though all the rest forsook him; not but that, in all probability, they were as much against the march as the rest. The result of all was very natural: the tenth legion, fired with the praises of their general, send thanks to him for the just opinion he entertains of them; and the rest, ashamed to be outdone, assure him, that they are as ready to follow where he pleases to lead them, as any other part of the army.

No. 7.] Tuesday, April 26, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines—

—necesse est Burrigo libelli. Juv. Sat. l. 85, 86.

Whatever men do, or say, or think, or dream,

dying man, in comparison of the vigour with which I first set out in the world. Had it been otherwise, you may be sure I would not have pretended to have given for news, as I did last Saturday, a diary of the siege of Troy. But man is a creature very inconsistent with himself: the greatest heroes are sometimes fearful; the sprightliest wits at some hours dull; and the greatest politicians, on some occasions, whimsical. But I shall not pretend to palliate or excuse the matter; for I find, by a calculation of my own nativity; that I cannot hold out with any tolerable wit longer than two minutes after twelve of the clock at night, between the eighteenth and nineteenth of the next month: for which space of time you may still expect to hear from me, but no longer; except you will transmit to me the occurrences you meet with relating to your amours, or any other subject within the rules by which I have proposed to walk. If any gentleman or lady sends to Isaac Bickerstaff, esq. at Mr. Morpew's, near Stationer's-hall, by the penny-post, the grief or joy of their soul, what they think fit of the matter shall be related in colours as much to their advantage, as those in which Gervass^a has drawn the agreeable Chloë. But since, without such assistance, I frankly confess, and am sensible, that I have not a month's wit more, I think I ought, while I am in my sound health and senses, to make my will and testament; which I do in manner and form following:—

'*Imprimis*, I give to the stock-jobbers about the Exchange of London, as a security for the trusts daily reposed in them, all my real estate; which I do hereby vest in the said body of worthy citizens for ever.

'*Item*, Forasmuch as it is very hard to keep land in repair without ready cash, I do, out of my personal estate, bestow the bear-skin,† which I have frequently lent to several societies about this town, to supply their necessities; I say, I give also the said bear-skin, as an immediate fund to the said citizens for ever.

'*Item*, I do hereby appoint a certain number of the said citizens to take all the customary or customary oaths concerning all goods imported by the whole city; strictly directing, that some select members, and not the whole number of a body corporate, should be perjured.

the Exchange, to the diminution and wrong of the said stock-jobbers.

'Thus far, in as brief and intelligible a manner as any will can appear, until it is explained by the learned, I have disposed of my real and personal estate; but, as I am an adept, I have by birth an equal right to give also an indefeasible title to my endowments and qualifications, which I do in the following manner.

'*Item*, I give my chastity to all virgins who have withstood their market.

'*Item*, I give my courage among all who are ashamed of their distressed friends, all sneakers in assemblies, and men who show valour in common conversation.

'*Item*, I give my wit (as rich men give to the rich) among such as think they have enough already. And in case they shall not accept of the legacy, I give it to Bentivolio* to defend his works, from time to time, as he shall think fit to publish them.

'*Item*, I bestow my learning upon the honorary members of the Royal Society.

'Now for the disposal of this body.

'As these eyes must one day cease to gaze on Teraminta, and this heart shall one day pant no more for her indignation: that is to say, since this body must be earth; I shall commit it to the dust in a manner suitable to my character. Therefore, as there are those who dispute, whether there is any such real person as Isaac Bickerstaff or not; I shall excuse all persons who appear what they really are, from coming to my funeral. But all those who are, in their way of life, *persona*, as the Latins have it, persons assumed, and who appear what they really are not, are hereby invited to that solemnity.

'The body shall be carried by six watchmen, who are never seen in the day.

'*Item*, The pall shall be held up by the six most known pretenders to honesty, wealth, and power, who are not possessed of any of them. The two first, a half-lawyer and a complete justice. The two next, a chymist and a projector. The third couple, a treasury-solicitor and a small courtier.

'To make my funeral (what that solemnity, when done to common men, really is in itself) a very farce; and since all mourners are mere actors on these occasions, I shall desire those who are professedly such to attend mine. I humbly, therefore, beseech Mrs. Barry to act once more, and be my widow. When she swoons away at the church-porch, I appoint the merry sir John Falstaff, and the gay sir Harry Wildair, to support her. I desire Mr. Pinkethman to follow in the habit of a cardinal, and Mr. Bullock in that of a privy-counsellor. To make up the rest of the appearance, I desire all the

ladies from the balconies to weep with Mrs. Barry, as they hope to be wives and widows themselves. I invite all, who have nothing else to do, to accept of gloves and scarves.

'Thus, with the great Charles V. of Spain, I resign the glories of this transitory world: yet, at the same time, to shew you my indifference, and that my desires are not too much fixed upon any thing, I own to you, I am as willing to stay as to go: therefore leave it in the choice of my gentle readers, whether I shall hear from them, or they hear no more from me."

White's Chocolate-house, April 25.

Easter day being a time when you cannot well meet with any but humble adventurers; and there being such a thing as low gallantry, as well as low comedy, Colonel Ramble* and myself went early this morning into the fields, which were strewed with shepherds and shepherdesses, but indeed of a different turn from the simplicity of those of Arcadia. Every hedge was conscious of more than what the representations of enamoured swains admit of. While we were surveying the crowd around us, we saw at a distance a company coming towards Pancras Church; but though there was not much disorder, we thought we saw the figure of a man stuck through with a sword, and at every step ready to fall, if a woman by his side had not supported him; the rest followed two and two. When we came nearer this appearance, who should it be but monsieur Guardeloop, mine and Ramble's French taylor, attended by others, leading one of madam Depingle's maids to the church, in order to their espousals. It was his sword tucked so high above his waist, and the circumflex which persons of his profession take in their walking, that made him appear at a distance wounded and falling. But the morning being rainy, methought the march to this wedding was but too lively a picture of wedlock itself. They seemed both to have a month's mind to make the best of their way single; yet both tugged arm in arm; and when they were in a dirty way, he was but deeper in the mire, by endeavouring to pull out his companion, and yet without helping her. The bridegroom's feathers in his hat all drooped; one of his shoes had lost a heel. In short, he was in his whole person and dress so extremely soured, that there did not appear one inch or single thread about him *unmarried*.† Pardon me, that the melancholy object still dwells upon me so far, as to reduce me to punning. However, we attended them to the chapel, where we stayed to hear the irrevocable words pro-

* Probably colonel Brett, who is said to have been one of the chief companions of Addison and Steele.

† Alluding to the similarity of sound between the words *unmarried* and *unmarried*.

* Dr. Richard Bentley, born at Wakefield in Yorkshire, Jan. 1661, died in July 1742.

nounced upon our old servant, and made the best of our way to town. I took a resolution to forbear all married persons, or any in danger of being such, for four and twenty hours at least; therefore dressed, and went to visit Florimel, the vainest thing in town, where I knew would drop in colonel Picket, just come from the camp, her professed admirer. He is of that order of men who have much honour and merit, but withal a coxcomb; the other of that set of females, who has innocence and wit, but the first of coquets. It is easy to believe, these must be admirers of each other. She says, the colonel rides the best of any man in England: The colonel says, she talks the best of any woman. At the same time, he understands wit just as she does horsemanship. You are to know, these extraordinary persons see each other daily; and they themselves, as well as the town, think it will be a match: but it can never happen that they can come to the point; for, instead of addressing to each other, they spend their whole time in the reports of themselves: he is satisfied if he can convince her he is a fine gentleman, and a man of consequence; and she in appearing to him an accomplished lady and a wit, without further design. Thus he tells her of his manner of posting his men at such a pass, with the numbers he commanded on that detachment: she tells him, how she was dressed on such a day at court, and what offers were made her the week following. She seems to hear the repetition of his men's names with admiration, and waits only to answer him with as false a muster of lovers. They talk to each other, not to be informed, but approved. Thus they are so like, that they are to be ever distant, and the parallel lines may run together for ever, but never meet.

Will's Coffee-house, April 25.

This evening the comedy, called 'Epsom Wells,'* was acted for the benefit of Mr. Bullock, who, though he is a person of much wit and ingenuity, has a peculiar talent of looking like a fool, and therefore excellently well qualified for the part of Bisket in this play. I cannot indeed sufficiently admire his way of bearing a beating, as he does in this drama, and

not but say, when the judgment of any good author directs him to write a beating for Mr. Bullock from Mr. William Pinkethman, or for Mr. William Pinkethman from Mr. Bullock, those excellent players seem to be in their most shining circumstances, and please me more, but with a different sort of delight, than that which I receive from those grave scenes of Brutus and Cassius, or Antony and Ventidius. The whole comedy is very just, and the low part of human life represented with much humour and wit.

St. James's Coffee-house, April 25.

We are advised from Vienna, by letters of the twentieth instant, that the emperor bath lately added twenty new members to his council of state, but they have not yet taken their places at the board. General Thaur is returned from Baden, his health being so well re-established by the baths of that place, that he designs to set out next week for Turin, to his command of the imperial troops in the service of the duke of Savoy. His imperial majesty has advanced his brother, count Henry Thaur, to be a brigadier, and a counsellor of the Aulic council of war. These letters import, that king Stanislaus and the Swedish general Crassau, are directing their march to the Nieper to join the king of Sweden's army in Ukrania; that the states of Austria have furnished marshal Heister with a considerable sum of money, to enable him to push on the war vigorously in Hungary, where all things as yet are in perfect tranquillity; and that general Thungen has been very importunate for a speedy reinforcement of the forces on the Upper Rhine, representing at the same time, what miseries the inhabitants must necessarily undergo, if the designs of France on those parts be not speedily and effectually prevented.

Letters from Rome, dated the thirteenth instant, say, that on the preceding Sunday, his holiness was carried in an open chair from St. Peter's to St. Mary's, attended by the sacred college, in cavalcade; and, after mass, distributed several dowries for the marriage of poor and distressed virgins. The proceedings of that court are very dilatory concerning the recognition of king Charles, notwithstanding the

news which they received by an express from Ferrara, that general Boneval, who commands in Comachio, had sent circular letters to the inhabitants of St. Alberto, Longastrino, Fillo, and other adjacent parts, enjoining them to come and swear fealty to the emperor, and receive new investitures of their fiefs from his hands. Letters from other parts of Italy say, that the king of Denmark continues at Lucca; that four English and Dutch men-of-war were seen off Onglia, bound for Final, in order to transport the troops designed for Barcelona; and that her majesty's ship the Colchester arrived at Leghorn the fourth instant from Port-Mahon, with advice that major-general Stanhope designed to depart from thence the first instant with six or seven thousand men, to attempt the relief of the castle of Alicant.

Our last advices from Berlin, bearing date the twenty-seventh instant, import that the king was gone to Linum, and the queen to Mecklenburg; but that their majesties designed to return the next week to Oranienburg, where a great chace of wild beasts was prepared for their diversion, and from thence they intend to proceed together to Potsdam; that the prince royal was set out for Brabant, but intended to make some short stay at Hanover. These letters also inform us, that they are advised from Obory, that the king of Sweden, being on his march towards Holki, met general Renne with a detachment of Muscovites, who, placing some regiments in ambuscade, attacked the Swedes in their rear, and putting them to flight, killed two thousand men, the king himself having his horse shot under him.

We hear from Copenhagen, that the ice being broke, the Sound is again open for the ships; and that they hoped his majesty would return sooner than they at first expected.

Letters from the Hague, dated May the fourth, N. S. say, that an express arrived there on the first, from prince Eugene to his grace the duke of Marlborough. The States are advised that the auxiliaries of Saxony were arrived on the frontiers of the United Provinces; as also, that the two regiments of Wolfenbuttel, and four thousand troops from Wirtemberg, who are to serve in Flanders, are in full march thither. Letters from Flanders say, that the great convoy of ammunition and provisions, which set out from Ghent for Lisle, was safely arrived at Courtray. We hear from Paris, that the king has ordered the militia on the coasts of Normandy and Bretagne to be in readiness to march; and that the court was in apprehension of a descent to animate the people to rise in the midst of their present hardships.

They write from Spain, that the pope's nuncio left Madrid the tenth of April, in order to go to Bayonne; that the marquis de Bay was at Badajoz, to observe the motions of the Portuguese; and that the count d'Estain, with a

body of five thousand men, was on his march to attack Gironne. The duke of Anjou has deposed the bishop of Lerida, as being a favourer of the interest of king Charles, and has summoned a convocation at Madrid, composed of the archbishops, bishops, and states of that kingdom, wherein he hopes they will come to a resolution to send for no more bulls to Rome.

No. 8.] *Thursday, April 28, 1709.*

Quicquid agunt homines
—nostris est farrago libelli. *Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.*

Whatever men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

White's Chocolate-house, April 26.

THE play of the London Cuckolds* was acted this evening before a suitable audience, who were extremely well diverted with that heap of vice and absurdity. The indignation which Eugenio, who is a gentleman of a just taste, has upon occasion of seeing human nature fall so low in its delights, made him, I thought, expatiate upon the mention of this play very agreeably. Of all men living, said he, I pity players (who must be men of good understanding, to be capable of being such,) that they are obliged to repeat and assume proper gestures for representing things of which their reason must be ashamed, and which they must disdain their audience for approving. The amendment of these low gratifications is only to be made by people of condition, by encouraging the representation of the noble characters drawn by Shakspeare and others, from whence it is impossible to return without strong impressions of honour and humanity. On these occasions, distress is laid before us with all its causes and consequences, and our resentment placed according to the merit of the persons afflicted. Were dramas of this nature more acceptable to the taste of the town, men who have genius would bend their studies to excel in them. How forcible an affect this would have on our minds, one needs no more than to observe how strongly we are touched by mere pictures. Who can see Le Brun's picture of the battle of Porus, without entering into the character of that fierce gallant man; and being accordingly spurred to an emulation of his constancy and courage? When he is falling with his wound, the features are at the same time very terrible and languishing; and there is such a stern faintness diffused through all his look, as is apt to move a kind of horror, as well as pity, in the beholder. This, I say, is an effect wrought by mere lights and shades; consider also a representation made by words only, as

* A very immoral, as well as a very ill-written comedy, by Edward Ravenscroft. It used to be acted frequently, especially upon Lord Mayor's days, in contempt, and to the disgrace of the city.

in an account given by a good writer: Catiline in Sallust makes just such a figure as Porus by Le Brun. It is said of him, *Catiline verò longe a suis inter hostium cadavera repertus est: paululum etiam spirans, ferocitatemque animi, quam vivus habuerat, in vultu retinens.* 'Catiline was found killed, far from his own men, among the dead bodies of the enemy: he seemed still to breathe, and still retained in his face the same fierceness he had when he was living.' You have in that one sentence a lively impression of his whole life and actions. What I would insinuate from all this is, that if the painter and the historian can do thus much in colours and language, what may not be performed by an excellent poet, when the character he draws is presented by the person, the manner, the look, and the motion, of an accomplished player? If a thing painted or related can irresistibly enter our hearts, what may not be brought to pass by seeing generous things performed before our eyes? Eugenio ended his discourse, by recommending the apt use of a theatre, as the most agreeable and easy method of making a polite and moral gentry; which would end in rendering the rest of the people regular in their behaviour, and ambitious of laudable undertakings.

St. James's Coffee-house, April 27.

Letters from Naples of the ninth instant, N. S. advise, that cardinal Grimani had ordered the regiment commanded by general Pate to march towards Final, in order to embark for Catalonia; whither also a thousand horse are to be transported from Sardinia, besides the troops which come from the Milanese. An English man-of-war has taken two prizes, one a vessel of Malta, the other of Genoa, both laden with goods of the enemy. They write from Florence of the thirteenth, that his majesty of Denmark had received a courier from the Hague, with an account of some matters relating to the treaty of a peace; upon which he declared, that he thought it necessary to hasten to his own dominions.

Letters from Switzerland inform us, that the effects of the great scarcity of corn in France were felt at Geneva; the magistrates of which city had appointed deputies to treat with the cantons of Bern and Zurich, for leave to buy up such quantities of grain within their territories as should be thought necessary. The protestants of Tockenbourg are still in arms about the convent of St. John, and have declared, that they will not lay them down, until they shall have sufficient security, from the Roman Catholics, of living unmolested in the exercise of their religion. In the mean time, the deputies of Bern and Tockenbourg have frequent conferences at Zurich with the regency of that canton, to find out methods for quieting these disorders.

Letters from the Hague, of the third of May, advise, that the president Rouille, after his last conference with the deputies of the States, had retired to Bodegrave, five miles distant from Worden, and expected the return of a courier from France on the fourth, with new instructions. It is said, if his answer from the French court shall not prove satisfactory, he will be desired to withdraw out of these parts. In the mean time it is also reported, that his equipage, as an ambassador on this great occasion, is actually on the march towards him. They write from Flanders, that the great convoy of provisions, which set out from Ghent, is safely arrived at Lisle. Those advices add, that the enemy had assembled near Tournay a considerable body of troops, drawn out of the neighbouring garrisons. Their high mightinesses having sent orders to their ministers at Hamburgh and Dantzic, to engage the magistrates of those cities to forbid the sale of corn to the French, and to signify to them, that the Dutch merchants will buy up as much of that commodity as they can spare; the Hamburghers have accordingly contracted with the Dutch, and refused any commerce with the French on that occasion.

From my own Apartment.

After the lassitude of a day, spent in the strolling manner which is usual with men of pleasure in this town, and with a head full of a million of impertinencies, which had dauced round it for ten hours together, I came to my lodging, and hastened to bed. My valet de chambre knows my university-trick of reading there; and he, being a good scholar for a gentleman, ran over the names of Horace, Tibullus, Ovid, and others, to know which I would have. 'Bring Virgil,' said I; 'and if I fall asleep, take care of the candle.' I read the sixth book over with the most exquisite delight, and had gone half through it a second time, when the pleasing ideas of Elysian fields, deceased worthies walking in them, true lovers enjoying their languishment without pain, compassion for the unhappy spirits who had mispent their short day-light, and were exiled from the seats of bliss for ever; I say, I was deep again in my reading, when this mixture of images had taken place of all others in my imagination before, and lulled me into a dream, from which I am just awake, to my great disadvantage. The happy mansions of Elysium, by degrees, seemed to be wafted from me, and the very traces of my late waking thoughts began to fade away, when I was cast by a sudden whirlwind upon an island, encompassed with a roaring and troubled sea, which shook its very centre, and rocked its inhabitants as in a cradle. The islanders lay on their faces, without offering to look up, or hope for preservation; all her harbours were crowded with

mariners, and tall vessels of war lay in danger of being driven to pieces on her shores. 'Bless me!' said I, 'why have I lived in such a manner, that the convulsion of nature should be so terrible to me, when I feel in myself that the better part of me is to survive it? Oh! may that be in happiness!' A sudden shriek, in which the whole people on their faces joined, interrupted my soliloquy, and turned my eyes and attention to the object that had given us that sudden start, in the midst of an inconsolable and speechless affliction. Immediately the winds grew calm, the waves subsided, and the people stood up, turning their faces upon a magnificent pile in the midst of the island. There we beheld an hero of a comely and erect aspect, but pale and languid, sitting under a canopy of state. By the faces and dumb sorrow of those who attended, we thought him in the article of death. At a distance sat a lady whose life seemed to hang upon the same thread with his; she kept her eyes fixed upon him, and seemed to smother ten thousand thousand nameless things, which urged her tenderness to clasp him in her arms; but her greatness of spirit overcame those sentiments, and gave her power to forbear disturbing his last moment; which immediately approached. The hero looked up with an air of negligence, and satiety of being, rather than of pain to leave it; and, leaning back his head, expired.

When the heroine, who sat at a distance, saw his last instant come, she threw herself at his feet, and, kneeling, pressed his hand to her lips, in which posture she continued under the agony of an unutterable sorrow, until conducted from our sight by her attendants. That commanding awe, which accompanies the grief of great minds, restrained the multitude while in her presence; but as soon as she retired, they gave way to their distraction, and all the islanders called upon their deceased hero. To him, methought, they cried out, as to a guardian being; and I gathered from their broken accents, that it was he who had the empire over the ocean and its powers, by which he had long protected the island from shipwreck and invasion. They now give a loose to their moan, and think themselves exposed without hopes of human or divine assistance. While the people ran wild, and expressed all the different forms of lamentation, methought a sable cloud overshadowed the whole land, and covered its inhabitants with darkness: no glimpse of light appeared, except one ray from heaven upon the place in which the heroine now secluded herself from the world, with her eyes fixed on those abodes to which her consort was ascended. Methought a long period of time had passed away in mourning and in darkness, when a twilight began by degrees to enlighten the hemisphere; and, looking round me, I saw a boat rowed towards the shore, in

which sat a personage adorned with warlike trophies, bearing on his left arm a shield, on which was engraven the image of victory, and in his right hand a branch of olive. His visage was at once so winning and so awful, that the shield and the olive seemed equally suitable to his genius.

When this illustrious person* touched on the shore, he was received by the acclamations of the people, and followed to the palace of the heroine. No pleasure in the glory of her arms, or the acclamations of her applauding subjects, were ever capable to suspend her sorrow for one moment, till she saw the olive-branch in the hand of that suspicious messenger. At that sight, as heaven bestows its blessings on the wants and importunities of mortals, out of its native bounty, and not to increase its own power or honour, in compassion to the world, the celestial mourner was then first seen to turn her regard to things below; and, taking the branch out of the warrior's hand, looked at it with much satisfaction, and spoke of the blessings of peace, with a voice and accent, such as in that which guardian spirits whisper to dying penitents assurances of happiness. The air was hushed, the multitude attentive, and all nature in a pause while she was speaking. But as soon as the messenger of peace had made some low reply, in which, methought, I heard the word *Iberin*, the heroine, assuming a more severe air, but such as spoke resolution without rage, returned him the olive, and again veiled her face. Loud cries and clashing of arms immediately followed, which forced me from my charming vision, and drove me back to these mansions of care and sorrow.

* * Mr. Bickerstaff thanks Mr. Quarterstaff for his kind and instructive letter dated the twenty-sixth instant.

No. 9.] Saturday, April 30, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines —
— nostri est farrago libelli. *Jus. Sat. i. 85, 86.*

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for it's theme. *P.*

Will's Coffee-house, April 28.

THIS evening we were entertained with *The Old Bachelor*,† a comedy of deserved reputation. In the character which gives name to the play, there is excellently represented the reluctance of a battered debauchee to come into the trammels of order and decency; he neither languishes nor burns, but frets for love. The gentlemen of more regular behaviour are

* About this time the duke of Marlborough returned from Holland, with the preliminaries of a peace.

† By Congreve. His first play, and first acted in 1693.

drawn with much spirit and wit, and the drama introduced by the dialogue of the first scene with uncommon, yet natural conversation. The part of Fondlewife is a lively image of the unreasonable fondness of age and impotence. But, instead of such agreeable works as these, the town has for half an age been tormented with insects called *Easy Writers*, whose abilities Mr. Wycherly one day described excellently well in one word: 'That,' says he, 'among these fellows is called *Easy Writing*, which any one may easily write.' Such janty scribblers are so justly laughed at for their sonnets on Phillis and Chloris, and fantastical descriptions in them, that an ingenious kinsman of mine, of the family of the Staffs, Mr. Humphrey Wagstaff by name, has, to avoid their strain, run into a way perfectly new, and described things exactly as they happen; * he never forms fields, or nymphs, or groves, where they are not; but makes the incidents just as they really appear. For an example of it: I stole out of his manuscript the following lines; they are a description of the morning, but of the morning in town; nay, of the morning at this end of the town, where my kinsman at present lodges :

Now hardly here and there an hackney coach
Appearing, show'd the ruddy morn's approach.
Now Betty from her master's bed had flown,
And softly stole to discompose her own.
The slipshod 'prentice, from his master's door,
Had par'd the street, and sprinkled round the floor;
Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dextrous airs,
Prepar'd to scrub the entry and the stairs.
The youth with broomy stumps began to trace
The kennel-edge, where wheels had worn the place.
The small-coal man was heard with cadence deep,
Till down'd in shriller notes of chimney-sweep.
Duns at his lordship's gates began to meet;
And brick-dust Moll had scream'd thro' half a street :
The turnkey now his flock returning sees,
Duly let out a' nights to steal for fees.
The watchful balliffs take their silent stands;
And school-boys lag with satchels in their hands.

All that I apprehend is, that dear Numps will be angry I have published these lines; not that he has any reason to be ashamed of them, but for fear of those rogues, the bane to all excellent performances, the imitators. Therefore, beforehand, I bar all descriptions of the evening; as a medley of verses signifying grey peas are now cried warm; that wenches now begin to amble round the passages of the playhouse: or of noon; as, that fine ladies and great beaux are just yawning out of their beds and windows in Pall-mall, and so forth. I forewarn also all persons from encouraging any draughts after my cousin; and foretell any man who shall go about to imitate him, that he will be very insipid. The family-stock is embarked in this design, and we will not admit of counterfeits. Dr. Anderson† and his

heirs enjoy his pills; Sir William Read* has the cure of eyes, and monsieur Rosselli† only can cure the gout. We pretend to none of these things; but to examine who and who are together, to tell any mistaken man he is not what he believes he is, to distinguish merit, and expose false pretences to it, is a liberty our family has by law in them, from an inter-marriage with a daughter of Mr. Scoggin,‡ the famous droll of the last century. This right I design to make use of; but will not encroach upon the above-mentioned adepts, or any other. At the same time, I shall take all the privileges I may, as an Englishman, and will lay hold of the late act of naturalization to introduce what I shall think fit from France. The use of that law may, I hope, be extended to people the polite world with new characters, as well as the kingdom itself with new subjects. Therefore an author of that nation, called La Bruyere, I shall make bold with on such occasions. The last person I read of in that writer was lord Timon. Timon, says my author, is the most generous of all men; but is so hurried away with that strong impulse of bestowing, that he confers benefits without distinction, and is munificent without laying obligations. For all the unworthy, who receive from him, have so little sense of this noble infirmity, that they look upon themselves rather as partners in a spoil, than partakers of a bounty. The other day, coming into Paris, I met Timon going out on horseback, attended only by one servant. It struck me with a sudden damp, to see a man of so excellent a disposition, and who understood making a figure so well, so much shortened in his retinue. But, passing by his house, I saw his great coach break to pieces before his door, and, by a strange enchantment, immediately turned into many different vehicles. The first was a very pretty chariot, into which stepped his lordship's secretary. The second was hung a little heavier; into that strutted the fat steward. In an instant followed a chaise, which was entered by the butler. The rest of the body and wheels were forthwith changed into go-carts, and run away with by the nurses and brats of the rest of the family. What makes these misfortunes in the affairs of Timon the more astonishing is, that he has better understanding than those who cheat him; so that a man knows not

* 'Henley would fain have me to go with Steele and Rowe, &c. to an invitation at Sir William Read's. Surely you have heard of him. He has been a mountebank, and is the queen's oculist; he makes admirable punch, and treats you in gold vessels. But I am engaged, and won't go; neither indeed am I fond of the jaunt.' April 11, 1711.—Swift's Works, vol. xxii. p. 50.

It is said that the queen's oculist, though he was wonderfully successful, could neither read nor write.

† Rosselli, sufficiently known from the Romance of his life, which was written by himself.

‡ Scoggin was a buffoon in the reign of king James I.

* Dr. Swift.

† Anderson was a Scotch physician in the reigns of Charles I. and Charles II.

which more to wonder at, the indifference of the master, or the impudence of the servant.

White's Chocolate-house, April 29.

It is a matter of much speculation among the beaux and oglers, what it is that can have made so sudden a change, as has been of late observed, in the whole behaviour of Pastorella, who never sat still a moment until she was eighteen, which she has now exceeded by two months. Her aunt; who has the care of her, has not been always so rigid as she is at this present date; but has so good a sense of the frailty of woman, and falsehood of man, that she resolved on all manner of methods to keep Pastorella, if possible, in safety, against herself and all her admirers. At the same time the good lady knew by long experience, that a gay inclination, curbed too rashly, would but run to the greater excesses for that restraint; she therefore intended to watch her, and take some opportunity of engaging her insensibly in her own interests, without the anguish of an admonition. You are to know, then, that miss, with all her flirting and ogling, had also naturally a strong curiosity in her, and was the greatest eaves-dropper breathing. Parisatis (for so her prudent aunt is called) observed this humour, and retires one day to her closet, into which she knew Pastorella would peep, and listen to know how she was employed. It happened accordingly; and the young lady saw her good governante on her knees, and, after a *mental behaviour*, break into these words,—‘As for the dear child committed to my care, let her sobriety of carriage, and severity of behaviour, be such as may make that noble lord who is taken with her beauty, turn his designs to such as are honourable.’ Here Parisatis heard her niece nestle closer to the key-hole: she then goes on: ‘Make her the joyful mother of a numerous and wealthy offspring; and let her carriage be such, as may make this noble youth expect the blessings of a happy marriage, from the singularity of her life, in this loose and censorious age.’ Miss, having heard enough, sneaks off for fear of

ture went so far, as to make him put off his admonitions to his son, even until after his death; and did not give him his thoughts of him, until he came to read that memorable passage in his will: ‘All the rest of my estate,’ says he, ‘I leave to my son Edward (who is executor to this my will) to be squandered as he shall think fit: I leave it him for that purpose, and hope no better for him.’ A generous disdain, and reflection upon how little he deserved from so excellent a father, reformed the young man, and made Edward, from an arrant rake, become a fine gentleman.

St. James's Coffee-house, April 29.

Letters from Portugal of the eighteenth instant, dated from Estremos, say, that on the sixth the earl of Galway arrived at that place, and had the satisfaction to see the quarters well furnished with all manner of provisions, and a quantity of bread sufficient for subsisting the troops for sixty days, besides biscuit for twenty-five days. The enemy give out, that they shall bring into the field fourteen regiments of horse, and twenty-four battalions. The troops in the service of Portugal will make up 14,000 foot, and 4000 horse. On the day these letters were despatched, the earl of Galway received advice, that the marquis de Bay was preparing for some enterprise, by gathering his troops together on the frontiers. Whereupon his excellency resolved to go that same night to Villa Viciosa, to assemble the troops in that neighbourhood, in order to disappoint his designs.

Yesterday, in the evening, captain Foxton, aid-de-camp to major-general Cadogan, arrived here express from the duke of Marlborough; and this day a mail is come in with letters from Brussels of the sixth of May, N. S. which advise, that the enemy had drawn together a body, consisting of 20,000 men, with a design, as was supposed, to intercept the great convoy on the march towards Lisle, which was safely arrived at Menin and Courtray, in its way to that place, the French having retired without making any attempt.

The marshal is come to Ghent: the other two are arrived at the Hague.

It is confidently reported here, that the right honourable the lord Townshend is to go with his grace the duke of Marlborough into Holland.

*• Mr. Bickerstaff has received the epistles of Mrs. Rebecca Wagstaff, Timothy Pikestaff and Wagstaff, which he will acknowledge farther as occasion shall serve.

No. 10.] Tuesday, May 3, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines —

nostrum est farrago libelli. *Juv. Sat. l. 85. 86.*

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

BY MRS. JENNY DISTAFF, HALF-SISTER TO MR. BICKERSTAFF.

From my own Apartment, May 1.

My brother Isaac, having a sudden occasion to go out of town, ordered me to take upon me the despatch of the next advices from home, with liberty to speak in my own way; not doubting the allowances which would be given to a writer of my sex. You may be sure I undertook it with much satisfaction; and I confess, I am not a little pleased with the opportunity of running over all the papers in his closet, which he has left open for my use on this occasion. The first that I lay my hands on, is a treatise concerning 'the empire of beauty,' and the effects it has had in all nations of the world, upon the public and private actions of men; with an appendix, which he calls, 'The Bachelor's scheme for governing his wife.' The first thing he makes this gentleman propose, is, that she shall be no woman; for she is to have an aversion to balls, to operas, to visits: she is to think his company sufficient to fill up all the hours of life with great satisfaction; she is never to believe any other man wise, learned, or valiant; or at least, but in a second degree. In the next place, he intends she shall be a cuckold; but expects, that he himself must live in perfect security from that terror. He dwells a great while on instructions for her discreet behaviour, in case of his falsehood. I have not patience with these unreasonable expectations, therefore turn back to the treatise itself. Here indeed my brother deduces all the revolutions among men from the passion of love; and in his preface answers that usual observation against us, 'that there is no quarrel without a woman in it;' with a gallant assertion, that 'there is nothing else worth quarrelling for.' My brother is of a complexion truly amorous; all his thoughts and actions carry in them a tincture of that obliging inclination; and this turn has opened his eyes to see, that we are not the inconsiderable creatures which unlucky pretenders to our favour

would insinuate. He observes, that no man begins to make any tolerable figure, until he sets out with the hopes of pleasing some one of us. No sooner he takes that in hand, but he pleases every one else by the bye. It has an immediate effect upon his behaviour. There is colonel Ranter,* who never spoke without an oath, until he saw the lady Betty Modish; now, never gives his man an order, but it is, 'Pray, Tom, do it.' The drawers where he drinks live in perfect happiness. He asked Will at the George the other day, how he did? Where he used to say, 'Damn it, it is so;' he now 'believes there is some mistake; he must confess, he is of another opinion; but however he will not insist.'

Every temper, except downright insipid, is to be animated and softened by the influence of beauty; but of this untractable sort is a lifeless handsome fellow that visits us, whom I have dressed at this twelvemonth, but he is as insensible of all the arts I use, as if he conversed all that time with his nurse. He outdoes our whole sex in all the faults our enemies impute to us; he has brought laziness into an opinion, and makes his indolence his philosophy: inasmuch that no longer ago than yesterday in the evening he gave me this account of himself: 'I am, madam, perfectly unmoved at all that passes among men, and seldom give myself the fatigue of going among them; but when I do, I always appear the same thing to those whom I converse with. My hours of existence, or being awake, are from eleven in the morning to eleven at night; half of which I live to myself, in picking my teeth, washing my hands, paring my nails, and looking in the glass. The insignificance of my manners to the rest of the world,† makes the laughers call me a *Quidnunc*, a phrase which I neither understand, nor shall ever enquire what they mean by it. The last of me each night is at St. James's coffee-house, where I converse, yet never fall into a dispute on any occasion; but leave the understanding I have, passive of all that goes through it, without entering into the business of life. And thus, madam, have I arrived by laziness, to what others pretend to by philosophy, a perfect neglect of the world.' Sure, if our sex had the liberty of frequenting public houses and conversations, we should put

* There is probably an allusion here to the celebrated Mrs. Anne Oldfield and brigadier-general Churchill. Mrs. O. played at this time imitatively well the character of Lady Betty Modish in the 'Careless Husband,' which the author, Mr. Cibber, acknowledges was not only written for her, but copied from her, so that she was both the player, and the original of the character. *Bloq. Brit. Art. Oldfield.*

† What follows is inserted as a farther specimen of the manner of the Annotator on the Tatler, and of the nature of his remarks. See *Tatler*, Nos. 5. and 7. 'Nothing is more apropos, than to talk in a dialect that is not English, or a phrase that is not sense.' *Annotations on the Tatler*, part i. p. 85.

the rivals of our faults and follies out of countenance. However, we shall soon have the pleasure of being acquainted with them one way or other; for my brother Isaac designs, for the use of our sex, to give the exact characters of all the chief politicians, who frequent any of the coffee-houses from St. James's to the Exchange; but designs to begin with that cluster of wise-heads, as they are found sitting every evening from the left side of the fire, at the Smyrna, to the door. This will be of great service for us, and I have authority to promise an exact journal of their deliberations; the publication of which I am to be allowed for pin-money. In the mean time, I cast my eye upon a new book, which gave me more pleasing entertainment, being a sixth part of *Miscellany Poems* published by Jacob Tonson,* which, I find, by my brother's notes upon it, no way inferior to the other volumes. There is, it seems in this, a collection of the best pastorals that have hitherto appeared in England; but, among them, none superior to that dialogue between Sylvia and Dorinda, written by one of my own sex;† where all our little weaknesses are laid open in a manner more just, and with truer raillery, than ever man yet hit upon.

Only this I now discern,
From the things thou'dst have me learn,
That womanhood's peculiar joys
From past or present beauties rise.

But, to reassume my first design, there cannot be a greater instance of the command of females, than in the prevailing charms of the heroine in the play, which was acted this night, called, 'All for Love; or The World well Lost.'‡ The enamoured Anthony resigns glory and power to the force of the attractive Cleopatra, whose charms were the defence of her diadem against a people otherwise invincible. It is so natural for women to talk of themselves, that it is to be hoped, all my own sex at least will pardon me, that I could fall into no other discourse. If we have their favour, we give ourselves very little anxiety for the rest of our readers. I believe I see a sentence of Latin in my brother's day-book of wit, which seems applicable on this occasion, and in contempt of the critics,

Tristitiam et metus
Tradam protervis in mare Creticum §
Portare ventis. Hor. l. Od. xxvi. 2.

No boding fears shall break my rest,
Nor anxious cares invade my breast;
Puff them, ye wanton gales, away,

But I am interrupted by a packet from Mr. Kidney, from St. James's coffee-house, which I am obliged to insert in the very style and words which Mr. Kidney uses in his letter.

St James's Coffee-house, May 2.

We are advised by letters from Bern, dated the first instant, N. S. that the duke of Berwick arrived at Lyons the twenty-fifth of the last month, and continued his journey the next day to visit the passes of the mountains and other posts in Dauphiné and Provence. These letters also informed us, that the miseries of the people in France are heightened to that degree, that unless a peace be speedily concluded, half of that kingdom would perish for want of bread. On the twenty-fourth, the marshal de Thesse passed through Lyons, in his way to Versailles; and two battalions, which were marching from Alsace to reinforce the army of the duke of Berwick, passed also through that place. Those troops were to be followed by six battalions more.

Letters from Naples of the sixteenth of April say, that the marquis de Prie's son was arrived there, with instructions from his father, to signify to the viceroy the necessity his imperial majesty was under, of desiring an aid from that kingdom, for carrying on the extraordinary expenses of the war. On the fourteenth of the same month they made a review of the Spanish troops in that garrison, and afterwards of the marines; one part of whom will embark with those designed for Barcelona, and the rest are to be sent on board the galleys appointed to convoy provisions to that place.

We hear from Rome, by letters dated the twentieth of April, that the count de Mellos, envoy from the king of Portugal, had made his public entry into that city with much state and magnificence. The pope has lately held two other consistories, wherein he made a promotion of two cardinals; but the acknowledgment of king Charles is still deferred.

Letters from other parts of Italy advise us, that the doge of Venice continues dangerously ill; that the prince de Carignan, having relapsed into a violent fever, died the twenty-third of April, in his eightieth year.

Advices from Vienna of the twenty-seventh of April import, that the archbishop of Saltzburg is dead, who is succeeded by count Harrach, formerly bishop of Vienna, and for these last three years coadjutor to the said archbishop; and that prince Maximilian of Bieha-

Letters from Paris, dated May the sixth, say that the marshal de Thesse arrived there on the twenty-ninth of last month, and that the chevalier de Beuil was sent thither by Don Pedro Ronquillo with advice, that the confederate squadron appeared before Alicant on the seventeenth; and, having for some time cannonaded the city, endeavoured to land some troops for the relief of the castle; but general Stanhope, finding the passes well guarded, and the enterprise dangerous, demanded to capitulate for the castle; which being granted him, the garrison, consisting of six hundred regular troops, marched out with their arms and baggage the day following; and being received on board, they immediately set sail for Barcelona. These letters add, that the march of the French and Swiss regiments is further deferred for a few days; and that the duke of Noailles was just ready to set out for Roussillon, as well as the count de Bezons for Catalonia.

The same advices say, bread was sold at Paris for sixpence a pound; and that there was not half enough, even at that rate, to supply the necessities of the people, which reduced them to the utmost despair; that three hundred men had taken up arms, and, having plundered the market of the suburb of St. Germain, pressed down by their multitude the king's guards who opposed them. Two of those mutineers were afterwards seized and condemned to death; but four others went to the magistrate who pronounced that sentence, and told him, he must expect to answer with his own life for those of their comrades. All order and sense of government being thus lost among the enraged people; to keep up a show of authority, the captain of the guards, who saw all their insolence, pretended, that he had represented to the king their deplorable condition, and had obtained their pardon. It is further reported, that the dauphin and dutchess of Burgundy, as they went to the opera, were surrounded by crowds of people, who upbraided them with their neglect of the general calamity, in going to diversions, when the whole people were ready to perish for want of bread. Edicts are daily published to suppress these riots; and papers, with menaces against the government, as publicly thrown about. Among others, these words were dropped in a court of Justice.

been sent blank by monsieur Rouille, he was there two days before his quality was known. That minister offered to communicate to monsieur Heinsius the proposals which he had to make; but the pensionary refused to see them, and said, he would signify it to the states, who deputed some of their own body to acquaint him, that they would enter into no negotiation until the arrival of his grace the duke of Marlborough, and the other ministers of the alliance. Prince Eugene was expected there the twelfth instant from Brussels. It is said, that besides monsieur de Torcy, and monsieur Pajot, director-general of the posts, there are two or three persons at the Hague whose names are not known; but it is supposed, that the duke d'Alba, ambassador from the duke of Anjou, was one of them. The states have sent letters to all the cities of the provinces, desiring them to send their deputies to receive the propositions of peace made by the court of France.

* * In the absence of Mr. Bickerstaff, Mrs. Distaff has received Mr. Nathaniel Broomstick's letter.

N. B. Under the signature of Nath. Broomstick, the subsequent paper, or hints for it, might have been communicated to Steele by Swift, by Anthony Henley, Esq. or by Mr. James Hughes. See Tatler, No. 11.

No. 11.] Thursday, May 5, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines—
—nostrum est sarrago libelli. Juv. Sat. l. 85, 86.

Whatever men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for it's theme. P.

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

Will's Coffee-house, May 3.

A KINSMAN has sent me a letter, wherein he informs me, he had lately resolved to write an heroic poem, but by business has been interrupted, and has only made one similitude, which he should be afflicted to have wholly lost; and begs of me to apply it to something, being very desirous to see it well placed in the world. I am so willing to help the distressed, that I have taken it in; but, though his greater genius might very well distinguish his verses from mine, I have marked where his begin. His lines are a description of the sun in eclipse,

Desponding mortals, with officious care,
The concave drum and magic brass prepare;
Implore him to sustain th' important fight,
And save depending worlds from endless night:
Foudly they hope their labour may avail
To ease his conflict, and assist his toil,
Whilst he, in beams of native splendour bright,
(Though dark his orb appear to human sight)
Shines to the gods with more diffusive light;
To distant stars with equal glory burns,
Inflames their lamps, and feeds their golden urns,
Sure to retain his known superior tract,
And proves the more illustrious by defect.'

This is a very lively image; but I must take the liberty to say, my kinsman drives the sun a little like Phaëton; * he has all the warmth of Phœbus, but will not stay for his direction of it. *Avail and toil, defect and tract*, will never do for rhymes. But, however, he has the true spirit in him; for which reason I was willing to entertain any thing he pleased to send me. The subject which he writes upon, naturally raises great reflexions in the soul, and puts us in mind of the mixed condition which we mortals are to support; which, as it varies to good or bad, adorns or defaces our actions to the beholders; all which glory and shame must end in, what we so much repine at, death. But doctrines on this occasion, any other than that of living well, are the most insignificant and most empty of all the labours of men. None but a tragedian can die by rule, and wait till he discovers a plot, or says a fine thing upon his *exit*. In real life, this is a chimera; and by noble spirits it will be done decently, without the ostentation of it. We see men of all conditions and characters go through it with equal resolution; and if we consider the speeches of the mighty philosophers, heroes, lawgivers, and great captains, they can produce no more in a discerning spirit, than rules to make a man a fop on his death-bed. Commend me to that natural greatness of soul, expressed by an innocent, and consequently resolute country-fellow, who said in the pains of the cholic, 'If I once get this breath out of my body, you shall hang me before you put it in again.' Honest Ned! and so he died. †

But it is to be supposed, that from this place you may expect an account of such a thing as a new play is not to be omitted. That acted

taken from his audience all manner of superstition, by the agitations of pretty Mrs. Bignell, whom he has, with great subtilty, made a lay-sister, as well as a prophetess; by which means she carries on the affairs of both worlds with great success. My friend designs to go on with another work against winter, which he intends to call, 'The Modern Poets,' a people no less mistaken in their opinions of being inspired, than the other. In order to this, he has by him seven songs, besides many ambiguities, which cannot be mistaken for any thing but what he means them. Mr. Durfey generally writes state-plays, and is wonderfully useful to the world in such representations. This method is the same that was used by the old Athenians, to laugh out of countenance, or promote, opinions among the people. My friend has therefore, against this play is acted for his own benefit, made two dances, which may be also of an universal benefit. In the first, he has represented absolute power in the person of a tall man with a hat and feather, who gives his first minister, that stands just before him, an huge kick; the minister gives the kick to the next before; and so to the end of the stage. In this moral and practical jest, you are made to understand, that there is, in an absolute government, no gratification but giving the kick you receive from one above you to one below you. This is performed to a grave and melancholy air; but on a sudden the tune moves quicker, and the whole company fall into a circle, and take hands; and then, at a certain sharp note, they move round, and kick as kick can. This latter performance he makes to be the representation of a free state; where, if you all mind your steps, you may go round and round very jollily, with a motion pleasant to yourselves and those you dance with; nay, if you put yourselves out, at the worst, you only kick and are kicked, like friends and equals.

From my own Apartment, May 4.

Of all the vanities under the sun, I confess that of being proud of one's birth is the greatest. At the same time, since in this unreasonable age, by the force of prevailing custom, things in which men have no hand are imputed

avoid mistakes, I shall give you my cousin's letter *verbatim*, without altering a syllable.

‘DEAR COUSIN,

‘ Since you have been pleased to make yourself so famous of late, by your ingenious writings, and some time ago by your learned predictions; since Partridge, of immortal memory, is dead and gone, who, poetical as he was, could not understand his own poetry; and philomatical as he was, could not read his own destiny; since the pope, the king of France, and great part of his court, are either literally or metaphorically defunct; since, I say, these things (not foretold by any one but yourself) have come to pass after so surprising a manner; it is with no small concern I see the original of the Staffian race so little known in the world as it is at this time; for which reason, as you have employed your studies in astronomy, and the occult sciences, so I, my mother being a Welch woman, dedicated mine to genealogy, particularly that of our own family, which, for its antiquity and number, may challenge any in Great Britain. The Staffs are originally of Staffordshire, which took its name from them: the first that I find of the Staffs was one Jacobstaff, a famous and renowned astronomer, who, by Dorothy his wife had issue seven sons; viz. Bickerstaff, Longstaff, Wagstaff, Quarterstaff, Whitestaff, Falstaff, and Tipstaff. He also had a younger brother, who was twice married, and had five sons; viz. Distaff, Pikestaff, Mopstaff, Broomstaff, and Raggedstaff. As for the branch from whence you spring, I shall say very little of it, only that it is the chief of the Staffs, and called Bickerstaff, *quasi* Biggerstaff; as much as to say, the Great Staff, or Staff of Staffs; and that it has applied itself to astronomy with great success, after the example of our aforesaid forefather. The descendants from Longstaff, the second son, were a rakish disorderly sort of people, and rambled from one place to another, until, in the time of Harry the Second, they settled in Kent, and were called Long-tails, from the long tails which were sent them as a punishment for the murder of Thomas a-Becket, as the legends say. They have always been sought after by the ladies; but whether it be to show their aversion to popery, or their love to miracles, I cannot say. The Wagstaffs are a merry thoughtless sort of people, who have always been opinionated of their own wit; they have turned themselves mostly to poetry. This is the most numerous branch of our family, and the poorest. The Quarterstaffs are most of them prize-fighters or deer-stealers; there have been so many of them hanged lately, that there are very few of that branch of our family left. The Whitestaffs* are all courtiers, and have had

very considerable places. There have been some of them of that strength and dexterity, that five hundred* of the ablest men in the kingdom have often tugged in vain to pull a staff out of their hands. The Falstaffs are strangely given to whoring and drinking; there are abundance of them in and about London. One thing is very remarkable of this branch, and that is, there are just as many women as men in it. There was a wicked stick of wood of this name in Harry the Fourth's time, one sir John Falstaff. As for Tipstaff, the youngest son, he was an honest fellow; but his sons, and his sons' sons, have all of them been the veriest rogues living; it is this unlucky branch that has stocked the nation with that swarm of lawyers, attorneys, serjeants, and bailiffs, with which the nation is over-run. Tipstaff, being a seventh son, used to cure the king's-evil; but his rascally descendants are so far from having that healing quality, that, by a touch upon the shoulder, they give a man such an ill habit of body, that he can never come abroad afterwards. This is all I know of the line of Jacobstaff; his younger brother Isaacstaff, as I told you before, had five sons, and was married twice: his first wife was a Staff (for they did not stand upon false heraldry in those days) by whom he had one son, who, in process of time, being a schoolmaster and well read in the Greek, called himself Distaff or Twice-staff. He was not very rich, so he put his children out to trades; and the Distaffs have ever since been employed in the woollen and linen manufactures, except myself, who am a genealogist. Pikestaff, the eldest son by the second *venter*, was a man of business, a downright plodding fellow, and withal so plain, that he became a proverb. Most of this family are at present in the army. Raggedstaff was an unlucky boy, and used to tear his cloaths in getting birds nests, and was always playing with a tame bear his father kept. Mopstaff fell in love with one of his father's maids, and used to help her to clean the house. Broomstaff was a chimney-sweeper. The Mopstaffs and Broomstaffs are naturally as civil people as ever went out of doors; but alas! if they once get into ill hands, they knock down all before them. Pilgramstaff ran away from his friends, and went strolling about the country; and Pipestaff was a wine-cooper. These two were the unlawful issue of Longstaff.

N. B. The Canes, the Clubs, the Cudgels, the Wands, the Devil upon two Sticks, and one Bread, that goes by the name of Staff of Life, are none of our relations. I am,

‘ Dear Cousin,

‘ Your humble servant,

From the Herald's Office,
May 1. 1709.

‘D. DISTAFF.’

* An allusion to the staff carried by the first lord of the treasury, afterwards humorously compared by Steele to “an esmet distinguished from his fellows by a white straw.”

St. James's Coffee-house, May 4.

As political news is not the principal subject on which we treat, we are so happy as to have no occasion for that art of cookery which our brother newsmongers so much excel in; as appears by their excellent and inimitable manner of dressing up a second time for your taste the same dish which they gave you the day before, in case there come over no new pickles from Holland. Therefore, when we have nothing to say to you from courts and camps, we hope still to give you somewhat new and curious from ourselves: the women of our house, upon occasion, being capable of carrying on the business, according to the laudable custom of the wives in Holland; but, without farther preface, take what we have not mentioned in our former relations.

Letters from Hanover of the thirtieth of the last month say, that the prince royal of Prussia arrived there on the fifteenth, and left that court on the second of this month, in pursuit of his journey to Flanders, where he makes the ensuing campaign. Those advices add, that the young prince Nassau, hereditary governor of Friesland, celebrated, on the twenty-sixth of the last month, his marriage with the beauteous princess of Hesse-Cassel, with a pomp and magnificence suitable to their age and quality.

Letters from Paris say, his most Christian majesty retired to Marley on the first instant, N. S. and our last advices from Spain inform us, that the prince of Asturias had made his public entry into Madrid in great splendour. The duke of Anjou has given Don Joseph Hartado de Amaraga the government of Terra firma de Veragua, and the presidency of Panama in America. They add, that the forces commanded by the marquis de Bay have been reinforced by six battalions of Spanish Walloon guards. Letters from Lisbon advise, that the army of the king of Portugal was at Elvas on the twenty-second of the last month, and would decampon the twenty-fourth, in order to march upon the enemy who lay at Badajoz.

No. 12.] *Saturday May 7, 1709.*

Quicquid agunt homines —
—nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv. Sat. l. 35, 86.*

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper serves for it's theme. *P.*

May 5.

WHEN a man has engaged to keep a stage coach, he is obliged, whether he has passengers or not, to set out; thus it fares with us weekly historians; but indeed, for my particular, I hope, I shall soon have little more to do in this work, than to publish what is sent me from such as have leisure and capacity for giving delight, and being pleased in an elegant manner. The present grandeur of the British nation might make us expect, that we should rise in our public diversions, and manner of enjoying life, in proportion to our advancement in glory and power. Instead of that, survey this town, and you will find rakes and debauchees are your men of pleasure; thoughtless atheists and illiterate drunkards call themselves free-thinkers; and gamesters, banterers, biters, swearers, and twenty new-born insects more, are, in their several species, the modern men of wit. Hence it is, that a man, who has been out of town but one half year, has lost the language, and must have some friend to stand by him, and keep him in countenance for talking common sense. To-day I saw a short interlude at White's of this nature, which I took notes of, and put together as well as I could in a public place. The persons of the drama are Pip, the last gentleman that has been made so at cards; Trimmer, a person half undone at them, and who is now between a cheat and a gentleman; Acorn, an honest Englishman of good plain sense and meaning; and Mr. Friendly, a reasonable man of the town.

White's Chocolate-house, May 5.

Enter PIP, TRIMMER, and ACORN.

Ac. What is the matter, gentlemen? what! take no notice of an old friend?

Pip. Pox on it! do not talk to me, I am voweled by the count, and cursedly out of

Ac. How! heaven forbid! after all our glorious victories; all the expense of blood and treasure!

Pip. BITE.

Ac. Bite! how?

Trim. Nay, he has *bit* you fairly enough; that is certain.

Ac. Pox! I do not feel it—How? where?

[*Exeunt Pip and Trimmer laughing.*]

Ac. Ho! Mr. Friendly, your most humble servant; you heard what passed between those fine gentlemen and me. Pip complained to me, that he had been voweled; and they tell me I am bit.

Friend. You are to understand, sir, that simplicity of behaviour, which is the perfection of good breeding and good sense, is utterly lost in the world; and in the room of it there are started a thousand little inventions, which men, barren of better things, take up in the place of it. Thus, for every character in conversation that used to please, there is an impostor put upon you. Him whom we allowed, formerly, for a certain pleasant subtilty, and natural way of giving you an unexpected hit, called a *droll*, is now mimicked by a *biter*, who is a dull fellow, that tells you a lie with a grave face, and laughs at you for knowing him no better than to believe him. Instead of that sort of companion who could rally you, and keep his countenance, until he made you fall into some little inconsistency of behaviour, at which you yourself could laugh with him, you have the sneerer, who will keep you company from morning to night, to gather your follies of the day (which perhaps you commit out of confidence in him) and expose you in the evening to all the scorners in town. For your man of sense and free spirit, whose set of thoughts were built upon learning, reason, and experience, you have now an impudent creature made up of vice only, who supports his ignorance by his courage, and want of learning by contempt of it.

Ac. Dear sir, hold: what you have told me already of this change in conversation is too miserable to be heard with any delight; but,

which were too dangerous to be cured by the skill of little king Oberon,* who then sat in the throne of it. The laziness of this prince threw him upon the choice of a person who was fit to spend his life in contentions, an able and profound attorney, to whom he mortgaged his whole empire. This Divito† is the most skilful of all politicians; he has a perfect art in being unintelligible in discourse, and uncomeatable in business. But he, having no understanding in this polite way, brought in upon us, to get in his money, ladder dancers, jugglers, and mountebanks, to strut in the place of Shakspeare's heroes, and Jonson's humorists. When the seat of wit was thus mortgaged without equity of redemption, an architect‡ arose, who has built the muse a new palace, but secured her no retinue; so that, instead of action there, we have been put off by song and dance. This latter help of sound has also begun to fail for want of voices; therefore the palace has since been put into the hands of a surgeon, who cuts any foreign fellow into a eunuch,§ and passes him upon us for a singer of Italy.

Ac. I will go out of town to-morrow.

Friend. Things are come to this pass; and yet the world will not understand, that the theatre has much the same effect on the manners of the age, as the bank on the credit of the nation. Wit and spirit, humour and good sense, can never be revived, but under the government of those who are judges of such talents; who know, that whatever is put up in their stead, is but a short and trifling expedient, to support the appearance of them for a season. It is possible, a peace will give leisure to put these matters under new regulations, but, at present, all the assistance we can see towards our recovery is as far from giving us help, as a poultice is from performing what can be done only by the grand elixir.

Will's Coffee-house, May 6.

According to our late design in the applauded verses on the morning,|| which you lately had from hence, we proceed to improve that just

penhagen, and is as fine a winter-piece as we have ever had from any of the schools of the most learned painters. Such images as these give us a new pleasure in our sight, and fix upon our minds traces of reflection, which accompany us whenever the like objects occur. In short, excellent poetry and description dwell upon us so agreeably, that all the readers of them are made to think, if not write, like men of wit. But it would be injury to detain you longer from this excellent performance, which is addressed to the earl of Dorset by Mr. Philips, the author of several choice poems in Mr. Tonnson's new Miscellany.

Copenhagen, March 9, 1709.

From frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow,
From streams that northern winds forbid to flow,
What present shall the muse to Dorset bring,
Or how, so near the pole, attempt to sing?
The hoary winter here conceals from sight
All pleasing objects that to verse invite.
The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flow'ry plains, and silver-streaming floods,
By snow disguis'd, in bright confusion lie,
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.

No gentle-breathing breeze prepares the spring,
No birds within the desert region sing:
The ships unmov'd the boisterous winds defy,
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
The vast leviathan wants room to play,
And spout his waters in the face of day,
The starving wolves along the main sea howl,
And to the moon in icy valleys howl.
For many a shivering league the level main
Here spreads itself into a glassy plain:
There solid billows of enormous size,
Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.

And yet but lately have I seen, ev'n here,
The winter in a lovely dress appear.
Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasure'd snow,
Or winds began thro' hazy skies to blow,
At evening a keen eastern breeze arose;
And the descending rain unsully'd froze.
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclos'd at once to view
The face of nature in a rich disguise,
And brighten'd ev'ry object to my eyes:
For every shrub, and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn, seem'd wrought in glass.
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorn's show,
While thro' the ice the crimson berries glow.
The thick-sprung reeds the watery marshes yield
Seem polish'd lances in a hostile field.
The stag in limpid currents, with surprise,
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise.
The spreading oak, the beech, and towering pine,
Glaz'd over, in the freezing ether shine.
The frighted birds the rattling branches shun,
That wave and glitter in the distant sun.

When, if a sudden gust of wind arise,
The brittle forest into atoms flies:
The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,
And in a spangled shower the prospect ends;
Or, if a southern gale the region warm,
And by degrees unbind the wintery charm,
The traveller a miry country sees,
And journeys sad beneath the dropping trees.

Like some deluded peasant Merlin leads
Thro' fragrant bowers, and thro' delicious meads;
While here enchanted gardens to him rise,
And airy fabrics there attract his eyes,
His wandering feet the magic paths pursue;
And while he thinks the fair illusion true,

The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,
And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear:
A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
And as he goes, the transient vision mourns.

From my own Apartment, May 6.

There has a mail this day arrived from Holland; but the matter of the advices importing rather what gives us great expectations, than any positive assurances, I shall, for this time, decline giving you what I know; and apply the following verses of Mr. Dryden, in the second part of 'Almanzor,' to the present circumstances of things, without discovering what my knowledge in astronomy suggests to me:—

When empire in its childhood first appears,
A watchful fate o'ersees its tender years:
Till, grown more strong it thrusts and stretches out,
And elbows all the kingdoms round about.
The place thus made for its first breathing free,
It moves again for ease and luxury:
Till, swelling by degrees, it has possess'd
The greater space, and now crowds up the rest.
When from behind there starts some petty state,
And pushes on its now unwieldy fate:
Then down the precipice of time it goes,
And sinks in minutes, which in ages rose.

No. 13.] *Tuesday, May 10, 1709.*

Quicquid agunt homines——
——nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv. Sat. l. 85, 86.*
What'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

From my own Apartment, May 8.

MUCH hurry and business has to-day perplexed me into a mood too thoughtful for going into company; for which reason, instead of the tavern, I went into Lincoln's Inn walks; and, having taken a round or two, I sat down, according to the allowed familiarity of these places, on a bench; at the other end of which sat a venerable gentleman, who speaking with a very affable air,—'Mr. Bickerstaff,' said he, 'I take it for a very great piece of good fortune that you have found me out.' 'Sir,' said I, 'I had never, that I know of, the honour of seeing you before.' 'That,' replied he, 'is what I have often lamented; but, I assure you, I have for many years done you good offices, without being observed by you; or else, when you had any little glimse of my being concerned in an affair, you have fled from me, and shunned me like an enemy; but, however, the part I am to act in the world is such, that I am to go on in doing good, though I meet with never so many repulses, even from those I oblige.' This, thought I, shews a great good-nature, but little judgment in the persons upon whom he confers his favours. He immediately took notice to me, that he observed by my countenance I thought him indiscreet in his beneficence, and proceeded to tell me his quality in the following manner:

'I know thee, Isaac, to be so well versed in the occult sciences, that I need not much preface, or make long preparations to gain your faith that there are airy beings who are employed in the care and attendance of men, as nurses are to infants, until they come to an age in which they can act of themselves. These beings are usually called amongst men, guardian-angels; and, Mr. Bickerstaff, I am to acquaint you, that I am to be yours for some time to come; it being our orders to vary our stations, and sometimes to have one patient under our protection, and sometimes another, with a power of assuming what shape we please, to ensnare our wards into their own good. I have of late been upon such hard duty, and know you have so much work for me, that I think fit to appear to you face to face, to desire you will give me as little occasion for vigilance as you can.' 'Sir,' said I, 'it will be a great instruction to me in my behaviour, if you please to give me some account of your late employments, and what hardships or satisfactions you have had in them, that I may govern myself accordingly.' He answered, 'To give you an example of the drudgery we go through, I will entertain you only with my three last stations: I was on the first of April last put to mortify a great beauty, with whom I was a week; from her I went to a common swearer, and have been last with a gamester. When I first came to my lady, I found my great work was to guard well her eyes and ears; but her flatterers were so numerous, and the house, after the modern way, so full of looking-glasses, that I seldom had her safe but in her sleep. Whenever we went abroad, we were surrounded by an army of enemies: when a well-made man appeared, he was sure to have a side glance of observation; if a disagreeable fellow, he had a full face, out of mere inclination to conquests. But at the close of the evening, on the sixth of the last month, my ward was sitting on a couch, reading Ovid's Epistles; and as she came to this line of Helen to Paris,

'She half consents who silently denies;'

entered Philander,† who is the most skilful of all men in an address to women. He is arrived at the perfection of that art which gains them, which is, 'to talk like a very miserable man, but look like a happy one.' I saw Dictinna blush at his entrance, which gave me the alarm; but he immediately said something so agreeable on her being at study, and the novelty of finding a lady employed in so grave a manner,

that he on a sudden became very familiarly a man of no consequence; and in an instant laid all her suspicions of his skill asleep, as he had almost done mine, until I observed him very dangerously turn his discourse upon the elegance of her dress, and her judgment in the choice of that very pretty mourning. Having had women before under my care, I trembled at the apprehension of a man of sense who could talk upon trifles, and resolved to stick to my post with all the circumspection imaginable. In short, I prepossessed her against all he could say to the advantage of her dress and person; but he turned again the discourse, where I found I had no power over her, on the abusing her friends and acquaintance. He allowed indeed that Flora had a little beauty, and a great deal of wit; but then she was so ungainly in her behaviour, and such a laughing hoyden!—Pastorella had with him the allowance of being blameless; but what was that towards being praise-worthy? To be only innocent, is not to be virtuous! He afterwards spoke so much against Mrs. Dipple's forehead, Mrs. Prim's mouth, Mrs. Deutifrice's teeth, and Mrs. Fidget's cheeks, that she grew downright in love with him; for, it is always to be understood, that a lady takes all you detract from the rest of her sex to be a gift to her. In a word, things went so far, that I was dismissed, and she will remember that evening nine months, from the sixth of April, by a very remarkable token. The next, as I said, I went to, was a common swearer: never was a creature so puzzled as myself, when I came first to view his brain: half of it was worn out, and filled up with mere expletives, that had nothing to do with any other parts of the texture; therefore, when he called for his clothes in a morning, he would cry, 'John!'—John does not answer. 'What a plague! nobody there? What the devil, and rot me, John, for a lazy dog as you are!' I knew no way to cure him, but by writing down all he said one morning as he was dressing, and haying it before him on the toilet when he came to pick his teeth. The last recital I gave him of what he said for half an hour before was, 'What, a pox rot me! where is the wash-ball? call the chairmen: damn them, I warrant they are at the alehouse already! zounds, and confound them!' When he came to the glass, he takes up my note—'Ha! this fellow is worse than I:—what, does he swear with pen and ink!' But, reading on, he found them to be his own words. The stratagem had so good an effect upon him, that he grew immediately a new man, and is learning to speak without an oath, which makes him extremely short in his phrases; for, as I observed before, a common swearer has a brain without any idea on the swearing side; therefore my ward has yet mighty little to say, and is forced to substitute

* This line occurs in a joint translation of 'Helen's Epistle to Paris,' by the earl of Mulgrave and Dryden, in the edition of 'Ovid's Epistles,' 1709.

† Supposed to be lord Halifax.

some other vehicle of nonsense, to supply the defect of his usual expletives. When I left him, he made use of 'Odsbodikins! Oh me! and never stir alive!' and so forth; which gave me hopes of his recovery. So I went to the next I told you of, the gamester. When we first take our place about a man, the receptacles of the *pericranium* are immediately searched. In his, I found no one ordinary trace of thinking; but strong passion, violent desires, and a continued series of different changes, had torn it to pieces. There appeared no middle condition; the triumph of a prince, or the misery of a beggar, were his alternate states. I was with him no longer than one day, which was yesterday. In the morning at twelve, we were worth four thousand pounds; at three, we were arrived at six thousand; half an hour after, we were reduced to one thousand; at four of the clock, we were down to two hundred; at five, to fifty; at six, to five; at seven, to one guinea; the next bet, to nothing. This morning he borrowed half-a-crown of the maid who cleans his shoes; and is now gaming in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields among the boys for farthings and oranges, until he has made up three pieces, and then he returns to White's into the best company in town.

Thus ended our first discourse; and, it is hoped, you will forgive me that I have picked so little out of my companion at our first interview. In the next, it is possible, he may tell me more pleasing incidents; for, though he is a familiar, he is not an evil spirit.

St. James's Coffee-house, May 9.

We hear from the Hague, of the fourteenth instant, N. S. that monsieur de Torcy hath had frequent conferences with the grand pensioner, and the other ministers who were heretofore commissioned to treat with monsieur Rouille. The preliminaries of a peace are almost settled, and the proceedings wait only for the arrival of the duke of Marlborough; after whose approbation of the articles proposed, it is not doubted but the methods of the treaty will be publicly known. In the mean time, the States have declared an abhorrence of taking any step in this great affair, but in concert with the court of Great Britain, and other princes of the alliance. The posture of affairs in France does necessarily oblige that nation to be very much in earnest in their offers; and monsieur de Torcy hath professed to the grand pensioner, that he will avoid all occasions of giving him the least jealousy of his using any address in private conversation for accomplishing the ends of his embassy. It is said, that as soon as the preliminaries are adjusted, that minister is to return to the French court. The states of Holland have resolved to make it an instruction to all their men-of-war and privateers, to bring into their ports whatever neutral ships they

shall meet with, laden with corn, and bound for France; and, to avoid all cause of complaint from the potentates to whom these ships shall belong, their full demand for their freight shall be paid them there. The French Protestants residing in that country have applied themselves to their respective magistrates, desiring that there may be an article in the treaty of peace, which may give liberty of conscience to the Protestants in France. Monsieur Bosnage, minister of the Walloon church at Rotterdam, has been at the Hague, and hath had some conferences with the deputies of the States on that subject. It is reported there, that all the French refugees in those dominions are to be naturalized, that they may enjoy the same good effects of the treaty with the Hollanders themselves, in respect of France.

Letters from Paris say, the people conceive great hopes of a sudden peace, from monsieur Torcy's being employed in the negotiation; he being a minister of too great weight in that court, to be sent on any employment in which his master would not act in a manner wherein he might justly promise himself success. The French advices add, that there is an insurrection in Poitou, three thousand men having taken up arms, and beaten the troops which were appointed to disperse them; three of the mutineers, being taken, were immediately executed; and as many of the king's party were used after the same manner.

Our late act of naturalization hath had so great an effect in foreign parts, that some princes have prohibited the French refugees in their dominions to sell or transfer their estates to any other of their subjects; and, at the same time, have granted them greater immunities than they hitherto enjoyed. It has been also thought necessary to restrain their own subjects from leaving their country on pain of death.

No. 14.] *Thursday, May 12, 1709.*

Quicquid agant homines —
— nostrum est farrago libelli. *Juv. Sat. l. 85, (6.*

'Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme.' *P.*

From my own Apartment, May 10.

HAD it not been that my familiar had appeared to me, as I told you in my last, in person, I had certainly been unable to have found even words without meaning, to keep up my intelligence with the town; but he has checked me severely for my despondence, and ordered me to go on in my design of observing upon things, and forbearing persons; for, said he, the age you live in is such, that a good picture of any vice or virtue will infallibly be misrepresented; and though none will take the kind descriptions you make so much to themselves, as to wish well to the author, yet all will resent the ill characters you produce, out of fear of

their own turn in the licence you must be obliged to take, if you point at particular persons. I took his admonition kindly, and immediately promised him to beg pardon of the author of the "Advice to the Poets," for my railery upon his work; though I aimed at no more in that examination, but to convince him, and all men of genius, of the folly of laying themselves out on such plans as are below their characters. I hope too it was done without ill breeding, and nothing spoken below what a civilian (as it is allowed I am,) may utter to a physician.* After this preface, all the world may be safe from my writings; for, if I can find nothing to commend, I am silent, and will forbear the subject: for, though I am a reformer, I scorn to be an inquisitor.

It would become all men, as well as me, to lay before them the noble character of Verus the magistrate,† who always sat in triumph over, and contempt of, vice: he never searched after it, or spared it when it came before him: at the same time he could see through the hypocrisy and disguise of those, who have no pretence to virtue themselves, but by their severity to the vicious. This same Verus was, in times past, chief justice (as we call it amongst us,) in Felicia.§ He was a man of profound knowledge of the laws of his country, and as just an observer of them in his own person. He considered justice as a cardinal virtue, not as a trade for maintenance. Wherever he was judge, he never forgot that he was also counsel. The criminal before him was always sure he stood before his country, and, in a sort, a parent of it. The prisoner knew, that though his spirit was broken with guilt, and incapable of language to defend itself, all would be gathered from him which could conduce to his safety; and that his judge would wrest no law to destroy him, nor conceal any that could save him. In this time there was a nest of pretenders to justice, who happened to be employed to put things in a method for being examined before him at his usual sessions: these animals were to Verus, as monkeys are to men, so like, that you can hardly disown them; but so base, that you are ashamed of their fraternity. It grew a phrase, 'Who would do justice on the justices?' That certainly would Verus. I have seen an old trial where he sat judge on two of them; one was called *Trick-track*, the other *Tear-shift*: one

wanted a lodging, *Trick-track* sent him to gaol for a thief: if a poor whore went only with one thin petticoat, *Tear-shift* would imprison her for being loose in her dress. These patriots infested the days of Verus, while they alternately committed and released each other's prisoners. But Verus regarded them as criminals, and always looked upon men as they stood in the eye of justice, without respecting whether they sat on the bench, or stood at the bar.

Will's Coffee-house, May 11.

Yesterday we were entertained with the tragedy of the Earl of Essex*; in which there is not one good line, and yet a play which was never seen without drawing tears from some part of the audience; a remarkable instance that the soul is not to be moved by words, but things; for the incidents in this drama are laid together so happily, that the spectator makes the play for himself, by the force which the circumstance has upon his imagination. Thus, in spite of the most dry discourses, and expressions almost ridiculous with respect to propriety, it is impossible for one unprejudiced to see it, untouched with pity. I must confess, this effect is not wrought on such as examine why they are pleased; but it never fails to appear on those who are not too learned in nature, to be moved by her first suggestions. It is certain, the person and behaviour of Mr. Wilks has no small share in conducing to the popularity of the play; and when a handsome fellow is going to a more coarse *exil* than beheading, his shape and countenance make every tender one relieve him with all her heart, without waiting until she hears his dying words.

This evening, *The Alchymist* was played. † This comedy is an example of Ben Jonson's extensive genius, and penetration into the passions and follies of mankind. The scene in the fourth act, where all the cheated people oppose the man that would open their eyes, has something in it so inimitably excellent, that it is certainly as great a master-piece as has ever appeared by any hand. The author's great address in showing covetousness, the motive of the actions of the puritan, the epicure, the gamester, and the trader; and that all their endeavours, how differently soever they seem to tend, centre only in that one point of

lence of our desires will carry us towards our own deceit in the pursuit of what we wish for. A gentleman here this evening was giving me an account of a dumb fortune-teller,* who outdoes Mr. Partridge, myself, or the Unborn Doctor,† for predictions; all his visitants come to him full of expectations, and pay his own rate for the interpretations they put upon his shrugs and nods. There is a fine rich city-widow stole thither the other day (though it is not six weeks since her husband's departure from her company to rest,) and with her trusty maid demanded of him, whether she should marry again, by holding up two fingers like horns on her forehead. The wizard held up both his hands forked. The relict desired to know, whether he meant, by his holding up both hands, to represent that she had one husband before, and that she should have another? or, that he intimated she should have two more? The cunning man looked a little sour, upon which Betty jogged her mistress, who gave the other guinea; and he made her understand, she should positively have two more; but shook his head, and hinted that they should not live long with her. The widow sighed, and gave him the other half-guinea. After this prepossession, all that she had next to do was to make sallies to our end of the town, and find out who it is her fate to have. There are two who frequent this place, whom she takes to be men of vogue, and of whom her imagination has given her the choice. They are both the appearances of fine gentlemen, to such as do not know when they see persons of that turn; and, indeed they are industrious enough to come at that character, to deserve the reputation of being such. But this town will not allow us to be the things we seem to aim at, and is too discerning to be fobbed off with pretences. One of these pretty fellows fails by his laborious exactness; the other, by his as much studied negligence. Frank Careless, as soon as his valet has helped on and adjusted his cloaths, goes to his glass, sets his wig awry, tumbles his cravat; and, in short, undresses himself to go into company. Will Nice is so little satisfied with his dress, that all the time he is at a visit, he is still mending it, and is for that reason the more insufferable; for he who studies carelessness has, at least, his work the sooner done of the two. The widow is distracted whom to take for her first man; for Nice is every way so careful, that she fears his length of days; and Frank is so loose, that she has apprehensions for her own health with him. I am puzzled how to give a just idea of

them; but, in a word, Careless is a coxcomb, and Nice a fop: both, you will say, very hopeful candidates for a gay young woman just set at liberty. But there is a whisper, her maid will give her to Tom-Terror the gamester. This fellow has undone so many women, that he will certainly succeed if he is introduced; for nothing so much prevails with the vain part of that sex, as the glory of deceiving them who have deceived others.

Desunt multa.

St. James's Coffee-house, May 11.

Letters from Berlin, bearing date May the eleventh, N. S. inform us, that the birth-day of her Prussian majesty has been celebrated there with all possible magnificence; and the king made her, on that occasion, a present of jewels to the value of thirty thousand crowns. The marquis de Quesne, who has distinguished himself by his great zeal for the Protestant interest, was, at the time of the despatch of these letters, at that court, soliciting the king to take care, that an article in behalf of the refugees, admitting their return to France, should be inserted in the treaty of peace. They write from Hanover, of the fourteenth, that his electoral highness had received an express from count Merck, representing how necessary it was to the common cause, that he would please to hasten to the Rhine; for that nothing but his presence could quicken the measures towards bringing the imperial army into the field. There are very many speculations upon the intended interview of the king of Denmark and king Augustus. The latter has made such preparations for the reception of the other, that it is said, his Danish majesty will be entertained in Saxony with much more elegance than he met with in Italy itself.

Letters from the Hague, of the eighteenth instant, N. S. say, that his grace the duke of Marlborough landed the night before at the Brill, after having been kept out at sea, by adverse winds, two days longer than is usual in that passage. His excellency the lord Townshend, her majesty's ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the states-general, was driven into the Veer in Zealand on Thursday last, from whence he came to the Hague within few hours after the arrival of his grace. The duke, soon after his coming to the Hague, had a visit from the pensioner of Holland. All things relative to the peace were in suspense until this interview; nor is it yet known what resolutions will be taken on that subject; for the troops of the allies have fresh orders despatched to them, to move from their respective quarters, and march with all expedition to the frontiers, where the enemy are making their utmost efforts for the defence of their country. These advices further inform us, that the marquis de Torcy had received an answer from the

* Duncan Campbell, said to be deaf and dumb, who practised at this time on the credulity of the vulgar, and pretended to predict fortunes by the second sight, &c.

† The real name of the quack-doctor and man-midwife, who affected to be distinguished as 'unborn,' was Kirlens.

court of France, to his letters which he had sent thither by an express on the Friday before.

Mr. Bickerstaff has received letters from Mr. Coltstaff, Mr. Whipstaff, and Mrs. Rebecca Wagstaff; all which relate chiefly to their being left out in the genealogy of the family lately published;* but my cousin who writ that draught, being a clerk in the Herald's office, and being at present under the displeasure of the chapter; it is feared, if that matter should be touched upon at this time, the young gentleman would lose his place for treason against the king of arms.

'Castabella's complaint is come to hand.'

No. 15.] Saturday, May 14, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——

——mori est Farrago libelli.

Juv. Sat. l. 85, 86.

What'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for it's theme.

P.

From my own Apartment, May 12.

I HAVE taken a resolution hereafter, on any want of intelligence, to carry my familiar abroad with me, who has promised to give me very proper and just notices of persons and things, to make up the history of the passing day. He is wonderfully skilful in the knowledge of men and manners, which has made me more than ordinary curious to know how he came to that perfection, and I communicated to him that doubt. 'Mr. Pacolet,' said I, 'I am mightily surprised to see you so good a judge of our nature and circumstances, since you are a mere spirit, and have no knowledge of the bodily part of us.' He answered, smiling, 'You are mistaken; I have been one of you, and lived a month amongst you, which gives me an exact sense of your condition. You are to know, that all, who enter into human life, have a certain date or *stamen* given to their being, which they only who die of age may be said to have arrived at; but it is ordered sometimes by fate, that such as die infants are, after death, to attend mankind to the end of that *stamen* of being in themselves, which was broke off by sickness or any other disaster. These are proper guardians to men, as being sensible of the infirmity of their state. You are philosopher enough to know, that the difference of men's understandings proceeds only from the various dispositions of their organs; so that he who dies at a month old, is in the next life as knowing, though more innocent, as they who live to fifty; and after death, they have as perfect a memory and judgment of all that passed in their lifetime, as I have of all the revolutions in that uneasy turbulent

condition of yours; and you would say I had enough of it in a month, were I to tell you all my misfortunes.' 'A life of a month cannot have, one would think, much variety. But pray,' said I, 'let us have your story.'

Then he proceeds in the following manner:

'It was one of the most wealthy families in Great Britain into which I was born, and it was a very great happiness to me that it so happened, otherwise I had still, in all probability, been living; but I shall recount to you all the occurrences of my short and miserable existence, just as, by examining into the tracons made in my brain, they appeared to me at that time. The first thing that ever struck my senses was a noise over my head of one shrieking; after which, methought, I took a full jump, and found myself in the hands of a sorceress, who seemed as if she had been long waking, and employed in some incantation: I was thoroughly frightened, and cried out; but she immediately seemed to go on in some magical operation, and anointed me from head to foot. What they meant, I could not imagine; for there gathered a great crowd about me, crying, "An heir! an heir!" upon which I grew a little still, and believed this was a ceremony to be used only to great persons, and such as made them, what they called *heirs*. I lay very quiet; but the witch, for no manner of reason or provocation in the world, takes me, and binds my head as hard as possibly she could; then ties up both my legs, and makes me swallow down a horrid mixture. I thought it a harsh entrance into life, to begin with taking physic; but I was forced to it, or else must have taken down a great instrument in which she gave it me. When I was thus dressed, I was carried to a bed side, where a fine young lady (my mother I wot) had like to have hugged me to death. From her, they faced me about, and there was a thing with quite another look from the rest of the company, to whom they talked about my nose. He seemed wonderfully pleased to see me; but I knew since, my nose belonged to another family. That into which I was born is one of the most numerous amongst you; therefore crowds of relations came every day to congratulate my arrival, amongst others, my cousin Betty, the greatest romp in nature: she whisks me such a height over her head, that I cried out for fear of falling. She pinched me, and called me *squealing chit*, and threw me into a girl's arms that was taken in to tend me. The girl was very proud of the womanly employment of a nurse, and took upon her to strip and dress me a-new, because I made a noise, to see what aile! me: she did so, and stuck a pin in every joint about me. I still cried: upon which, she lays me on my face in her lap; and, to quiet me, fell a-nailing in all the pins, by clapping me on the back, and

* See a humorous genealogical account of the Staffin family, No. 11.

screaming a lullaby. But my pain made me exalt my voice above hers, which brought up the nurse, the witch I first saw, and my grandmother. The girl is turned down stairs, and I stripped again, as well to find what ailed me, as to satisfy my granam's further curiosity. This good old woman's visit was the cause of all my troubles. You are to understand, that I was hitherto bred by hand, and any body that stood next gave me pap, if I did but open my lips; insomuch, that I was growing so cunning, as to pretend myself asleep when I was not, to prevent my being crammed. But my grandmother began a loud lecture upon the idleness of the wives of this age, who, for fear of their shapes, forbear suckling their own offspring: and ten nurses were immediately sent for; one was whispered to have a wanton eye, and would soon spoil her milk; another was in a consumption; the third had an ill voice, and would frighten me instead of lulling me to sleep. Such exceptions were made against all but one country milch-wench, to whom I was committed, and put to the breast. This careless jade was eternally rumping with the footman, and downright starved me; insomuch that I daily pined away, and should never have been relieved had it not been that, on the thirtieth day of my life, a Fellow of the Royal Society, who had writ upon Cold Baths, came to visit me, and solemnly protested, I was utterly lost for want of that method: upon which he soused me head and ears into a pail of water, where I had the good fortune to be drowned; and so escaped being lashed into a linguist until sixteen, running after wenches until twenty-five, and being married to an ill-natured wife until sixty: which had certainly been my fate, had not the enchantment between body and soul been broke by this philosopher. Thus, until the age I should have otherwise lived, I am obliged to watch the steps of men; and, if you please, shall accompany you in your present walk, and get you intelligence from the aerial lacquey, who is in waiting, what are the thoughts and purposes of any whom you enquire for.

I accepted his kind offer, and immediately took him with me in a hack to White's.

White's Chocolate-house, May 13.

We got in hither, and my companion threw a powder round us that made me as invincible

at cards with a creature of a black and horrid countenance, wherein were plainly delineated the arts of his mind, cozenage, and falsehood. They were marking their game with counters, on which we could see inscriptions, imprecipitable to any but us. My lord had scored with pieces of ivory, on which were writ 'Good Fame, Glory, Riches, Honour, and Posterity. The spectre over-against him had on his counters the inscriptions of 'Dishonour, Impudence, Poverty, Ignorance, and want of Shame. 'Bless me!' said I; 'sure my Lord does not see what he plays for?' 'As well as I do,' says Pacolet. 'He despises that fellow he plays with, and scorns himself for making him his companion.' At the very instant he was speaking, I saw the fellow who played with my lord, hide two cards in the roll of his stocking: Pacolet immediately stole them from thence; upon which the nobleman soon after won the game. The little triumph he appeared in, when he got such a trifling stock of ready money, though he had ventured so great sums with indifference, increased my admiration. But Pacolet began to talk to me. Mr. Isaac, this to you looks wonderful, but not at all to us higher beings: that nobleman has as many good qualities as any man of his order, and seems to have no faults but what, as I may say, are excrescences from virtues. He is generous to a prodigality, more affable than is consistent with his quality, and courageous to a rashness. Yet, after all this, the source of his whole conduct is (though he would hate himself if he knew it) mere avarice. The ready cash laid before the gamester's counters makes him venture, as you see, and lay distinction against infamy, abundance against want; in a word, all that is desirable against all that is to be avoided. However, said I, be sure you disappoint the sharpers to night, and steal from them all the cards they hide. Pacolet obeyed me, and my lord went home with their whole bank in his pocket.

Will's Coffee-house, May 13.

To-night was acted a second time a comedy called *The Busy Body*: this play is written by a lady. In old times, we used to sit upon a play here after it was acted; but now the entertainment is turned another way; not but there are considerable men in all ages, who, for some eminent quality or invention, deserve

mirably said of him who first took notice, that (*res est severa voluptas*) 'there is a certain severity in pleasure.' Without that, all decency is banished; and if reason is not to be present at our greatest satisfactions, of all the race of creatures, the human is the most miserable. It was not so of old; when Virgil describes a wit, he always means a virtuous man; and all his sentiments of men of genius, are such as show persons distinguished from the common level of mankind; such as placed happiness in the contempt of low fears and mean gratifications: fears which we are subject to with the vulgar; and pleasures which we have in common with beasts. With these illustrious personages, the wisest man was the greatest wit; and none was thought worthy of that character, unless he answered this excellent description of the poet:

Qui——metus omnes et inexorabile fatum
Subiecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari.
Virg. Georg. li. 492.

Happy the man,——
His mind possessing in a quiet state,
Fearless of fortune, and resign'd to fate. *Dryden.*

St. James's Coffee-house, May 13.

We had this morning advice, that some English merchant-ships, convoyed by the Bristol of fifty-four guns, were met with by a part of Monsieur du Gui Trouin's squadron, who engaged the convoy. That ship defended itself until the English merchants got clear of the enemy; but, being disabled, was herself taken. Within few hours after, my lord Dursley came up with part of his squadron, and, engaging the French, retook the Bristol (which, being very much shattered, sunk;) and took the Glorieux, a ship of forty-four guns, as also a privateer of fourteen. Before this action, his lordship had taken two French merchant-men, and had, at the despatch of these advices, brought the whole safe into Plymouth.

No. 16.] *Tuesday, May 17, 1709.*

Quicquid agunt homines——
——nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv. Sat. l. 85, 86.*
Whatever men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

White's Chocolate-house, May 15.

SIR THOMAS, \ddagger of this house, has showed me some letters from the Bath, which give accounts

of what passes among the good company of that place; and allowed me to transcribe one of them, that seems to be writ by some of sir Thomas's particular acquaintance, and is as follows:

'DEAR KNIGHT,

May 9, 1709.

'I desire you would give my humble service to all our friends, which I speak of to you (out of method) in the very beginning of my epistle, lest the present disorders, by which this seat of gallantry and pleasure is torn to pieces, should make me forget it. You keep so good company, that you know Bath is stocked with such as come hither to be relieved from luxuriant health, or imaginary sickness; and consequently is always as well stowed with gallants, as invalids, who live together in a very good understanding. But the season is so early, that our fine company is not yet arrived; and the warm bath, which in heathen times was dedicated to Venus, is now used only by such as really want it for health's sake. There are, however, a good many strangers, among whom are two ambitious ladies, who being both in the autumn of their life, take the opportunity of placing themselves at the head of such as we are, before the Chloe's, Clarisso's, and Pastorella's come down. One of these two is excessively in pain, that the ugly being called Time, will make wrinkles in spite of the lead forehead cloth; * and therefore hides with the gaiety of her air, the volubility of her tongue, and quickness of her motion, the injuries which it has done her. The other lady is but two years behind her in life, and dreads as much being laid aside as the former; and consequently has taken the necessary precautions to prevent her reign over us. But she is very discreet, and wonderfully turned for ambition, being never apparently transported either with affection or malice. Thus while Florimel is talking in public, and spreading her graces in assemblies, to gain a popular dominion over our diversions, Prudentia visits very cunningly all the lame, the splenetic, and the superannuated, who have their distinct classes of followers and friends. Among these she has found, that somebody has sent down printed certificates of Florimel's age, which she has read and distributed to this unjoyful set of people, who are always enemies to those in possession of the good opinion of the company. This unprovoked injury done by Prudentia, was the

Alexander the Great, to be acted by the company of strollers, and desired us all to be there on Thursday last. When she spoke to me to come, 'as you are,' said she, 'a lover, you will not fail the death of Alexander: the passion of love is wonderfully hit—Statira! O that happy woman—to have a conqueror at her feet!—But you will be sure to be there.' I, and several others, resolved to be of her party. But see the irresistible strength of that unsuspected creature, a 'silent woman.' Prudentia had counterplotted us, and had bespoke on the same evening the puppet-show of 'The Creation of the World.'* She had engaged every body to be there; and, to turn our leader into ridicule, had secretly let them know, that the puppet Eve was made the most like Florimel that ever was seen. On Thursday morning the puppet-drummer, Adam and Eve, and several others who lived before the flood, passed through the streets on horseback, to invite us all to the pastime, and the representation of such things as we all knew to be true: and Mr. Mayor was so wise, as to prefer these innocent people the puppets, who, he said, were to represent Christians, before the wicked players who were to show Alexander, an heathen philosopher. To be short, this Prudentia had so laid it, that, at ten of the clock, footmen were sent to take places at the puppet-show, and all we of Florimel's party were to be out of fashion, or desert her. We chose the latter. All the world crowded to Prudentia's house, because it was given out nobody could get in. When we came to Noah's flood in the show, Punch and his wife were introduced dancing in the ark. An honest plain friend of Florimel's, but a critic withal, rose up in the midst of the representation, and made many very good exceptions to the drama itself, and told us, that it was against all morality, as well as rules of the stage, that punch should be in jest in the deluge, or indeed that he should appear at all. This was certainly a just remark, and I thought to second him; but he was hissed by Prudentia's party: upon which, really, sir Thomas, we, who were his friends, hissed him too. Old Mrs. Petulant desired both her daughters to mind the moral; then whispered Mrs. Mayoress, 'This is very proper for young people to see!' Punch, at the end of the play, made Prudentia a compliment, and was very civil to the whole company, making bows until his buttons touched the ground. All was carried triumphantly against our party. In the mean time Florimel went to the tragedy, dressed as fine as hands could make her, in hopes to see Prudentia pine away with envy. Instead of that,

she sat a full hour alone, and at last was entertained with this whole relation from Statira, who wiped her eyes with her tragical cut handkerchief, and lamented the ignorance of the quality. Florimel was stung with this affront, and the next day bespoke the puppet-show. Prudentia, insolent with power, bespoke Alexander. The whole company came then to Alexander. Madam Petulant desired her daughters to mind the moral, and believe no man's fair words: 'For you will see children,' said she, 'these soldiers are never to be depended upon; they are sometimes here, sometimes there.—Do not you see, daughter Betty, Colonel Clod, our next neighbour in the country, pull off his hat to you? court'ay, good child, his estate is just by us.' Florimel was now mortified down to Prudentia's humour; and Prudentia exalted into hers. This was observed; Florimel invites us to the play a second time, Prudentia to the show. See the uncertainty of human affairs! the beaux, the wits, the gamesters, the prudes, the coquettes, the valetudinarians and gallants, all now wait upon Florimel. Such is the state of things at this present date; and i. there happens any new commotions, you shall have immediate advice from,

'Sir,

'Your affectionate friend and servant.'

To Castabella.

'MADAM,

May 16, 1709.

'I have the honour of a letter from a friend of yours, relating to an incivility done to you at the opera, by one of your own sex; but I, who was an eye-witness of the accident, can testify to you, that though she pressed before you, she lost her ends in that design; for she was taken notice of for no other reason, but her endeavours to hide a finer woman than herself. But, indeed, I dare not go farther in this matter, than just this bare mention; for though it was taking your place of right, rather than place of precedence, yet it is so tender a point, and on which the very life of female ambition depends, that it is of the last consequence to meddle in it: all my hopes are from your beautiful sex; and those bright eyes, which are the bane of others, are my only sun-shine. My writings are sacred to you; and I hope I shall always have the good fortune to live under your protection; therefore take this public opportunity to signify to all the world, that I design to forbear any thing that may in the least tend to the diminution of your interest, reputation, or power. You will therefore forgive me, that I strive to conceal every wrong step made by any who have the honour to wear petticoats, and shall at all times do what is in my power to make all mankind as much their slaves as myself. If they would consider things as they ought, there needs not much argument to convince them, that it is their fate to be obedient

* A deformed cripple of the name of Powell was the master of a popular puppet-show at this time, and made Punch utter many things that would not have been endured in any other way of communication.

to you, and that your greatest rebels do only serve with a worse grace." I am, Madam,
 'Your most obedient and
 'most humble servant,
 'ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.'

St. James's Coffee-house, May 16.

Lettres from the Hague, bearing date the twenty-first instant, N. S. advise, that his grace the duke of Marlborough, immediately after his arrival, sent his secretary to the president and the pensionary, to acquaint them therewith. Soon after, these ministers, visited the duke, and made him compliments in the name of the States-General; after which they entered into a conference with him on the present posture of affairs, and gave his grace assurances of the firm adherence of the States to the alliance: at the same time acquainting him, that all overtures of peace were rejected, until they had an opportunity of acting in concert with their allies on that subject. After this interview, the pensionary and the president returned to the assembly of the States. Monsieur Torcy has had a conference at the pensioner's house with his grace the duke of Marlborough, Prince Eugene, and his excellency the lord Townshend. The result of what was debated at that time is kept secret; but there appears an air of satisfaction and good understanding between these ministers. We are apt also to give ourselves very hopeful prospects from monsieur Torcy's being employed in this negotiation, who had been always remarkable for a particular way of thinking in his sense of the greatness of France; which he has always said, 'was to be promoted rather by the arts of peace, than those of war.' His delivering himself freely on this subject has formerly appeared an unsuccessful way to power in that court; but in its present circumstances, those maxims are better received; and it is thought a certain argument of the sincerity of the French king's intentions, that this minister is at present made use of. The marquis is to return to Paris within few days, who has sent a courier thither to give notice of the reasons of his return, that the court may be the sooner able to despatch commissions for a formal treaty.

The expectations of peace are increased by advices from Paris of the twelfth instant, which say, the Dauphin has altered his resolution of commanding in Flanders the ensuing campaign. The Saxon and Prussian reinforcements, together with count Mercy's regiment of imperial horse, are encamped in the neighbourhood of Brussels; and the sufficient stores of corn and forage are transported to that place and Ghent, for the service of the confederate army.

They write from Mons, that the elector of Bavaria had advice, that an advanced party of

the Portuguese army had been defeated by the Spaniards.

We hear from Languedoc, that their corn, olives, and figs, were wholly destroyed; but that they have a hopeful prospect of a plentiful vintage.

No. 17.] Tuesday, May 19, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines —
 —nostris est farrago libelli. *Juv. Sat. l. 85, 86.*

Whatever men do, or say, or think, or dream,
 Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

Will's Coffee-house, May 18.

THE discourse has happened to turn this evening upon the true panegyric, the perfection of which was asserted to consist in a certain artful way of conveying the applause in an indirect manner. There was a gentleman gave us several instances of it. Among others, he quoted from Sir Francis Bacon, in his 'Advancement of Learning,' a very great compliment made to Tiberius,* as follows: In a full debate upon public affairs in the senate, one of the assembly rose up, and with a very grave air said, he thought it for the honour and dignity of the commonwealth, that Tiberius should be declared a god, and have divine worship paid him. The emperor was surprised at the proposal, and demanded of him to declare, whether he had made any application to incline him to that overture? The senator answered, with a bold and haughty tone, 'Sir, in matters that concern the commonwealth, I will be governed by no man.' Another gentleman mentioned something of the same kind, spoken by the late duke of Buckingham to the late earl of Orrery; 'My lord,' (says the duke, after his libertine way) 'you will certainly be damned. 'How my lord! says the earl with some warmth. 'Nay, said the duke 'there is no help for it, for it is positively said, Cursed is he of whom all men speak well.† This is taking a man by surprise, and being welcome when you have so surprised him. The person flattered receives you into his closet at once; and the sudden change of his heart, from the expectation of an ill-wisher, to find you his friend, makes you in his full favour in a moment. The spirits that were raised so suddenly against you, are as suddenly for you. There was another instance given of this kind at the table: a gentleman, who had a very great favour done him, and an employment bestowed upon him, without so much as being personally known to his benefactor, waited upon the

* An allusion to an instance of artful flattery practised by Messala Valerius,

† Luke vi. 26. His grace did not understand, nor quote fairly, the passage of scripture, to which he thought it so witty, thus impudently to allude.

great man who was so generous, and was beginning to say, he was infinitely obliged.—‘Not at all,’ says the patron, turning from him to another, ‘had I known a more deserving man in England, he should not have had it.’

We should certainly have had more examples had not a gentleman produced a book which he thought an instance of this kind: it was a pamphlet, called ‘The Naked Truth.’ The idea any one would have of that work from the title was, that there would be much plain dealing with people in power, and that we should see things in their proper light, stripped of the ornaments which are usually given to the actions of the great: but the skill of this author is such, that he has, under that rugged appearance approved himself the finest gentleman and courtier that ever writ. The language is extremely sublime, and not at all to be understood by the vulgar: the sentiments are such as would make no figure in ordinary words; but such is the art of the expression, and the thoughts are elevated to so high a degree, that I question whether the discourse will sell much. There was an ill-natured fellow present, who hates all panegyric mortally; ‘P—— take him,’ said he, ‘what the devil means his Naked Truth, in speaking nothing but to the advantage of all whom he mentions? This is just such a great action as that of the champion’s on a coronation-day, who challenges all mankind to dispute with him the right of the sovereign, surrounded with his guards.’ The gentleman who produced the treatise desired him to be cautious, and said, it was writ by an excellent soldier, which made the company observe it more narrowly; and (as critics are the greatest conjurers at finding out a known truth) one said, he was sure it was writ by the hand of his sword-arm. I could not perceive much wit in that expression; but it raised a laugh, and, I suppose, was meant as a sneer upon valiant men. The same man pretended to see in the style, that it was an horse-officer; but sure that is being too nice; for though you may know officers of the cavalry

Longinus, shall, as well as I can, make my observations in a style like the author’s of whom I treat, which perhaps I am as capable of as another, having ‘an unbounded force of thinking, as well as a most exquisite address, extensively and wisely indulged to me by the supreme powers.’ My author, I will dare to assert, shows the most universal knowledge of any writer who has appeared this century: he is a poet and merchant, which is seen in two master-words, ‘credit blossoms,’ he is a grammarian and a politician; for he says, ‘The uniting of the two kingdoms is the emphasis of the security of the Protestant succession.’ Some would be apt to say, he is a conjuror; for he has found, that a republic is not made up of every body of animals, but is composed of men only, and not of horses. ‘Liberty and property have chosen their retreat within the emulating circle of an human commonwealth.’ He is a physician; for he says, ‘I observe a constant equality in its pulse, and a just quickness of its vigorous circulation.’ And again, ‘I view the strength of our constitution plainly appear in the sanguine and ruddy complexion of a well-contented city.’ He is a divine: for he says, ‘I cannot but bless myself.’ And indeed this excellent treatise has had that good effect upon me, who am far from being superstitious, that I also ‘cannot but bless myself.’

St. James’s Coffee-house, May 18.

This day arrived a mail from Lisbon, with letters of the thirteenth instant, N. S. containing a particular account of the late action in Portugal. On the seventeenth instant, the army of Portugal, under the command of the marquis de Frontera, lay on the side of the Caya, and the army of the duke of Anjou, commanded by the marquis de Bay, on the other. The latter commander having an ambition to ravage the country, in a manner in sight of the Portuguese, made a motion with the whole body of his horse toward fort Saint Christopher, near the town of Badajos. The generals of the Portuguese, disdaining that such an insult should be offered to their arms,

same body of horse, in three successive charges, with great order and resolution. While this was transacting, the British General commanded the brigade of Pearce, to keep the enemy in diversion by a new attack. This was so well executed, that the Portuguese infantry had time to retire in good order, and repass the river. But that brigade, which rescued them, was itself surrounded by the enemy, and major-general Sarkey, brigadier Pearce, together with both their regiments, and that of the lord Galway, lately raised, were taken prisoners.

During the engagement, the earl of Barri-more, having advanced too far to give some necessary order, was hemmed in by a squadron of the enemy; but found means to gallop up to the brigade of Pearce, with which he remains also a prisoner. My lord Galway had his horse shot under him in this action; and the Conde de Saint Juan, a Portuguese general, was taken prisoner. The same night the army encamped at Aronches, and on the ninth moved to Elvas, where they lay when these despatches came away. Colonel Stanwix's regiment is also taken. The whole of this affair has given the Portuguese a great idea of the capacity and courage of my lord Galway, against whose advice they entered upon this unfortunate affair, and by whose conduct they were rescued from it. The prodigious constancy and resolution of that great man is hardly to be paralleled, who, under the oppression of a maimed body, and the reflection of repeated ill fortune, goes on with an unspeakable alacrity in the service of the common cause. He has already put things in a very good posture after this ill accident, and made the necessary dispositions for covering the country from any further attempt of the enemy, who still lie in the camp they were in before the battle.

Letters from Brussels, dated the twenty-fifth instant, advise, that notwithstanding the negotiations of a peace seem so far advanced, that some do confidently report the preliminaries of a treaty to be actually agreed on, yet the allies hasten their preparations for opening the campaign; and the forces of the empire, the Prussians, the Danes, the Wirtembergers, the Palatines, and Saxon auxiliaries, are in motion towards the general rendezvous, they being already arrived in the neighbourhood of Brussels. These advices add, that the deputies of the States of Holland, having made a general review of the troops in Flanders, set out for Antwerp on the 21st instant from that place.

No. 18.] Saturday, May 21, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines
— nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv. Sat. l. 85, 86.*

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

From my own Apartment, May 20.

It is observed too often that men of wit do so much employ their thoughts upon fine speculations, that things useful to mankind are wholly neglected; and they are busy in making emendations upon some enclytics in a Greek author while obvious things, that every man may have use for are wholly overlooked. It would be a happy thing, if such as have real capacities for public service were employed in works of general use; but because a thing is every body's business, it is nobody's business: this is for want of public spirit. As for my part, who am only a student, and a man of no great interest I can only remark things, and recommend the correction of them to higher powers. There is an offence I have a thousand times lamented, but fear I shall never see remedied; which is, that in a nation where learning is so frequent as in Great Britain, there should be so many gross errors as there are in the very directions of things wherein accuracy is necessary for the conduct of life. This is notoriously observed by all men of letters when they first come to town (at which time they are usually curious that way) in the inscriptions on sign-posts. I have cause to know this matter as well as any body; for I have, when I went to Merchant-Taylor's school, suffered stripes for spelling after the signs I observed in my way; though at the same time, I must confess, staring at those inscriptions first gave me an idea and curiosity for medals, in which I have since arrived at some knowledge. Many a man has lost his way and his dinner by this general want of skill in orthography; for, considering that the painters are usually so very bad, that you cannot know the animal under whose sign you are to live that day, how must the stranger be misled if it be wrong spelled, as well as ill painted? I have a cousin now in town, who has answered under bachelor at Queen's College, whose name is Humphrey Mopstaff (he is a-kin to us by his mother:) this young man, going to see a relation in Barbican, wandered a whole day by the mistake of one letter, for it was written, 'this is the Beer,' instead of 'this is the Bear.' He was set right at last, by inquiring for the house, of a fellow who could not read, and knew the place mechanically only by having been often drunk there. But in the name of goodness, let us make our learning of use to us, or not. Was not this shame, that a philosopher should be thus directed by a cobbler? I will be sworn, if it were known how many have suffered in this kind by false spelling since the Union, this matter would not long lie thus. What makes these evils the more insupportable is, that they are so easily amended, and nothing done in it. But it is so far from that, that the evil goes on in other arts as well as orthography: places are

confounded, as well for want of proper distinctions, as things for want of true characters. Had I not come by the other day very early in the morning,* there might have been mischief done: for a worthy North Briton was swearing at Stocks Market, that they would not let him in at his lodgings; but I, knowing the gentleman, and observing him look often at the king on horseback, and then double his oaths that he was sure he was right, found he mistook that for Charing Cross, by the erection of the like statue in each place. I grant, private men may distinguish their abodes as they please: as one of my acquaintance, who lives at Marybone,† has put a good sentence of his own invention upon his dwelling-place,‡ to find out where he lives: he is so near London, that his conceit is this, 'the country in town;' or, 'the town in the country;' for, you know, if they are both in one, they are all one. Besides that, the ambiguity is not of great consequence; if you are safe at the place, it is no matter if you do not distinctly know where the place is. But to return to the orthography of public places; I propose, that every tradesman in the cities of London and Westminster shall give me six pence a quarter for keeping their signs in repair as to the grammatical part; and I will take into my house a Swiss count § of my acquaintance, who can remember all their names without book, for despatch sake, setting up the head of the said foreigner for my sign; the features being strong, and fit for hanging high.

St. James's Coffee-house, May 20.

This day a mail arrived from Holland, by which there are advices from Paris, that the kingdom of France is in the utmost misery and distraction. The merchants of Lyons have been

at court, to remonstrate their great sufferings by the failure of their public credit; but have received no other satisfaction, than promises of a sudden peace; and that their debts will be made good by funds out of the revenue, which will not answer, but in case of the peace which is promised. In the mean time, the cries of the common people are loud for want of bread, the gentry have lost all spirit and zeal for their country, and the king himself seems to languish under the anxiety of the pressing calamities of the nation, and retires from hearing those grievances which he hath not power to redress. Instead of preparations for war, and the defence of their country, there is nothing to be seen but evident marks of a general despair; processions, fastings, public mournings and humiliations, are become the sole employments of a people, who were lately the most vain and gay of any in the universe.

The pope has written to the French king on the subject of a peace; and his majesty has answered in the lowliest terms, that he entirely submits his affairs to divine providence, and shall soon shew the world, that he prefers the tranquillity of his people to the glory of his arms, and extent of his conquests.

Letters from the Hague of the twenty-fourth say, that his excellency the lord Townshend delivered his credentials on that day to the States General, as plenipotentiary from the queen of Great Britain; as did also count Zinzendorf, who bears the same character from the emperor.

Prince Eugene intended to set out the next day for Brussels, and his grace the duke of Marlborough on the Tuesday following. The marquis de Torcy talks daily of going, but still continues there. The army of the allies is to assemble on the seventh of next month at Helchin; though it is generally believed that the preliminaries to a treaty are fully adjusted.

The approach of the peace strikes a panic through our armies, though that of a battle could never do it, and they almost repent of their bravery, that made such haste to humble themselves and the French king. The duke of Marlborough, though otherwise the greatest general of the age, has plainly shewn himself unacquainted with the arts of husbanding a war. He might have grown as old as the duke of Alva, or prince Waldeck in the Low Coun-

* Wit has its prerogative, and about it, there is not, and there ought not, to be here, either dispute or observation. Truth, nevertheless, claims the privilege to remark, that these two equestrian statues were very unlike. The one was made by the famous La Senr, for King Charles I.; the other was originally intended for John Sobieski, king of Poland, and, *mutatis mutandis*, erected in honour of King Charles II. The Turk underneath the horse was cleverly memor-phosed into Oliver Cromwell; but his *turban* escaped unnoticed, or unaltered, to testify the truth. The one is of brass blackened, the other was of white marble, &c. The statue in Stocks Market, with the conduit and all its ornaments, were all removed to make way for the Mansion.

not a yard of linen,' says my honoured progenitor sir John Falstaff, 'in my whole company: but as for that,' says this worthy knight, 'I am in no great pain; we shall find shirts on every hedge.' There is another sort of gentlemen whom I am much more concerned for, and that is the ingenious fraternity of which I have the honour to be an unworthy member; I mean the news-writers of Great-Britain, whether post-men or post-boys,* or by what other name or title soever dignified or distinguished. The case of these gentlemen is, I think, more hard than that of the soldiers, considering that they have taken more towns, and fought more battles. They have been upon parties and skirmishes, when our armies have lain still; and given the general assault to many a place, when the besiegers were quiet in their trenches. They have made us masters of several strong towns many weeks before our generals could do it; and completed victories, when our greatest captains have been glad to come off with a drawn battle. Where prince Eugene has slain his thousands, Boyer† has slain his ten thousands. This gentleman can indeed be never enough commended for his courage and intrepidity during this whole war: he has laid about him with an inexpressible fury; and, like the offended Marius of ancient Rome, has made such havoc among his countrymen, as must be the work of two or three ages to repair. It must be confessed, the redoubted Mr. Buckley‡ has shed as much blood as the former; but I cannot forbear saying (and I hope it will not look like envy) that we regard our brother Buckley as a kind of *Dracansir*, who spares neither friend nor foe; but generally kills as many of his own side as the enemy's. It is impossible for this ingenious sort of men to subsist after a peace: every one remembers the shifts they were driven to in the reign of king Charles the Second, when they could not furnish out a single paper of news, without lighting up a comet in Germany, or a fire in Moscow. There scarce appeared a letter without a paragraph on an earthquake. Prodiges were grown so familiar, that they had lost their name, as a great poet of that age has it. I remember Mr. Dyer, § who is justly looked upon by all the fox-hunters in the nation as the greatest

river Thames, besides two porpoises and a sturgeon. The judicious and wary Mr. Iehabod Dawks* bath all along been the rival of this great writer, and got himself a reputation from plagues and famines; by which, in those days, he destroyed as great multitudes as he has lately done by the sword. In every dearth of news, Grand Cairo was sure to be unpeopled.

It being therefore visible, that our society will be greater sufferers by the peace than the soldiery itself, insomuch that the Daily Courant is in danger of being broken, my friend Dyer of being reformed, and the very host of the whole band of being reduced to half-pay; might I presume, to offer any thing in the behalf of my distressed brethren, I would humbly move, that an appendix of proper apartments, furnished with pen, ink, and paper, and other necessaries of life, should be added to the hospital of Chelsea, for the relief of such decayed news-writers as have served their country in the wars; and that, for their exercise, they should compile the annals of their brother veterans, who have been engaged in the same service, and are still obliged to do duty after the same manner.

I cannot be thought to speak this out of an eye to any private interest; for, as my chief scenes of action are coffee-houses, play-houses, and my own apartment, I am in no need of camps, fortifications, and fields of battle, to support me; I do not call for heroes and generals to my assistance. Though the officers are broken, and the armies disbanded I shall still be safe, as long as there are men, or women, or politicians, or lovers, or poets, or nymphs, or swains, or cits, or courtiers, in being.

No. 19.] Tuesday, May 24, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——

——nostrum est farrago libelli. Juv. Sat. l. 65, 86.

What'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,

Our motley paper seizes for it's theme. P.

From my own Apartment, May 23.

THERE is nothing can give a man of any consideration greater pain, than to see order and distinction laid aside amongst men, especially when the rank (of which he himself is member) is intruded upon by such as have no

In the first ages of the world, before the invention of jointures and settlements, when the noble passion of love had possession of the hearts of men, and the fair sex were not yet cultivated into the merciful disposition which they have showed in latter centuries, it was natural for great and heroic spirits to retire to rivulets, woods, and caves, to lament their destiny, and the cruelty of the fair persons who are deaf to their lamentations. The hero in this distress was generally in armour, and in a readiness to fight any man he met with, especially if distinguished by any extraordinary qualifications: it being the nature of heroic love to hate all merit, lest it should come within the observation of the cruel one by whom its own perfections are neglected. A lover of this kind had always about him a person of a second value, and subordinate to him, who could hear his afflictions, carry an enchantment for his wounds, hold his helmet when he was eating (if ever he did eat,) or in his absence, when he was retired to his apartment in any king's palace, tell the prince himself, or perhaps his daughter, the birth, parentage, and adventures of his valiant master. This trusty companion was styled his Esquire, and was always fit for any offices about him; was as gentle and chaste as a gentleman-usher, quick and active as an equerry, smooth and eloquent as the master of the ceremonies. A man thus qualified was the first, as the ancients affirm, who was called an Esquire; and none without these accomplishments ought to assume our order: but, to the utter disgrace and confusion of the heralds, every pretender is admitted into this fraternity, even persons the most foreign to this courteous institution. I have taken an inventory of all within this city, and looked over every letter in the Post-office, for my better information. There are of the middle Temple, including all in the buttery-books, and in the lists of the house, five thousand.* In the Inner, four thousand.† In the King's-Bench Walks, the whole buildings are inhabited by Esquires only. The adjacent street of Essex, from Morris's Coffee-house,‡ and the turning towards the Grecian, you cannot meet one who is not an Esquire, until you take water. Every house in Norfolk and Arundel streets is

But if you travel into the counties of Great Britain, we are still more imposed upon by innovation. We are indeed derived from the field: but shall that give title to all that ride mad after foxes; that halloo when they see a hare, or venture their necks full speed after an hawk, immediately to commence Esquires? No; our order is temperate, cleanly, sober, and chaste; but these rural Esquires commit immodesties upon haycocks, wear shirts half a week, and are drunk twice a day. These men are also, to the last degree, excessive in their food: an Esquire of Norfolk eats two pounds of dumplin every meal, as if obliged to it by our order: an Esquire of Hampshire is as ravenous in devouring hog's flesh: one of Essex has as little mercy on calves. But I must take the liberty to protest against them, and acquaint those persons, that it is not the quantity they eat, but the manner of eating, that shows an Esquire. But, above all, I am most offended at small-quillmen, and transcribing clerks, who are all come into our order, for no reason that I know of, but that they can easily flourish at the end of their name. I will undertake that, if you read the supercriptions to all the offices in the kingdom, you will not find three letters directed to any but Esquires. I have myself a couple of clerks, and the rogues make nothing of leaving messages upon each other's desk: one directs, 'To Gregory Goosequill, Esquire;' to which the other replies by a note, 'To Nehemiah Dashwell, Esquire, with respect;' in a word, it is now *Populus Armigerorum*, a people of Esquires. And I do not know but, by the late act of naturalization, foreigners will assume that title, as part of the immunity of being Englishmen. All these improprieties flow from the negligence of the Heralds office. Those gentlemen in party-coloured habits do not so rightly, as they ought, understand themselves; though they are dressed *cap-a-pee* in hieroglyphics, they are inwardly but ignorant men. I asked an acquaintance of mine, who is a man of wit, but of no fortune, and is forced to appear as a jack-pudding on the stage to a mountebank: 'Pr'thee, Jack, why is your coat of so many colours?' He replied, 'I act a fool; and this spotted dress is to signify, that every man living

and diligence. A Squire is properly born for the service of the sex, and his credentials shall be signed by three toasts and one prude, before his title shall be received in my office.

Will's Coffee-house, May 23.

On Saturday last was presented the *Busy Body*, a comedy, written (as I have heretofore remarked) by a woman. The plot and incidents of the play are laid with that subtilty of spirit which is peculiar to females of wit, and is very seldom well performed by those of the other sex, in whom craft in love is an act of invention, and not, as with women, the effect of nature and instinct.

To-morrow will be acted a play, called, *The Trip to the Jubilee*.^{*} This performance is the greatest instance that we can have of the irresistible force of proper action. The dialogue in itself has something too low to bear a criticism upon it: but Mr. Wilks enters into the part with so much skill, that the gallantry, the youth, and gayety of a young man of a plentiful fortune, are looked upon with as much indulgence on the stage, as in real life, without any of those intermixtures of wit and humour, which usually prepossess us in favour of such characters in other plays.

St. James's Coffee-house, May 23.

Letters from the Hague of the twenty-third instant, N. S. say, that Mr. Walpole (who is since arrived) was going with all expedition to Great Britain, whither they doubted not but he carried with him the preliminaries to a treaty of peace. The French minister, monsieur Torcy, has been observed, in this whole negotiation, to turn his discourse upon the calamities sent down by heaven upon France, and imputed the necessities they were under to the immediate hand of Providence, in inflicting a general scarcity of provision, rather than the superior genius of the generals, or the bravery of the armies against them. It would be impious not to acknowledge the indulgence of heaven to us; but, at the same time, as we are to love our enemies, we are glad to see them mortified enough to mix Christianity with their politics. An authentic letter from madam Maintenon to monsieur Torcy has been stolen by a person about him, who has communicated a copy of it to some of the dependents of a minister of the allies.

hitherto transacted the great affair of management. You well observed wants here are not to be concealed it is vanity to use artifices with the knowing men with whom you are to deal. Let me beg you, therefore, in this representation of our circumstances, to lay aside art, which ceases to be such when it is seen, and make use of all your skill to gain us what advantages you can from the enemy's jealousy of each other's greatness; which is the place where only you have room for any dexterity. If you have any passion for your unhappy country, or any affection for your distressed master, come home with peace. Oh heaven! do I live to talk of Lewis the Great, as the object of pity? The king shows a great uneasiness to be informed of all that passes: but, at the same time, is fearful of every one who appears in his presence, lest he should bring an account of some new calamity. I know not in what terms to represent my thoughts to you, when I speak of the king, with relation to his bodily health. Figure to yourself that immortal man, who stood in our public places represented with trophies, armour, and terrors, on his pedestal: consider, the invincible, the great, the good, the pious, the mighty, which were the usual epithets we gave him, both in our language and thoughts. I say, consider him whom you knew the greatest and most glorious of monarchs, and now think you see the same man an unhappy lazar, in the lowest circumstances of human nature itself, without regard to the state from whence he is fallen. I write from his bed-side: he is at present in a slumber. I have many, many things to add; but my tears flow too fast, and my sorrow is too big for utterance. 'I am, &c.'

There is such a veneration due from all men to the persons of princes, that it were a sort of dishonesty to represent further the condition which the king is in; but it is certain, that, soon after the receipt of these advices, monsieur Torcy waited upon his grace the duke of Marlborough and the lord Townshend; and in that conference gave up many points, which he had before said were such as he must return to France before he could answer.

No. 20.] *Thursday, May 26, 1709.*

ficient testimony of the truth of this observation.

I had the honour the other day of a visit from a gentlewoman (a stranger to me) who seemed to be about thirty. Her complexion is brown; but the air of her face has an agreeableness which surpasses the beauties of the fairest women. There appeared in her look and mein a sprightly health; and her eyes had too much vivacity to become the language of complaint, which she began to enter into. She seemed sensible of it; and therefore, with downcast looks, said she, 'Mr. Bickerstaff, you see before you the unhappiest of women; and therefore, as you are esteemed by all the world both a great civilian, as well as an astrologer, I must desire your advice and assistance, in putting me in a method of obtaining a divorce from a marriage, which I know the law will pronounce void.' 'Madam,' said I, 'your grievance is of such a nature, that you must be very ingenious in representing the causes of your complaint, or I cannot give you the satisfaction you desire.' 'Sir,' she answers, 'I believe there would be no need of half your skill in the art of divination, to guess why a woman would part from her husband.' 'It is true,' said I; 'but suspicions, or guesses at what you mean, may certainty of it, unless you plainly speak it, are no foundation for a formal suit.' She clapped her fan before her face; 'My husband,' said she, 'is no more an husband' (here she burst into tears) 'than one of the Italian singers.'

'Madam,' said I, 'the affliction you complain of is to be redressed by law; but, at the same time, consider what mortifications you are to go through, in bringing it into open court: how will you be able to bear the impertinent whispers of the people present at the trial, the licentious reflections of the pleaders, and the interpretations that will in general be put upon your conduct by all the world? "How little (will they say) could that lady command her passions!" Besides, consider, that curbing our desires is the greatest glory we can arrive at in this world, and will be most rewarded in the next.' She answered, like a prudent matron: 'Sir, if you please to remember the office of matrimony, the first cause of its institution is that of having posterity. Therefore, as to the curbing desires, I am willing to undergo any abstinence from food as you please to enjoin me; but I cannot, with any quiet of mind, live in the neglect of a necessary duty, and an express commandment, *Increase and multiply*.' Observing she was learned, and knew so well the duties of life, I turned my arguments rather to dehort her from this public procedure by examples than precepts. 'Do but consider, madam, what crowds of beautiful women live in nunneries, secluded for ever from the sight and conversation of men, with all the alacrity

of spirit imaginable; they spend their time in heavenly raptures, in constant and frequent devotions, and at proper hours in agreeable conversations.' 'Sir,' said she hastily, 'tell not me of Papists, or any of their idolatries.' 'Well then, madam, consider how many fine ladies live innocently in the eye of the world, and this gay town, in the midst of temptation: there is the witty Mrs. W—— is a virgin of forty-four, Mrs. T—— is thirty-nine, Mrs. L—— is thirty-three; yet you see they laugh, and are gay, at the park, at the playhouse, at balls, and at visits; and so much at ease, that all this seems hardly a self-denial.' 'Mr. Bickerstaff,' said she, with some emotion, 'you are an excellent casuist; but the last word destroyed your whole argument; if it is not self-denial, it is no virtue. I presented you with an half-guinea, in hopes not only to have my conscience eased, but my fortune told. Yet—' 'Well madam,' said I, 'pray of what age is your husband?' 'He is,' replied my injured client, 'fifty; and I have been his wife fifteen years.' 'How happened it you never communicated your distress, in all this time to your friends and relations?' She answered, 'He has been thus but a fortnight.' I am the most serious man in the world to look at, and yet could not forbear laughing out. 'Why, madam, in case of infirmity which proceeds only from age, the law gives no remedy.' 'Sir,' said she, 'I find you have no more learning than Dr. Case; and I am told of a young man, not five-and-twenty, just come from Oxford, to whom I will communicate this whole matter, and doubt not but he will appear to have seven times more useful and satisfactory knowledge than you and all your boasted family.' Thus I have entirely lost my client; but if this tedious narrative preserves Pastorella from the intended marriage with one twenty years her senior—to save a fine lady, I am contented to have my learning derided, and my predictions bound up with poor Robin's almanacks.*

Will's Coffee-house, May 25.

This evening was acted the Recruiting Officer,† in which Mr. Eastcourt's proper sense and observation is what supports the play. There is not, in my humble opinion, the humour hit in Sergeant Kite; but it is admirably supplied by his action. If I have skill to judge, that man is an excellent actor; but the crowd of the audience are fitter for representations at May-fair, than a theatre-royal. Yet that fair is now broke, as well as the theatre is breaking; but it is allowed still to sell animals there. Therefore, if any lady or gentleman have occasion for a tame elephant, let them enquire

* Poor Robin began to publish his almanack early in the reign of Charles II.

† A comedy by Mr. Farouhar.

of Mr. Pinkethman, who has one to dispose of at a reasonable rate. The downfall of May-fair has quite sunk the price of this noble creature, as well as of many other curiosities of nature. A tiger will sell almost as cheap as an ox; and, I am credibly informed, a man may purchase a cat with three legs, for very near the value of one with four. I hear likewise that there is a great desolation among the gentlemen and ladies who were the ornaments of the town, and used to shine in plumes and diadems; the heroes being most of them pressed, and the queens beating hemp. Mrs. Sarabrand so famous for her ingenious puppet-show, has set up a shop in the Exchange, where she sells her little troop under the term of *jointed babies*. I could not but be solicitous to know of her, how she had disposed of that rake-hell, Punch, whose lewd life and conversation had given so much scandal, and did not a little contribute to the ruin of the fair. She told me with a sigh, 'That, despairing of ever reclaiming him, she would not offer to place him in a civil family, but got him in a post upon a stall in Wapping, where he may be seen from sun-rising to sun-setting, with a glass in one hand, and a pipe in the other, as centry to a brandy-shop.' The great revolutions of this nature bring to my mind the distresses of the unfortunate Camilla,* who has had the ill luck to break before her voice, and to disappear at a time when her beauty was in the height of its bloom. This lady entered so thoroughly into the great characters she acted, that when she had finished her part, she could not think of retrenching her equipage, but would appear in her own lodgings with the same magnificence that she did upon the stage. This greatness of soul had reduced that unhappy princess to an involuntary retirement, where she now passes her time among the woods and forests, thinking on the crowns and sceptres she has lost, and often humming over in her solitude,

I was born of royal race,
Yet must wander in disgrace, &c.

But, for fear of being over-heard, and her quality known, she usually sings it in Italian,

Naqui al regno, naqui al trono,
E per sono
I venturata pastorella.

Since I have touched upon this subject, I shall communicate to my reader part of a letter I have received from an ingenious friend at Amsterdam, where there is a very noble theatre; though the manner of furnishing it with actors is something peculiar to that place, and gives us occasion to admire both the politeness and frugality of the people.

* Mrs. Tofts, who performed Camilla in the opera of that name, was the daughter of a person in the family of bishop Burnet. She lived at the introduction of the opera into this kingdom, and sang with Nicolina.

'My friends have kept me here a week longer than ordinary, to see one of their plays, which was performed last night with great applause. The actors are all of them tradesmen; who, after their day's work is over, earn about a guilder a-night by personating kings and generals. The hero of the tragedy I saw was a journeyman tailor, and his first minister of state a coffee-man. The empress made me think of Parthenope in the Rehearsal; for her mother keeps an alehouse in the suburbs of Amsterdam. When the tragedy was over, they entertained us with a short farce, in which the cobbler did his part to a miracle; but, upon enquiry, I found he had really been working at his own trade, and representing on the stage what he acted every day in his shop. The profits of the theatre maintain an hospital; for, as here they do not think the profession of an actor the only trade that a man ought to exercise; so they will not allow any body to grow rich in a profession that, in their opinion, so little conduces to the good of the commonwealth. If I am not mistaken, your playhouses in England have done the same thing; for, unless I am misinformed, the hospital at Dulwich was erected and endowed by Mr. Alleyn, a player;* and it is also said, a famous she-tragedian has settled her estate, after her death, for the maintenance of decayed wits, who are to be taken in as soon as they grow dull, at whatever time of their life that shall happen.'

St. James's Coffee-house, May 25.

Letters from the Hague of the thirty-first instant, N. S. say, that the articles preliminary to a general peace were settled, communicated to the States-general, and all the foreign ministers residing there, and transmitted to their respective masters on the twenty-eighth. Monsieur Torey immediately returned to the court of France, from whence he is expected again on the fourth of the next month with those articles ratified by that court. The Hague is agreed upon for the place of treaty, and the fifteenth of the next month the day on which it is to commence. The terms whereon this negotiation is founded are not yet delivered by public authority; but, what is most generally received, is as follows:

Her majesty's right and title, and the Protestant succession to these dominions, is forthwith to be acknowledged. King Charles is to be owned the lawful sovereign of Spain. The French king shall not only recall his troops out of that kingdom, and deliver up to the allies the towns of Roses, Fonterabia, and Pampelona but, in case the duke of Anjou shall not retire

* Edward Alleyn, esq, the protodramatist of his time, in 1614, founded, raised, and built an hospital at Dulwich in Surrey, called 'The College of God's Gift,' with a revenue which is reckoned 700*l.* per annum.

out of the Spanish dominions, he shall be obliged to assist the allies to force him from thence. A cessation of arms is agreed upon for two months from the first day of the treaty. The port and fortifications of Dunkirk are to be demolished within four months; but the town itself left in the hands of the French. The pretender is to be obliged to leave France. All Newfoundland is to be restored to the English. As to the other parts of America, the French are to restore whatever they may have taken from the English, as the English in like manner are to give up what they may have taken from the French, before the commencement of the treaty. The trade between Great Britain and France shall be settled upon the same foundation as in the reign of king Charles the Second.

The Dutch are to have for their barriers, Newport, Berg, St. Vinox, Furnes, Ipres, Lisle, Tournay, Douay, Valenciennes, Conde, Maubeuge, Mons, Charleroy, Namur, and Luxemburg; all which places shall be delivered up to the allies before the end of June. The trade between Holland and France shall be on the same foot as in 1664. The cities of Strasburg, Brisac, and Alsatia, shall be restored to the emperor and empire; and the king of France, pursuant to the treaty of Westphalia in 1648, shall only retain the protection of ten imperial cities, *viz.* Colmar, Schlestat, Haguenau, Munster, Turkeim, Keisember, Obrenheim, Rosheim, Weisemberg, and Landau. Huninguan, Fort-Louis, Fort-Kbiel, and New-Brisac, shall be demolished, and all the fortifications from Basil to Philipsburg. The king of Prussia shall remain in the peaceable possession of Neufchatel. The affair of Orange, as also the pretensions of his Prussian majesty in the Franche Comté, shall be determined at this general negotiation of peace. The duke of Savoy shall have a restitution made of all that has been taken from him by the French, and remain master of Exilles, Chamont, Fenestrelles, and the valley of Pragelas.*

No. 21.] *Saturday, May 28, 1709.*

Quelquid agant homines —
— nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv. Sat. l. 85, 86.*

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

White's Chocolate-house, May 26.

A GENTLEMAN has writ to me out of the

which I suppress with great violence to my vanity. There are many terms in my narratives which he complains want explaining; and has therefore desired that, for the benefit of my country readers, I would let him know what I mean by a Gentleman, a Pretty Fellow, a Toast, a Coquet, a Critic, a Wit, and all other appellations of those now in the gayer world, who are in possession of these several characters; together with an account of those who unfortunately pretend to them. I shall begin with him we usually call a Gentleman, or man of conversation.

It is generally thought, that warmth of imagination, quick relish of pleasure, and a manner of becoming it, are the most essential qualities for forming this sort of man. But any one that is much in company will observe, that the height of good breeding is shown rather in never giving offence, than in doing obliging things. Thus he that never shocks you, though he is seldom entertaining, is more likely to keep your favour, than he who often entertains, and sometimes displeases you. The most necessary talent therefore in a man of conversation, which is what we ordinarily intend by a fine gentleman, is a good judgment. He that has this in perfection, is master of his companion, without letting him see it; and has the same advantage over men of any other qualifications whatsoever, as one that can see would have over a blind man of ten times his strength.

This is what makes Sophronius the darling of all who converse with him, and the most powerful with his acquaintance of any man in town. By the light of this faculty he acts with great ease and freedom among the men of pleasure, and acquits himself with skill and despatch among the men of business. All which he performs with such success, that, with as much discretion in life as any man ever had, he neither is, nor appears cunning. But as he does a good office, if ever he does it, with readiness and alacrity, so he denies what he does not care to engage in, in a manner that convinces you that you ought not to have asked it. His judgment is so good and unerring, and accompanied with so cheerful a spirit, that his conversation is a continual feast, at which he helps some, and is helped by others, in such manner, that the equality of society is perfectly kept up, and every man obliges as much as he is obliged: for it is the greatest and justest skill in a man of superior understanding, to know

that animal we call a Pretty Fellow; who, being just able to find out, that what makes Sophronius acceptable is a natural behaviour, in order to the same reputation, makes his own an artificial one. Jack Dimple is his perfect mimic, whereby he is, of course, the most unlike him of all men living. Sophronius just now passed into the inner room directly forward; Jack comes as fast after as he can for the right and left looking-glass, in which he had but just approved himself by a nod at each, and marched on. He will meditate within for half an hour until he thinks he is not careless enough in his air, and come back to the mirror to recollect his forgetfulness.

Will's Coffee-house, May 27.

This night was acted the comedy called 'The Fox;*' but I wonder the modern writers do not use their interest in the house to suppress such representations. A man that has been at this will hardly like any other play during the season: therefore I humbly move, that the writings, as well as dresses, of the last age should give way to the present fashion. We are come into a good method enough (if we were not interrupted in our mirth by such an apparition as a play of Jonson's) to be entertained at more ease, both to the spectator and the writer, than in the days of old. It is no difficulty to get hats and swords, and wigs and shoes, and every thing else from the shops in town; and make a man show himself by his habit, without more ado, to be a counsellor, a fop, a courtier, or a citizen, and not be obliged to make those characters talk in different dialects to be distinguished from each other. This is certainly the surest and best way of writing: but such a play as this makes a man for a month after over-run with criticism, and enquire, 'What every man on the stage said? what had such a one to do to meddle with such a thing? how came the other, who was bred after this or that manner, to speak so like a man conversant among a different people?' These questions rob us of all our pleasure; for, at this rate, no sentence in a play should be spoken by any one character which could possibly enter into the head of any other man represented in it; but every sentiment should be peculiar to him only who utters it. Laborious Ben's works will bear this sort of inquisition: but if the present writers were thus

or endeavours to obtain it, any way but what is peculiar to him only, one sacrifices his wife, another his profession, another his posterity, from the same motive; but their characters are kept so skilfully apart, that it seems prodigious their discourses should rise from the invention of the same author.

But the poets are a nest of hornets, and I will drive these thoughts no farther; but must mention some hard treatment I am likely to meet with from my brother-writers. I am credibly informed, that the author of a play, called 'Love in a Hollow Tree,*' has made some remarks upon my late discourse on 'The Naked Truth.' I cannot blame a gentleman for writing against any error; it is for the good of the learned world. But I would have the thing fairly left between us two, and not under the protection of patrons. But my intelligence is, that he hath dedicated his treatise to the honorable Mr. Ed——d H——rd.†

From my own Apartment, May 27.

To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.

'SIR,

York, May 16, 1709.

'Being convinced, as the whole world is, how infallible your predictions are, and having the honour to be your near relation of the Staffian family, I was under great concern at one of your predictions relating to yourself, wherein you foretold your own death would happen on the seventeenth instant, unless it were prevented by the assistance of well-disposed people: I have therefore prevailed on my own modesty to send you a piece of news, which may serve instead of Goddard's‡ drops, to keep you alive for two days, until nature be able to recover itself, or until you meet with some better help from other hands. Therefore, without further ceremony, I will relate a singular adventure just happened in the place where I am writing, wherewith it may be highly useful for the public to be informed.

'Three young ladies of our town were on Saturday last indicted for witchcraft. The witnesses against the first deposed upon oath before justice Bindover, that she kept spirits locked up in vessels, which sometimes appeared in flames of blue fire; that she used magical herbs, with some of which she drew in hundreds

of men daily to her, who went out from her presence all inflamed, their mouths parched, and a hot steam issuing from them, attended with a grievous stench: that many of the said men were by the force of that herb metamorphosed into swine, and lay wallowing in the kennels for twenty-four hours, before they could reassume their shapes or their senses.

'It was proved against the second, That she cut off by night the limbs from dead bodies that were hanged, and was seen to dig holes in the ground, to mutter some conjuring words, and bury pieces of the flesh after the usual manner of witches.

'The third was accused for a notorious piece of sorcery, long practised by hags, of moulding up pieces of dough into the shapes of men, women, and children; then heating them at a gentle fire, which had a sympathetic power to torment the bowels of those in the neighbourhood.

'This was the sum of what was objected against the three ladies, who indeed had nothing to say in their own defence but downright deny the facts, which is like to avail very little when they come upon their trials.

'But the parson of our parish, a strange refractory man, will believe nothing of all this: so that the whole town cries out "Shame that one of his coat should be such an atheist;" and design to complain of him to the bishop. He goes about very oddly to solve the matter. He supposes, that the first of these ladies keeping a brandy and tobacco shop, the fellows went out smoking; and got drunk towards evening, and made themselves beasts. He says, the second is a butcher's daughter, and sometimes brings a quarter of mutton from the slaughter-house over-night against a market-day, and once buried a bit of beef in the ground, as a known receipt to cure warts on her hands. The parson affirms, that the third sells gingerbread, which, to please the children, she is forced to stamp with images before it is baked; and if it burns their guts, it is because they eat too much, or do not drink after it.

'These are the answers she gives to solve those wonderful phenomena; upon which I shall not animadvert, but leave it among philosophers: and so, wishing you all success in your undertakings for the amendment of the world, I remain, dear cousin,

'Your most affectionate kinsman

'and humble servant,

'EPIHRAIM BEDSTAFF.

'P. S. Those who were condemned to death among the Athenians were obliged to take a dose of poison, which made them die upwards; seizing first upon their feet, making them cold and insensible, and so ascending gradually, until it reached the vital parts. I believe your death, which you foretold would happen on the seventeenth instant, will fall out the same way,

and that your distemper hath already seized on you, and makes progress daily. The lower part of you, that is, the advertisements, is dead; and these have risen for these ten days last past, so that they now take up almost a whole paragraph. Pray, sir, do you endeavour to drive this distemper as much as possible to the extreme parts, and keep it there, as wise folks do the gout: for if it once gets into your stomach, it will soon fly up into your head, and you are a dead man.'

St. James's Coffee-house, May 27.

We hear from Leghorn, that sir Edward Whitaker, with five men-of-war, four transports, and two fire-ships, were arrived at that port; and admiral Byng was suddenly expected. Their squadrons being joined, they designed to sail directly for Final, to transport the reinforcements lodged in those parts to Barcelona.

They write from Milan, that count Thaur arrived there on the sixteenth instant, N. S. and proceeded on his journey to Turin on the twenty-first, in order to concert such measures with his royal highness, as shall appear necessary for the operations of the ensuing campaign.

Advices from Dauphiné say, that the troops of the duke of Savoy begin already to appear in those vallies, whereof he made himself master the last year; and that the duke of Berwick applied himself with all imaginable diligence to secure the passes of the mountains, by ordering intrenchments to be made towards Briançon, Tournau, and the valley of Queiras. That general has also been at Marseilles and Toulon, to hasten the transportation of the corn and provisions designed for his army.

Letters from Vienna bearing date May the twenty-third, N. S. import, that the cardinal of Saxe Zeits and the prince of Lichtenstein were preparing to set out for Presburg, to assist at the diet of the States of Hungary, which is to be assembled at that place on the twenty-fifth of this month. General Heister will shortly appear at the head of his army at Trenchiu, which place is appointed for the general rendezvous of the imperial forces in Hungary; from whence he will advance to lay siege to Newhausel. In the mean time reinforcements, with a great train of artillery, are marching the same way. The king of Denmark arrived on the tenth instant at Inspruck, and on the twenty-fifth at Dresden, under a triple discharge of the artillery of that place; but his majesty refused the ceremonies of a public entry.

Our letters from the Upper Rhine say, that the imperial army began to form itself at Etlingen; where the respective deputies of the elector Palatine, the prince of Baden Durlach, the bishoprick of Spire, &c. were assembled, and had taken the necessary measures for the provision of forage, the security of the country

against the incursions of the enemy, and laying a bridge over the Rhine. Several vessels laden with corn are daily passing before Frankfort for the Lower Rhine.

Letters from Poland inform us, that a detachment of Muscovite cavalry, under the command of general Iustand, had joined the confederate army; and the infantry, commanded by general Goltz, was expected to come up within few days. These succours will amount to twenty thousand men.

Our last advices from the Hague, dated June the fourth, N. S. say, that they expected a courier from the French court, with a ratification of the preliminaries, that night or the day following. His grace the duke of Marlborough will set out for Brussels on Wednesday or Thursday next, if the dispatches which are expected from Paris do not alter his resolutions. Letters from Majorca confirm the honourable capitulation of the castle of Alicant, and also the death of the governor, major-general Richards, colonel Sibourg, and major Vignolles, who were all buried in the ruins of that place by the springing of the great mine, which did, it seems, more execution than was reported. Monsieur Torey passed through Mons in his return, and had there a long conference with the elector of Bavaria; after which, the prince spoke publicly of the treatment he had received from France, with the utmost indignation.

'Any person that shall come publicly abroad in a fantastical habit, contrary to the present mode and fashion, except Don Diego Dismallo,* or any other out of poverty, shall have his name and dress inserted in our next.'

'N. B. Mr. How'd'yecall is desired to leave off those buttons.'

No. 22.] Tuesday May 31, 1709

Quicquid agunt homines —
— non est sarrago libelli. Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

What'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

White's Chocolate-house, May 28.

I CAME hither this evening to see fashionable; and who should I first encounter but my old friend Cynthia (encompassed by a crowd of young fellows) dictating on the passion of love with the gayest air imaginable! 'Well,' says he, 'as to what I know of the matter, there is nothing but ogling with skill carries a woman; but indeed it is not every fool that is capable of this art; you will find twenty can speak eloquently, fifty that can fight manfully, and

a thousand that can dress genteelly at a mistress, where there is one that can gaze skillfully. This requires an exquisite judgment, to take the language of her eyes to yours exactly, and not let yours talk too fast for hers; as at a play between the acts, when beau Frisk stands upon a bench full in Lindamira's face and her dear eyes are searching round to avoid that flaring open fool; she meets the watchful glance of her true lover, and sees his heart attentive on her charms, and waiting for a second twinkle of her eye for it's next motion.' Here the good company sneered; but he goes on. 'Nor is this attendance a slavery, when a man meets with encouragement, and her eye comes often in his way: for after an evening so spent, and the repetition of four or five significant looks at him, the happy man goes home to his lodging full of ten thousand pleasing images; his brain is dilated, and gives him all the ideas and prospects which it ever lets into its seat of pleasure. Thus a kind look from Lindamira revives in his imagination all the beautiful lawns, green fields, woods, forests, rivers, and solitudes, which he had ever before seen in picture, description, or real life: and all with this addition, that he now sees them with the eyes of a happy lover, as before only with those of a common man. You laugh, gentlemen, but consider yourselves (you common people that were never in love) and compare yourselves in good humour with yourselves out of humour, and ye will then acknowledge, that all external objects affect you according to the dispositions ye are in to receive their impressions, and not as those objects are in their own nature. How much more shall all that passes within his view and observation touch with delight a man who is prepossessed with successful love, which is an assemblage of soft affection, gay desires, and hopeful resolutions?'

Poor Cynthia went on at this rate to the crowd about him, without any purpose in his talk, but to vent a heart overflowing with sense of success. I wondered what could exalt him from the distress in which he had long appeared, to so much alacrity: but my familiar has given me the state of his affairs. It seems, then, that lately coming out of the play-house, his mistress, who knows he is in her livery, as the manner of insolent beauties is, is resolved to keep him still so, and gave him so much wages as to complain to him of the crowd she was to pass through. He had his wits and resolution enough about him to take her hand, and say, he would attend her to the coach. All the way thither my good young man stammered at every word, and stumbled at every step. His mistress, wonderfully pleased with her triumph, put to him a thousand questions, to make a man of his natural wit speak with hesitation; and let drop her fan, to see him recover it awkwardly. This is the whole foundation of

* This is well known to have been a nick-name given, in the rage of party, to a very respectable nobleman, the earl of Nottingham, who is mentioned under that name in the *History of John Bull*, in the *Examiner*, and in *Swift's works*, vol. xix. p. 108. and vol. xx. p. 22, au. i. *Examiner*, vol. iii. N. c. 44

Cynthio's recovery to the sprightly air he appears with at present.

I grew mighty curious to know something more of that lady's affairs, as being amazed how she could dally with an offer of one of his merit and fortune. I sent Pacolet to her lodgings, who immediately brought me back the following letter to her friend and confidant, Amanda, in the country, wherein she has opened her heart and all its folds.

'DEAR AMANDA,

'The town grows so empty, that you must expect my letter so too, except you will allow me to talk of myself instead of others: you cannot imagine what pain it is, after a whole day spent in public, to want your company, and the ease which friendship allows in being vain to each other, and speaking all our minds. An account of the slaughter which these unhappy eyes have made within ten days last past, would make me appear too great a tyrant to be allowed in a christian country. I shall therefore confine myself to my principal conquests, which are the hearts of beau Frisk and Jack Freeland, besides Cynthio, who you know, wore my fetters before you went out of town. Shall I tell you my weakness? I begin to love Frisk: it is the heat-humoured impertinent thing in the world: he is always too in waiting, and will certainly carry me off one time or other. Freeland's father and mine have been upon treaty without consulting me; and Cynthio has been eternally watching my eyes, without approaching me, my friends, my maid, or any one about me: he hopes to get me, I believe, as they say the rattle-snake does the squirrel, by staring at me until I drop into his mouth. Freeland demands me for a jointure, which he thinks deserves me: Cynthio thinks nothing high enough to be my value: Freeland therefore will take it for no obligation to have me; and Cynthio's idea of me is what will vanish by knowing me better. Familiarity will equally turn the veneration of the one, and the indifference of the other, into contempt. I will stick therefore to my old maxim, to have that sort of man, who can have no greater views than what are in my power to give him possession of. The utmost of my dear Frisk's ambition is, to be thought a man of fashion: and therefore has been so much in

so many bars to my happiness with any other man. However, since Frisk can wait, I shall enjoy a summer or two longer, and remain a single woman, in the sublime pleasure of being followed and admired; which nothing can equal, except that of being beloved by you. I am, &c.'

Will's Coffee-house, May 30.

My chief business here this evening was to speak to my friends in behalf of honest Cave Underhill,* who has been a comic for three generations: my father admired him extremely when he was a boy. There is certainly nature excellently represented in his manner of action; in which he ever avoided that general fault in players, of doing too much. It must be confessed, he has not the merit of some ingenious persons now on the stage, of adding to his authors; for the actors were so dull in the last age, that many of them have gone out of the world, without having ever spoke one word of their own in the theatre. Poor Cave is so mortified, that he quibbles and tells you, he pretends only to act a part fit for a man who has one foot in the grave, *viz.* a grave-digger. All admirers of true comedy, it is hoped, will have the gratitude to be present on the last day of his acting, who, if he does not happen to please them, will have it even then to say, that it is his first offence.

But there is a gentleman here, who says he has it from good hands, that there is actually a subscription made by many persons of wit and quality for the encouragement of new comedies. This design will very much contribute to the improvement and diversion of the town: but as every man is most concerned for himself, I, who am of a saturnine and melancholy complexion, cannot but murmur, that there is not an equal invitation to write tragedies; having by me, in my book of common places, enough to enable me to finish a very sad one by the fifth of the next month. I have the farewell of a general, with a truncheon in his hand, dying for love, in six lines. I have the principles of a politician (who does all the mischief in the play,) together with his declaration on the vanity of ambition in his last moments expressed in a page and a half. I have all my oaths ready, and my similes want nothing but application. I will not pretend to

give you an account of the plot, it being the same design upon which all tragedies have been writ for several years last past; and from the beginning of the first scene, the frequenters of the house may know as well as the author, when the battle is to be fought, the lady to yield, and the hero proceed to his wedding and coronation. Besides these advantages which I have in readiness, I have an eminent tragedian very much my friend, who shall come in and go through the whole five acts, without troubling me for one sentence, whether he is to kill or be killed, love or be loved, win battles or lose them, or whatever other tragical performance I shall please to assign him.

From my own Apartment, May 30.

I have this day received a letter, subscribed Fidelia, that gives me an account of an enchantment under which a young lady suffers, and desires my help to exorcise her from the power of the sorcerer. Her lover is a rake of sixty; the lady a virtuous woman of twenty-five: her relations are to the last degree afflicted and amazed at this irregular passion: their sorrow I know not how to remove, but can their astonishment; for there is no spirit in woman half so prevalent as that of contradiction, which is the sole cause of her perseverance. Let the whole family go dressed in a body, and call the bride to-morrow morning to her nuptials, and I will undertake the inconstant will forget her lover in the midst of all his aches. But if this expedient does not succeed, I must be so just to the young lady's distinguishing sense, as to applaud her choice. A fine young woman, at last, is but what is due from fate to an honest fellow, who has suffered so unmercifully by the sex; and I think we cannot enough celebrate her heroic virtue, who (like the patriot that ended a pestilence by plunging himself into a gulph) gives herself up to gorge that dragon which has devoured so many virgins before her.

A letter directed 'To Isaac Bickerstaff, esquire, Astrologer and Physician in Ordinary to her majesty's subjects of Great-Britain, with respect,' is come to hand.

lings have most need of. I pretended, when I first set up, to astrology only; but, I am told, I have deep skill also in medicine. I am applied to now by a gentleman for my advice in behalf of his wife, who upon the least matrimonial difficulty, is excessively troubled with fits, and can bear no manner of passion without falling into immediate convulsions. I must confess it is a case I have known before, and remember the party was recovered by certain words pronounced in the midst of the fit, by the learned doctor who performed the cure. These ails have usually their beginning from the affections of the mind: therefore you must have patience to let me give you an instance, whereby you may discern the cause of the distemper, and then proceed in the cure as follows:

A fine town-lady was married to a gentleman of ancient descent in one of the counties of Great-Britain, who had good-humour to a weakness, and was that sort of person, of whom it is usually said, is no man's enemy but his own: one who had too much tenderness of soul to have any authority with his wife; and she too little sense to give him any authority, for that reason. His kind wife observed this temper in him, and made proper use of it. But, knowing it was below a gentlewoman to wrangle, she resolved upon an expedient to save decorum, and wear her dear to her point at the same time. She therefore took upon her to govern him, by falling into fits whenever she was repulsed in a request, or contradicted in a discourse. It was a fish-day, when, in the midst of her husband's good-humour at table, she bethought herself to try her project. She made signs that she had swallowed a bone. The man grew pale as ashes, and ran to her assistance, calling for drink. 'No, my dear,' said she, recovering, 'it is down; do not be frightened.' This accident betrayed his softness enough. The next day she complained, a lady's chariot, whose husband had not half his estate, had a crane-neck, and hung with twice the air that hers did. He answered, 'Madam, you know my income; you know I have lost two coach-horses this spring — down she fell. —' Hartshorn! Betty, Susan, Alice, throw water in her face.' With much care and pains, she was at last brought to herself, and the vehicle in which she visited was amended in the nicest manner, to prevent

No. 23.] Thursday, June, 2, 1709.

an invective against china, protesting, he would never let five pounds more of his money be laid out that way as long as he breathed.* She immediately fainted.—He starts up as amazed, and calls for help.—The maids run to the closet.—He chafes her face, bends her forward, and beats the palms of her hands : her convulsions increase, and down she tumbles on the floor, where she lies quite dead, in spite of what the whole family, from the nursery to the kitchen, could do for her relief.

While every servant was thus helping or lamenting their mistress, he, fixing his cheek to hers, seemed to be following in a trance of sorrow ; but secretly whispers her, ‘ My dear, this will never do : what is within my power and fortune, you may always command ; but none of your artifices : you are quite in other hands than those you passed these pretty passions upon.’ This made her almost in the condition she pretended ; her convulsions now came thicker, nor was she to be held down. The kind man doubles his care, helps the servants to throw water in her face by full quarts ; and when the sinking part of the fit came again, ‘ Well, my dear,’ said he, ‘ I applaud your action ; but I must take my leave of you until you are more sincere with me ; farewell for ever : you shall always know where to hear of me, and want for nothing.’ With that he ordered the maids to keep plying her with harts-horn, while he went for a physician : he was scarce at the stair-head when she followed, and, pulling him into a closet, thanked him for her cure ; which was so absolute, that she gave me this relation herself, to be communicated for the benefit of all the voluntary invalids of her sex.

St. James's Coffee-house, June 1.

Advices from Brussels of the sixth instant, N. S. say his highness prince Eugene had received a letter from monsieur Torcy, wherein that minister, after many expressions of great respect, acquaints him, that his master had absolutely refused to sign the preliminaries to the treaty which he had, in his majesty's behalf, consented to at the Hague. Upon the receipt of this intelligence, the face of things at that place was immediately altered, and the necessary orders were transmitted to the troops (which lay most remote from thence) to move toward the place of rendezvous with all expe-

turn the fate of the war to the advantage of his master.

They write from the Hague of the seventh, that monsieur Rouille had received orders from the court of France, to signify to the states-general, and the ministers of the high allies, that the king could not consent to the preliminaries of a treaty of peace, as it was offered to him by monsieur Torcy. The great difficulty is the business of Spain, on which particular his ministers seemed only to say, during the treaty, that it was not so immediately under their master's direction, as that he could engage for its being relinquished by the duke of Anjou : but now he positively answers, that he cannot comply with what his minister has promised in his behalf, even in such points as are wholly in himself to act in, or not. This has had no other effect than to give the alliance fresh arguments for being diffident of engagements entered into by France. The pensioner made a report of all which this minister had declared to the deputies of the states-general, and all things turn towards a vigorous war. The duke of Marlborough designed to leave the Hague within two days, in order to put himself at the head of the army, which is to assemble on the seventeenth instant between the Scheld and the Lis. A fleet of eighty sail, laden with corn from the Baltic, is arrived in the Texel. The states have sent circular letters to all the provinces, to notify this change of affairs, and animate their subjects to new resolutions in defence of their country.

From my own Apartment, May 31.

The public is not so little my concern, though I am but a student, as that I should not interest myself in the present great things in agitation. I am still of opinion the French king will sign the preliminaries. With that view, I have sent him, by my familiar, the following epistle, and admonished him, on pain of what I shall say of him to future generations, to act with sincerity on this occasion.

London, May 31.

Isaac Bickerstaff, esquire, of Great Britain, to Lewis XIV. of France.

‘ The surprizing news which arrived this day, of your majesty's having refused to sign the treaty your ministers have in a manner sued for, is what gives ground to this application

sation or dislike are equally contemptible in their eyes, when they regard the thrones of sovereigns. But your majesty has shewn, through the whole course of your reign, too great a value for liberal arts, to be insensible that true fame lies only in the hands of learned men, by whom it is to be transmitted to futurity, with marks of honour or reproach to the end of time. The date of human life is too short to recompense the cares which attend the most private condition. Therefore it is that our souls are made, as it were, too big for it; and extend themselves in the prospect of a longer existence, in a good fame, and memory of worthy actions, after our decease. The whole race of men have this passion in some degree implanted in their bosoms, which is the strongest and noblest incitation to honest attempts: but the base use of the arts of peace, eloquence, poetry, and all the parts of learning, have been possessed by souls so unworthy of those faculties, that the names and appellations of things have been confounded by the labours and writings of prostituted men, who have stamped a reputation upon such actions as are in themselves the objects of contempt and disgrace. This is that which has misled your majesty in the conduct of your reign, and made that life, which might have been the most imitable, the most to be avoided. To this it is, that the great and excellent qualities, of which your majesty is master, are lost in their application: and your majesty has been carrying on for many years the most cruel tyranny, with all the noble methods which are used to support a just reign. Thus it is, that it avails nothing that you are a bountiful master; that you are so generous as to reward even the unsuccessful with honour and riches; that no laudable action passes unrewarded in your kingdom; that you have searched all nations for obscure merit: in a word, that you are in your private character endowed with every princely quality; when all that is subjected to unjust and ill-taught ambition, which, to the injury of the world, is gilded by those endowments. However, if your majesty will condescend to look into your own soul, and consider all its faculties and weaknesses with impartiality; if you will but be convinced, that life is supported in you by the ordinary methods of food, rest, and sleep; you will think it impossible that you could ever be so much imposed on, as to have been wrought into a belief, that so many thousands of the same make with yourself were formed by Providence for no other end, but by the hazard of their very being to extend the conquests and glory of an individual of their own species. A very little reflection will convince your majesty, that such cannot be the intent of the Creator; and, if not, what horror must it give your majesty to think of the vast devastations your ambition

has made among your fellow-creatures! While the warmth of youth, the flattery of crowds, and a continual series of success and triumph, indulged your majesty in this illusion of mind, it was less to be wondered at, that you proceeded in this mistaken pursuit of grandeur; but when age, disappointments, public calamities, personal distempers, and the reverse of all that makes men forget their true being, are fallen upon you; heavens! is it possible you can live without remorse? can the wretched man be a tyrant? can grief study torments? can sorrow be cruel?

'Your majesty will observe, I do not bring against you a railing accusation; but, as you are a strict professor of religion, I beseech your majesty to stop the effusion of blood, by receiving the opportunity which presents itself for the preservation of your distressed people. Be no longer so infatuated, as to hope for renown from murder and violence: but consider that the great day will come, in which this world and all its glory shall change in a moment; when nature shall sicken, and the earth and sea give up the bodies committed to them, to appear before the last tribunal. Will it then, O king! be an answer for the lives of millions, who have fallen by the sword, 'They perished for my glory?' That day will come on, and one like it is immediately approaching: injured nations advance towards thy habitation: vengeance has begun its march, which is to be diverted only by the penitence of the oppressor. Awake, O monarch, from thy lethargy! disdain the abuses thou hast received: pull down the statue which calls thee immortal: be truly great. tear thy purple, and put on sackcloth. I am,

'Thy generous enemy,

'ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

No. 24.] *Saturday, June 4, 1709.*

Quicquid agunt homines——
—nostris est farrago libelli. *JND. Sat. I. 85, 86.*

Whatever men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

White's Chocolate-house, June 2.

In my paper of the twenty-eighth of the last month, I mentioned several characters which want explanation to the generality of readers: among others I spoke of a *Pretty Fellow*. I have received a kind admonition in a letter, to take care that I do not omit to show also what is meant by a *Very Pretty Fellow*, which is to be allowed as a character by itself, and a person exalted above the other by a peculiar sprightliness; as one who, by a distinguishing vigour, outstrips his companions, and has thereby deserved and obtained a particular appellation or nick-name of familiarity. Some have this distinction from the fair-sex, who are so generous as to take into their protection such as are

laughed at by the men, and place them for that reason in degrees of favour.

The chief of this sort is colonel Brunett, who is a man of fashion, because he will be so; and practises a very janty way of behaviour, because he is too careless to know when he offends, and too sanguine to be mortified if he did know it. Thus the colonel has met with a town ready to receive him, and cannot possibly see why he should not make use of their favour, and set himself in the first degree of conversation. Therefore he is very successfully loud among the wits, and familiar among the ladies, and dissolute among the rakes. Thus he is admitted in one place because he is so in another; and every man treats Brunett well, not out of his particular esteem for him, but in respect to the opinion of others. It is to me a solid pleasure to see the world thus mistaken on the good-natured side; for it is ten to one but the colonel mounts into a general officer, marries a fine lady, and is master of a good estate, before they come to explain upon him. What gives most delight to me in this observation is, that all this arises from pure nature, and the colonel can account for his success no more than those by whom he succeeds. For these causes and considerations, I pronounce him a true woman's man, and in the first degree 'A very Pretty Fellow.'

The next to a man of this universal genius is one who is peculiarly formed for the service of the ladies, and his merit chiefly is to be of no consequence. I am indeed a little in doubt, whether he ought not rather to be called a very Happy, than a very Pretty Fellow? for he is admitted at all hours: all he says or does, which would offend in another, are passed over in him; and all actions and speeches which please, doubly please if they come from him: no one wonders or takes notice when he is wrong; but all admire him when he is in the right.—By the way, it is fit to remark, that there are people of better sense than these, who endeavour at this character; but they are out of nature; and though, with some industry, they get the characters of fools, they cannot arrive to be *very*, seldom to be merely 'Pretty Fellows.' But, where nature has formed a person for this station amongst men, he is

But when we come into more free air, one may talk a little more at large.

Give me leave then to mention three, whom I do not doubt but we shall see make considerable figures; and these are such as for their Bacchanalian performances must be admitted into this order. They are three brothers lately landed from Holland: as yet, indeed, they have not made their public entry, but lodge and converse at Wapping. They have merited already on the water-side particular titles; the first is called Hogshead; the second, Culverin; and the third, Musquet. This fraternity is preparing for our end of the town by their ability in the exercises of Bacchus, and measure their time and merit by liquid weight, and power of drinking. Hogshead is a prettier Fellow than Culverin, by two quarts; and Culverin than Musquet, by a full pint. It is to be feared Hogshead is so often too full, and Culverin overloaded, that Musquet will be the only lasting Very Pretty Fellow of the three.

A third sort of this denomination is such as, by very daring adventures in love, have purchased to themselves renown and new names; as Jo Carry, for his excessive strength and vigour; Tom Drybones, for his generous loss of youth and health; and Cancrum, for his meritorious rottenness.

These great and leading spirits are proposed to all such of our British youth as would arrive at perfection in these different kinds; and if their parts and accomplishments were well imitated, it is not doubted but that our nation would soon excel all others in wit and arts, as they already do in arms.

N. B. The gentleman who stole Betty Pepin* may own it, for he is allowed to be 'A very Pretty Fellow.'

But we must proceed to the explanation of other terms in our writings.

To know what a Toast is in the country gives as much perplexity as she herself does in town: and indeed the learned differ very much upon the original of this word, and the acceptance of it among the moderns. However, it is by all agreed to have a joyous and cheerful import. A toast in a cold morning, heightened by nutmeg, and sweetened with sugar, has for many ages been given to our

understood as an apt name for a thing which raises us in the most sovereign degree. But many of the wits of the last age will assert that the word, in its present sense, was known among them in their youth, and had its rise from an accident at the town of Bath, in the reign of king Charles the Second.

It happened that, on a public day, a celebrated beauty of those times was in the Cross Bath, and one of the crowd of her admirers took a glass of the water in which the fair one stood, and drank her health to the company. There was in the place a gay fellow half-fuddled, who offered to jump in, and swore, though he liked not the liquor, he would have the toast. He was opposed in his resolution; yet this whim gave foundation to the present honour which is done to the lady we mention in our liquors, who has ever since been called a Toast.

Though this institution had so trivial a beginning, it is now elevated into a formal order; and that happy virgin, who is received and drunk to at their meetings, has no more to do in this life but to judge and accept of the first good offer. The manner of her inauguration is much like that of the choice of a doge in Venice: it is performed by balloting; and when she is so chosen, she reigns indisputably for that ensuing year; but must be elected anew to prolong her empire a moment beyond it. When she is regularly chosen, her name is written with a diamond on a drinking-glass.* The hieroglyphic of the diamond is to show her, that her value is imaginary; and that of the glass to acquaint her, that her condition is frail, and depends on the hand which holds her. This wise design admonishes her, neither to over-rate or depreciate her charms; as well considering and applying, that it is perfectly according to the humour and taste of the company, whether the toast is eaten, or left as an offal.

The foremost of the whole rank of toasts, and the most indisputed in their present empire, are Mrs. Gatty and Mrs. Frontlet: the first an agreeable, the second an awful beauty. These ladies are perfect friends, out of a know-

the man that diverts her; Frontlet, him who adores her. Gatty always improves the soil in which she travels; Frontlet lays waste the country. Gatty does not only smile, but laughs at her lover; Frontlet not only looks serious, but frowns at him. All the men of wit (and coxcombs their followers) are professed servants of Gatty: the politicians and pretenders give solemn worship to Frontlet. Their reign will be best judged of by its duration. Frontlet will never be chosen more; and Gatty is a toast for life.

St. James's Coffee-house, June 3.

Letters from Hamburg of the seventh instant, N. S. inform us, that no art or cost is omitted to make the stay of his Danish majesty at Dresden agreeable; but there are various speculations upon the interview between king Augustus and that prince, many putting politic constructions upon his Danish majesty's arrival at a time when his troops are marching out of Hungary, with orders to pass through Saxony, where it is given out, that they are to be recruited. It is said also, that several Polish senators have invited king Augustus to return into Poland. His majesty of Sweden, according to the same advices, has passed the Nieper without any opposition from the Muscovites, and advances with all possible expedition towards Volhinia, where he proposes to join king Stanislaus and general Crassau.

We hear from Bern of the first instant, N. S. that there is not a province in France, from whence the court is not apprehensive of receiving accounts of public emotions, occasioned by the want of corn. The general diet of the thirteen cantons is assembled at Baden, but have not yet entered upon business, so that the affair of Tockenburgh is yet at a stand.

Letters from the Hague, dated the eleventh instant, N. S. advise, that monsieur Rouille having acquainted the ministers of the allies, that his master had refused to ratify the preliminaries of a treaty adjusted with monsieur Torcy, set out for Paris on Sunday morning. The same day the foreign ministers met a committee of the states-general, where mon-

common enemy. His grace the duke of Marlborough set out from the Hague on the ninth of the afternoon, and lay that night at Rotterdam, from whence, at four the next morning, he proceeded towards Antwerp, with a design to reach Ghent the next day. All the troops in the Low Countries are in motion towards the general rendezvous between the Scheld and the Lis; the whole army will be formed on the twelfth instant; and it is said, that on the fourteenth, they will advance towards the enemy's country. In the mean time the marshal de Villars has assembled the French forces between Lens, La Bassee, and Douay.

Yesterday morning sir John Norris, with the Squadron under his command, sailed from the Downs for Holland.

From my own Apartment, June 3.

I have the honour of the following letter from a gentleman whom I receive into my family, and order the heralds at arms to enroll him accordingly.

‘MR. BICKERSTAFF,

‘Though you have excluded me the honour of your family, yet I have ventured to correspond with the same great persons as yourself, and have wrote this post to the king of France; though I am in a manner unknown in his country, and have not been seen there these many months:

To Lewis Le Grand.

‘Though in your country I'm unknown,

Yet, sir, I must advise you:

Of late so poor and mean you're grown,

That all the world despise you.

Here vermin eat your majesty,

There meagre subjects stand usf;

What sorer signs of poverty,

Than many lice and little bread?

Then, sir, the present minute choose,

Our armies are advanced:

Those terms you at the Hague refuse,

At Paris won't be granted.

Consider this, and Donkirk raise,

And Anna's title own;

Send one pretender out to graze,

And call the other home.

‘Your humble servant,

‘BREAD THE STAFF OF LIFE.’

No. 25.] Tuesday, June 7, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines—

—nostri est furrago libelli. Juv. Sat. l. 83, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,

Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

White's Chocolate-house, June 6.

A letter from a young lady, written in the most passionate terms, wherein she laments the misfortune of a gentleman, her lover, who was lately wounded in a duel, has turned my thoughts to that subject, and inclined me to

examine into the causes which precipitate men into so fatal a folly. And as it has been proposed to treat of subjects of gallantry in the article from hence, and no one point in nature is more proper to be considered by the company who frequent this place than that of duels, it is worth our consideration to examine into this chimerical groundless humour, and to lay every other thought aside, until we have stripped it of all its false pretences to credit and reputation amongst men.

But I must confess, when I consider what I am going about, and run over in my imagination all the endless crowd of men of honour who will be offended at such a discourse; I am undertaking, methinks, a work worthy an invulnerable hero in romance, rather than a private gentleman with a single rapier: but as I am pretty well acquainted by great opportunities with the nature of man, and know of a truth that all men fight against their will, the danger vanishes, and resolution rises upon this subject. For this reason, I shall talk very freely on a custom which all men wish exploded, though no man has courage enough to resist it.

But there is one unintelligible word, which I fear will extremely perplex my dissertation, and I confess to you I find very hard to explain, which is the term ‘satisfaction.’ An honest country gentleman had the misfortune to fall into company with two or three modern men of honour, where he happened to be very ill treated; and one of the company, being conscious of his offence, sends a note to him in the morning, and tells him, he was ready to give him *satisfaction*. ‘This is fine doing,’ says the plain fellow; ‘last night he sent me away cursedly out of humour, and this morning he fancies it would be a *satisfaction* to be run through the body.’

As the matter at present stands, it is not to do handsome actions denominates a man of honour; it is enough if he dares to defend ill ones. Thus you often see a common sharper in competition with a gentleman of the first rank; though all mankind is convinced, that a fighting gamester is only a pick-pocket with the courage of a highwayman. One cannot with any patience reflect on the unaccountable jumble of persons and things in this town and nation, which occasions very frequently, that brave man falls by a hand below that of a common hangman, and yet his executioner escapes the clutches of the hangman for doing it. shall therefore hereafter consider, how the bravest men in other ages and nations have behaved themselves upon such incidents as we decide by combat; and show, from their practice, that this resentment neither has its foundation from true reason or solid fame; but is an imposture, made of cowardice, falsehood, and want of understanding. For this work, a good

history of quarrels would be very edifying to the public, and I apply myself to the town for particulars and circumstances within their knowledge, which may serve to embellish the dissertation with proper cuts. Most of the quarrels I have ever known, have proceeded from some valiant coxcomb's persisting in the wrong, to defend some prevailing folly, and preserve himself from the ingenuousness of owning a mistake.

By this means it is called 'giving a man satisfaction,' to urge your offence against him with your sword; which puts me in mind of Peter's order to the keeper, in 'The Tale of a Tub: if you neglect to do all this, damn you and your generation for ever: and so we bid you heartily farewell.' If the contradiction in the very terms of one of our challenges were as well explained and turned into downright English, would it not run after this manner?

'SIR,

'Your extraordinary behaviour last night, and the liberty you were pleased to take with me, makes me this morning give you this, to tell you, because you are an ill-bred puppy, I will meet you in Hyde-park an hour hence; and because you want both breeding and humanity, I desire you would come with a pistol in your hand, on horseback, and endeavour to shoot me through the head, to teach you more manners. If you fail of doing me this pleasure, I shall say, you are a rascal, on every post in town: and so, sir, if you will not injure me more, I shall never forgive what you have done already. Pray, sir, do not fail of getting every thing ready; and you will infinitely oblige, sir, your most obedient humble servant, &c.'

From my own Apartment, June 6.

Among the many employments I am necessarily put upon by my friends, that of giving advice is the most unwelcome to me; and, indeed I am forced to use a little art in the manner; for some people will ask counsel of you, when they have already acted what they tell you is still under deliberation. I had almost lost a very good friend the other day, who came to know 'how I liked his design to marry such a lady?' I answered, 'By no means; and I must

exorbitant bills which came from Oxford every quarter.' 'Make the rogue bite upon the bridle,' said I; 'pay none of his bills, it will but encourage him to further trespasses.' He looked plaguy sour at me. His son soon after sent up a paper of verses, forsooth, in print on the last public occasion; upon which, he is convinced the boy has parts, and a lad of spirit is not to be too much cramped in his maintenance, lest he take ill courses. Neither father nor son can ever since endure the sight of me.

These sort of people ask opinions only out of the fullness of their heart on the subject of their perplexity, and not from a desire of information.

There is nothing so easy as to find out which opinion the man in doubt has a mind to; therefore the sure way is, to tell him that is certainly to be chosen. Then you are to be very clear and positive; leave no handle for scruple. 'Bless me! sir, there is no room for a question!' This rivets you into his heart; for you at once applaud his wisdom, and gratify his inclination. However, I had too much bowels to be insincere to a man who came yesterday to know of me, with which of two eminent men in the city he should place his son? their names are Paulo and Avaro. This gave me much debate with myself, because not only the fortune of the youth, but his virtue also dependeth upon this choice. The men are equally wealthy; but they differ in the use and application of their riches, which you immediately see upon entering their doors.

The habitation of Paulo has at once the air of a nobleman and a merchant. You see the servants act with affection to their master, and satisfaction in themselves: the master meets you with an open countenance, full of benevolence and integrity: your business is despatched with that confidence and welcome which always accompany honest minds: his table is the image of plenty and generosity, supported by justice and frugality. After we had dined here, our affair was to visit Avaro: out comes an awkward fellow, with a careful countenance; 'Sir, would you speak with my master? may I crave your name?' After the first preamble, he leads us into a noble solitude, a great house that seemed

for it is, you must know, the utmost vanity of a mean-spirited rich man to be contradicted when he calls himself poor. But I resolved to vex him, by consenting to all he said; the main design of which was, that he would have us find out, he was one of the wealthiest men in London, and lived like a beggar. We left him, and took a turn on the Exchange. My friend was ravished with Avaro: 'this,' said he, 'is certainly a sure man.' I contradicted him with much warineth, and summed up their different characters as well as I could. 'This Paulo,' said I, 'grows wealthy by being a common good; Avaro, by being a general evil: Paulo has the art, Avaro the craft of trade. When Paulo gains, all men he deals with are the better: whenever Avaro profits, another certainly loses. In a word, Paulo is a citizen, and Avaro a cit.' I convinced my friend, and carried the young gentleman the next day to Paulo, where he will learn the way both to gain and enjoy a good fortune. And though I cannot say I have, by keeping him from Avaro, saved him from the gallows, I have prevented his deserving it every day he lives: for with Paulo he will be an honest man, without being so for fear of the law; as with Avaro he would have been a villain within the protection of it

St. James's Coffee-house, June 6.

We hear from Vienna of the first instant, that baron Inhoff, who attended her Catholic majesty with the character of envoy from the duke of Wolfembuttel, was returned thither. That minister brought an account, that major-general Stanhope, with the troops which embarked at Naples, was returned to Barcelona. We hear from Berlin, by advices of the eighth instant, that his Prussian majesty had received an account from his minister at Dresden, that the king of Denmark desired to meet his majesty at Magdeburg. The king of Prussia has sent for answer, that his present indisposition will not admit of so great a journey; but has sent the king a very pressing invitation to come to Berlin or Potsdam. These advices say, that

defend their country against a victorious and exasperated enemy. Monsieur Rouille had passed through Brussels without visiting either the duke of Marlborough or prince Eugene, who were both there at that time. The States have met, and publicly declared their satisfaction in the conduct of their deputies during the whole treaty. Letters from France say, that the court is resolved to put all to the issue of the ensuing campaign. In the mean time, they have ordered the preliminary treaty to be published, with observations upon each article, in order to quiet the minds of the people, and persuade them that it has not been in the power of the king to procure a peace, but to the diminution of his majesty's glory, and the hazard of his dominions. His grace the duke of Marlborough and prince Eugene arrived at Ghent on Wednesday last, where, at an assembly of all the general officers, it was thought proper, by reason of the great rains which have lately fallen, to defer forming a camp, or bringing the troops together; but, as soon as the weather would permit, to march upon the enemy with all expedition.

No. 26.] *Thursday, June 9, 1709.*

Quicquid agunt homines—
—nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv. Sat. i. 65, 86.*

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

From my own Apartment, June 8.

I have read the following letter with delight and approbation; and I hereby order Mr. Kidney at St. James's, and sir Thomas at White's, (who are my clerks for enrolling all men in their different classes, before they presume to drink tea or chocolate in those places,) to take care that the persons within the descriptions in the letter be admitted and excluded, according to my friend's remonstrance.

'SIR,

June 6, 1709.

/' Your paper of Saturday has raised up in me a noble emulation to be recorded in the

courage, it is well known I have more than once had sufficient witnesses of my drawing my sword both in tavern and playhouse. Dr. Wall * is my particular friend; and if it were any service to the public to compose the difference between Martin * and Sintilaer * the pearl-driller,† I do not know a judge of more experience than myself: for in that I may say with the poet:

‘Quæ regio in vella nostræ non plena laboris.’
What street resounds not with my great exploits?

‘I omit other less particulars, the necessary consequence of greater actions. But my reason for troubling you at this present is, to put a stop, if it may be, to an insinuating increasing set of people, who, sticking to the letter of your treatise, and not to the spirit of it, do assume the name of ‘Pretty Fellows;’ nay and even get new names, as you very well hint. Some of them I have heard calling to one another as I have sat at White’s and St. James’s, by the names of Betty, Nelly, and so forth. You see them accost each other with effeminate airs: they have their signs and tokens like free-masons: they rail at woman-kind; receive visits on their beds in gowns, and do a thousand other unintelligible prettinesses that I cannot tell what to make of. I therefore heartily desire you would exclude all this sort of animals.

‘There is another matter I foresee an ill consequence from, that may be timely prevented by prudence; which is, that for the last fortnight, prodigious shoals of volunteers have gone over to bully the French, upon hearing the peace was just signing; and this is so true, that I can assure you, all ingrossing work about the Temple is risen above three shillings in the pound for want of hands. Now as it is possible some little alteration of affairs may have broken their measures, and that they will post back again, I am under the last apprehension, that these will, at their return, all set up for ‘Pretty Fellows,’ and thereby confound all merit and service, and impose on us some new alteration in our night-cap wigs and pockets, unless you can provide a particular class for them. I cannot apply myself better than to you, and I am sure I speak the mind of a very great number, as deserving as myself.’

The pretensions of this correspondent are worthy a particular distinction; he cannot indeed be admitted as ‘Pretty,’ but is what we more justly call a ‘Smart Fellow.’ Never to pay at the play-house is an act of frugality that lets you into his character; and his expedient in sending his children begging before they can go, are characteristical instances that he belongs to this class. I never saw the gentleman; but I know by his letter, he hangs his

cape to his button; and by some lines of it he should wear red-heeled shoes; which are essential parts of the habit belonging to the order of ‘Smart Fellows.’

My familiar is returned with the following letter from the French king.

‘Versailles, June 13, 1709.

‘Lewis XIV. to Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.

‘SIR,

‘I have your epistle, and must take the liberty to say, that there has been a time, when there were generous spirits in Great Britain, who would not have suffered my name to be treated with the familiarity you think fit to use. I thought liberal men would not be such time-servers, as to fall upon a man because his friends are not in power. But, having some concern for what you may transmit to posterity concerning me, I am willing to keep terms with you, and make a request to you, which is, that you would give my service to the nineteenth century (if ever you or yours reach them,) and tell them, that I have settled all matters between them and me by monsieur Bolleau. I should be glad to see you here.’

It is very odd, this prince should offer to invite me into his dominions, or believe I should accept the invitation. No, no, I remember too well how he served an ingenious gentleman, a friend of mine, whom he locked up in the Bastille for no reason in the world, but because he was a wit, and feared he might mention him with justice in some of his writings. His way is, that all men of sense are preferred, banished, or imprisoned. He has indeed a sort of justice in him, like that of the gamesters; for if a stander-by sees one at play cheat, he has a right to come in for shares, as knowing the mysteries of the game.*

This is a very wise and just maxim; and if I have not left at Mr. Morpew’s, directed to me, bank bills for two hundred pounds, on or before this day seven-night, I shall tell how Tom Cash got his estate. I expect three hundred pounds of Mr. Soilett, for concealing all the money he has lent to himself, and his landed friend bound with him at thirty per cent. at his scrivener’s. Absolute princes make people pay what they please in deference to their power: I do not know why I should not do the same, out of fear or respect to my knowledge. I always preserve decorums and civilities to the fair sex: therefore, if a certain lady, who left her coach at the New-exchange door in the Strand, and whipt down Durham-yard into a boat with a young gentleman for Vauxhall;† I say, if she will send me word, that I may give the fan which she dropped, and I

* Three practitioners in physic or surgery, of some note at that time for curing diacans contracted by debauchery.
† A term now become unintelligible.

* Sir John Vanburgh, who was once confined in the Bastille, is probably the person here alluded to. His being called ‘a Wit,’ seems to countenance the idea.

† This, in the original edition, is Foxhall.

found, to my sister Jenny, there shall be no more said of it. I expect hush-money to be regularly sent for every folly or vice any one commits in this whole town; and hope, I may pretend to deserve it better than a chamber-maid or a valet de chambre; they only whisper it to the little set of their companions; but I can tell it to all men living, or who are to live. Therefore I desire all my readers to pay their fines, or mend their lives.

White's Coffee-house, May 27.

My familiar being come from France, with an answer to my letter to Lewis of that kingdom, instead of going on in a discourse of what he had seen in that court, he put on the immediate concern of a guardian, and fell to enquiring into my thoughts and adventures since his journey. As short as his stay had been, I confessed I had had many occasions for his assistance in my conduct; but communicated to him my thoughts of putting all my force against the horrid and senseless custom of duels. 'If it were possible,' said he, 'to laugh at things in themselves so deeply tragical as the impertinent profusion of human life, I think I could divert you with a figure I saw just after my death, when the philosopher threw me, as I told you some days ago, into the pail of water.'

'You are to know that, when men leave the body, there are receptacles for them as soon as they depart, according to the manner in which they lived and died. At the very instant I was killed, there came away with me a spirit which had lost its body in a duel. We were both examined. Me the whole assembly looked at with kindness and pity, but, at the same time, with an air of welcome and consolation: they pronounced me very happy, who had died in innocence; and told me, "a quite different place was allotted for my companion; there being a great distance from the mansions of souls and innocents: though, at the same time, said one of the ghosts, there is a great affinity between an idiot who has been so for a long life, and a child who departs before maturity. But this gentleman who has arrived with you is a fool of his own making, is ignorant out of

"Yes, Sir," the new guest answered, "I have left it in a very good condition, and made my will the night before this occasion. "Did you read it before you signed it?" "Yes, sure, Sir," said the new comer. Socrates replies, "Could a man, that would not give his estate without reading the instrument, dispose of his life without asking a question?" That illustrious shade turned from him, and a crowd of impertinent goblins, who had been drolls and parasites in their life-time, and were knocked on the head for their sauciness, came about my fellow-traveller, and made themselves very merry with questions about the words *Carte* and *Tierce*, and other terms of fencers. But his thoughts began to settle into reflection upon the adventure which had rubbed him of his late being; and, with a wretched sigh, said he, "How terrible are conviction and guilt, when they come too late for penitence!"

Pacolet was going on in his strain, but he recovered from it, and told me, 'It was too soon to give my discourse on this subject so serious a turn; you have chiefly to do with that part of mankind which must be led into reflection by degrees, and you must treat this custom with humour and railery to get an audience, before you come to pronounce sentence upon it. There is foundation enough for raising such entertainments, from the practice on this occasion. Do not you know that often a man is called out of bed to follow implicitly a coxcomb (with whom he would not keep company on any other occasion) to ruin and death?—Then a good list of such as are qualified by the laws of these uncourteous men of chivalry to enter into combat (who are often persons of honour without common honesty;) these, I say, ranged and drawn up in their proper order, would give an aversion to doing any thing in common with such as men laugh at and contemn. But to go through this work, you must not let your thoughts vary, or make excursions from your theme: consider, at the same time, that the matter has been often treated by the ablest and greatest writers, yet that must not discourage you: for the properest person to handle it, is one who has rove

White's Chocolate-house, June 9.

PACOLET being gone a-strolling among the men of the sword, in order to find out the secret causes of the frequent disputes we meet with, and furnish me with materials for my treatise on duelling: I have room left to go on in my information to my country readers, whereby they may understand the bright people whose memoirs I have taken upon me to write. But in my discourse of the twenty-eighth of the last month, I omitted to mention the most agreeable of all bad characters, and that is, a Rake.

A Rake is a man always to be pitied; and if he lives, is one day certainly reclaimed; for his faults proceed not from choice or inclination, but from strong passions and appetites, which are in youth too violent for the curb of reason, good sense, good manners, and good-nature: all which he must have by nature and education, before he can be allowed to be, or to have been of this order. He is a poor unwieldy wretch that commits faults out of the redundancy of his good qualities. His pity and compassion make him sometimes a bubble to all his fellows, let them be never so much below him in understanding. He desires run away with him through the strength and force of a lively imagination, which hurries him on to unlawful pleasures, before reason has power to come in to his rescue. Thus, with all the good intentions in the world to amendment, this creature sins on against heaven, himself, his friends, and his country, who all call for a better use of his talents. There is not a being under the sun so miserable as this: he goes on in a pursuit he himself disapproves, and has no enjoyment but what is followed by remorse; no relief from remorse, but the repetition of his crime. It is possible I may talk of this person with too much indulgence; but I must repeat it, that I think this a character which is the most the object of pity of any in the world. The man in the pangs of the stone, gout, or any acute distemper, is not in so deplorable a condition, in the eye of right sense, as he that errs and repents, and repents and errs on. The fellow with broken limbs justly deserves your alms for his impotent condition; but he that cannot use his own reason is in a much worse state; for you see him in miserable circumstances, with his remedy at the same time in his own possession, if he would, or could use it. This is the cause that, of all ill characters, the Rake has the best quarter in the world; for when he is himself, and unruffled with intemperance, you see his natural faculties exert themselves, and attract an eye of favour towards his infirmities.

But if we look round us here, how many dull rogues are there, that would fain be what this poor man bates himself for? All the noise

towards six in the evening is caused by his mimics and imitators. How ought men of sense to be careful of their actions, if it were merely from the indignation of seeing themselves ill-drawn by such little pretenders! Not to say he that leads is guilty of all the actions of his followers; and a Rake has imitators whom you would never expect should prove so. Second hand vice, sure, of all is the most nauseous. There is hardly a folly more absurd, or which seems less to be accounted for (though it is what we see every day,) than that grave and honest natures give into this way, and at the same time have good sense, if they thought fit to use it; but the fatality (under which must men labour) of desiring to be what they are not, makes them go out of a method in which they might be received with applause, and would certainly excel, into one, wherein they will all their lives have the air of strangers to what they aim at.

For this reason, I have not lamented the metamorphosis of any one I know so much as of Nobilis, who was born with sweetness of temper, just apprehension, and every thing else that might make him a man fit for his order. But instead of the pursuit of sober studies and applications, in which he would certainly be capable of making a considerable figure in the noblest assembly of men in the world; I say, in spite of that good nature, which is his proper bent, he will say ill-natured things aloud, put such as he was, and still should be, out of countenance, and drown all the natural good in him, to receive an artificial ill character, in which he will never succeed; for Nobilis is no Rake. He may guzzle as much wine as he pleases, talk bawdy if he thinks fit; but he may as well drink water-gruel, and go twice a-day to church, for it will never do. I pronounce it again, Nobilis is no Rake. To be of that order, he must be vicious against his will, and not so by study or application. All 'Pretty Fellows' are also excluded to a man, as well as all inamoratoes, or persons of the epicene gender, who gaze at one another in the presence of ladies. This class, of which I am giving you an account, is pretended to also by men of strong abilities in drinking; though they are such whom the liquor, not the conversation, keeps together. But block-heads may roar, fight, and stab, and be never the nearer; their labour is also lost; they want sense: they are no Rakes.

As a Rake among men is the man who lives in the constant abuse of his reason, so a Coquette among women is one who lives in continual misapplication of her beauty. The chief of all whom I have the honour to be acquainted with, is pretty Mrs. Toss: she is ever in practice of something which disfigures her, and takes from her charms, though all she does tends to a contrary effect. She has naturally

a very agreeable voice and utterance, which she has changed for the prettiest lisp imaginable. She sees what she has a mind to see at half a mile distance; but poring with her eyes half shut at every one she passes by, she believes much more becoming. The Cupid on her fan and she have their eyes full on each other, all the time in which they are not both in motion. Whenever her eye is turned from that dear object, you may have a glance, and your bow, if she is in humour, returned as civilly as you make it; but that must not be in the presence of a man of greater quality: for Mrs. Toss is so thoroughly well-bred, that the chief person present has all her regards. And she who giggles at divine service, and laughs at her very mother, can compose herself at the approach of a man of a good estate.

Will's Coffee-house, June 9.

A fine lady showed a gentleman of this company, for an eternal answer to all his addresses, a paper of verses, with which she is so captivated, that she professed the author should be the happy man in spite of all other pretenders. It is ordinary for love to make men poetical, and it had that effect on this enamoured man: but he was resolved to try his vein upon some of her confidants or retinue, before he ventured upon so high a theme as herself. To do otherwise than so, would be like making an heroic poem a man's first attempt. Among the favourites to the fair one, he found her parrot not to be in the last degree: he saw Poll had her ear, when his sighs were neglected. To write against him had been a fruitless labour; therefore he resolved to flatter him into his interest in the following manner:

To a Lady, on her Parrot.

When nymphs were coy, and love could not prevail,
The gods dignia'd were seldom known to fail;
Leda was chaste, but yet a feather'd Jove
Surpris'd the fair, and taught her how to love.
There's no celestial but his heaven would quit,
For any form which might to thee admit.
See how the wanton bird at every glance,
Swells his glad plumes, and feels an amorous trance:
The queen of beauty has forsook the dove:
Henceforth the parrot be the bird of love.

It is indeed a very just proposition to give that honour rather to the parrot than the other volatile. The parrot represents us in the state of making love: the dove, in the possession of the object beloved. But, instead of turning the dove off, I fancy it would be better if the chaise of Venus had hereafter a parrot added (as we see sometimes a third horse to a coach,) which might intimate, that to be a parrot, is the only way to succeed; and to be a dove, to preserve your conquests. If the swain would go on successfully, he must imitate the bird he writes upon; for he who would be loved by women, must never be silent before the favour, or open his lips after it.

From my own Apartment, June 10.

I have so many messages from young gentlemen who expect preferment and distinction, that I am wholly at a loss in what manner to acquit myself. The writer of the following letter tells me in a postscript, he cannot go out of town until I have taken some notice of him, and is very urgent to be somebody in it, before he returns to his commons at the university. But take it from himself.

'To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq. Monitor General of Great-Britain.

'SIR,

Sheer-Lane, June 8.

'I have been above six months from the university, of age these three months, and so long in town. I was recommended to one Charles Bubbleboy* near the Temple, who has supplied me with all the furniture he says a gentleman ought to have. I desired a certificate thereof from him, which he said would require some time to consider of; and when I went yesterday morning for it, he tells me, upon due consideration, I still want some few odd things more, to the value of threescore or fourscore pounds, to make me complete. I have bespoken them; and the favour I beg of you is, to know, when I am equipped, in what part or class of men in this town you will place me. Pray send me word what I am, and you shall find me,

'Sir, your most humble servant,

'JEFFERY NICKNACK.'

I am very willing to encourage young beginners, but am extremely in the dark how to dispose of this gentleman. I cannot see either his person or habit in this letter; but I will call at Charles's,* and know the shape of his snuff-box, by which I can settle his character. Though indeed, to know his full capacity, I ought to be informed whether he takes Spanish or Musty.†

St. James's Coffee-house, June 10.

Letters from the Low Countries of the seventeenth instant say, that the duke of Marlborough and the prince of Savoy intended to leave Ghent on that day, and join the army which lies between Pont d'Espiere and Courtray, their head-quarters being at Helchin. The same day the Palatine foot were expected at Brussels. Lieutenant-general Dompere, with a body of eight thousand men, is posted at Alost, in order to cover Ghent and Brussels. The marshal de Villars was still on the plain of Lenz; and it is said the duke of Vendosme

* Charles Mather, at that time an eminent toyman in Fleet-street.

† A great quantity of musty snuff was captured in the Spanish fleet which was taken or burnt at Vigo in 1703; it soon became fashionable to use no snuff but what had this musty flavour. Time, and the tricks of the tobaccoists and perfumers, put an end at last to this absurd custom.

is appointed to command in conjunction with that general. Advices from Paris say, monsieur Voisin is made secretary of state, upon monsieur Chamillard's resignation of that employment. The want of money in that kingdom is so great, that the court has thought fit to command all the plate of private families to be brought into the mint. They write from the Hague of the eighteenth, that the states of Holland continue their session; and that they have approved the resolution of the states-general, to publish a second edict to prohibit the sale of corn to the enemy. Many eminent persons in that assembly have declared that they are of opinion, that all commerce whatsoever with France should be wholly forbidden; which point is under present deliberation; but it is feared it will meet with powerful opposition.

No. 28.] Tuesday, June 14, 1709

Quicquid agunt homines——

nostrum est farrago libelli. *Juv. Sat. l. 85, 86.*

Whatever men do, or say, or think, or dream,

Our motley paper seizes for its theme.

P.

White's Chocolate-house, June 13.

I HAD suspended the business of duelling to a distant time, but that I am called upon to declare myself on a point proposed in the following letter.

* SIR,

June 9, at night.

'I desire the favour of you to decide this question, whether calling a gentleman a Smart Fellow is an affront or not? A youth entering a certain coffee-house, with his cane tied to his button, wearing red-heeled shoes, I thought of your description, and could not forbear telling a friend of mine next to me, "There enters a Smart Fellow." The gentleman hearing it, had immediately a mind to pick a quarrel with me, and desired satisfaction; at which I was more puzzled than at the other, remembering what mention your familiar makes of those that had lost their lives on such occasions. The thing is referred to your judgment; and I expect you to be my second, since you have been the cause of our quarrel. I am, Sir, your friend and humble servant.'

I absolutely pronounce, that there is no occasion of offence given in this expression; for a 'Smart Fellow' is always an appellation of praise, and is a man of double capacity. The true cast or mould in which you may be sure to know him is, when his livelihood or education is in the civil list, and you see him express a vivacity or mettle above the way he is in by a little jerk in his motion, short trip in his steps, well-fancied lining of his coat, or any other indications which may be given in a vigorous dress. Now, what possible insinuation can there be, that it is a cause of quarrel for

a man to say, he allows a gentleman really to be, what his tailor, his hosier, and his milliner, have conspired to make him? I confess, if this person who appeals to me had said, he was 'not a Smart Fellow,' there had been cause for resentment; but if he stands to it that he is one, he leaves no manner of ground for misunderstanding. Indeed it is a most lamentable thing, that there should be a dispute raised upon a man's saying another is what he plainly takes pains to be thought.

But this point cannot be so well adjusted, as by enquiring what are the sentiments of wise nations and communities, of the use of the sword, and from thence conclude whether it is honourable to draw it so frequently or not? An illustrious commonwealth of Italy* has preserved itself for many ages, without letting one of their subjects handle this destructive instrument; always leaving that work to such of mankind as understand the use of a whole skin so little, as to make a profession of exposing it to cuts and scars.

But what need we run to such foreign instances? Our own ancient and well governed cities are conspicuous examples to all mankind in their regulation of military achievements. The chief citizens, like the noble Italians, hire mercenaries to carry arms in their stead; and you shall have a fellow of a desperate fortune, for the gain of one half-crown, go through all the dangers of Tothill-Fields, or the Artillery-Ground, clap his right jaw within two inches of the touch-hole of a musquet, fire it off, and huzza, with as little concern as he tears a pullet.† Thus you see, to what scorn of danger these mercenaries arrive, out of a mere love of sordid gain: but methinks it should take off the strong prepossession men have in favour of bold actions, when they see upon what low motives men aspire to them. Do but observe the common practice in the government of those heroic bodies, our militia and lieutenantancies, the most ancient corps of soldiers, perhaps, in the universe; I question, whether there is one instance of an animosity between any two of these illustrious sons of Mars since their institution, which was decided by combat? I remember indeed to have read the chronicle of an accident which had like to have occasioned bloodshed in the very field before all the general officers, though most of them were justices of the peace. Captain Crabtree of Birchington-lane, haberdasher, had drawn a bill upon major-general Maggot, cheesemonger in Thames-street. Crabtree draws this upon Mr. William Maggot and company. A country

* Venice, which declined engaging in the war of the Grand Alliance in 1702.

† The state and discipline of the city train-bands at this time was very justly a standing subject of ridicule to the wits. See a poem on this subject, ascribed to Swift, in the *Harleian Misc.* vol. 1. p. 306.

lad received this bill, and not understanding the word company, used in drawing bills on men in partnership, carried it to Mr. Jeffrey Stitch of Crooked-lane (lieutenant of the major-general's company,) whom he had the day before seen march by the door in all the pomp of his commission. The lieutenant accepts it, for the honour of the company, since it had come to him. But repayment being asked from the major-general, he absolutely refuses. Upon this, the lieutenant thinks of nothing less than to bring this to a rupture, and takes for his second Tobias Armstrong of the Counter,* and sends him with a challenge in a scrip of parchment, wherein was written Stitch contra Maggot, and all the fury vanished in a moment. The major-general gives satisfaction to the second, and all was well.

Hence it is, that the bold spirits of our city are kept in such subjection to the civil power. Otherwise, where would our liberties soon be, if wealth and valour were suffered to exert themselves with their utmost force? If such officers as are employed in the terrible bands above-mentioned, were to draw bills as well as swords, these dangerous captains, who could victual an army as well as lead it, would be too powerful for the state. But the point of honour justly gives way to that of gain; and, by long and wise regulation, the richest is the bravest man. I have known a captain rise to a colonel in two days by the fall of stocks; and a major, my good friend near the Monument, ascended to that honour by the fall of the price of spirits, and the rising of right Nantz. By this true sense of honour, that body of warriors are ever in good order and discipline, with their colours and coats all whole: as in other battalions (where their principles of action are less solid) you see the men of service look like spectres with long sides and lank cheeks. In this army you may measure a man's service by his waist, and the most prominent belly is certainly the man who has been most upon action. Besides all this, there is another excellent remark to be made in the discipline of these troops. It being of absolute necessity, that the people of England should see what they have for their money, and be eye-witnesses of the advantages they gain by it, all battles which are fought abroad are represented here. But, since one side must be beaten, and the other conquer, which might create disputes, the eldest company is always to make the other run, and the younger retreats, according to the last news and best intelligence. I have myself seen prince Eugene make Catinat fly from the backside of Grays-Inn-lane to Hockley in the Hole, and not give over the pursuit, until obliged

to leave the Bear-garden on the right, to avoid being borne down by fencers, wild bulls, and monsters, too terrible for the encounter of any heroes, but such whose lives are their livelihood.

We have here seen, that wise nations do not admit of fighting, even in the defence of their country, as a laudable action; and they live within the walls of our own city in great honour and reputation without it. It would be very necessary to understand, by what force of the climate, food, education, or employment, one man's sense is brought to differ so essentially from that of another; that one is ridiculous and contemptible for forbearing a thing which makes for his safety; and another applauded for consulting his ruin and destruction.

It will therefore be necessary for us (to show our travelling) to examine this subject fully, and tell you how it comes to pass, that a man of honour in Spain, though you offend him never so gallantly, stabs you basely; in England, though you offend him never so basely, challenges fairly; the former kills you out of revenge, the latter out of good-breeding. But to probe the heart of man in this particular to its utmost thoughts and recesses, I must wait for the return of Pacolet, who is now attending a gentleman lately in a duel, and sometimes visits the person by whose hands he received his wounds.

St. James's Coffee-house, June 13.

Letters from Vienna of the eighth instant say, there has been a journal of the marches and actions of the king of Sweden, from the beginning of January to the eleventh of April, N. S. communicated by the Swedish ministers to that court. These advices inform, that his Swedish majesty entered the territories of Muscovy in February last, with the main body of his army, in order to oblige the enemy to a general engagement; but that the Muscovites declining a battle, and an universal thaw having rendered the rivers unpassable, the king returned into Ukrania. There are mentioned several rencounters between considerable detachments of the Swedish and Russian armies. Marshal Heister intended to take his leave of court on the day after the date of these letters, and put himself at the head of the army in Hungary. The male-contents had attempted to send in a supply of provision into Newhausel; but their design was disappointed by the Germans.

Advices from Berlin of the fifteenth instant, N. S. say, that his Danish majesty having received an invitation from the king of Prussia to an interview, designed to come to Potsdam within a few days, and that king Augustus resolved to accompany him thither. To avoid all difficulties in ceremony, the three kings, and all the company who shall have the honour

* A bump-bullist.

to sit with them at table, are to draw lots, and take precedence accordingly.

They write from Hamburgh of the eighteenth instant, N. S. that some particular letters from Dantzic speak of a late action between the Swedes and Muscovites near Jerislaw; but that engagement being mentioned from no other place, there is not much credit given to this intelligence.

We hear from Brussels, by letters dated the twentieth, that on the fourteenth, in the evening, the duke of Marlborough and prince Eugene arrived at Courtray, with a design to proceed the day following to Lisle, in the neighbourhood of which city, the confederate army was to rendezvous the same day. Advices from Paris inform us, that the marshal de Bezons is appointed to command in Dauphine, and that the duke of Berwick is set out for Spain, with a design to follow the fortunes of the duke of Anjou, in case the French king should comply with the late demands of the allies.

The court of France has sent a circular letter to all the governors of the provinces, to recommend to their consideration his majesty's late conduct in the affair of peace. It is thought fit, in that epistle, to condescend to a certain appeal to the people, whether it is consistent with the dignity of the crown, or the French name, to submit to the preliminaries demanded by the confederates? That letter dwells upon the unreasonableness of the allies, in requiring his majesty's assistance in dethroning his grandson; and treats this particular in language more suitable to it, as it is a topic of oratory, than a real circumstance on which the interests of nations, and reasons of state, which affect all Europe, are concerned.

The close of this memorial seems to prepare the people to expect all events, attributing the confidence of the enemy to the goodness of their troops; but acknowledging, that his sole dependence is upon the intervention of providence.

No. 29.] Thursday, June 14, 1709.

Quirquid agunt homines

—noutri est farrago libelli. *Juv. Sat. l. 35, 86.*

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

White's Chocolate-house, June 14.

HAVING a very solid respect for human nature, however it is distorted from its natural make, by affectation, humour, custom, mis-

comply with that ridiculous custom of duelling? I must desire you to reflect, that custom has dish'd up in ruff the wisest heads of our ancestors, and put the best of the present age into huge falbala periwigs.* Men of sense would not impose such encumbrances on themselves, but be glad they might show their faces decently in public upon easier terms. If then such men appear reasonably slaves to the fashion, in what regards the figure of their persons, we ought not to wonder, that they are at least so in what seems to touch their reputations. Besides, you cannot be ignorant, that dress and chivalry have been always encouraged by the ladies, as the two principal branches of gallantry. It is to avoid being sneer'd at for his singularity, and from a desire to appear more agreeable to his mistress, that a wise, experienced, and polite man, complies with the dress commonly received; and is prevailed upon to violate his reason and principles, in hazarding his life and estate by a tilt, as well as suffering his pleasures to be constrained and soured by the constant apprehension of a quarrel. This is the more surprising, because men of the most delicate sense and principles have naturally in other cases a particular repugnance in accommodating themselves to the maxims of the world: but one may easily distinguish the man that is affected with beauty, and the reputation of a tilt, from him who complies with both, merely as they are imposed upon him by custom; for, in the former, you will remark an air of vanity and triumph; whereas, when the latter appears in a long *duvillier*† full of powder, or has decided a quarrel by the sword, you may perceive in his face, that he appeals to custom for an excuse. I think it may not be improper to enquire into the genealogy of this chimerical monster called a Duel, which I take to be an illegitimate species of the ancient knight-errantry. By the laws of this whim, the heroic person, or man of gallantry, was indispensably obliged to starve in armour a certain number of years in the chase of monsters, encounter them at the peril of his life, and suffer great hardships, in order to gain the affection of the fair lady, and qualify himself for assuming the *belle air*; that is, of a *Pretty Fellow*, or man of honour, according to the fashion: but, since the publishing of *Don Quixote*, and extinction of the race of dragons, which Suetonius says happened in that of Wantley,‡ the gallant and heroic spirits of these latter times have been under the necessity

own sex, and the ladies, that they are in all points men of nice honour. But, to do justice to the ancient and real monsters, I must observe, that they never molested those who were not of a humour to hunt for them in woods and deserts; whereas, on the contrary, our modern monsters are so familiarly admitted and entertained in all the courts and cities of Europe (except France,) that one can scarce be in the most humanized society without risking one's life; the people of the best sort, and the fine gentlemen of the age, being so fond of them, that they seldom appear in any public place without one. I have some further considerations upon this subject, which, as you encourage me, shall be communicated to you by, sir, a cousin but one remove from the best family of the Staffs, namely, sir, your humble servant, kinsman, and friend,

'TIM SWITCH.'

It is certain that Mr. Switch has hit upon the true source of this evil; and that it proceeds only from the force of custom, that we contradict ourselves in half the particulars and occurrences of life. But such a tyranny in love, which the fair impose upon us, is a little too severe; that we must demonstrate our affection for them by no certain proof but hatred to one another, or come at them (only as one does at an estate) by survivorship. This way of application to gain a lady's heart is taking her as we do towns and castles, by distressing the place, and letting none come near them without our pass. Were such a lover once to write the truth of his heart, and let her know his whole thoughts, he would appear indeed to have a passion for her; but it would hardly be called love. The billet-doux would run to this purpose:

'MADAM,

'I have so tender a regard for you, and your interests, that I will knock any man on the head whom I observe to be of my mind, and like you. Mr. Truman, the other day, looked at you in so languishing a manner, that I am resolved to run him through to-morrow morning. This, I think, he deserves for his guilt in admiring you: than which I cannot have a

lents, of any two classes of men in the world; for to profess judgment, and to profess wit, both arise from the same failure, which is want of judgment. The poverty of the Critic this way proceeds from the abuse of this faculty; that of the Wit, from the neglect of it. It is a particular observation I have always made, that of all mortals a Critic is the silliest; for, by enuring himself to examine all things, whether they are of consequence or not, he never looks upon any thing but with a design of passing sentence upon it; by which means he is never a companion, but always a censor. This makes him earnest upon trifles, and dispute on the most indifferent occasions with vehemence. If he offers to speak or write, that talent, which should approve the work of the other faculties, prevents their operation. He comes upon action in armour, but without weapons; he stands in safety, but can gain no glory. The Wit, on the other hand, has been hurried so long away by imagination only, that judgment seems not to have ever been one of his natural faculties. This gentleman takes himself to be as much obliged to be merry, as the other to be grave. A thorough Critic is a sort of Puritan in the polite world. As an enthusiast in religion stumbles at the ordinary occurrences of life, if he cannot quote scripture examples on the occasion; so the Critic is never safe in his speech or writing, without he has, among the celebrated writers, an authority for the truth of his sentence. You will believe we had a very good time with these brethren, who were so far out of the dress of their native country, and so lost in its dialect, that they were as much strangers to themselves, as to their relation to each other. They took up the whole discourse; sometimes the Critic grew passionate, and when reprimanded by the Wit for any trip or hesitation in his voice, he would answer, 'Mr. Dryden makes such a character, on such an occasion, break off in the same manner; so that the stop was according to nature, and as a man in a passion should do.' The Wit who is as far gone in letters as himself, seems to be at a loss to answer such an apology; and concludes only, that though his anger is justly vented, it wants fire in the utterance. If wit is to be mea-

have been entertaining myself with?' Then out comes a premeditated turn; to which, it is to no purpose to answer, for he goes on in the same strain of thought he designed without your speaking. Therefore I have a general answer to all he can say; as, 'Sure there never was any creature had so much fire!' Spondee, who is a Critic, is seldom out of this fine man's company. They have no manner of affection for each other, but keep together, like Novel and Oldfox in the Plain Dealer, because they show each other. I know several men of sense who can be diverted with this couple; but I see no curiosity in the thing, except it be, that Spondee is dull, and seems dull; but Dactyle is heavy with a brisk face. It must be owned also, that Dactyle has almost vigour enough to be a coxcomb; but Spondee, by the lowness of his constitution, is only a blockhead.

St. James's Coffee-house, June 15.

We have no particulars of moment since our last, except it be, that the copy of the following original letter came by the way of Ostend. It is said to have been found in the closet of monsieur Chamillard, the late secretary of state of France, since his disgrace. It was signed by two brothers of the famous Cavallier,* who led the *Cevennois*, and had a personal interview with the king, as well as a capitulation to lay down his arms, and leave the dominions of France. There are many other names to it; among whom is the chief of the family of the marquis Guiscard. It is not yet known whether monsieur Chamillard had any real design to favour the Protestant interest, or only thought to place himself at the head of that people, to make himself considerable enough to oppose his enemies at court, and reinstate himself in power there.

'SIR,

'We have read your majesty's letter to the governors of your provinces, with instructions what sentiments to insinuate into the minds of your people; but as you have always acted upon the maxim, that we were made for you, and not you for us; we must take leave to assure your majesty, that we are exactly of the contrary opinion; and must desire you to send for your grandson home, and acquaint him, that you now know, by experience, absolute

power is only a vertigo in the brain of princes, which for a time may quicken their motion, and double, in their diseased sight, the instances of power above them; but must end at last in their fall and destruction. Your memorial speaks you a good father of your family, but a very ill one of your people. Your majesty is reduced to hear truth, when you are obliged to speak it. There is no governing any but savages by other methods than their own consent, which you seem to acknowledge in appealing to us for our opinion of your conduct in treating of peace. Had your people been always of your council, the king of France had never been reduced so low as to acknowledge his arms were fallen into contempt. But since it is thus, we must ask, how is any man of France, but they of the house of Bourbon, the better, that Philip is king of Spain? We have outgrown that folly of placing our happiness in your majesty's being called, The Great. Therefore you and we are all alike bankrupts,* and undone, let us not deceive ourselves; but compound with our adversaries, and not talk like their equals. Your majesty must forgive us, that we cannot wish you success, or lend you help; for, if you lose one battle more, we may have a hand in the peace you make; and doubt not but your majesty's faith in treaties will require the ratification of the states of your kingdom. So we bid you heartily farewell, until we have the honour to meet you assembled in parliament. This happy expectation makes us willing to wait the event of another campaign, from whence we hope to be raised from the misery of slaves to the privileges of subjects. We are your majesty's truly faithful and loyal subjects, &c.'

No. 30.] *Saturday, June 18, 1709.*

Quicquid agunt homines—

—nostrum est farrago libelli. *Juv. Sat. l. 85, 86.*

Whatever men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

From my own Apartment, June 16.

THE vigilance, the anxiety, the tenderness, which I have for the good people of England, I am persuaded, will in time be much commended; but I doubt whether they will be ever rewarded. However, I must go on cheerfully in my work of reformation: that being my great design, I am studious to prevent my

* James Cavallier was the celebrated leader of the French

how useful this study is, and what great evils or benefits arise from putting us in our tender years to what we are fit or unfit: therefore, on Tuesday last (with a design to sound their inclinations) I took three lads, who are under my guardianship, a-rambling in a hackney-coach, to show them the town; as the lions, the tombs, Bedlam, and the other places which are entertainments to raw minds, because they strike forcibly on the fancy. The boys are brothers, one of sixteen, the other of fourteen, the other of twelve. The first was his father's darling, the second his mother's, and the third mine, who am their uncle. Mr. William is a lad of true genius; but, being at the upper end of a great school, and having all the boys below him, his arrogance is insupportable. If I begin to show a little of my Latin, he immediately interrupts: 'Uncle, under favour, that which you say, is not understood in that manner.' 'Brother,' says my boy Jack, 'you do not show your manners much in contradicting my uncle Isaac!' 'You queer cur,' says Mr. William, 'do you think my uncle takes any notice of such a dull rogue as you are?' Mr. William goes on, 'He is the most stupid of all my mother's children: he knows nothing of his book: when he should mind that, he is hiding and boarding his taws and marbles, or laying up farthings. His way of thinking is, four-and-twenty farthings make sixpence, and two sixpences a shilling; two shillings and sixpence half-a-crown, and two half-crowns five shillings. So within these two months the close bunks has scraped up twenty shillings, and we will make him spend it all before he comes home.' Jack immediately claps his hands into both pockets, and turns as pale as ashes. There is nothing touches a parent (and such I am to Jack) so nearly as a provident conduct. This lad has in him the true temper for a good husband, a kind father, and an honest executor. All the great people you see make considerable figures on the exchange, in court, and sometimes in senates, are such as in reality have no greater faculty than what may be called human instinct, which is a natural tendency to their own preservation, and that of their friends, without being capable of striking out the road for adventurers. There is sir William Scrip was of this sort of capacity from his childhood; he has bought the country round him, and makes a bargain better than sir Harry Wildfire, with all his wit and humour. Sir Harry never wants money but he comes to

I once heard a man of excellent sense observe, that more affairs in the world failed by being in the hands of men of too large capacities for their business, than by being in the conduct of such as wanted abilities to execute them. Jack, therefore, being of a plodding make, shall be a citizen: and I design him to be the refuge of the family in their distress, as well as their jest in prosperity. His brother Will shall go to Oxford with all speed, where, if he does not arrive at being a man of sense, he will soon be informed wherein he is a coxcomb. There is in that place such a true spirit of railery and humour, that if they cannot make you a wise man, they will certainly let you know you are a fool; which is all my cousin wants, to cease to be so. Thus, having taken these two out of the way, I have leisure to look at my third lad. I observe in the young rogue a natural subtlety of mind, which discovers itself rather in forbearing to declare his thoughts on any occasion, than in any visible way of exerting himself in discourse. For which reason I will place him, where, if he commits no faults, he may go farther than those in other stations, though they excel in virtues. The boy is well-fashioned, and will easily fall into a graceful manner; wherefore, I have a design to make him a page to a great lady of my acquaintance; by which means he will be well skilled in the common modes of life, and make a greater progress in the world by that knowledge, than with the greatest qualities without it. A good mein in a court, will carry a man greater lengths than a good understanding in any other place. We see a world of pains taken, and the best years of life spent in collecting a set of thoughts in a college for the conduct of life, and, after all, the man so qualified shall hesitate in a speech to a good suit of cloaths, and want common sense before an agreeable woman. Hence it is, that wisdom, valour, justice, and learning, cannot keep a man in countenance that is possessed with these excellencies, if he wants that inferior art of life and behaviour, called good-breeding. A man endowed with great perfections, without this, is like one who has his pockets full of gold, but always wants change for his ordinary occasions.

Will Courtly is a living instance of this truth, and has had the same education which I am giving my nephew. He never spoke a thing but what was said before, and yet can converse with the wittiest men without being

Will's Coffee-house, June 17.

The suspension of the play-house has made me have nothing to send you from hence; but calling here this evening, I found the party I usually sit with, upon the business of writing, and examining what was the handsomest style in which to address women, and write letters of gallantry. Many were the opinions which were immediately declared on this subject. Some were for a certain softness; some for I know not what delicacy; others for something inexpressibly tender. When it came to me, I said there was no rule in the world to be made for writing letters, but that of being as near what you speak face to face as you can; which is so great a truth, that I am of opinion, writing has lost more mistresses than any one mistake in the whole legend of love; for, when you write to a lady for whom you have a solid and honourable passion, the great idea you have of her, joined to a quick sense of her absence, fills your mind with a sort of tenderness, that gives your language too much the air of complaint, which is seldom successful. For a man may flatter himself as he pleases; but he will find that the women have more understanding in their own affairs than we have, and women of spirit are not to be won by mourners. He that can keep handsomely within rules, and support the carriage of a companion to his mistress, is much more likely to prevail, than he who lets her see the whole relish of his life depends upon her. If possible, therefore, divert your mistress rather than sigh for her. The pleasant man she will desire for her own sake, but the languishing lover has nothing to hope from, but her pity. To show the difference, I produced two letters a lady gave me, which had been writ by two gentlemen who pretended to her, but were both killed the next day after the date, at the battle of Almanza. One of them was a mercurial gay-humoured man; the other a man of a serious, but a great and gallant spirit. Poor Jack Careless! this is his letter: you see how it is folded: the air of it is so negligent, one might have read half of it by peeping into it, without breaking it open. He had no exactness.

‘MADAM,

‘It is a very pleasant circumstance I am in, that while I should be thinking of the good

out of the field. All my comfort is, you are more troublesome to my colonel than myself: I permit you to visit me only now and then; but he downright keeps you. I laugh at his honour, as far as his gravity will allow me; but I know him to be a man of too much merit to succeed with a woman. Therefore defend your heart as well as you can: I shall come home this winter irresistibly dressed, and with quite a new foreign air. And so I had like to say, I rest, but, alas! I remain, madam, your most obedient, most humble servant,

‘JOHN CARELESS.’

Now for colonel Constant's epistle; you see it is folded and directed with the utmost care.

‘MADAM

‘I do myself the honour to write to you this evening, because I believe to-morrow will be the day of battle; and something forebodes in my breast that I shall fall in it. If it proves so, I hope you will hear I have done nothing below a man who had the love of his country, quickened by a passion for a woman of honour. If there be any thing noble in going to a certain death; if there be any merit, that I meet it with pleasure, by promising myself a place in your esteem; if your applause, when I am no more, is preferable to the most glorious life without you: I say, madam, if any of these considerations can have weight with you, you will give me a kind place in your memory, which I prefer to the glory of Cæsar. I hope this will be read, as it is writ, with tears.’

The beloved lady is a woman of a sensible mind; but she has confessed to me, that after all her true and solid value for Constant, she had much more concern for the loss of Careless. Those noble and serious spirits have something equal to the adversities they meet with, and consequently lessen the objects of pity. Great accidents seem not cut out so much for men of familiar characters, which makes them more easily pitied, and soon after beloved. Add to this, that the sort of love which generally succeeds, is a stranger to awe and distance. I asked Romana, whether of the two she should have chosen, had they survived? She said, she knew she ought to have taken Constant: but believed she should have chosen Careless.

St. James's Coffee-house, June 17.

Letters from Lisbon of the ninth instant, N

held a council of war on the fourth instant, wherein it was concluded to advance towards Badajos. With this design the army decamped on the fifth from Jerumena, and marched to Cancaon. It is hoped, that if the enemy follow their motions, they may have opportunity to put a sufficient quantity of provision and ammunition into Olivenza.

'Mr. Bickerstaff gives notice to all persons that dress themselves as they please, without regard to decorum (as with blue and red stockings in mourning, tucked cravats, and night-cap wigs, before people of the first quality,) that he has yet received no fine for indulging them in that liberty, and that he expects their compliance with this demand, or that they go home immediately and shift themselves. This is further to acquaint the town, that the report of the hosiers, toymen, and milliners, having compounded with Mr. Bickerstaff for tolerating such enormities, is utterly false and scandalous.'

No. 31.] Tuesday, June 21, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——

—— nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv. Sat. l. 25, 26.*

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme.

P.

Grecian Coffee-house, June 18.

In my dissertation against the custom of single combat, it has been objected, that there is no learning, or much reading, shown therein, which is the very life and soul of all treatises; for which reason, being always easy to receive admonitions and reform my errors, I thought fit to consult this learned board on the subject. Upon proposing some doubts, and desiring their assistance, a very hopeful young gentleman, my relation, who is to be called to the bar within a year and a half at farthest, told me, that he had ever since I first mentioned duelling turned his head that way; and that he was principally moved thereto, because he designed to follow the circuits in the north of England and south of Scotland, and to reside mostly at his own estate at Landbadernawz* in Cardiganshire. The northern Britons and the southern Scots are a warm people, and the Welsh 'a nation of gentlemen;' so that it beloveth him to understand well the science of quarreling. The young gentleman proceeded admirably well, and gave the board an account that he had

the trial upon the duel. Further he argued, under favour of the court, that when the issue is joined by the duel, in treason or other capital crimes, the parties accused and accuser must fight in their own proper persons: but if the dispute be for lands, you may hire a champion at Hockley in the Hole, or any where else. This part of the law we had from the Saxons; and they had it, as also the trial by ordeal, from the Laplanders. It is indeed agreed, said he, the southern and eastern nations never knew any thing of it; for though the ancient Romans would scold and call names filthily, yet there is not an example of a challenge that ever passed among them.

His quoting the eastern nations put another gentleman in mind of an account he had from a boatswain of an East-Indiaman; which was, that a Chinese had tricked and bubbled him, and that when he came to demand satisfaction the next morning, and like a true tar of honour called him a son of a whore, liar, dog, and other rough appellatives used by persons conversant with winds and waves; the Chinese, with great tranquillity, desired him 'not to come abroad fasting, nor put himself into a heat, for it would prejudice his health.' Thus the east knows nothing of this gallantry.

There sat at the left of the table a person of a venerable aspect, who asserted, that 'half the impositions which are put upon these ages have been transmitted by writers who have given too great pomp and magnificence to the exploits of the ancient bear-garden, and made their gladiators, by fabulous tradition, greater than Gorman* and others of Great Britain.' He informed the company, that 'he had searched authorities for what he said, and that a learned antiquary, Humphrey Scarecrow, esquire, of Hockley in the Hole, recorder to the bear-garden, was then writing a discourse on the subject. It appears by the best accounts,' says this gentleman, 'that the high names which are used among us with so great veneration, were no other than stage-fighters, and worthies of the ancient bear-garden. The renowned Hercules always carried a quarterstaff, and was from thence called Claviger.† A learned chronologist is about proving what wood this staff was made of, whether oak, ash, or crab-tree. The first trial of skill he ever performed was with one Cacus, a deer-stealer, the next was with Typhonus, a giant of forty feet four-

this great hero drooped like a scabbed sheep. Him his contemporary Theseus succeeded in the bear-garden, which honour he held for many years. This grand duellist went to hell, and was the only one of that sort that ever came back again. As for Achilles and Hector (as the ballads of those times mention,) they were pretty smart fellows; they fought at sword and buckler; but the former had much the better of it; his mother, who was an oyster-woman, having got a blacksmith of Lemnos to make her son's weapons. There is a pair of trusty Trojans in a song of Virgil that were famous for handling their gauntlets, Dares and Entellus; and indeed it does appear, they fought no sham-prize.

The Roman bear-garden was abundantly more magnificent than any thing Greece could boast of: it flourished most under those delights of mankind, Nero and Domitian. At one time it is recorded, four hundred senators entered the list, and thought it an honour to be cudgelled and quarterstaffed. I observe the Lanistæ were the people chiefly employed, which makes me imagine our bear-garden copied much after this, the butchers being the greatest men in it.

Thus far the glory and honour of the bear-garden stood secure, until fate, that irresistible ruler of sublunary things, in that universal ruin of arts, and politer learning, by those savage people the Goths and Vandals, destroyed and levelled it to the ground. Then fell the grandeur and bravery of the Roman state, until at last the warlike genius (but accompanied with more courtesy) revived in the Christian world under those puissant champions, Saint George, Saint Dennis, and other dignified heroes: one killed his dragon, another his lion, and were all afterwards canonized for it, having red letters* before them to illustrate their martial temper. The Spanish nation, it must be owned, were devoted to gallantry and chivalry above the rest of the world. What a great figure does that great name, Don Quixote, make in history! How shines this glorious star in the western world! O renowned hero! O mirror of knighthood!

Thy brandish'd whinnyard all the world defies,
And kills as sure as del Tobosa's eyes.

my own, and, therefore, the kind reception I have met with, is not so deserved as it ought to be. But I hope, though it be never so true that I am obliged to my friends for laying their cash in my hands, since I give it them again when they please, and leave them at their liberty to call it home, it will not hurt me with my gentle readers. Ask all the merchants who act upon consignments, where is the necessity (if they answer readily what their correspondents draw) of their being wealthy themselves? Ask the greatest bankers, if all the men they deal with were to draw at once, what would be the consequence? But indeed a country friend has writ me a letter which gives me great mortification; wherein I find I am so far from expecting a supply from thence, that some have not heard of me, and the rest do not understand me: his epistle is as follows.

'DEAR COUSIN,

'I thought, when I left the town, to have raised your fame here, and helped you to support it by intelligence from hence; but, alas! they had never heard of the Tatler until I brought down a set. I lent them from house to house, but they asked me what they meant. I began to enlighten them, by telling who and who were supposed to be intended by the characters drawn, I said, for instance, Chloe and Clarissa are two eminent toasts. A gentleman, who keeps his greyhound and gun, and one would think might know better, told me, he supposed they were *Papishes*, for their names were not English. 'Then,' said he, 'why do you call live people toasts?' I answered, 'That was a new name found out by the wits, to make a lady have the same effect, as burridge in the glass when a man is drinking. But says I, Sir, I perceive this is to you all bamboozling; why, you look as if you were Don Diego'd to the tune of a thousand pounds. All this good language was lost upon him: he only stared, though he is as good a scholar as any layman in the town, except the barber. Thus, cousin, you must be content with London for the centre of your wealth and fame; we have no relish for you. Wit must describe its proper circumference, and not go beyond it, lest, like little boys when they straggle out of their own parish, it may wander to places where it is not

the other, with a sly serious one, says home things enough. The first, mistress Giddy, is very quick; but the second, mistress Slim, fell into Giddy's own style, and was as good company as she. Giddy happens to drop her glove; Slim reaches it to her. 'Madam,' says Giddy, 'I hope you will have a better office.' Upon which Slim immediately repartees, and sits in her lap, and cries, 'Are you not sorry for my heaviness?' The sly wench pleased me, to see how she hit her height of understanding so well. We sat down to dinner. Says Giddy, mighty prettily, 'Two hands in a dish, and one in a purse.' Says Slim, 'Ay, madam, the more the merrier; but the fewer the better cheer.' I quickly took the hint, and was as witty and talkative as they. Says I,

He that will not when he may,
When he will, he shall have away.

and so helped myself. Giddy turns about; 'What, have you found your tongue?' 'Yes,' says I, 'it is manners to speak when I am spoken to; but your greatest talkers are the least doers, and the still sow eats up all the broth.' 'Ha! ha!' says Giddy, 'one would think he had nothing in him, and do you hear how he talks, when he pleases!' I grew immediately roguish and pleasant to a degree, in the same strain. Slim, who knew how good company we had been, cries, 'You will certainly print this bright conversation.'

It is so; and hereby you may see how small an appearance the prettiest things said in company make, when in print.

St. James's Coffee-house, June 20.

A mail from Lisbon has brought advices, of June the twelfth, from the king of Portugal's army encamped at Torre Allegada, which informs us, that the general of the army called a court-martial on the fourth at the camp of Jerumena, where it was resolved to march with a design to attempt the succour of Olivenza. Accordingly the army moved on the fifth, and marched towards Badajos. Upon their approach, the marquis de Bay detached so great a party from the blockade of Olivenza, that the marquis das Minas, at the head of a large detachment, covered a great convoy of provisions towards Olivenza, which threw in their stores, and marched back to their army, without molestation from the Spaniards. They add, that each army must necessarily march into quarters within twenty days.

Whosoever can discover a surgeon's apprentice who fell upon Mr. Bickerstaff's messenger or (as the printers call him) Devil, going to the press, and tore out of his hand part of his essay against duels, in the fragments of which were the words 'you lie,' and 'man of honour,' taken up at the Temple-gate, and the words, 'perhaps,'—'may be not,'—'by your leave,'

str,—and other terms of provocation, taken up at the door of Young man's Coffee-house, shall receive satisfaction from Mr. Morpew, besides a set of arguments to be spoken to any man in a passion, which, if the said enraged man listens to, will prevent quarrelling.

Mr Bickerstaff does hereby give notice that he has taken the two famous Universities of this land under his immediate care, and does hereby promise all tutors and pupils, that he will hear what can be said of each side between them, and to correct them impartially, by placing them in orders and classes in the learned world, according to their merit.

Mr Bickerstaff has received the advices from Clay-hill, which, with all intelligence from honest Mr. Sturdy and others, shall have their place in our future story.

No. 32.] Thursday June 23, 1709.

Quicquid agunt liberrime
— nostri est farrago libelli. Juv. Sat. l. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

White's Chocolate-house, June 22.

AN answer to the following letter being absolutely necessary to be despatched with all expedition, I must trespass upon all that come with horary questions into my antichamber, to give the gentleman my opinion.

To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire.

'SIR, June 18, 1709.

'I know not whether you ought to pity or laugh at me; for I am fallen desperately in love with a professed Platonne, the most unaccountable creature of her sex. To hear her talk seraphics, and run over Norris, and More, and Milton, and the whole set of intellectual triflers, torments me heartily; for, to a lover who understands metaphors, all this pretty prattle of ideas gives very fine views of pleasure, which only the dear declaimer prevents, by understanding them literally: why should she wish to be a cherubim, when it is flesh and blood that makes her adorable? If I speak to her, that is a high breach of the idea of intuition. If I offer at her hand or lip, she shrinks from the touch like a sensitive plant, and would contract herself into mere spirit. She calls her chariot, vehicle; her furbelowed scarf, pinions; her blue mantua and petticoat is her azure dress; and her footman goes by the name of Oberon. It is my misfortune to be six feet and a half high, two full spans between the shoulders, thirteen inches diameter in the calves; and, before I was in love, I had a noble stomach, and usually went to bed sober with two bottles. I am not quite six-and-twenty, and my nose is marked truly aquiline. For these reasons, I am in a very particular manner

her aversion. What shall I do? Impudence itself cannot reclaim her. If I write miserably, she reckons me among the children of perdition, and discards me her region: if I assume the gross and substantial, she plays the real ghost with me, and vanishes in a moment. I had hopes in the hypocrisy of her sex; but perseverance makes it as bad as fixed aversion. I desire your opinion, whether I may not lawfully play the inquisition upon her, make use of a little force, and put her to the rack and the torture, only to convince her, she has really fine limbs, without spoiling or distorting them. I expect your directions, before I proceed to dwindle and fall away with despair; which at present I do not think advisable, because, if she should recant, she may then hate me perhaps, in the other extreme, for my tenuity. I am (with impatience) your most humble servant,

‘CHARLES STURDY.’

My patient has put his case with very much warmth, and represented it in so lively a manner, that I see both his torment and tormentor with great perspicuity. This order of Platonic ladies are to be dealt with in a manner peculiar from all the rest of the sex. Flattery is the general way, and the way in this case; but it is not to be done grossly. Every man that has wit, and humour, and raillery, can make a good flatterer for women in general: but a Platonne is not to be touched with panegyric: she will tell you, it is a sensuality in the soul to be delighted that way. You are not therefore to commend, but silently consent to all she does and says. You are to consider, in her the scorn of you is not humour, but opinion.

There were, some years since, a set of these ladies who were of quality, and gave out, that virginity was to be their state of life during this mortal condition, and therefore resolved to join their fortunes, and erect a nunnery. The place of residence was pitched upon; and a pretty situation, full of natural falls and risings of waters, with shady coverts, and flowery ar-
bours, was approved by seven of the founders. There were as many of our sex who took the liberty to visit their mansions of intended severity; among others,* a famous rake of that time, who had the grave way to an excellence. He came in first; but, upon seeing a servant coming towards him, with a design to tell him this was no place for him or his companions, up goes my grave impudence to the maid;

into foreign parts, where some of us have already been. Here he bows in the most humble manner, and kissed the girl, who knew not how to behave to such a sort of carriage. He goes on; ‘Now, you must know, we have an ambition to have it to say, that we have a protestant nunnery in England: but pray Mrs. Betty!’ ‘Sir,’ she replied, ‘my name is Susan, at your service.’ Then I heartily beg your pardon—‘No offence in the least,’ said she, ‘for I have a cousin-german, whose name is Betty.’ ‘Indeed,’ said he ‘I protest to you, that was more than I knew; I spoke at random: but since it happens that I was near in the right, give me leave to present this gentleman to the favour of a civil salute.’ His friend advances, and so on, until they had all saluted her. By this means the poor girl was in the middle of the crowd of these fellows, at a loss what to do, without courage to pass through them; and the Platonics, at several peep-holes, pale, trembling, and fretting. Rake perceived they were observed, and therefore took care to keep Sukey in chat with questions concerning their way of life; when appeared at last Madonella,* a lady who had writ a fine book concerning the recluse life, and was the projectrix of the foundation. She approaches into the hall; and Rake, knowing the dignity of his own mien and aspect, goes deputy from his company. She begins, ‘Sir, I am obliged to follow the servant, who was sent out to know what affair could make strangers press upon a solitude which we, who are to inhabit this place, have devoted to heaven and our own thoughts?’ ‘Madam,’ replies Rake, with an air of great distance, mixed with a certain indifference, by which he could dissemble dissimulation, ‘your great intention has made more noise in the world than you design it should; and we travellers, who have seen many foreign institutions of this kind, have a curiosity to see, in its first rudiments, the seat of primitive piety; for such it must be called by future ages, to the eternal honour of the founders: I have read Madonella’s excellent and graphic discourse on this subject.’ The lady immediately answered, ‘If what I have said could have contributed to raise any thoughts in you that may make for the advancement of intellectual and divine conversation, I should think myself extremely happy.’ He immediately fell back with the profoundest veneration; then advancing, ‘Are you then that admired

larly? If I may approach lips which have uttered things so sacred.'—He salutes her. His friends followed his example. The devoted within stood in amazement where this would end, to see Madonella receive their address and their company. But Rake goes on—'We would not transgress rules; but if we may take the liberty to see the place you have thought fit to choose for ever, we would go into such parts of the gardens, as is consistent with the severities you have imposed on yourselves.'

* To be short, Madonella permitted Rake to lead her into the assembly of nuns, followed by his friends, and each took his fair-one by the hand, after due explanation, to walk round the gardens. The conversation turned upon the lilies, the flowers, the arbours, and the growing vegetables; and Rake had the solemn impudence, when the whole company stood round him, to say,* that 'he sincerely wished men might rise out of the earth like plants; and that our minds were not of necessity to be sullied with carnivorous appetites for the generation, as well as support, of our species.' This was spoken with so easy and fixed an assurance, that Madonella answered, 'Sir, under the notion of a pious thought, you deceive yourself in wishing an institution foreign to that of Providence. These desires were implanted in us for reverend purposes, in preserving the race of men, and giving opportunities for making our chastity more heroic.'

† The conference was continued in this celestial strain, and carried on so well by the managers on both sides, that it created a second and a third interview; and, without entering into further particulars, there was hardly one of them but was a mother or father that day twelvemonth.†

Any unnatural part is long taking up and as long laying aside; therefore Mr. Sturdy may assure himself, Platonica will fly for ever from a forward behaviour; but if he approaches her according to this model, she will fall in with the necessities of mortal life, and condescend to look with pity upon an unhappy man, imprisoned in so much body, and urged by such

suppressed, and is called punning. I have several arguments ready to prove, that he cannot be a man of honour, who is guilty of this abuse of human society. But the way to expose it is, like the expedient of curing drunkenness, showing a man in that condition; therefore I must give my reader warning, to expect a collection of these offences; without which preparation, I thought it too adventurous to introduce the very mention of it in good company; and I hope, I shall be understood to do it, as a divine mentions oaths and curses only for their condemnation. I shall dedicate this discourse to a gentleman, my very good friend, who is the Janus* of our times, and whom, by his years and wit, you would take to be of the last age; but by his dress and morals, of this.

St. James's Coffee-house, June 22.

Last night arrived two mails from Holland, which bring letters from the Hague of the twenty-eighth instant, N. S. with advice, that the enemy lay encamped behind a strong retrenchment, with the marsh of Romiers on their right and left, extending itself as far as Bethune: La Bassee is in their front, Lens in their rear, and their camp is strengthened by another line from Lens to Douay. The duke of Marlborough caused an exact observation to be made of their ground, and the works by which they were covered, which appeared so strong, that it was not thought proper to attack them in their present posture. However the duke thought fit to make a feint as if he designed it: his grace accordingly marched from the abbey at Looze, as did prince Eugene from Lampret, and advanced with all possible diligence towards the enemy. To favour the appearance of an intended assault, the ways were made, and orders distributed in such manner, that none in either camp could have thoughts of any thing but charging the enemy by break of day next morning; but soon after the fall of the night of the twenty-sixth, the whole army faced towards Tournay, which place they invested early in the morning of

Bavarians, Walloons, and the troops of Cologne, have joined the grand army of the enemy.

No. 33.] Saturday, June 25, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostrum est farrago libelli. Jux. Sat. l. 85, 86.

Whatever men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper soises for its theme. P.

BY MRS. JENNY DISTAFF, HALF-SISTER TO
MR. BICKERSTAFF.

From my own Apartment, June 23.

MY brother has made an excursion into the country, and the work against Saturday lies upon me. I am very glad I have got pen and ink in my hand; for I have for some time longed for his absence, to give a right idea of things, which I thought he put in a very odd light, and some of them to the disadvantage of my own sex. It is much to be lamented, that it is necessary to make discourses, and publish treatises, to keep the horrid creatures, the men, within the rules of common decency.

I gladly embrace this opportunity to express myself with the resentment I ought, on people who take liberties of speech before that sex, of whom the honoured names of Mother, Daughter, and Sister are a part: I had like to have named Wife in the number; but the senseless world are so mistaken in their sentiments of pleasure, that the most amiable term in human life is become the derision of fools and scorners. My brother and I have at least fifty times quarrelled upon this topic. I ever argue, that the frailties of women are to be imputed to the false ornaments which men of wit put upon our folly and coquetry. He lays all the vices of men upon women's secret approbation of libertine characters in them. I did not care to give up a point; but, now he is out of the way, I cannot but own I believe there is very much in what he asserted: but if you will believe your eyes, and own, that the wickedest and wittiest of them all marry one day or other, it is impossible to believe, that if a man thought he should be for ever incapable of being received by a woman of merit and honour, he would persist in an abandoned way; and deny himself the possibility of enjoying the happiness of well-governed desires, orderly satisfactions, and honourable methods of life. If our sex were wise, a lover should have a certificate from the last woman he served, how he was turned away, before he was received into the service of another: but at present any vagabond is welcome, provided he promises to enter into our livery. It is wonderful, that we will not take a footman without credentials from his last master; and in the greatest concern of life, we make no scruple of falling into a treaty with the most notorious

offender in this behaviour against others. But this breach of commerce between the sexes proceeds from an unaccountable prevalence of custom, by which a woman is to the last degree reproachable for being deceived, and a man suffers no loss of credit for being a deceiver.

Since this tyrant humour has gained place, why are we represented in the writings of men in ill figures for artifice in our carriage, when we have to do with a professed impostor? When oaths, imprecations, vows, and adorations are made use of as words of course, what arts are not necessary to defend us from such as glory in the breach of them? As for my part, I am resolved to hear all, and believe none of them; and therefore solemnly declare no vow shall deceive me, but that of marriage: for I am turned of twenty, and being of a small fortune, some wit, and (if I can believe my lovers and my glass) handsome, I have heard all that can be said towards my undoing; and shall therefore, for warning-sake, give an account of the offers that have been made me, my manner of rejecting them, and my assistances to keep my resolution.

In the sixteenth year of my life, I fell into the acquaintance of a lady extremely well known in this town for the quick advancement of her husband, and the honours and distinctions which her industry has procured him and all who belongs to her. This excellent body sat next to me for some months at church, and 'took the liberty, which,' she said, 'her years and the zeal she had for my welfare gave her claim to, to assure me, that she observed some parts of my behaviour which would lead me into errors, and give encouragement to some to entertain hopes I did not think of. What made you,' said she, 'look through your fan at that lord, when your eyes should have been turned upwards, or closed in attention upon better objects?' I blushed, and pretended fifty odd excuses;—but confounded myself the more. She wanted nothing but to see that confusion, and goes on; 'Nay, child, do not be troubled that I take notice of it; my value for you made me speak it; for though he is my kinsman, I have a nearer regard to virtue than any other consideration.' She had hardly done speaking, when this noble lord came up to us and led her to her coach.

My head ran all that day and night on the exemplary carriage of this woman, who could be so virtuously impertinent, as to admonish one she was hardly acquainted with. However, it struck upon the vanity of a girl, that it may possibly be, his thoughts might have been as favourable of me, as mine were amorous of him; and as unlikely things as that have happened, if he should make me his wife. She never mentioned this more to me; but I still in all public places stole looks at this man, who easily observed my passion for him. It is so

hard a thing to check the return of agreeable thoughts, that he became my dream, my vision, my food, my wish, my torment.

That mistress of darkness, the lady Sempronia, perceived too well the temper I was in, and would one day after evening service, needs take me to the park. When we were there, my lord passes by; I flushed into a flame. 'Mrs. Distaff,' says she, 'you may very well remember the concern I was in upon the first notice I took of your regard to that lord; and forgive me, who had a tender friendship for your mother (now in her grave) that I am vigilant of your conduct.' She went on with much severity, and after great solicitation, prevailed on me to go with her into the country, and there spend the ensuing summer out of the way of a man she saw I loved, and one whom she perceived meditated my ruin, by frequently desiring her to introduce him to me: which she absolutely refused, except he would give his honour that he had no other design but to marry me. To her country-house, a week or two after, we went: there was at the further end of her garden, a kind of wilderness, in the middle of which ran a soft rivulet by an arbour of jessamine. In this place I usually passed my retired hours, and read some romantic or poetical tale until the close of evening. It was near that time in the heat of summer, when gentle winds, soft murmurs of water, and notes of nightingales, had given my mind an indolence, which added to that repose of soul twilight and the end of a warm day naturally throws upon the spirits. It was at such an hour, and in such a state of tranquillity I sat, when, to my inexpressible amazement, I saw my lord walking towards me, whom I knew not until that moment to have been in the country. I could observe in his approach the perplexity which attends a man big with design; and I had, while he was coming forward, time to reflect that I was betrayed; the sense of which gave me a resentment suitable to such a baseness; but, when he entered into the bower where I was, my heart flew towards him, and, I confess, a certain joy came into my mind, with a hope that he might then

raptures, and a thousand other phrases drawn from the images we have of heaven, which ill men use for the service of hell, when run over with uncommon vehemence. After which, he seized me in his arms: his design was too evident. In my utmost distress, I fell upon my knees——'My lord, pity me, on my knees—on my knees in the cause of virtue, as you were lately in that of wickedness. Can you think of destroying the labour of a whole life, the purpose of a long education, for the base service of a sudden appetite; to throw one that loves you, that deats on you, out of the company and the road of all that is virtuous and praiseworthy? Have I taken in all the instructions of piety, religion, and reason, for no other end, but to be the sacrifice of lust, and abandoned to scorn? Assume yourself, my lord; and do not attempt to vitiate a temple sacred to innocence, honour, and religion. If I have injured you, stab this bosom, and let me die, but not be ruined by the hand I love.' The ardency of my passion made me incapable of uttering more; and I saw my lover astonished, and reformed by my behaviour: when rushed in Sempronia, 'Ha! faithless base man, could you then steal out of town, and lurk like a robber about my house for such brutish purposes?'

My lord was by this time recovered, and fell into a violent laughter at the turn which Sempronia designed to give her villany. He bowed to me with the utmost respect: 'Mrs. Distaff,' said he, 'be careful hereafter of your company;' and so retired. The fiend Sempronia congratulated my deliverance with a flood of tears.

This nobleman has since very frequently made his addresses to me with honour; but I have as often refused them; as well knowing that familiarity and marriage will make him, on some ill-natured occasion, call all I said in the arbour a theatrical action. Besides that, I glory in contemning a man, who had thought to my dishonour. If this method were the imitation of the whole sex, innocence would be the only dress of beauty; and all affectation by any other arts to please the eyes of men would be banished to the stage for ever. 'The con-

a blessing on the arms of the allies this ensuing campaign. Letters from Dresden are very particular in the account of the gallantry and magnificence, in which that court has appeared since the arrival of the king of Denmark. No day has passed in which public shows have not been exhibited for his entertainment and diversion; the last of that kind which is mentioned is a carrousal, wherein many of the youth of the first quality dressed in the most splendid manner, ran for the prize. His Danish majesty condescended to the same; but having observed that there was a design laid to throw it in his way, passed by without attempting to gain it. The court of Dresden was preparing to accompany his Danish majesty to Potsdam, where the expectation of an interview of these kings, had drawn together such multitudes of people, that many persons of distinction will be obliged to lie in tents, as long as those courts continue in that place.

No. 94.] Tuesday, June 28, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines

— nostri est farrago libelli. Juv. Sat. l. 35. 86.

Whatever men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

BY ISAAC HICKERSTAFF, ESQ.

White's Chocolate-house, June 25.

HAVING taken upon me to cure all the distempers which proceed from affections of the mind, I have laboured, since I first kept this public stage, to do all the good I could, and have perfected many cures at my own lodgings; carefully avoiding the common methods of mountebanks, to do their most eminent operations in sight of the people; but must be so just to my patients as to declare, they have testified under their hands, their sense of my poor abilities, and the good I have done them, which I publish for the benefit of the world, and not out of any thoughts of private advantage.

I have cured fine Mrs. Spy of a great imperfection in her eyes, which made her eternally rolling them from one escamb to another in public places, in so languishing a manner, that it at once lessened her own power, and her beholders' vanity. Twenty drops of my ink, placed in certain letters on which she attentively looked for half an hour, have restored her to the true use of her sight; which is, to guide and not mislead us. Ever since she took the liquor, which I call Bickerstaff's *circumspection-water*, she looks right forward, and can bear being looked at for half a day without returning one glance. This water has a peculiar virtue in it, which makes it the only true cosmetic or beauty-wash in the world: the nature of it is such, that if you go to a glass with a design to admire your face, it immediately

changes it into downright deformity. If you consult it only to look with a better countenance upon your friends, it immediately gives an alacrity to the visage, and new grace to the whole person. There is, indeed, a great deal owing to the constitution of the person to whom it is applied: it is in vain to give it when the patient is in the rage of the distemper; a bride in her first month, a lady soon after her husband's being knighted, or any person of either sex, who has lately obtained any new good fortune or preferment, must be prepared some time before they use it. It has an effect upon others, as well as the patient, when it is taken in due form. Lady Petulant has by the use of it cured her husband of jealousy, and lady God her whole neighbourhood of detraction.

The fame of these things, added to my being an old fellow, makes me extremely acceptable to the fair sex. You would hardly believe me, when I tell you there is not a man in town so much their delight as myself. They make no more of visiting me, than going to madam Depingle's; there were two of them, namely, Damia and Clidamira, (I assure you women of distinction) who came to see me this morning in their way to prayers; and being in a very diverting humour (as innocence always makes people cheerful,) they would needs have me, according to the distinction of Pretty and Very Pretty Fellows, inform them if I thought either of them had a title to the Very Pretty among those of their own sex; and if I did, which was the more deserving of the two?

To put them to the trial, 'Look ye,' said I, 'I must not rashly give my judgment in matters of this importance; pray let me see you dance, I play upon the kit.' They immediately fell back to the lower end of the room (you may be sure they courtesied low enough to me) and began. Never were two in the world so equally matched, and both scholars to my name-sake Isaac.* Never was man in so dangerous condition as myself, when they began to expand their charms. 'Oh! ladies, ladies,' cried I, 'not half that air, you will fire the house.' Both smiled; for, by the bye, there is no carrying a metaphor too far, when a lady's charms are spoken of. Somebody, I think, has called a fine woman dancing, 'a brandished torch of beauty.' These rivals moved with such an agreeable freedom, that you would believe their gesture was the necessary effect of the music, and not the product of skill and practice. Now Clidamira came on with a crowd of graces, and demanded my judgment with so sweet an air—and she had no sooner carried it, but Damia made her utterly forgot, by a gentle sinking, and a rigadon step. The

* Mr. Isaac, a famous dancing-master at that time, was a Frenchman, and a Roman Catholic.

contest held a full half-hour; and, I protest, I saw no manner of difference in their perfections, until they came up together, and expected sentence. 'Look ye, ladies,' said I, 'I see no difference in the least in your performance; but you, Clidamira, seem to be so well satisfied that I shall determine for you, that I must give it to Damia, who stands with so much diffidence and fear, after showing an equal merit to what she pretends to. Therefore, Clidamira, you are a pretty; but, Damia, you are a very pretty lady: for,' said I, 'beauty loses its force, if not accompanied with modesty. She that has an humble opinion of herself, will have every body's applause, because she does not expect it; while the vain creature loses approbation through too great a sense of deserving it.'

From my own Apartment, June 27.

Being of a very spare and hective constitution, I am forced to make frequent journeys of a mile or two for fresh air; and indeed by this last, which was no farther than the village of Chelsea, I am farther convinced of the necessity of travelling to know the world; for, as it is usual with young voyagers, as soon as they land upon a shore, to begin their accounts of the nature of the people, their soil, their government, their inclinations, and their passions; so really I fancied I could give you an immediate description of this village, from the five fields where the robbers lie in wait, to the coffee-house where the Literati sit in council. A great ancestor of ours by the mother's side, Mr. Justice Overdo* (whose history is written by Ben Jonson,) met with more enormities by walking incognito than he was capable of correcting; and found great mortifications in observing also persons of eminence, whom he before knew nothing of. Thus it fared with me, even in a place so near the town as this. When I came into the coffee-house, I had not time to salute the company, before my eye was diverted by ten thousand gimcracks round the room, and on the cieling. When my first astonishment was over, comes to me a sage of a thin and meagre countenance; which aspect made me doubt, whether reading or fretting had made it so philosophic: but I very soon perceived him to be of that sect which the ancients call *Gingivists*; in our language, tooth-drawers. I immediately had a respect for the man; for these practical philosophers go upon

for such is the name of this eminent barber and antiquary. Men are usually, but unjustly distinguished rather by their fortunes than their talents, otherwise this personage would make a great figure in that class of men which I distinguish under the title of Odd Fellows. But it is the misfortune of persons of great genius to have their faculties dissipated by attention to too many things at once. Mr. Salter is an instance of this: if he would wholly give himself up to the string,* instead of playing twenty beginnings to tunes, he might, before he dies, play Roger de Caubly quite out. I heard him go through his whole round, and indeed I think he does play the 'Merry Christ Church bells' pretty justly; but he confessed to me, he did that rather to show he was orthodox, than that he valued himself upon the music itself. Or, if he did proceed in his anatomy, why might he not hope in time to cut off legs, as well as draw teeth? The particularity of this man put me into a deep thought, whence it should proceed, that of all the lower order, barbers should go further in hitting the ridiculous than any other set of men. Watermen brawl, cobblers sing: but why must a barber be for ever a politician, a musician, an anatomist, a poet, and a physician? The learned Vossius says, his barber used to comb his head in lambics. And indeed, in all ages, one of this useful profession, this order of cosmetic philosophers, has been celebrated by the most eminent hands. You see the barber in Don Quixote is one of the principal characters in the history; which gave me satisfaction in the doubt, why Don Saltero writ his name with a Spanish termination: for he is descended in a right line, not from John Tradescant, ‡ as he himself asserts, but from that memorable companion of the knight of Mancha. And I hereby certify all the worthy citizens who travel to see his rarities, that his double-barrelled pistols, targets, coats of mail, his Sclopeta and sword of Toledo, were left to his ancestor by the said Don Quixote, and by the said ancestor to all his progeny down to Don Saltero. Though I go thus far in favour of Don Saltero's great merit, I cannot allow a liberty he takes of imposing several names (without my licence) on the collections he has made,|| to the abuse of the

* There was no passing his house, if he was at home, without having one's ears grated with the sound of his rattle, on which he scraped most execrably.

good people of England; one of which is particularly calculated to deceive religious persons, to the great scandal of the well-disposed, and may introduce heterodox opinions. He shows you a straw-hat, which I know to be made by Madge Peskad, within three miles of Bedford; and tells you, 'It is Pontius Pilate's wife's chambermaid's sister's hat.' To my knowledge of this very hat it may be added, that the covering of straw was never used among the Jews, since it was demanded of them to make bricks without it. Therefore this is really nothing but, under the specious pretence of learning and antiquities, to impose upon the world. There are other things which I cannot tolerate among his rarities: as, the china figure of a lady in the glass-case; the Italian engine for the imprisonment of those who go abroad with it: both which I hereby order to be taken down, or else he may expect to have his letters patent for making punch superseded, be debarred wearing his muff next winter, or ever coming to London without his wife. It may perhaps be thought, I have dwelt too long upon the affairs of this operator; but I desire the reader to remember, that it is my way to consider men as they stand in merit, and not according to their fortune or figure; and if he is in a coffee-house at the reading hereof, let him look round, and he will find, there may be more characters drawn in this account than that of Don Saltero; for half the politicians about him, he may observe, are by their place in nature, of the class of tooth-drawers.

No. 35.] Thursday, June 30, 1709.

Quicquid agent homines——

—— nostri est farrago libelli. Juv. Sat. l. 85, 86.

Whatever men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

Grecian Coffee-house, June 28.

THERE is a habit or custom which I have put my patience to the utmost stretch to have suffered so long, because several of my intimate friends are in the guilt; and that is, the humour of taking snuff, and looking dirty about the mouth by way of ornament.

My method is, to dive to the bottom of a sore before I pretend to apply a remedy. For this reason, I sat by an eminent story-teller and politician, who takes half an ounce in five seconds, and has mortgaged a pretty tenement

to see him to finish his narration: then he proceeds; 'And so, sir—where can my box be?' Then turning to me, 'Pray, sir, did you see my box?' 'Yes, sir,' said I 'I took it to see how long you could live without it.' He resumes his tale, and I took notice that his dulness was much more regular and fluent than before. A pinch supplied the place of 'As I was saying,' and 'So, sir;' and he went on currently enough in that style which the learned call the insipid. This observation easily led me into a philosophic reason for taking snuff, which is done only to supply with sensations the want of reflection. This I take to be an *εὐρηκα*, a nostrum; upon which I hope to receive the thanks of this board: for as it is natural to lift a man's hand to a sore, when you fear any thing coming at you; so when a person feels his thoughts are run out, and he has no more to say, it is as natural to supply his weak brain with powder at the nearest place of access, viz. the nostrils. This is so evident, that nature suggests the use according to the indigence of the persons who take this medicine, without being prepossessed with the force of fashion or custom. For example; the native Hibernians, who are reckoned not much unlike the ancient Boeotians, take this specific for emptiness in the head, in greater abundance than any other nation under the sun. The learned Sotus, as sparing as he is in his words, would be still more silent if it were not for this powder.

However low and poor the taking of snuff argues a man to be in his own stock of thoughts, or means to employ his brains and his fingers; yet there is a poorer creature in the world than he, and this is a borrower of snuff; a fellow that keeps no box of his own, but is always asking others for a pinch. Such poor rogues put me always in mind of a common phrase among school-boys when they are composing their exercise, who run to an upper scholar, and cry, 'Pray give me a little sense.' But of all things commend me to the ladies who are got into this pretty help to discourse. I have been these three years persuading Saggissa* to leave it off; but she talks so much, and is so learned, that she is above contradiction. However, an accident the other day brought that about, which my eloquence could never accomplish. She had a very Pretty Fellow in her closet, who ran thither to avoid some company that came to visit her: she made an

snatched a kiss; but, being unused to snuff, some grains from off her upper lip made him sneeze aloud, which alarmed the visitants, and has made a discovery, that profound reading, very much intelligence, and a general knowledge of who and who are together, cannot fill her vacant hours so much, but she is sometimes obliged to descend to entertainments less intellectual.

White's Chocolate-house, June 29.

I know no manner of news from this place, but that Cynthia, having been long in despair for the inexorable Clarissa, lately resolved to fall in love with the good old way of bargain and sale, and has pitched upon a very agreeable young woman. He will undoubtedly succeed; for he accosts her in a strain of familiarity, without breaking through the deference that is due to a woman whom a man would choose for his life.* I have hardly ever heard rough truth spoken with a better grace than in this his letter.

*MADAM,

'I writ to you on Saturday by Mrs. Lucy, and give you this trouble to urge the same request I made then, which was, that I may be permitted to wait upon you. I should be very far from desiring this, if it was a transgression of the most severe rules to allow it: I know you are very much above the little arts which are frequent in your sex, of giving unnecessary torments to their admirers; therefore hope you will do so much justice to the generous passion I have for you, as to let me have an opportunity of acquainting you upon what motives I pretend to your good opinion. I shall not trouble you with my sentiments until I know how they will be received; and as I know no reason why difference of sex should make our language to each other differ from the ordinary rules of right reason, I shall affect plainness and sincerity in my discourse to you, as much as other lovers do perplexity and rapture. Instead of saying, I shall die for you, I profess, I should be glad to lead my life with you: you are as beautiful, as witty, as prudent, and as good-humoured as any woman breathing; but I must confess to you, I regard all these excellencies as you will please to direct them for my happiness or misery. With me, madam, the only lasting motive to love is the hope of its becoming mutual. I beg of you

obedient, and most faithful humble servant, &c.'

Will's Coffee-house, June 29.

Having taken a resolution, when plays are acted next winter by an entire good company, to publish observations from time to time on the performance of the actors, I think it but just to give an abstract of the laws of action, for the help of the less learned part of the audience, that they may rationally enjoy so refined and instructive a pleasure as a just representation of human life. The great errors in playing are admirably well exposed in Hamlet's directions to the actors who are to play in his supposed tragedy; by which we shall form our future judgments on their behaviour, and for that reason you have the discourse as follows:

'Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounce'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lieve the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious perriwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise; I would have such a fellow whipp'd for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there he plays, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the wit of Christian

the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered; that's villanous, and shews a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it.'

From my own Apartment, June 29.

It would be a very great obligation, and an assistance to my treatise upon punning, if any one would please to inform me in what class among the learned, who play with words, to place the author of the following letter.

'SIR,

'Not long since you were pleased to give us a chimerical account of the famous family of the Staffs, from whence I suppose you would insinuate, that it is the most ancient and numerous house in all Europe. But I positively deny that it is either, and wonder much at your audacious proceedings in this manner, since it is well known, that our most illustrious, most renowned, and most celebrated Roman family of Ix has enjoyed the precedence to all others, from the reign of good old Saturn. I could say much to the defamation and disgrace of your family; as, that your relations Distaff and Broomstaff were both inconsiderable mean persons, one spinning, the other sweeping the streets, for their daily bread. But I forbear to vent my spleen on objects so much beneath my indignation. I shall only give the world a catalogue of my ancestors, and leave them to determine which hath hitherto had, and which for the future ought to have, the preference.

First then comes the most famous and popular lady Meretrix, parent of the fertile family of Belatrix, Pamulatrix, Nutrix, Obstetrix, Lotrix, Netrix, Coctrix, Ornatix, Sarcinatix, Fextrix, Balneatrix, Portatrix, Saltatrix, Divinatix, Conjectrix, Comitrix, Debitrix, Creditrix, Donatrix, Ambulatrix, Mercatrix, Adsectrix, Assectatrix, Palpatrix, Præceptrix, Pistrix.

'I am yours,

'ELIZ. POTATRIX.'

St. James's Coffee-house, June 17.

Letters from Brussels of the second of July, N. S. say, that the duke of Marlborough and prince Eugene, having received advice that the marshal Villars had drawn a considerable body out of the garrison of Tournay, to reinforce his army, marched towards that place, and came before it early in the morning of the twenty-seventh. As soon as they came into that ground, the prince of Nassau was sent with a strong detachment to take post at St. Amand; and at the same time my lord Orkney received orders to possess himself of Mortagne; both which were successfully executed; whereby we were masters of the Scheld and Scarp. Eight men were drawn out of each troop of dragoons and company of foot in the garrison

of Tournay, to make up the rein which was ordered to join marshal Villars. On advice, that the allies were marching towards Tournay, they endeavoured to return into the town, but were intercepted by the earl of Orkney, by whom the whole body was killed or taken. These letters add, that twelve hundred dragoons (each horseman carrying a foot-soldier behind him) were detached from Mons to throw themselves into Tournay, but, upon appearance of a great body of horse of the allies, retired towards Conde. We hear that the garrison does not consist of more than three thousand five hundred men. Of the sixty battalions designed to be employed in this siege, seven are English, viz. two of guards, and the regiments of Argyle, Temple, Evans, and Meredith.

No. 36.] *Saturday, July 2, 1709.*

Quicquid agunt homines—

—nostrum est farrago libelli. *Juv. Sat. l. 85, 86.*

Whatever men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

BY MRS. JENNY DISTAFF, HALF-SISTER TO
MR. BICKERSTAFF.

From my own Apartment, June 30.

MANY affairs calling my brother into the country, the care of our intelligence with the town is left to me for some time; therefore you must expect the advices you meet with in this paper, to be such as more immediately and naturally fall under the consideration of our sex. History, therefore, written by a woman, you will easily imagine to consist of love in all its forms, both in the abuse of, and obedience to that passion. As to the faculty of writing itself, it will not, it is hoped, be demanded that style and ornament shall be so much consulted, as truth and simplicity; which latter qualities we may more justly pretend to beyond the other sex. While, therefore, the administration of our affairs is in my hands, you shall from time to time have an exact account of all false lovers, and their shallow pretences for breaking off; of all termagant wives who make wedlock a yoke; of men who affect the entertainments and manners suitable only to our sex, and women who pretend to the conduct of such affairs as are only within the province of men. It is necessary further to advertise the reader, that the usual places of resort being utterly out of my province or observation, I shall be obliged frequently to change the dates of places, as occurrences come into my way. The following letter I lately received from Epsom.*

* About this time Epsom was a place pretty much resorted to in the summer season; but the company there generally consisted more of people in health, than of persons who had any real want of its mineral waters.

'Epsom, June 28.

'It is now almost three weeks since what you writ about happened in this place: The quarrel between my friends did not run so high as I find your accounts have made it. The truth of the fact you shall have very faithfully. You are to understand, that the persons concerned in this scene were lady Autumn, and lady Springly: Autumn is a person of good breeding, formality, and a singular way practised in the last age; and lady Springly a modern impertinent of our sex, who affects as improper a familiarity, as the other does distance. Lady Autumn knows to a hair's breadth where her place is in all assemblies and conversations; but Springly neither gives nor takes place of any body, but understands the place to signify no more, than to have room enough to be at ease wherever she comes. Thus, while Autumn takes the whole of this life to consist in understanding punctilio and decorum, Springly takes every thing to be becoming, which contributes to her ease and satisfaction. These heroines have married two brothers, both knights. Springly is the spouse of the elder, who is a baronet; and Autumn, being a rich widow, has taken the younger, and her purse endowed him with an equal fortune, and knighthood of the same order. This jumble of titles, you need not doubt, has been an aching torment to Autumn, who took place of the other on no pretence, but her carelessness and disregard of distinction. The secret occasion of envy broiled long in the breast of Autumn; but no opportunity of contention on that subject happening, kept all things quiet until the accident of which you demand an account.

'It was given out among all the gay people of this place, that on the ninth instant several damsels, swift of foot, were to run for a suit of head-cloaths at the Old Wells. Lady Autumn on this occasion invited Springly to go with her in her coach to see the race. When they came to the place, where the governor of Epsom and all his court of citizens were assembled, as well as a crowd of people of all orders, a brisk young fellow addresses himself to the younger of the ladies, viz. Springly, and offers her his service to conduct her into the music-room. Springly

supple beseeching gesture. "My dear!" said he—"Tell me no dears!" replied Autumn, in the presence of the governor and all the merchants—"What will the world say of a woman that has thrown herself away at this rate?" Sir Thomas withdrew, and knew it would not be long a secret to him; as well as that experience told him, he that marries a fortune is of course guilty of all faults against his wife, let them be committed by whom they will. But Springly, an hour or two after, returns from the Wells, and finds the whole company together. Down she sat, and a profound silence ensued. You know a premeditated quarrel usually begins, and works up with the words *some people*. The silence was broken by lady Autumn, who began to say, "There are some people who fancy, that if some people"—Springly immediately takes her up, "There are some people who fancy, if other people"—Autumn repartees, "People may give themselves airs; but other people, perhaps, who make less ado, may be, perhaps, as agreeable as people who set themselves out more." All the other people at the table sat mute, while these two people, who were quarrelling, went on with the use of the word *people*, instancing the very accidents between them, as if they kept only in distant hints. Therefore, says Autumn, reddening, "There are some people will go abroad in other people's coaches, and leave those with whom they went to shift for themselves: and if, perhaps, those people have married the younger brother; yet, perhaps, he may be beholden to those people for what he is. Springly smartly answers, "People may bring so much ill-humour into a family, as people may repent their receiving their money;" and goes on—"Every body is not considerable enough to give her uneasiness." Upon this Autumn comes up to her, and desired her to kiss her, and never to see her again; which her sister refusing, my lady gave her a box on the ear.—Springly returns; "Ay, ay, said she, I knew well enough you meant me by your some people;" and gives another on the other side. To it they went with most masculine fury; each husband ran in. The wives immediately fell upon their husbands, and tore periwigs and cravats, the company interposed,

our hopes of the return of this good company depend. I am, dear Jenny,
 'Your ready friend and servant.
 'MARTHA TATLER.'

White's Chocolate-house, June 30.

This day appeared here a figure of a person, whose services to the fair sex have reduced him to a kind of existence for which there is no name. If there be a condition between life and death, without being absolutely dead or living, his state is that. His aspect and complexion, in his robust days, gave him the illustrious title of Africanus: but it is not only from the warm climates in which he has served, nor from the disasters which he has suffered, that he deserves the same appellation with that renowned Roman; but the magnanimity with which he appears in his last moments, is what gives him the undoubted character of hero. Cato stabbed himself, and Hannibal drank poison; but our Africanus lives in the continual puncture of aching bones and poisoned juices. The old heroes fled from torments, by death; and this modern lives in death and torments, with an heart wholly bent upon a supply for remaining in them. An ordinary spirit would sink under his oppressions, but he makes an advantage of his very sorrow, and raises an income from his diseases. Long has this worthy been conversant in bartering and knows that when stocks are lowest, it is the time to buy. Therefore, with much prudence and tranquillity, he thinks, that now, he has not a bone sound, but a thousand nodous parts for which the anatomists have not words, and more diseases than the college ever heard of, it is the only time to purchase an annuity for life. Sir Thomas told me, it was an entertainment more surprising and pleasant than can be imagined, to see an inhabitant of neither world, without hand to lift, or leg to move, scarce tongue to utter his meaning, so keen upon biting the whole world, and making bubbles at his exit. Sir Thomas added, that he would have bought twelve shillings a-year of him, but that he feared there was some trick in it, and believed him already dead. 'What,' says

what contradictions' nature is pleased to form in the same species. Here am I, able to eat, to drink, to sleep, and to do all acts of nature, except begetting my like; and yet, by an unintelligible force of spleen and fancy, I every moment imagine I am dying. It is utter madness in thee to provide for supper; for I will bet you ten to one, you do not live until half an hour after four; and yet I am so distracted as to be in fear every moment, though I will lay ten to three, I drink three pints of burnt claret at your funeral three nights hence. After all, I envy thee; thou who, dying, hast no sense of death, art happier than one in health, who always fears it.' The knight had gone on, but that a third man ended the scene, by applauding the knight's eloquence and philosophy, in a laughter too violent for his own constitution, as much as he mocked that of Africanus and Monoculus.

St. James's Coffee-house, July 1.

This day arrived here three mails from Holland, with advices relating to the affairs of the Low-Countries, which say, that the confederate army extends from Louvain, on the causeway between Tournay and Lisle, to Epain, near Mortagne on the Scheld. The marshal Villars remains in his camp at Lens; but it is said, he detached ten thousand men under the command of the chevalier de Luxembourg, with orders to form a camp at Crepin on the Haine, between Conde and St. Guillain, where he is to be joined by the elector of Bavaria with a body of troops, and after their conjunction, to attempt to march into Brabant. But they write from Brussels, that the duke of Marlborough having it equally in his power to make detachments to the same parts, they are under no apprehensions from these reports for the safety of their country. They further add from Brussels, that they have good authority for believing that the French troops under the conduct of the marshal de Bezons are retiring out of Spain.

No. 37.] Tuesday, July 5, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines—

as we ourselves. This reflection has led me into the consideration of the use of speech; and made me look over in my memory, all my acquaintance of both sexes, to know to which I may more justly impute the sin of superfluous discourse in regard to conversation, without entering into it, as it respects religion.

I foresee my acquaintance will immediately, upon starting this subject, ask me how I shall celebrate Mrs. Alse Copswood, the Yorkshire huntress, who is come to town lately, and moves as if she were on her nag, and going to take a five-bar gate; and is as loud as if she were following her dogs? I can easily answer that; for she is as soft as Damon, in comparison of her brother-in-law, Tom Bellfrey, who is the most accomplished man in this kingdom for all gentleman-like activities and accomplishments. It is allowed, that he is a professed enemy to the Italian performers in music. But then for our own native manner, according to the customs and known usages of our island, he is to be preferred, for the generality of the pleasure he bestows, much before those fellows, though they sing to full theatres. For what is a theatrical voice to that of a fox-hunter? I have been at a musical entertainment in an open field, where it amazed me to hear to what pitches the chief masters would reach. There was a meeting near our seat in Staffordshire, and the most eminent of all the counties of England were at it. How wonderful was the harmony between men and dogs! Robin Cartail of Bucks was to answer to Jowler; Mr. Tinbreast of Cornwall was appointed to open with Sweetlips, and beau Slimber, a Londoner, undertook to keep up with Trips, a whelp just set in: Tom Bellfrey and Ringwood were coupled together, to fill the cry on all occasions, and be in at the death of the fox, hare, or stag; for which, both the dog and the man were excellently suited, and loved one another, and were as much together as Banister and King. When Jowler first alarmed the field, Cartail repeated every note; Sweetlips's treble succeeded, and shook the wood; Tinbreast echoed a quarter of a mile beyond it. We were soon, after all, at a loss, until we rode up and found Trips and Slimber at a default in half notes: but the day and the tune was recovered by Tom Bellfrey and Ringwood, to the great joy of us all, though they drowned every

country? Now, Bellfrey is very ignorant, and much a clown; but confident withal. In a word, he struck up a fox-chase; lady Dainty's dog, Mr. Sippet, as she calls him, started, jumped out of his lady's lap, and fell a-barking. Bellfrey went on, and called all the neighbouring parishes into the square. Never was woman in such confusion as that delicate lady. But there was no stopping her kinsman. A room full of ladies fell into the most violent laughter: My lady looked as if she was shrieking: Mr. Sippet in the middle of the room, breaking his heart with barking, but all of us unheard. As soon as Bellfrey became silent, up gets my lady, and takes him by the arm, to lead him off; Bellfrey was in his boots. As she was hurrying him away, his spurs take hold of her petticoat; his whip throws down a cabinet of china: he cries, 'What! are your crocks rotten? are your petticoats ragged? a man cannot walk in your house for trincums.'

Every county of Great Britain has one hundred or more of this sort of fellows, who roar instead of speaking. Therefore, if it be true, that we women are also given to a greater fluency of words than is necessary, sure, she that disturbs but a room or a family, is more to be tolerated, than one who draws together whole parishes and counties, and sometimes (with an estate that might make him the blessing and ornament of the world around him) has no other view and ambition, but to be an animal above dogs and horses, without the relish of any one enjoyment which is peculiar to the faculties of human nature. I know it will here be said, that talking of mere country squires at this rate, is, as it were, to write against Valentine and Orson. To prove any thing against the race of men, you must take them as they are adorned with education; as they live in courts, or have received instructions in colleges.

But I am so full of my late entertainment by Mr. Bellfrey, that I must defer pursuing this subject to another day; and wave the proper observations upon the different offenders in this kind, some by profound eloquence on small occasions, others by degrading speech upon great circumstances. Expect, therefore, to hear of the whisperer without business, the laughter without wit, the complainer without receiving injuries, and a very large crowd,

severe critics, that they would not take in his play, though it has as many fine things in it as any play that has been writ since the days of Dryden. He began his discourse about his play with a preface.

'There is,' said he, 'somewhat (however we palliate it) in the very frame and make of us, that subjects our minds to chagrin and irresolution on any emergency of time or place. The difficulty grows on our sickened imagination, under all the killing circumstances of danger and disappointment. This we see, not only in the men of retirement and fancy, but in the characters of the men of action; with this only difference, the coward sees the danger, and sickens under it; the hero, warned by the difficulty, dilates, and rises in proportion to that, and in some sort makes use of his very fears to disarm it. A remarkable instance of this we have in the great Cæsar, when he came to the Rubicon, and was entering upon a part, perhaps the most hazardous he ever bore (certainly the most ungrateful) a war with his countrymen. When his mind brooded o'er personal affronts, perhaps his anger burned with a desire of revenge. But when more serious reflections laid before him the hazard of the enterprise, with the dismal consequences which were like to attend it, aggravated by a special circumstance, "What figure it would bear in the world, or how be excused to posterity! What shall he do?"—His honour, which was his religion, bids him arm; and he sounds the inclinations of his party, by this set speech:

Cæsar to his Party at the Rubicon.

'Great Jove, attend, and thou my native soil,
Safe in my triumphs, gladd' in my spoil:
Witness with what reluctance I oppose
My arms to thine, secure of other foes.
What passive breast can bear disgrace like mine?
Tatler!—For this I conquer'd on the Rhæne,
Endur'd their ten years drudgery in Gaul,
Adjourn'd their fate and sav'd the Capitol.
I grew by every guilty triumph less;
The crowd, when drunk with joy, their souls express,
Impatient of the war, yet fear success.
Brave actions dazzle with too bright a ray,
Like birds obscene, they chatter at the day;
Giddy with rule, and valiant in debate,
They throw the die of war, to save the state.
And Gods! to gild ingratitude with fame,
Assume the patriot's, we the rebel's name.
Farewell, my friends, your general forlorn,
To your bare pity, and the public scorn,
Must lay that honour and his laurel down,
To serve the vain caprices of the gown;
Expos'd to all indignation, the brave
Deserve of those they gloried but to save.
To robs and axes!—No, the slaves can't dare
Play with my grief, and tempt my last despair.
This, shall the honours whis'd it wou, maintain,
Or do me justice, ere I hug my chain.'

St. James's Coffee-house, July 4.

There has arrived no mail since our last; so that we have no manner of foreign news, except we were to give you for such, the many

speculations which are on foot concerning what was imported by the last advices. There are, it seems, sixty battalions and seventeen squadrons appointed to serve in the siege of Tournay; the garrison of which place consists of but eleven battalions and four squadrons. Letters of the twenty-ninth of the last month from Berlin, have brought advice, that the kings of Denmark and Prussia, and his majesty Augustus, were, within few days, to come to an interview at Potsdam. These letters mention, that two Polish princes, of the family of Sapieha and Lubermirsky, lately arrived from Paris, confirm the reports of the misery in France for want of provisions, and give a particular instance of it; which is, that on the day monsieur Rouille returned to court, the common people gathered in crowds about the dauphin's coach, crying, 'Peace and bread, bread and peace.'

Mrs. Distaff has taken upon her, while she writes this paper, to turn her thoughts wholly to the service of her own sex, and to propose remedies against the greatest vexations attending female life. She has for this end written a small treatise concerning the Second Word, with an appendix on the use of a Reply, very proper for all such as are married to persons either ill-bred, or ill-natured. There is in this tract a digression for the use of virgins, concerning the words, I Will.

A gentlewoman who has a very delicate ear, wants a maid who can whisper, and help her in the government of her family. If the said servant can clear-starch, hiss, and tread softly, she shall have suitable encouragement in her wages.

No. 38.] *Thursday, July 7, 1709.*

Quicquid agunt homines
— nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv. Sat. l. 85, 86.*

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

BY MRS. JENNY DISTAFF, HALF-SISTER TO
MR. BICKERSTAFF.

From my own Apartment, July 6.

I FIND among my brother's papers the following letter verbatim, which I wonder how he could suppress so long as he has, since it was sent him for no other end, but to show the good effect his writings have already had upon the ill customs of the age.

'SIR, London, June 23.

'The end of all public papers ought to be the benefit and instruction, as well as the diversion of the readers: to which I see none so truly conducive as your late performances; especially those tending to the rooting out from among us, that unchristian-like and

bloody custom of duelling; which, that you have already in some measure performed, will appear to the public in the following no less true than heroic story.

'A noble gentleman of this city, who has the honour of serving his country as major of the trainbands, being at the general mart of stock-jobbers, called Jonathan's, endeavouring to raise himself (as all men of honour ought) to the degree of colonel at least; it happened that he bought the *bear* of another officer, who, though not commissioned in the army, yet no less eminently serves the public than the other, in raising the credit of the kingdom, by raising that of the stocks. However, having sold the *bear*, and words arising about the delivery, the most noble major, no less scorning to be outwitted in the coffee-house, than to run into the field according to method, abused the other with the titles of rogue, villain, bear-skinman, and the like. Whereupon satisfaction was demanded, and accepted; so, forth the major marched, commanding his adversary to follow. To a most spacious room in the sheriff's house, near the place of quarrel, they come; where, having due regard to what you have lately published, they resolved not to shed one another's blood in that barbarous manner you prohibited; yet, not willing to put up affronts without satisfaction, they stripped, and, in decent manner, fought full fairly with their wrathful hands. The combat lasted a quarter of an hour; in which time victory was often doubtful, and many a dry blow was strenuously laid on by each side, until the major, finding his adversary obstinate, unwilling to give him further chastisement, with most shrill voice cried out, "I am satisfied, enough!" Whereupon the combat ceased, and both were friends immediately.

'Thus the world may see, how necessary it is to encourage those men, who make it their business to instruct the people in every thing necessary for their preservation. I am informed, a body of worthy citizens have agreed on an address of thanks to you, for what you have writ on the foregoing subject, whereby they

'MR. BICKERSTAFF,

July 5, 1709.

'You have hinted a generous intention of taking under your consideration the whisperers without business, and laughers without occasion; as you tender the welfare of your country, I entreat you not to forget or delay so public-spirited a work. Now or never is the time. Many other calamities may cease with the war; but I dismally dread the multiplication of these mortals under the ease and luxuriousness of a settled peace, half the blessing of which may be destroyed by them. Their mistake lies certainly here, in a wretched belief, that their mimicry passes for real business, or true wit. Dear sir, convince them, that it never was, is, or ever will be, either of them; nor ever did, does, or to all futurity ever can, look like either of them; but that it is the most cursed disturbance in nature, which is possible to be inflicted on mankind, under the noble definition of a sociable creature. In doing this, sir, you will oblige more humble servants than can find room to subscribe their names.'

White's Chocolate-house, July 6.

In pursuance to my last date from hence, I am to proceed on the accounts I promised of several personages among the men, whose conspicuous fortunes, or ambition in showing their follies, have exalted them above their fellows: The levity of their minds is visible in their every word and gesture, and there is not a day passes but puts me in mind of Mr. Wycherley's character of a coxcomb: 'He is ugly all over with the affectation of the fine gentlemen.' Now though the women may put on softness in their looks, or affected severity, or impertinent gayety, or pert smartness, their self-love and admiration cannot, under any of these disguises, appear so invincible as that of the men. You may easily take notice, that in all their actions there is a secret approbation, either in the tone of their voice, the turn of their body, or cast of their eye, which shows that they are extremely in their own favour.

Take one of your men of business, he shall keep you half an hour with your hat off, enter-

good-breeding, by enquiring for my good lord, and for my good lady's health. This inimitable courtier will whisper a privy-counsellor's lacquey with the utmost goodness and condescension, to know when they next sit; and is thoroughly taken up, and thinks he has a part in a secret, if he knows that there is a secret. 'What it is,' he will whisper you, that 'time will discover;' then he shrugs, and calls you back again—'Sir, I need not say to you, that these things are not to be spoken of—and harkye, no names, I would not be quoted.' What adds to the jest is, that his emptiness has its moods and seasons, and he will not condescend to let you into these his discoveries, except he is in very good humour, or has seen somebody of fashion talk to you. He will keep his nothing to himself, and pass by and overlook as well as the best of them; not observing that he is insolent when he is gracious, and obliging when he is haughty. Show me a woman so inconsiderable as this frequent character.

But my mind, now I am in, turns to many no less observable: Thou dear Will Shoestring! I profess myself in love with thee! how shall I speak thee? how shall I address thee? how shall I draw thee? thou dear outside! Will you be combing your wig, playing with your box, or picking your teeth? or chooseth thou rather to be speaking; to be speaking for thy only purpose in speaking, to show your teeth? Rub them no longer, dear Shoestring;* do not premeditate murder: do not for ever whiten. Oh! that for my quiet and his own they were rotten!

But I will forget him, and give my hand to the courteous Umbra. He is a fine man indeed, but the soft creature bows below my apron-string, before he takes it; yet, after the first ceremonies, he is as familiar as my physician, and his insignificancy makes me half ready to complain to him of all I would to my doctor. He is so courteous, that he carries half the messages of ladies' ails in town to their midwives and nurses. He understands too the art of medicine as far as to the cure of a pimple, or a rash. On occasions of the like importance, he is the most assiduous of all men living, in consulting and searching precedents from family to family; then he speaks of his obsequiousness and diligence in the style of real services. If you sneer at him, and thank him for his great friendship, he bows, and says,

Madam, all the good offices in my power, while I have any knowledge or credit, shall be at your service.' The consideration of so shallow a being, and the intent application with which he pursues trifles has made me carefully

reflect upon that sort of men we usually call an *impertinent*: and I am, upon mature deliberation, so far from being offended with him, that I am really obliged to him; for though he will take you aside, and talk half an hour to you upon matters wholly insignificant with the most solemn air, yet I consider, that these things are of weight in his imagination, and he thinks he is communicating what is for my service. If, therefore, it be a just rule, to judge of a man by his intention, according to the equity of good breeding, he that is impertinently kind or wise, to do you service, ought in return to have a proportionable place both in your affection and esteem; so that the courteous Umbra deserves the favour of all his acquaintance; for though he never served them, he is ever willing to do it, and believes he does it.

As impotent kindness is to be returned with all our abilities to oblige; so impotent malice is to be treated with all our force to depress it. For this reason Fly-blow (who is received in all the families in town, through the degeneracy and iniquity of their manners) is to be treated like a kuave, though he is one of the weakest of fools: he has by rote, and at second-hand, all that can be said of any man of figure, wit, and virtue, in town. Name a man of worth, and this creature tells you the worst passage of his life. Speak of a beautiful woman, and this puppy will whisper the next man to him, though he has nothing to say of her. He is a fly that feeds on the sore part, and would have nothing to live on if the whole body were in health. You may know him by the frequency of pronouncing the particle *but*; for which reason I never heard him spoke of with common charity, without using my *but* against him: for a friend of mine saying the other day, Mrs. Distaff has wit, good-humour, virtue, and friendship; this oaf added, 'But she is not handsome.' 'Coxcomb! the gentleman was saying what I was, not what I was not.'

St. James's Coffee-house, July 6.

The approaches before Tournay have been carried on with great success; and our advices from the camp before that place of the eleventh instant say that they had already made a lodgment on the glacis. Two hundred boats were come up the Scheld with the heavy artillery and ammunition, which would be employed in dismounting the enemy's defences, and raised on the batteries the fifteenth. A great body of miners are summoned to the camp, to countermine the works of the enemy. We are convinced of the weakness of the garrison by a certain account, that they called a council of war to consult whether it was not advisable to march into the citadel, and leave the town defenceless. We are assured, that when the confederate army was advancing towards the camp of marshal Villars, that general dispatched

* Sir William Whitlocke, knight, member for Oxon, benchman of the Middle Temple: He is the learned knight mentioned Tat. No 43.

a courier to his master with a letter, giving an account of their approach, which concluded with the following words: 'The day begins to break, and, your majesty's army is already in order of battle. Before noon I hope to have the honour of congratulating your majesty on the success of a great action; and you shall be very well satisfied with the marshal Villars.'

Mrs. Distaff hath received the dialogue, dated Monday evening, which she has sent forward to Mr. Bickerstaff at Maidenhead: and in the mean time gives her service to the parties.

It is to be noted, that when any part of this paper appears dull, there is a design in it.

No. 39.] Saturday, July 9, 1709.

Onicquid agunt homines ———
———nostris est farrago libelli. *Juv. Sat. l. 85, 86.*

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQ.

Grecian Coffee-house, July 7.

As I am called forth by the immense love I bear to my fellow-creatures, and the warm inclination I feel within me, to stem, as far as I can, the prevailing torrent of vice and ignorance; so I cannot more properly pursue that noble impulse than by setting forth the excellence of virtue and knowledge in their native and beautiful colours. For this reason, I made my late excursion to Oxford, where those qualities appear in their highest lustre, and are the only pretences to honour and distinction. Superiority is there given in proportion to men's advancement in wisdom and learning; and that just rule of life is so universally received among those happy people, that you shall see an earl walk bare-headed to the son of the meanest artificer, in respect to seven years more worth and knowledge than the nobleman is possessed of. In other places they bow to men's fortunes, but here to their understandings. It is not to be expressed, how pleasing the order,

only is human life! Here only the life of man is that of a rational being! Here men understand and are employed in works worthy their noble nature. This transitory being passes away in an employment not unworthy a future state, the contemplation of the great decrees of Providence. Each man lives as if he were to answer the questions made to Job, 'Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? Who shut up the sea with doors, and said, 'Hitherto thou shalt come, and no farther?' Such speculations make life agreeable, and death welcome.

But, alas! I was torn from this noble society by the business of this dirty mean world, and the cares of fortune: for I was obliged to be in London against the seventh day of the term, and accordingly governed myself by my Oxford almanack,* and came last night; but find, to my great astonishment, that this ignorant town began the term on the twenty-fourth of the last month, in opposition to all the learning and astronomy of the famous University of which I have been speaking; according to which the term certainly was to commence on the first instant. You may be sure a man, who has turned his studies as I have, could not be mistaken in point of time; for knowing I was to come to town in term, I examined the passing moments very narrowly, and called an eminent astronomer to my assistance. Upon very strict observation we found, that the cold has been so severe this last winter (which is allowed to have a benumbing quality) that it retarded the earth in moving round, from Christmas to this season, full seven days and two seconds. My learned friend assured me further, that the earth had lately received a shogg from a comet that crossed its vortex, which, if it had come ten degrees nearer to us had made us lose this whole term. I was indeed once of opinion that the Gregorian computation was the most regular, as being eleven days before the Julian; but am now fully convinced, that we ought to be seven days after the chancellor and judges, and eighteen before the pope of Rome; and that the Oxonian com-

so far lose his measure, as to think a minute an hour; or in joy make an hour a minute. Let us examine the present case by this rule, and we shall find, that the cause of this general mistake in the British nation, has been the great success of the last campaign, and the following hopes of peace. Stocks ran so high at the Exchange, that the citizens had gained three days of the courtiers; and we have indeed been so happy all this reign, that if the University did not rectify our mistakes, we should think ourselves but in the second year of her present majesty. It would be endless to enumerate the many damages that have happened by this ignorance of the vulgar. All the recognisances within the diocese of Oxford have been forfeited, for not appearing on the first day of this fictitious term. The University has been nonsuited in their action against the booksellers for printing Clarendon in quarto. Indeed, what gives me the most quick concern, is the case of a poor gentleman, my friend, who was the other day taken in execution by a set of ignorant bailiffs. He should, it seems, have pleaded in the first week of term; but being a master of Arts of Oxford, he would not recede from the Oxonian computation. He showed Mr. Broad the almanack, and the very day when the term began; but the merciless, ignorant fellow, against all sense and learning, would hurry him away. He went, indeed, quietly enough; but he has taken exact notes of the time of arrest, and sufficient witnesses of his being carried into goal; and has, by advice of the recorder of Oxford, brought his action; and we doubt not but we shall pay them off with damages, and blemish the reputation of Mr. Broad. We have one convincing proof, which all that frequent the courts of justice are witnesses of: the dog that comes constantly to Westminster on the first day of the term, did not appear until the first day according to the Oxford almanack; whose instinct I take to be a better guide than men's erroneous opinions, which are usually biased by interest. I judge in this case, as king Charles the Second victualled his navy

From my own Apartment July 7.

The subject of duels has, I find, been started with so good success, that it has been the frequent subject of conversation among polite men; and a dialogue of that kind has been transmitted to me verbatim as follows. The persons concerned in it are men of honour and experience in the manners of men, and have fallen upon the truest foundation, as well as searched the bottom of this evil.

Mr. Sage. If it were in my power every man, that drew his sword, unless in the service, or purely to defend his life, person, or goods, from violence (I mean abstracted from all punctoes or whims of honour) should ride the wooden horse in the Tilt-yard for such first offence; for the second, stand in the pillory; and for the third, be prisoner in Bedlam for life.

Col. Plume. I remember that a rencounter or duel was so far from being in fashion among the officers that served in the parliament-army, that on the contrary it was as disreputable, and as great an impediment to advancement in the service, as being bashful in time of action.

Sir Mark. Yet I have been informed by some old cavaliers, of famous reputation for brave and gallant men, that they were much more in mode among their party than they have been during this last war.

Col. Plume. That is true too, sir.

Mr. Sage. By what you say, gentlemen, one should think that our present military officers are compounded of an equal proportion of both those tempers; since duels are neither quite discountenanced, nor much in vogue.

Sir Mark. That difference of temper in regard to duels, which appears to have between the court and the parliament-men of the sword, was not (I conceive) for want of courage in the latter, nor of a liberal education, because there were some of the best families in England engaged in that party; but gallantry and mode, which glitter agreeably to the imagination, were encouraged by the court, as promoting its splendour; and it was as natural that the

Mr. Sage. And yet the only sort of duel that one can conceive to have been fought upon motives truly honourable and allowable, was that between the Horatii and Curiatii.

Sir Mark. Colonel Plume, pray what was the method of single combat in your time among the cavaliers? I suppose, that as the use of clothes continues, though the fashion of them has been mutable; so duels, though still in use, have had in all times their particular modes of performance.

Col. Plume. We had no constant rule, but generally conducted our dispute and tilt according to the last that had happened between persons of reputation among the very top fellows for bravery and gallantry.

Sir Mark. If the fashion of quarrelling and tilting was so often changed in your time, colonel Plume, a man might fight, yet lose his credit for want of understanding the fashion.

Col. Plume. Why, sir Mark, in the beginning of July a man would have been censured for want of courage, or been thought indigent of the true notions of honour, if he had put up words, which, in the end of September following, one could not resent without passing for a brutal and quarrelsome fellow.

Sir Mark. But, colonel, were duels or rencounters most in fashion in those days?

Col. Plume. Your men of nice honour, sir, were for avoiding all censure of advantage which they supposed might be taken in a rencounter; therefore they used seconds, who were to see that all was upon the square, and make a faithful report of the whole combat; but in a little time it became a fashion for the seconds to fight; and I will tell you how it happened.

Mr. Sage. Pray do, colonel Plume, and the method of a duel at that time, and give us some notion of the punctoes upon which your nice men quarrelled in those days.

Col. Plume. I was going to tell you, Mr. Sage, that one cornet Modish had desired his friend captain Smart's opinion in some affair, but did not follow it; upon which captain

pretty long, and the principals acting on both sides upon the defensive, and the morning being frosty, major Adroit desired that the other second, who was also a very topping fellow, would try a thrust or two, only to keep them warm, until the principals had decided the matter, which was agreed to by Modish's second, who presently whipt Adroit though the body, disarmed him, and then parted the principals, who had received no harm at all.

Mr. Sage. But was not Adroit laughed at?

Col. Plume. On the contrary, the very topping fellows were ever after of opinion, that no man, who deserved that character, could serve as a second, without fighting; and the Smarts and Modishes finding their account in it, the humour took without opposition.

Mr. Sage. Pray, colonel, how long did that fashion continue?

Col. Plume. Not long neither, Mr. Sage; for as soon as it became a fashion, the very topping fellows thought their honour reflected upon, if they did not proffer themselves as seconds when any of their friends had a quarrel, so that sometimes there were a dozen of a side.

Sir Mark. Bless me! if that custom had continued, we should have been at a loss now for our very pretty fellows; for they seem to be the proper men to officer, animate, and keep up an army. But, pray, sir, how did that sociable manner of tilting grow out of mode?

Col. Plume. Why, sir, I will tell you: it was a law among the combatants, that the party which happened to have the first man disarmed or killed, should yield as vanquished; which some people thought might encourage the Modishes and Smarts in quarrelling to the destruction of only the very topping fellows; and as soon as this reflection was started, the very topping fellows thought it an incumbrance upon their honour to fight at all themselves. Since that time the Modishes and the Smarts, throughout all Europe, have extolled the French king's edict.

Sir Mark. Our very pretty fellows, whom

man will be sure to hit his man at twenty yard's distance; and a man whose hand shakes (which is common to men that debauch in pleasures, or have not used pistols out of their holsters) will not venture to fire, unless he touches the person he shoots at. Now, sir, I am of opinion, that one can get no honour in killing a man, if one has it all *rug*, as the gamesters say, when they have a trick to make the game secure, though they seem to play upon the square.

Sir Mark. In truth, Mr. Sage, I think such a fact must be murder in a man's own private conscience, whatever it may appear to the world.

Col. Plume. I have known some men so nice, that they would not fight but upon a cloak with pistols.

Mr. Sage. I believe a custom well established would outdo the grand monarch's edict.

Sir Mark. And bullies would then leave off their long swords. But I do not find that a very pretty fellow can stay to change his sword when he is insulted by a bully with a long *diage*; though his own at the same time be no longer than a pen-knife; which will certainly be the case if such little swords are in mode. Pray, colonel, how was it between the hectors of your time, and the very topping fellows?

Col. Plume. Sir, long swords happened to be generally worn in those times.

Mr. Sage. In answer to what you were saying, sir Mark, give me leave to inform you, that your knights-errant (who were the very pretty fellows of those ancient times) thought they could not honourably yield, though they had fought their own trusty weapons to the stumps; but would venture as boldly with the page's leaden sword, as if it had been of enchanted metal. Whence I conceive, there must be a spice of romantic gallantry in the composition of that very pretty fellow.

Sir Mark. I am of opinion, Mr. Sage, that fashion governs a very pretty fellow; nature or common sense, your ordinary persons, and sometimes men of fine parts.

Mr. Sage. But what is the reason, that men of the most excellent sense and morals, in other points, associate their understandings with the very pretty fellows in that chimera of a duel?

Sir Mark. There is no disputing against so great a majority.

Mr. Sage. But there is one scruple, colonel Plume, and I have done. Do not you believe there may be some advantage even upon a cloak with pistols, which a man of nice honour would scruple to take?

Col. Plume. Faith, I cannot tell, sir; but since one may reasonably suppose that, in such a case, there can be but one so far in the wrong as to occasion matters to come to that extremity, I think the chance of being killed should fall but on one; whereas, by their close and

desperate manner of fighting, it may very probably happen to both.

Sir Mark. Why, gentlemen, if they are men of such nice honour, and must fight, there will be no fear of foul play, if they threw up cross or pile who should be shot.

No. 40.] Tuesday July 12, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines —
— nostri est farrago libelli. Juv. Sat. l. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

Will's Coffee-house, July 11.

LETTERS from the city of London give an account of a very great consternation that place is in at present, by reason of a late enquiry made at Guildhall whether a noble person has parts enough to deserve the enjoyment of the great estate of which he is possessed? The city is apprehensive, that this precedent may go farther than was at first imagined. The person against whom this inquisition is set up by his relations, is a peer of a neighbouring kingdom, and has in his youth made some few bulls, by which it is insinuated, that he has forfeited his goods and chattels. This is the more astonishing, in that there are many persons in the said city who are still more guilty than his lordship, and who, though they are idiots, do not only possess, but have also themselves acquired great estates, contrary to the known laws of this realm, which vests their possessions in the crown.

There is a gentleman in the coffee-house at this time exhibiting a bill in chancery against his father's younger brother, who by some strange magic has arrived at the value of half a plumb, as the citizens call a hundred thousand pounds; and in all the time of growing up to that wealth, was never known in any of his ordinary words or actions to discover any proof of reason. Upon this foundation my friend has set forth, that he is illegally master of his coffers, and has writ two epigrams to signify his own pretensions and sufficiency for spending that estate. He has inserted in his plea some things which I fear will give offence; for he pretends to argue, that though a man has a little of the knave mixed with the fool, he is nevertheless liable to the loss of goods; and makes the abuse of reason as just an avoidance of an estate as the total absence of it. This is what can never pass; but witty men are so full of themselves, that there is no persuading them; and my friend will not be convinced, but that upon quoting Solomon, who always used the word fool as a term of the

same signification with unjust, and makes all deviation from goodness and virtue to come under the notion of folly; I say, he doubts not, but by the force of this authority, let his idiot uncle appear never so great a knave, he shall prove him a fool at the same time.

This affair led the company here into an examination of these points; and none coming here but wits, what was asserted by a young lawyer, that a lunatic is in the care of the chancery, but a fool in that of the crown, was received with general indignation. 'Why that?' says old Renault. 'Why that? Why must a fool be a courtier more than a madman? This is the iniquity of this dull age. I remember the time when it went on the mad-side; all your top-wits were scourers, rakes, roasters, and demolishers of windows. I knew a mad lord, who was drunk five years together, and was the envy of that age, who is faintly imitated by the dull pretenders to vice and madness in this. Had he lived to this day, there had not been a fool in fashion in the whole kingdom.' When Renault had done speaking, a very worthy man assumed the discourse: 'This is,' said he, 'Mr. Bickerstaff, a proper argument for you to treat of in your article from this place; and if you would send your Pacolet into all our brains, you would find, that a little fibre or valve, scarce discernable, makes the distinction between a politician and an idiot. We should, therefore, throw a veil upon those unhappy instances of human nature, who seem to breathe without the direction of reason and understanding, as we should avert our eyes with abhorrence from such as live in perpetual abuse and contradiction to these noble faculties. Shall this unfortunate man be divested of his estate, because he is tractable and indolent, runs in no man's debt, invades no man's bed, nor spends the estate he owes his children and his character; when one who shows no sense above him, but in such practices, shall be esteemed in his senses, and possibly may pretend to the guardianship of him who is no ways his inferior, but in being less wicked? We see old age brings us indifferently into the same impotence of soul, wherein nature has placed this lord.'

There is something very fantastical in the distribution of civil power and capacity among men. The law certainly gives these persons into the ward and care of the crown, because that is best able to protect them from injuries,

somewhere made a distinction between a madman and a fool: a fool is he that from right principles makes a wrong conclusion; but a madman is one who draws a just inference from false principles. Thus the fool who cut off the fellow's head that lay asleep, and hid it, and then waited to see what he would say when he awaked, and missed his head-piece, was in the right in the first thought, that a man would be surprised to find such an alteration in things since he fell asleep; but he was a little mistaken to imagine he could awake at all after his head was cut off. A madman fancies himself a prince; but, upon his mistake, he acts suitably to that character; and though he is out in supposing he has principalities, while he drinks gruel, and lies in straw, yet you shall see him keep the port of a distressed monarch in all his words and actions. These two persons are equally taken into custody: but what must be done to half this good company, who every hour of their life are knowingly and wittingly both fools and madmen, and yet have capacities both of forming principles and drawing conclusions, with the full use of reason?

From my own Apartment, July 11.

This evening some ladies came to visit my sister Jenny; and the discourse, after very many frivolous and public matters, turned upon the main point among the women, the passion of love. Sappho, who always leads on this occasion, began to show her reading, and told us, that sir John Suckling and Milton had, upon a parallel occasion, said the tenderest things she ever read. 'The circumstance,' said she, 'is such as gives us a notion of that protecting part, which is the duty of men in their honourable designs upon, or possession of women. In Suckling's tragedy of Brennoralt he makes the lover steal into his mistress's bed-chamber, and draw the curtains; then, when his heart is full of her charms, as she lies sleeping, instead of being carried away by the violence of his desires into thoughts of a warmer nature, sleep, which is the image of death, gives this generous lover reflections of a different kind, which regard rather her safety than his own passion. For, beholding her as she lies sleeping, he utters these words:

'So misers took upon their gold,
Which, while they joy to see, they fear to lose:
The pleasure of the sight scarce equalling

plation of her beauty, he describes the utmost tenderness and guardian affection in one word:

'Adam with looks of cordial love,
Hung over her enraptured.'

'This is that sort of passion which truly deserves the name of love, and has something more generous than friendship itself; for it has a constant care of the object beloved, abstracted from its own interests in the possession of it.'

Sappho was proceeding on the subject, when my sister produced a letter sent to her in the time of my absence, in celebration of the marriage state, which is the condition wherein only this sort of passion reigns in full authority. The epistle is as follows:

'DEAR MADAM,

'Your brother being absent, I dare take the liberty of writing to you my thoughts of that state, which our whole sex either is, or desires to be in. You will easily guess I mean matrimony, which I hear so much decried, that it was with no small labour I maintained my ground against two opponents; but as your brother observed of Socrates, I drew them into my conclusion, from their own concessions; thus:

'In marriage are two happy things allow'd,
A wife in wedding-sheets, and in a shroud.
How can a marriage state then be accus'd,
Since the last day's as happy as the first?

'If you think they were too easily confuted, you may conclude them not of the first sense, by their talking against marriage. Yours,

'MARIANA.'

I observed Sappho began to redden at this epistle; and turning to a lady, who was playing with a dog she was so fond of as to carry him abroad with her; 'Nay,' says she, 'I cannot blame the men if they have mean ideas of our souls and affections, and wonder so many are brought to take us for companions for life, when they see our endearments so triflingly placed: for, to my knowledge, Mr. Truman would give half his estate for half the affection you have shown to that Shock: nor do I believe you would be ashamed to confess, that I saw you cry, when he had the colic last week with lapping sour milk. What more could you

No. 41.] Thursday, July 14, 1709.

— Celebrare domestica facta.
To celebrate domestic deeds.

N.

White's Chocolate-house, July 12.

THERE is no one thing more to be lamented in our nation, than their general affectation of every thing that is foreign: nay, we carry it so far, that we are more anxious for our own countrymen when they have crossed the seas, than when we see them in the same dangerous condition before our eyes at home: else how is it possible, that on the twenty-ninth of the last month, there should have been a battle fought in our very streets of London, and nobody at this end of the town have heard of it? I protest, I, who make it my business to enquire after adventures, should never have known this had not the following account been sent me inclosed in a letter. This, it seems, is the way of giving out orders in the Artillery-company; and they prepare for a day of action with so little concern, as only to call it, 'An exercise of arms.'

'An Exercise at Arms of the Artillery-company, to be performed on Wednesday, June the twenty-ninth, 1709, under the command of Sir Joseph Wolfe, Knight and Alderman, General; Charles Hopson, Esquire, present Sheriff, Lieutenant-general; Captain Richard Syngé, Major; Major John Shorey, Captain of Grenadiers Captain William Grayhurst, Captain John Butler, Captain Robert Carellis, Captains.

'The body marched from the Artillery-ground, through Moorgate, Coleman-street, Lothbury, Broad-street, Finch-lane, Cornhill, Cheapside, St. Martin's, St. Anne's-lane, halt the pikes under the wall in Noble-street, draw up the firelocks facing the Goldsmiths-hall, make ready and face to the left, and fire, and so ditto three times. Beat to arms, and march round the hall, as up Lad-lane, Gutter-lane, Honey-lane, and so wheel to the right, and make your salute to my lord, and so down St. Anne's-lane, up Aldersgate-street, Barbican, and draw up in Red-cross-street, the right of St. Paul's-alley in the rear. March off lieutenant-general with half the body up Beech-lane: he sends a subdivision on King's-head-court and takes post

those of the revolvers out of the market, and so all the lieutenant-general's body retreats into Chiswell-street, and lodges two divisions in Grub-street; and as the general marches on, they fall on his flank, but soon made to give way: but having a retreating place in Red-lion-court, but could not hold it, being put to flight through Paul's-alley, and pursued by the general's grenadiers, while he marches up and attacks their main body, but are opposed again by a party of men as lay in Black-raven-court; but they are forced also to retire soon in the utmost confusion, and at the same time those brave divisions in Paul's-alley ply their rear with grenades, that with precipitation they take to the route along Bunhill-row: so the general marches into the Artillery-ground, and being drawn up, finds the revolting party to have found entrance, and makes a show as if for a battle, and both armies soon engage in form, and fire by platoons.'

Much might be said for the improvement of this system; which, for its style and invention, may instruct generals and their historians, both in fighting a battle, and describing it when it is over. These elegant expressions, 'ditto—and so—but soon—but having—but could not—but are—but they—finds the party to have found,' &c. do certainly give great life and spirit to the relation.

Indeed, I am extremely concerned for the lieutenant-general, who, by his overthrow and defeat, is made a deplorable instance of the fortune of war, and vicissitudes of human affairs. He, alas! has lost, in Beech-lane and Chiswell-street, all the glory he lately gained in and about Holborn and St Giles's. The art of subdividing first, and dividing afterwards, is new and surprising; and, according to this method, the troops are disposed in King's-head-court and Red-lion-market: nor is the conduct of these leaders less conspicuous in their choice of the ground or field of battle. Happy was it, that the greatest part of the achievements of this day, was to be performed near Grub-street, that there might not be wanting a sufficient number of faithful historians, who, being eyewitnesses of these wonders, should impartially transmit them to posterity! But then it can never be enough regretted, that we are left in the dark as to the name and title of that extraordinary hero, who commanded the divisions in Paul's-alley; especially because those divisions are justly styled brave, and accord-

Yet all those dreadful deeds, this doubtful fray,
A cast of scatter'd dust will soon allay. *Dryden.*

Will's Coffee-house, July 13.

Some part of the company keep up the old way of conversation in this place, which usually turned upon the examination of nature, and an enquiry into the manners of men. There is one in the room so very judicious, that he manages impertinents with the utmost dexterity. It was diverting this evening to hear a discourse between him and one of these gentlemen. He told me, before that person joined us, that he was a questioner, who, according to his description, is one who asks questions, not with a design to receive information, but an affection to show his uneasiness for want of it. He went on in asserting, that there are crowds of that modest ambition, as to aim no farther than to demonstrate that they are in doubt. By this time Will Whynot was sat down by us. 'So, gentlemen,' says he, 'in how many days, think you, shall we be masters of Tournay? Is the account of the action of the Vivarois to be depended upon? Could you have imagined England had so much money in it as you see it has produced? Pray, sirs, what do you think? Will the duke of Savoy make an irruption into France? But,' says he, 'time will clear all these mysteries.' His answer to himself gave me the altitude of his head, and to all his questions, I thus answered very satisfactorily. '—Sir, have you heard that this Slaughterford * never owned the fact for which he died? Have the newspapers mentioned that matter? But, pray, can you tell me what method will be taken to provide for these Palatines? But this, as you say, time will clear.' 'Ay, ay,' says he, and whispers me, 'they will never let us into these things beforehand.' I whispered him again, 'We shall know it as soon as there is a proclamation.'—He tells me in the other ear, 'You are in the right of it.' Then he whispered my friend to know what my name was; and made an obliging bow, and went to examine another table. This led my friend and me to weigh this wandering manner in many other incidents, and he took out of his pocket, several little notes or tickets to solicit for votes to employments: as, Mr. John Taplash having served all offices, and being reduced to great poverty, desires your vote for singing-clerk of this parish.' Another has had ten children, all whom his wife has suckled herself: therefore humbly desires to be

who has lately set up for midwifery, and to help child-birth, for no other reason, but that he is himself the 'Unborn Doctor.' The way is, to hit upon something that puts the vulgar upon the stare, or touches their compassion, which is often the weakest part about us. I

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—~~body~~ who has taken her daughter old dancing-master to place her, for no other reason but a man has broke his leg, which at he can never dance more.

My own Apartment, July 13.

A frequent mortification to me to see, wherein people tell me, without any know I meant them in such and such a way; so that very accusation is an advantage; that there are such beings in human life, under our description, and that our discourse is not altogether fantastical and groundless. But in this case I am treated as I saw as the other day, who gave out pocky every plain fellow took it that passed by, and went on his way without further notice: and at last came one with his nose a little abridged; who knocks the lad down, with a 'Why, you son of a w—e, do you think I am p—d?' But Shakspeare has made the best apology for this way of talking against the public errors: he makes Jacques, in the play called 'As you like it,' express himself thus:

'Why, who cries out on side,
That can therein tax any private party?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, the city woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shonklers?
Who can come in and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or, what is he of basest function,
That says his bravery is not on my cost?
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech.
'There then! How then! Then let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: If it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself: If he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild goose flies,
Uncertain'd of any man.'

No. 42.] Saturday, July 16, 1709.

—Celebrate domestica facta.

To celebrate domestic deeds.

N.

From my own Apartment, July 15.

and pun, which was the wit of those times, that it is scarce intelligible; but I thought the design was well enough in the following sketch of an old gentleman's poetry: for in this case, where two are rivals for the same thing, and propose to obtain it by presents, he that attempts the judge's honesty, by making him offers of reward, ought not to complain when he loses his cause by a better bidder. The good old doggel runs thus:

'A poor man once a Judge besought,
To judge aright his cause,
And with a pot of oil salutes
This lodger of the laws.

"My friend," quoth he, "thy cause is good:"
He glad away did trudge:
Upon his wealthy foe did come
Before this partial Judge.

A hog well fed this chair presents,
And craves a strain of law:—
The hog receiv'd,—the poor man's right
Was judg'd not worth a straw.

Therewith he cry'd, "O! partial Judge,
Thy doom has me undone;
When all I gave, my cause was good,
But now to ruin run."

"Poor man," quoth he, "I thee forget,
And see thy cause of foil;
A hog came since into my house,
And broke thy pot of oil."

Will's Coffee-house, July 15.

The discourse happened this evening to fall upon characters drawn in plays; and a gentleman remarked, that there was no method in the world of knowing the taste of an age, or period of time, so good, as by the observations of the persons represented in their comedies. There were several instances produced, as Ben Jonson's bringing in a fellow smoking, as a piece of foppery; 'but,' said the gentleman who entertained us on this subject, 'this matter is no where so observable as in the difference of the characters of women on the stage in the last age and in this. It is not to be supposed that it was a poverty of genius in Shakspeare that his women made so small a figure in his dialogues; but it certainly is, that he drew women as they then were in life: for that sex had not in those days that freedom in conversation; and their characters were only, that they were mothers, sisters, daughters, and wives. There were not then among the ladies, shining wits, politicians, virtuoes, free-thinkers, and dissenters; nor were there any then hardly

* 'But these ancients would be as much astonished to see in the same age so illustrious a pattern to all who love things praise-worthy as the divine Aspasia.* Methinks I now see her walking in her garden like our first parent, with unaffected charms, before beauty had spectators, and bearing celestial conscious virtue in her aspect. Her countenance is the lively picture of her mind, which is the seat of honour, truth, compassion, knowledge, and innocence.

'There dwells the scorn of vice, and pity too.'

'In the midst of the most ample fortune, and veneration of all that behold and know her, without the least affectation, she consults retirement, the contemplation of her own being, and that supreme Power, which bestowed it. Without the learning of schools, or knowledge of a long course of arguments, she goes on in a steady course of uninterrupted piety and virtue, and adds to the severity and privacy of the last age, all the freedom and ease of this. The language and mien of a court she is possessed of in the highest degree; but the simplicity and humble thoughts of a cottage are her more welcome entertainments. Aspasia is a female philosopher, who does not only live up to the resignation of the most retired lives of the ancient sages, but also to the schemes and plans which they thought beautiful, though inimitable. This lady is the most exact economist, without appearing busy; the most strictly virtuous, without tasting the praise of it; and shuns applause with as much industry as others do reproach. This character is so particular, that it will very easily be fixed on her only, by all that know her; but I dare say, she will be the last that finds it out.

'But, alas! if we have one or two such ladies, how many dozens are there like the restless Poliglossa, who is acquainted with all the world but herself; who has the appearance of all, and possession of no one virtue: she has, indeed, in her practice, the absence of vice, but her discourse is the continual history of it; and it is apparent, when she speaks of the criminal gratifications of others, that her innocence is only a restraint, with a certain mixture of envy. She is so perfectly opposite to the character of Aspasia, that as vice is terrible to her only as it is the object of reproach, so virtue is agreeable only as it is attended with applause.'

St. James's Coffee-house, July 15.

hopes that the town will allow me the liberty which my brother news-writers take, in giving them what may be for their information in another kind, and indulge me in doing an act of friendship, by publishing the following account of goods and moveables.

This is to give notice, that a magnificent palace with great variety of gardens, statues, and water-works, may be bought cheap in Drury-lane, where there are likewise several castles to be disposed of, very delightfully situated; as also groves, woods, forests, fountains, and country seats, with very pleasant prospects on all sides of them; being the moveables of Christopher Rich,* esquire, who is breaking up house-keeping, and has many curious pieces of furniture to dispose of, which may be seen between the hours of six and ten in the evening.

THE INVENTORY.

Spirits of right Nantz brandy, for lambent flames and apparitions.

Three bottles and a half of lightning.

One shower of snow in the whitest French paper.

Two showers of a browner sort.

A sea consisting of a dozen large waves; the tenth† bigger than ordinary, and a little damaged.

A dozen and half of clouds, trimmed with black, and well-conditioned.

✓ A rainbow, a little faded.

✓ A set of clouds after the French mode, streaked with lightning, and furbelowed.

✓ A new moon, something decayed.

A pint of the finest Spanish wash, being all that is left of two hogsheds sent over last winter.

A coach very finely gilt and little used, with a pair of dragons, to be sold cheap.

A setting-sun, a penny-worth.

An imperial mantle, made for Cyrus the great, and worn by Julius Cæsar, Bajazet, king Harry the Eighth, and signor Valentini.

A basket hilted sword, very convenient to carry milk in.

Roxana's night-gown.

Othello's handkerchief.

The imperial robes of Xerxes, never worn but once.

A wild boar killed by Mrs. Tofts and Dioclesian.

A serpent to sting Cleopatra.

A mustard-bowl to make thunder with.

Another of a bigger sort, by Mr. D—s's†

Six elbow chairs, very expert in country-dances, with six flower-pots for their partners. The whiskers of a Turkish bassa.

The complexion of a murderer in a band-box: consisting of a large piece of burnt cork, and a coal-black peruke.

A suit of cloaths for a ghost, viz. a bloody shirt, a doublet curiously pinked, and a coat with three great eyelet-holes upon the breast.

A bale of red Spanish wool.

Modern plots, commonly known by the name of trap-doors, ladders of ropes, vizard-masques, and tables with broad carpets over them.

Three oak-cudgels, with one of crab-tree; all bought for the use of Mr. Pinkethman.

Materials for dancing; as masques, castanets, and a ladder of ten rounds.

Aurengzebe's scymitar, made by Will. Brown in Piccadilly.

A plume of feathers, never used but by Oedipus and the earl of Essex.

There are also swords, halberds, sheep-hooks, cardinals' hats, turbans, drums, gallipots, a gibbet, a cradle, a rack, a cart-wheel, an altar, a helmet, a back-piece, a breast-plate, a bell, a tub, and a jointed-baby.

These are the hard shifts we intelligencers are forced to; therefore our readers ought to excuse us, if a westerly wind blowing for a fortnight together, generally fills every paper with an order of battle; when we show our martial skill in every line, and according to the space we have to fill, we range our men in squadrons and battalions, or draw out company by company, and troop by troop; ever observing that no muster is to be made but when the wind is in a cross-point, which often happens at the end of a campaign, when half the men are deserted or killed. The Courant is sometimes ten deep, his ranks close: the Post-boy is generally in files, for greater exactness; and the Postman comes down upon you rather after the Turkish way, sword in hand, pell-mell, without form or discipline; but sure to bring men enough into the field; and wherever they are raised, never to lose a battle for want of numbers.

No. 43.] Tuesday, July 19, 1709.

—Bene nemmatum decorat snodela, Vennaque.

this kind in the case of Mr. D'Ursey, who has dedicated his inimitable comedy, called 'The Modern Prophets,' to a worthy knight, to whom, it seems, he had before communicated his plan, which was, 'To ridicule the ridiculers of our established doctrine.' I have elsewhere celebrated the contrivance of this excellent drama; but was not, until I read the dedication, wholly let into the religious design of it. I am afraid, it has suffered, discontinuance at this gay end of the town, for no other reason but the piety of the purpose. There is, however, in this epistle, the true life of panegyric performance; and I do not doubt but if the patron would part with it, I can help him to others with good pretensions to it; viz. of 'uncommon understanding,' who will give him as much as he gave for it. I know perfectly well a noble person, whom these words (which are the body of the panegyric) would fit to a hair.

* Your easiness of humour, or rather your harmonious disposition, is so admirably mixed with your composure, that the rugged cares and disturbance that public affairs bring with it, which does so vexatiously affect the heads of other great men of business, &c. does scarce ever ruffle your unclouded brow so much as with a frown. And what above all is praiseworthy, you are so far from thinking yourself better than others, that a flourishing and opulent fortune, which, by a certain natural corruption in its quality, seldom fails to infect other possessors with pride, seems in this case as if only providentially disposed to enlarge your humility.

'But I find, sir, I am now got into a very large field, where, though I could with great ease raise a number of plants in relation to your merit of this laudatory nature; yet for fear of an author's general vice, and that the plain justice I have done you should, by my proceeding, and others' mistaken judgment, be imagined flattery, a thing the bluntness of my nature does not care to be concerned with, and which I also know you abominate.'

It is wonderful to see how many judges of these fine things spring up every day by the rise of stocks and other elegant methods of abridging the way to learning and criticism. But I do hereby forbid all dedications to any persons within the city of London; except sir Francis,† sir Stephen, and the Bank, will take any more and either as a reward received for

fellows of the Royal Society,* as well as to receive certain degrees of skill in the Latin and Greek tongues, according to the quantity of the commodities which they take off our hands.

Grecian Coffee-house, July 18.

The learned have so long laboured under the imputation of dryness and dullness in their accounts of the phenomena; that an ingenious gentleman of our society has resolved to write a system of philosophy in a more lively method, both as to the matter and language, than has been hitherto attempted. He read to us the plan upon which he intends to proceed. I thought his account, by way of fable of the worlds about us; had so much vivacity in it that I could not forbear transcribing his hypothesis, to give the reader a taste of my friend's treatise, which is now in the press.

'The inferior deities, having designed on a day to play a game at foot-ball, kneaded together a numberless collection of dancing atoms into the form of seven rolling globes: and, that nature might be kept from a dull inactivity, each separate particle is endued with a principle of motion, or a power of attraction; whereby all the several parcels of matter draw each other proportionably to their magnitudes and distances into such a remarkable variety of different forms, as to produce all the wonderful appearances we now observe in empire; philosophy, and religion. But to proceed:

'At the beginning of the game, each of the globes, being struck forward with a vast violence, ran out of sight, and wandered in a straight line through the infinite spaces. The nimble deities pursue, breathless almost, and spent in the eager chase; each of them caught hold of one, and stamped it with his name; as Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, and so of the rest. To prevent this inconvenience for the future, the seven are condemned to a precipitation; which in our inferior style we call gravity. Thus the tangential and centripetal forces; by their counter-struggle, make the celestial bodies describe an exact elipsis.

'There will be added to this an appendix, in defence of the first day of the term according to the Oxford almanack, by a learned knight of this realm, with an apology for the said knight's manner of dress; proving that his habit, according to this hypothesis; is the true modern and fashionable; and that buckles

according to the computation of some of our greatest divines; is to be the first year of the *millenium*; in which blessed age all habits will be reduced to a primitive simplicity; and whoever shall be found to have persevered in a constancy of dress, in spite of all the allurements of profane and heathen habits, shall be rewarded with a never-fading doublet of a thousand years. All points in the system, which are doubted, shall be attested by the knight's extemporary oath; for the satisfaction of his readers.'

Will's Coffee-house, July 18.

We were upon the heroic strain this evening; and the question was, 'What is the true sublime?' Many very good discourses happened thereupon; after which a gentleman at the table, who is, it seems, writing on that subject, assumed the argument; and though he ran through many instances of sublimity from the ancient writers, said; 'He had hardly known an occasion wherein the true greatness of soul, which animates a general in action, is so well represented, with regard to the person of whom it was spoken, and the time in which it was writ, as in a few lines in a modern poem. There is,' continued he, 'nothing so forced and constrained, as what we frequently meet with in tragedies; to make a man under the weight of great sorrow, or full of meditation upon what he is soon to execute, cast about for a simile to what he himself is, or the thing which he is going to act: but there is nothing more proper and natural for a poet, whose business it is to describe; and who is spectator of one in that circumstance, when his mind is working upon a great image; and that the ideas hurry upon his imagination—I say, there is nothing so natural, as for a poet to relieve and clear himself from the burden of thought at that time, by uttering his conception in simile and metaphor. The highest act of the mind of man is to possess itself with tranquillity in imminent danger; and to have its thoughts so free, as to act at that time without perplexity. The ancient authors have compared this sedate courage to a rock that remains immoveable amidst the rage of winds and waves; but that is too stupid and inanimate a similitude, and could do no credit to the hero. At other times they are all of them wonderfully obliged to a Lybian lion which

have on that of a modern reader. But the sublime image that I am talking of; and which I really think as great as ever entered into the thought of man; is in the poem called 'The Campaign';* where the simile of a ministering angel sets forth the most sedate and the most active courage; engaged in an uproar of nature, a confusion of elements, and a scene of divine vengeance. Add to all, that these lines comprehend the general and his queen at the same time; and have all the natural horrors heightened by the image that was still fresh in the mind of every reader:†

"'Twas then great Marlbro's mighty soul was prov'd,
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Exampl'd all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
To sitting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel, by divine command,
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform;
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm."‡

'The whole poem is so exquisitely noble and poetic, that I think it an honour to our nation and language.'

The gentleman concluded his critique on this work, by saying that 'he esteemed it wholly new, and a wonderful attempt to keep up the ordinary ideas of a march of an army, just as they happened, in so warm and great a style, and yet be at once familiar and heroic. Such a performance is a chronicle as well as a poem, and will preserve the memory of our hero; when all the edifices and statues erected to his honour are blended with common dust.'

No. 44.] Thursday, July 21, 1709.

— Nullus amor est medicabilis herba. Ovid.
No herb, alas! can cure the pangs of love.

White's Chocolate-house, July 19.

THIS day passing through Covent-garden, I was stopped in the piazza by Pácolet, to observe what he called the triumph of love and youth. I turned to the object he pointed at, and there I saw a gay gilt chariot, drawn by fresh prancing horses; the coachman with a new cockade and the lacqueys with insolence and plenty in their countenances. I asked immediately, 'What young heir or lover owned that glittering equipage?' But my companion interrupted: 'Do you not see there the mourning Æsculapius?‡ The mourning?' said I. 'Yes, Isaac,' said Pácolet, 'he is in deep mourn-

ing, and is the languishing, hopeless lover of the divine Hebe,* the emblem of youth and beauty. The excellent and learned sage you behold in that furniture is the strongest instance imaginable, that love is the most powerful of all things.

'You are not so ignorant as to be a stranger to the character of Æsculapius, as the patron and most successful of all who profess the art of medicine. But as most of his operations are owing to a natural sagacity or impulse, he has very little troubled himself with the doctrine of drugs, but has always given nature more room to help herself, than any of her learned assistants; and, consequently, has done greater wonders than is in the power of art to perform: for which reason he is half deified by the people; and has ever been justly courted by all the world, as if he were a seventh son.

'It happened, that the charming Hebe was reduced, by a long and violent fever, to the most extreme danger of death; and when all skill failed, they sent for Æsculapius. The renowned artist was touched with the deepest compassion to see the faded charms and faint bloom of Hebe; and had a generous concern in beholding a struggle, not between life, but rather between youth and death. All his skill and his passion tended to the recovery of Hebe, beautiful even in sickness; but, alas! the unhappy physician knew not that in all his care he was only sharpening darts for his own destruction. In a word, his fortune was the same with that of the statuary, who fell in love with the image of his own making; and the unfortunate Æsculapius is become the patient of her whom he lately recovered. Long before this disaster, Æsculapius was far gone in the unnecessary and superfluous amusements of old age, in increasing unwieldy stores, and providing, in the midst of an incapacity of enjoyment of what he had, for a supply of more wants than he had calls for in youth itself. But these low considerations are now no more, and love has taken place of avarice, or rather is become an avarice of another kind, which still urges him to pursue what he does not want. But, behold the metamorphosis; the anxious mean cares of a usurer are turned into the languishments and complaints of a lover. "Behold," says the aged Æsculapius, "I submit; I own, great love, thy empire; pity, Hebe, the sop which you have made. What have I to do with gilding but on pills? Yet, O fair! for thee I sit amidst a crowd of painted deities on my chariot, buttoned in gold, clasped in gold, without having any value for that beloved metal, but as it adorns the person, and laces the hat of thy dying lover. I ask not to live, O Hebe! give me but gentle death: *Eubœaria, Eubœaria*,† that is all I implore."

* By Addison; published in 1704.

† The author alludes here to the terrible tempests which happened in November, 1703, and made sad havoc in England, and in several other places of Europe.

‡ Psalm cxlviii. 2.

. This paper was written in ridicule of a love-affair which befell Dr. Radcliffe, who was at this time about sixty; he died November 1, 1714, aged sixty-four.

* The lady's real name was Miss Tempest.

† A Greek word that signifies 'easy death,' which was the common wish of the Emperor Augustus.

When *Æsculapius* had finished his complaint, *Pacolet* went on in deep morals on the uncertainty of riches, with this remarkable exclamation: 'O wealth! how impotent art thou! and how little dost thou supply us with real happiness, when the usurer himself can forget thee for the love of what is as foreign to his felicity as thou art!'

Will's Coffee-house, July 19.

The company here, who have all a delicate taste for theatrical representations, had made a gathering to purchase the moveables of the neighbouring playhouse, for the encouragement of one which is setting up in the Haymarket. But the proceedings at the auction, by which method the goods have been sold this evening, have been so unfair, that this generous design has been frustrated; for the imperial mantle made for *Cyrus* was missing, as also the chariot and two dragons: but, upon examination, it was found that a gentleman of Hampshire had clandestinely bought them both, and is gone down to his country seat; and that on Saturday last he passed through *Staines*, attired in that robe, and drawn by the said dragons, assisted by two only of his own horses. This theatrical traveller has also, left orders with *Mr. Hall** to send the faded rainbow to the scourer's, and when it comes home, to despatch it after him. At the same time, *Christopher Rich*, † esq. is invited to bring down his setting-sun himself, and be box-keeper to a theatre erected by this gentleman near *Southampton*. Thus, there has been nothing but artifice in the management of this affair; for which reason, I beg pardon of the town, that I inserted the inventory in my paper; and solemnly protest, I knew nothing of this artful design of vending these rarities: but I meant only the good of the world, in that, and all other things which I divulge.

And now I am upon this subject, I must do myself justice in relation to an article in a former paper, ‡ wherein I made mention of a person who keeps a puppet-show in the town of Bath; I was tender of naming names, and only just hinted, that he makes larger promises when he invites people to his dramatic representations, than he is able to perform: but I am credibly informed, that he makes a profane, lewd jester, whom he calls *Punch*, speak to

title to the appellation of *esquire*. I think I need not say much to convince all the world, that this *Mr. Powel*, for that is his name, is a pragmatical and vain person, to pretend to argue with me on any subject. *Mecum certasse feretur*; that is to say, It will be an honour to him to have it said he contended with me: but I would have him to know, that I can look beyond his wires, and know very well the whole trick of his art; and that it is only by these wires that the eye of the spectator is cheated, and hindered from seeing that there is a thread on one of *Punch's* chops, which draws it up, and lets it fall at the discretion of the said *Powel*, who stands behind and plays him, and makes him speak saucily of his betters. He! to pretend to make prologues against me!—But a man never behaves himself with decency in his own case; therefore, I shall command myself, and never trouble me further with this little fellow, who is himself but a tall puppet, and has not brains enough to make even wood speak as it ought to do: and I that have heard the *groaning board*, can despise all that his puppets shall be able to speak as long as they live. But, *Ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius*. 'Every log of wood will not make a Mercury.' He has pretended to write to me also from the Bath, and says, he thought to have deferred giving me an answer until he came to his books; but that my writings might do well with the waters: which are pert expressions, that become a school-boy better than one that is to teach others; and when I have said a civil thing to him, he cries, 'Oh! I thank you for that—I am your humble servant for that.' Ah! *Mr. Powel*, these smart civilities will never run down men of learning: I know well enough your design is to have all men *automata*, like your puppets; but the world is grown too wise, and can look through these thin devices. I know your design to make a reply to this; but be sure you stick close to my words; for if you bring me into discourses concerning the government of your puppets, I must tell you, 'I neither am, nor have been, nor will be, at leisure to answer you.' It is really a burning shame this man should be tolerated in abusing the world with such representations of things: but his parts decay, and he is not much more alive than *Partridge*.

that he began to fret, only inwardly ; but being unable to laugh and he laughed at, I took a place in the northern coach for him and his family ; and hope he is got to-night safe from all sneerers, in his own parlour.

St. James's Coffee-house, July 20.

This morning we received by express the agreeable news of the surrender of the town of Tournay on the twenty-eighth instant, N. S. The place was assaulted by the attacks of general Schuylemberg, and that of general Lotum, at the same time. The action at both those parts of the town was very obstinate, and the allies lost a considerable number in the beginning of the dispute ; but the fight was continued with so great bravery, that the enemy, observing our men to be masters of all the posts which were necessary for a general attack, beat the *chamade*, and hostages were received from the town, and others sent from the besiegers, in order to come to a formal capitulation for the surrender of the place. We have also this day received advice, that sir John Leake, who lies off Dunkirk, had intercepted several ships laden with corn from the Baltic ; and that the Dutch privateers had fallen in with others, and carried them into Holland. The French letters advise, that the young son to the duke of Anjou lived but eight days.

No. 45.] *Saturday, July 23, 1709.*

*Credo patibulum Saturno rege morantem
In terris—— Juss. Sat. vi. l.*

*In Saturn's reign, at nature's early birth,
There was that thing called chastity, on earth.
Dryden.*

White's Chocolate-house, July 22.

THE other day I took a walk a mile or two out of town, and strolling wherever chance led me, I was insensibly carried into a by-road, along which was a very agreeable quickset of an extraordinary height, which surrounded a very delicious seat and garden. From one angle of the hedge, I heard a voice cry, 'Sir, sir!'—This raised my curiosity, and I heard the same voice say, but in a gentle tone, 'Come forward, come forward !' I did so, and one through the hedge called me by my name, and bid me go on to the left, and I should be admitted to visit an old acquaintance in distress. The laws of knight-errantry made me obey the summons without hesitation ; and I was let in at the back gate of a lovely house by a maid-servant, who carried me from room to room until I came into a gallery ; at the end of which, I saw a fine lady dressed in the most sumptuous habit, as if she were going to a ball, but with the most abject and disconsolate sorrow in her face that I ever beheld. As I came near, she burst into tears, and cried, 'Sir, do not you

know the unhappy Teraminta ?' I soon recollected her whole person : 'But,' said I, 'madam, the simplicity of dress, in which I have ever seen you at your good father's house, and the cheerfulness of countenance with which you always appeared, are so unlike the fashion and temper you are now in, that I did not easily recover the memory of you. Your habit was then decent and modest, your looks serene and beautiful : whence then this unaccountable change ? Nothing can speak so deep a sorrow as your present aspect ; yet your dress is made for jollity and revelling !'—'It is,' said she, 'an unspeakable pleasure to meet with one I know, and to bewail myself to any that is not an utter stranger to humanity.

'When your friend my father died, he left me to a wide world with no defence against the insults of fortune ; but rather, a thousand snares to entrap me in the dangers to which youth and innocence are exposed, in an age wherein honour and virtue are become mere words, and used only as they serve to betray those who understand them in their native sense, and obey them as the guides and motives of their being. The wickedest of all men living, the abandoned Decius, who has no knowledge of any good art or purpose of human life, but as it tends to the satisfaction of his appetites, had opportunities of frequently seeing and entertaining me at a house where mixed company boarded, and where he placed himself for the base intention which he has since brought to pass. Decius saw enough in me to raise his brutal desires, and my circumstances gave him hopes of accomplishing them. But all the glittering expectations he could lay before me, joined by my private terrors of poverty itself, could not for some months prevail upon me ; yet, however, I hated his intention, I still had a secret satisfaction in his courtship, and always exposed myself to his solicitations. See here the bane of our sex ! Let the flattery be never so apparent, the flatterer never so ill thought of, his praises are still agreeable, and we contribute to our own deceit. I was, therefore, ever fond of all opportunities and pretences of being in his company. In a word, I was at last ruined by him, and brought to this place, where I have been ever since immured ; and from the fatal day after my fall from innocence, my worshipper became my master and my tyrant.

'Thus, you see me habited in the most gorgeous manner, not in honour of me as a woman he loves, but as this attire charms his own eye, and urges him to repeat the gratification he takes in me, as the servant of his brutish lusts and appetites. I know not where to fly for redress ; but am here pining away life in the solitude and severity of a nun, but the conscience and guilt of a harlot. I live in this lewd practice with a religious awe of my

minister of darkness, upbraided with the support I receive from him, for the inestimable possession of youth, of innocence, of honour, and of conscience. I see, sir, my discourse grows painful to you; all I beg of you is, to paint it in so strong colours, as to let Decius see I am discovered to be in his possession, that I may be turned out of this detestable scene of regular iniquity, and either think no more, or sin no more. If your writings have the good effect of gaining my enlargement, I promise you I will atone for this unhappy step, by preferring an innocent laborious poverty, to all the guilty affluence the world can offer me.

Will's Coffee-house, July 21.

To show that I do not bear an irreconcilable hatred to my mortal enemy, Mr. Powel, at Bath, I do his function^o the honour to publish to the world, that plays represented by puppets are permitted in our universities, and that sort of drama is not wholly thought unworthy the critique of learned heads; but, as I have been conversant rather with the greater ode, as I think the critics call it, I must be so humble as to make a request to Mr. Powel, and desire him to apply his thoughts to answering the difficulties with which my kinsman, the author of the following letter, seems to be embarrassed.

'To my honoured kinsman, Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire.

From Mother Gooden's at Hedlington,
'DEAR COUSIN, near Oxon, June 16.

'Had the family of the Beadlestaffs, whereof I, though unworthy, am one, known of your being lately at Oxon, we had in our own name, and in the university's, as it is our office, made you a compliment: but your short stay here robbed us of an opportunity of paying our due respects, and you of receiving an ingenious entertainment, with which we at present divert ourselves and strangers. A puppet-show at this time supplies the want of an act. And since the nymphs of this city are disappointed of a luscious music-speech, and the country ladies of hearing their sons or brothers speak

leaves the company without calling son of a whore, demanding satisfaction, and duelling, he must be owed a Smart Fellow, too. Yet, by some indecencies towards the ladies, he seems to be of a third character, distinct from any you have yet touched upon. A young gentleman who sat next me (for I had the curiosity of seeing this entertainment) in a tufted gown, red stockings, and long wig (which I pronounce to be tantamount to red heels, and a dangling cane) was enraged when Punchenello disturbed a soft love-scene with his ribaldry. You would oblige us mightily by laying down some rules for adjusting the extravagant behaviour of this Almanzor of the play, and by writing a treatise on this sort of dramatic poetry, so much favoured, and so little understood, by the learned world.

'From its being conveyed in a cart, after the Thespian manner, all the parts being recited by one person, as the custom was before Æschylus, and from the behaviour of Punch, as if he had won the goat, you may possibly deduce its antiquity, and settle the chronology, as well as some of our modern critics. In its natural transitions from mournful to merry; as from the hanging of a lover to dancing upon the rope; from the stalking of a ghost to a lady's presenting you with a jig, you may discover such a decorum, as is not to be found elsewhere than in our tragi-comedies. But I forget myself; it is not for me to dictate: I thought fit, dear cousin, to give you these hints, to show you that the Beadlestaffs do not walk before men of letters to no purpose; and that though we do but hold up the train of arts and sciences, yet, like other pages, we are now and then let into our ladies' secrets. I am your affectionate kinsman,

'BENJAMIN BEADLESTAFF.'

From my own Apartment, July 22.

I am got hither safe, but never spent time with so little satisfaction as this evening; for you must know, I was five hours with three merry, and two honest, fellows. The former sang catches; and the latter even died with laughing at the noise they made. 'Well,' says

upon which he got the laugh out of my hands ; and it was such a twang on my shoulders, that I confess he was much merrier than I. I was half angry ; but resolved to keep up the good humour of the company ; and after hollowing as loud as I could possibly, I drank off a bumper of claret, that made me stare again. 'Nay,' says one of the honest fellows, 'Mr. Isaac is in the right, there is no conversation in this ; what signifies jumping, or hitting one another on the back ? let us drink about.' We did so from seven of the clock until eleven ; and now I am come hither, and, after the manner of the wise Pythagoras, begin to reflect upon the passages of the day. I remember nothing but that I am bruised to death ; and as it is my way to write down all the good things I have heard in the last conversation, to furnish my paper, I can from this only tell you my sufferings and my bangs.

I named Pythagoras just now ; and I protest to you, as he believed men after death entered into other species, I am now and then tempted to think other animals enter into men, and could name several on two legs, that never discover any sentiments above what is common with the species of a lower kind ; as we see in these bodily wits with whom I was to night, whose parts consist in strength and activity ; but their boisterous mirth gives me great impatience for the return of such happiness as I enjoyed in a conversation last week. Among others in that company we had Florio, who never interrupted any man living when he was speaking ; or ever ceased to speak, but others lamented that he had done. His discourse ever arises from the fulness of the matter before him, and not from ostentation or triumph of his understanding ; for though he seldom delivers what he need fear being repeated, he speaks without having that end in view ; and his forbearance of calumny or bitterness is owing rather to his good-nature than his discretion ; for which reason he is esteemed a gentleman perfectly qualified for conversation, in whom a general good-will to mankind takes off the necessity of caution and circumspection.

We had at the same time that evening the best sort of companion that can be, a good-natured old man. This person, in the company of young men, meets with veneration for his benevolence ; and is not only valued for the good qualities of which he is master, but reaps an acceptance from the pardon he gives to other men's faults : and the ingenious sort of men with whom he converses, have so just a regard for him, that he rather is an example, than a check, to their behaviour. For this reason, as Senecio never pretends to be a man of pleasure before youth, so young men never set up for wisdom before Senecio ; so that you never meet, where he is, those monsters of conversation, who are grave or gay above all

years. He never converses but with followers of nature and good sense, where all that is uttered is only the effect of a communicable temper, and not of emulation to excel their companions ; all desire of superiority being a contradiction to that spirit which makes a just conversation, the very essence of which is mutual good-will. Hence it is, that I take it for a rule, that the natural, and not the acquired man, is the companion. Learning, wit, gallantry, and good breeding, are all but subordinate qualities in society, and are of no value, but as they are subservient to benevolence, and tend to a certain manner of being or appearing equal to the rest of the company ; for conversation is composed of an assembly of men, as they are men, and not as they are distinguished by fortune : therefore he who brings his quality with him into conversation, should always pay the reckoning ; for he came to receive homage, and not to meet his friends. But the din about my ears from the clamour of the people I was with this evening, has carried me beyond my intended purpose, which was to explain upon the order of merry fellows ; but I think I may pronounce of them, as I heard good Senecio, with a spice of the wit of the last age, say, viz. 'That a merry fellow is the saddest fellow in the world.'

No. 46.] Tuesday, July 26, 1709.

*Non bene conveniant, nec in una septe morantur,
Majestas et amor. — Ovid. Met. li. 88.*

— Love but ill agrees with kingly pride.

White's Chocolate-house, July 25.

WE see every day volumes written against that tyrant of human life called Love ; and yet there is no help found against his cruelties, or barrier against the inroads he is pleased to make into the mind of man. After this preface, you will expect I am going to give particular instances of what I have asserted. That expectation cannot be raised too high for the novelty of the history and manner of life of the emperor Aurengzebe,* who has resided for some years in the cities of London and Westminster, with the air and mien indeed of his imperial quality, but the equipage and appointment only of a private gentleman. This potentate, for a long series of time, appeared from the hour of twelve until that of two at a coffee-house near the Exchange, and had a seat (though without a canopy) sacred to himself, where he gave diurnal audiences concerning commerce, politics, trade and trade, usury and abatement, with all things necessary for helping the distressed, who are willing to give one limb

* This name has been applied to a very celebrated East-Indi: governor of that time. See notes of Aurengzebe in T'her, No. 80

for the better maintenance of the rest ; or such joyous youths, whose philosophy is confined to the present hour, and were desirous to call in the revenue of the next half-year to double the enjoyment of this. Long did this growing monarch employ himself after this manner : and, as alliances are necessary to all great kingdoms, he took particularly the interests of Lewis the XIVth into his care and protection. When all mankind were attacking that unhappy monarch, and those who had neither valour nor wit to oppose against him would be still showing their impotent malice, by laying wagers in opposition to his interests : Aurengezebe ever took the part of his contemporary, and laid immense treasures on his side, in defence of his important magazine of Toulon. Aurengezebe also had all this while a constant intelligence with India ; and his letters were answered in jewels, which he soon made brilliant, and caused to be affixed to his imperial castor, which he always wears cocked in front, to show his defiance ; with a heap of imperial snuff in the middle of his ample visage, to show his sagacity. The zealots for this little spot called Great Britain fell universally into this emperor's policies, and paid homage to his superior genius, in forfeiting their coffers to his treasury.

But wealth and wisdom are possessions too solemn not to give weariness to active minds, without the relief (in vacant hours) of wit and love, which are the proper amusements of the powerful and the wise. This emperor, therefore, with great regularity, every day at five in the afternoon, leaves his money-changers, his publicans, and little boarders of wealth, to their low pursuits, and ascends his chariot, to drive to Will's ; where the taste is refined, and a relish given to men's possessions, by a polite skill in gratifying their passions and appetites. There it is that the emperor has learned to live and to love, and not, like a miser, to gaze only on his ingots or his treasures ; but, with a nobler satisfaction, to live the admiration of others, for his splendour and happiness in being master of them. But a prince is no more to be his own caterer in his love, than in his food ; therefore Aurengezebe has ever in wait-

taxes paid out of the rewards of the amorous labours of the young. This seraglio of Great Britain is disposed into convenient alleys and apartments, and every house, from the cellar to the garret, inhabited by nymphs of different orders, that persons of every rank may be accommodated with an immediate consort, to allay their flames, and partake of their cares. Here it is that, when Aurengezebe thinks fit to give a loose to dalliance, the purveyors prepare the entertainment ; and what makes it more august is, that every person concerned in the interlude has his set part, and the prince sends, beforehand, word what he designs to say, and directs also the very answer which shall be made to him.

It has been before hinted, that this emperor has a continual commerce with India ; and it is to be noted, that the largest stone that rich earth has produced is in our Aurengezebe's possession.

But all things are now disposed for his reception. At his entrance into the seraglio, a servant delivers him his beaver of state and love, on which is fixed this inestimable jewel as his diadem. When he is seated, the purveyors, Pandarus and Nuncio, marching on each side of the matron of the house, introduce her into his presence. In the midst of the room, they bow all together to the diadem. When the matron—

'Whoever thou art, as thy awful aspect speaks thee a man of power, be propitious to this mansion of love, and let not the severity of thy wisdom disdain, that by the representation of naked innocence, or pastoral figures, we revive in thee the memory at least of that power of Venus, to which all the wise and the brave are some part of their lives devoted.' Aurengezebe consents by a nod, and they go out backward.'

After this, an unhappy nymph, who is to be supposed just escaped from the hands of a ravisher, with her tresses dishevelled, runs into the room with a dagger in her hand, and falls before the emperor.

'Pity, oh ! pity, whoever thou art, an unhappy virgin, whom one of thy train has robbed of her innocence ; her innocence, which

accident of the mad woman makes Aurengezebe curious to know, whether others who are in their senses can guess at his quality. For which reason, the whole convent is examined one by one. The matron marches in with a tawdry country girl—'Pray, Winifred,' says she, 'who do you think that fine man with those jewels and pearls is?'—'I believe,' says Winifred, 'it is our landlord—It must be the esquire himself.'—The emperor laughs at her simplicity—'Go, fool,' says the matron: then turning to the emperor—'Your greatness will pardon her ignorance!' After her, several others of different characters are instructed to mistake who he is, in the same manner: then the whole sisterhood are called together, and the emperor rises, and cocking his hat, declares, he is the great mogul, and they his concubines. A general murmur goes through the whole assembly; and Aurengezebe, certifying that he keeps them for state rather than use, tells them, they are permitted to receive all men into their apartments; then proceeds through the crowd, among whom he throws medals shaped like half-crowns, and returns to his chariot.

This being all that passed the last day in which Aurengezebe visited the women's apartments, I consulted Paolet concerning the foundation of such strange amusements in old age: to which he answered, 'You may remember, when I gave you an account of my good fortune in being drowned on the thirtieth day of my human life, I told you of the disasters I should otherwise have met with before I arrived at the end of my stamen, which was sixty years. I may now add an observation to you, that all who exceed that period, except the latter part of it is spent in the exercise of virtue and contemplation of futurity, must necessarily fall into an indecent old age; because, with regard to all the enjoyments of the years of vigour and manhood, childhood returns upon them: and as infants ride on sticks, build houses in dirt, and make ships in gutters, by a faint idea of things they are to act hereafter; so old men play the lovers, potentates, and emperors, for the decaying image of the more perfect performances of their stronger years: therefore, be sure to insert *Æsculapius* and Aurengezebe in your next bill of mortality of the metaphorically defunct.'

to contain something very material which was forgotten, or not clearly expressed in the letter itself. Thus the verses being occasioned by a march without beat of drum, and that circumstance being nowise taken notice of in any of the stanzas, the author calls it a postscript; not that it is a postscript, but figuratively because it wants a postscript. Common writers, when what they mean is not expressed in the book itself, supply it by a preface; but a postscript seems to me the more just way of apology; because, otherwise, a man makes an excuse before the offence is committed. All the heroic poets were guessed at for its author; but though we could not find out his name, yet one repeated a couplet in Hudibras, which spoke his qualifications:

'I th' midst of all this warlike rabble,
Crowders march'd, expert and able,'

The poem is admirably suited to the occasion: for to write without discovering your meaning, bears a just resemblance to marching without beat of drum.

'ON THE MARCH TO TOURNAY WITHOUT
'BEAT OF DRUM.

'*The Brussels Postscript.*

'Could I with plainest words express
That great man's wonderful address,
His penetration, and his tow'ring thought;
It would the gazing world surprise,
To see one man at all times wise,
To view the wonders he with ease has wrought.
Refining schemes approach his mind,
Like breezes of a southern wind,
To temperate a sultry glorious day;
Whose fanings, with a useful pride,
Its mighty heat do softly guide,
And, having clear'd the air, glide silently away.

Thus his Immanity of thought
Is deeply form'd, and gently wrought,
His temper always softening life's disease;
That Fortune, when she does intend
To rudely frown, she turns his friend,
Admires his judgment, and applauds his ease.

His great address in this design
Does now, and will for ever shine,
And wants a Waller but to do him right;
The whole amusement was so strong,
Like fate he doom'd them to be wrong,
And Tournay's took by a peculiar alight.

Thus, Madam, all mankind behold
Your vast ascendant, not by gold,
But by your wisdom and your pious life;
Your aim no more, than to destroy
That which does Europe's ease annoy,
And supercede a reign of shame and strife.'

St. James's Coffee-house, July 24.

My brethren of the quill, the ingenious
society of name makers, having with great

his country. No man deserves better of his friends than that gentleman, whose distinguishing character it is, that he gives his orders with the familiarity, and enjoys his fortune with the generosity, of a fellow-soldier. His grace the duke of Argyle had also an eminent part in the reduction of this important place. That illustrious youth discovers the peculiar turn of spirit and greatness of soul, which only make men of high birth and quality useful to their country; and considers nobility as an imaginary distinction, unless accompanied with the practice of those generous virtues by which it ought to be obtained. But, that our military glory is arrived at its present height, and that men of all ranks so passionately affect their share in it, is certainly owing to the merit and conduct of our glorious general: for, as the great secret in chemistry, though not in nature, has occasioned many useful discoveries; and the fantastic notion of being wholly disinterested in friendship has made men do a thousand generous actions above themselves; so, though the present grandeur and fame of the duke of Marlborough is a station of glory to which no one hopes to arrive, yet all carry their actions to a higher pitch, by having that great example laid before them.

No. 47.] *Thursday July 28, 1709*

Quicquid agunt homines —
—nostrum est farrago libelli. *Juv. Sat. l. 85, 86.*

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

White's Chocolate-house, July 18.

My friend sir Thomas has communicated to me his letters from Epsom of the twenty-fifth instant, which give, in general, a very good account of the present posture of affairs in that place; but that the tranquillity and correspondence of the company begins to be interrupted by the arrival of sir Taffety Trippet,* a fortune-hunter, whose follies are too gross to give diversion; and whose vanity is too stupid to let him be sensible that he is a public offence. If people will indulge a splenetic humour, it is impossible to be at ease, when such creatures as are the scandal of our species set up for gallantry and adventures. It will be much more easy, therefore, to laugh sir Taffety into reason, than convert him from his foppery by any serious contempt. I knew a gentleman that made it a maxim to open his doors, and ever run into the way of bullies, to avoid their insolence. The rule will hold as well with coxcombs: they are never mortified, but when they see you receive and despise them; otherwise they rest assured, that it is your ignorance

makes them out of your good graces; or, that it is only want of admittance prevents their being amiable where they are shunned and avoided. But sir Taffety is a fop of so sanguine a complexion, that I fear it will be very hard for the fair-one he at present pursues to get rid of the chace, without being so tired, as, for her own ease, to fall into the mouth of the mongrel she runs from. But the history of sir Taffety is as pleasant as his character.

It happened that, when he first set up for a fortune-hunter, he chose Tunbridge for the scene of action, where were at that time two sisters upon the same design. The knight believed of course the elder must be the better prize; and consequently makes all his sail that way. People that want sense do always in an egregious manner want modesty, which made our hero triumph in making his amour as public as was possible. The adored lady was no less vain of his public addresses. An attorney with one cause is not half so restless as a woman with one lover. Wherever they met, they talked to each other aloud, chose each other partner at balls, saluted at the most conspicuous parts of the service of the church, and practised, in honour of each other, all the remarkable particularities which are usual for persons who admire one another, and are contemptible to the rest of the world. These two lovers seemed as much made for each other as Adam and Eve, and all pronounced it a match of nature's own making; but the night before the nuptials, so universally approved, the younger sister, envious of the good fortune even of her sister, who had been present at most of their interviews, and had an equal taste for the charms of a fop, as there are a set of women made for that order of men; the younger, I say, unable to see so rich a prize pass by her, discovered to sir Taffety, that a coquet air, much tongue, and three suits, was all the portion of his mistress. His love vanished that moment, himself and equipage the next morning. It is uncertain where the lover has been ever since engaged; but certain it is, he has not appeared in his character as a follower of love and fortune until he arrived at Epsom, where there is at present a young lady of youth, beauty, and fortune, who has alarmed all the vain and the impertinent to infect that quarter. At the head of this assembly, sir Taffety shines in the brightest manner, with all the accomplishments which usually ensnare the heart of a woman; with this particular merit, which often is of great service, that he is laughed at for her sake. The friends of the fair one are in much pain for the sufferings she goes through from the perseverance of this hero; but they may be much more so from the danger of his succeeding, toward which they give a helping hand, if they dissuade her with bitterness; for there is a

* Henry Cromwell, Esq. who died in 1728, was the original of the character here delineated under the name of Mr Taffety Trippet.

fantastical generosity in the sex to approve creatures of the least merit imaginable, when they see the imperfections of their admirers are become marks of derision for their sakes; and there is nothing so frequent, as that he, who was contemptible to a woman in her own judgment, has won her by being too violently opposed by others.

Grecian Coffee-house, July 27.

In the several capacities I hear of astrologer, civilian, and physician, I have with great application studied the public emolument; to this end serve all my lucubrations, speculations, and whatever other labours I undertake, whether nocturnal or diurnal. On this motive am I induced to publish a never-failing medicine for the spleen: my experience in this distemper came from a very remarkable cure on my ever worthy friend Tom Spindle, who, through excessive gayety, had exhausted that natural stock of wit and spirits he had long been blessed with: he was sunk and flattened to the lowest degree imaginable, sitting whole hours over the 'Book of Martyrs' and 'Pilgrim's Progress'; his other contemplations never rising higher than the colour of his urine, or the regularity of his pulse. In this condition I found him, accompanied by the learned Dr. Drachm, and a good old nurse. Drachm had prescribed magazines of herbs, and maces of steel. I soon discovered the malady, and descanted on the nature of it, until I convinced both the patient and his nurse, that the spleen is not to be cured by medicine but by poetry. Apollo, the author of physic, shone with diffusive rays, the best of poets as well as of physicians; and it is in this double capacity that I have made my way; and have found sweet, easy, flowing numbers are oft superior to our noblest medicines. When the spirits are low, and nature sunk, the muse, with sprightly and harmonious notes, gives an unexpected turn with a grain of poetry; which I prepare without the use of mercury. I have done wonders in this kind; for the spleen is like the Tarantula, the effects of whose malignant poison are to be prevented by no other remedy but the charms of music: for you are to understand, that as some noxious animals carry antidotes for their own poisons, so there is something equally unaccountable in poetry; for though it is sometimes a disease, it is to be cured only by itself. Now, I knowing Tom Spindle's constitution, and that he is not only a pretty gentleman, but also a pretty poet, found the true cause of his distemper was a violent grief, that moved his affections too strongly: for, during the late treaty of peace, he had writ a most excellent poem on that subject; and when he wanted but two lines in the last stanza for finishing the whole piece, there comes news that the French tyrant would not sign. Spindle in a few days took his bed,

and had lain there still, had not I been sent for. I immediately told him, there was great probability the French would now sue to us for peace. I saw immediately a new life in his eyes and I knew that nothing could help him forward so well, as bearing verses which he would believe worse than his own. I read him, therefore, the Brussels Postscript: after which I recited some heroic lines of my own, which operated so strongly on the tympanum of his ear, that I doubt not but I have kept out all other sounds for a fortnight; and have reason to hope, we shall see him abroad the day before his poem.

This you see, is a particular secret I have found out, viz. that you are not to choose your physician for his knowledge in your distemper, but for having it himself. Therefore, I am at hand for all maladies arising from poetical vapours, beyond which I never pretend. For being called the other day to one in love, I took indeed their three guineas, and gave them my advice, which was to send for Æsculapius, Æsculapius, as soon as he saw the patient, cries out, 'It is love! it is love! Oh! the unequal pulse! these are the symptoms a lover feels; such sighs, such pangs, attend the uneasy mind; now can our art, or all our boasted skill, avail.—Yes, O fair! for thee.'—Thus the sage ran on, and owned the passion which he pitied, as well as that he felt a greater pain than ever he cured: after which he concluded, 'All I can advise, is marriage: charms and beauty will give new life and vigour, and turn the course of nature to its better prospect.' This is the new way; and thus Æsculapius has left his beloved powders, and writes a recipe for a wife at sixty. In short, my friend followed the prescription, and married youth and beauty in its perfect bloom.

'Sopine in Silvia's snowy arms he lies,

And all the busy cares of life defies:

Each happy hour is fill'd with fresh delight,

While peace the day, and pleasure crowns the night.'

From my own Apartment, July 27.

Tragical passion was the subject of the discourse where I last visited this evening; and a gentleman who knows that I am at present writing a very deep tragedy, directed his discourse in a particular manner to me. 'It is the common fault,' said he, 'of you gentlemen who write in the buskin style, that you give us rather the sentiments of such who behold tragical events, than of such who bear a part in them themselves. I would advise all who pretend this way to read Shakspeare with care; and they will soon be deterred from putting forth what is usually called tragedy. The way of common writers in this kind is rather the description than the expression of sorrow. There is no medium in these attempts, and you must go to the very bottom of the heart, or it is all mere language: and the writer of

such lines is no more a poet, than a man is a physician for knowing the names of distempers, without the causes of them. Men of sense are professed enemies to all such empty labours: for he who pretends to be sorrowful, and is not, is a wretch yet more contemptible than he who pretends to be merry, and is not. Such a tragedian is only maudlin drunk. The gentleman went on with much warmth; but all he could say had little effect upon me: but when I came hither, I so far observed his counsel, that I looked into Shakspeare. The tragedy I dipped into was 'Henry the Fourth.' In the scene where Morton is preparing to tell Northumberland of his son's death, the old man does not give him time to speak, but says,

'The whiteness of thy cheeks
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand;
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain at the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burnt;
But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue,
And I my Piercy's death, ere thou report'st it.'

The image in this place is wonderfully noble and great; yet this man in all this is but rising towards his great affliction, and is still enough himself, as you see, to make a simile. But when he is certain of his son's death, he is lost to all patience, and gives up all the regards of this life; and since the last of evils is fallen upon him, he calls for it upon all the world.

'Now let not nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd; let order die,
And let the world no longer be a stage,
To feed contention in a ling'ring act;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that each heart being set
On bloody courses, the wide scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead.'

Reading but this one scene has convinced me, that he, who describes the concern of great men, must have a soul as noble, and as susceptible of high thoughts, as they whom he represents: I shall therefore lay by my drama for some time, and turn my thoughts to cares and griefs somewhat below that of heroes, but no less moving. A misfortune, proper for me to take notice of, has too lately happened: the disconsolate Maria has three days kept her chamber for the loss of the beautiful Fidelia, her lap-dog. Lesbia herself did not shed more tears for her sparrow. What makes her the more concerned is, that we know not whether Fidelia was killed or stolen; but she was seen in the parlour-window when the train-bands went by, and never since. Whoever gives notice of her, dead or alive, shall be rewarded with a kiss of her lady.

No. 48.] Saturday, July 30, 1709.

— Virtutem verba putant, ut
Lucum ligna — Hor. Ep. vi. 31.
They look on virtue as an empty name.

From my own Apartment, July 29.

This day I obliged Pacolet to entertain me with matters which regarded persons of his own character and occupation. We chose to take our walk on Tower-hill, and as we were coming from thence, in order to stroll as far as Garraway's,* I observed two men who had but just landed coming from the water-side. I thought there was something uncommon in their mien and aspect; but though they seemed by their visage to be related, yet there was a warmth in their manner, as if they differed very much in their sentiments of the subject on which they were talking. One of them seemed to have a natural confidence mixed with an ingenuous freedom, in his gesture; his dress very plain, but very graceful and becoming; the other, in the midst of an overbearing carriage, betrayed, by frequently looking round him, a suspicion that he was not enough regarded by those he met, or that he feared they would make some attack upon him. This person was much taller than his companion, and added to that height the advantage of a feather in his hat, and heels to his shoes so monstrously high, that he had three or four times fallen down, had he not been supported by his friend. They made a full stop as they came within a few yards of the place where we stood. The plain gentleman bowed to Pacolet; the other looked upon him with some displeasure: upon which I asked him who they both were? when he thus informed me of their persons and circumstances:

'You may remember, Isaac, that I have often told you, there are beings of a superior rank to mankind; who frequently visit the habitations of men, in order to call them from some wrong pursuits in which they are actually engaged, or divert them from methods which will lead them into errors for the future. He that will carefully reflect upon the occurrences of his life, will find he has been sometimes extricated out of difficulties, and received favours where he could never have expected such benefits; as well as met with cross events from some unseen hand, which has disappointed his best laid designs. Such accidents arrive from the interventions of æriel beings, as they are benevolent or hurtful to the nature of man; and attend his steps in the tracks of ambition, of business, and of pleasure. Before I ever appeared to you in the manner I do now, I have frequently followed you in your evening-walks; and have often, by throwing some accident in your way, as the passing by of a funeral, or the appearance of some other solemn object, given your imagination a new turn, and changed a night you have destined to mirth and jollity, into an exercise of study

* Garraway kept a coffee-house at that time opposite to the Royal Exchange, probably in the place where there is now a coffee-house well known by the same name.

and contemplation. I was the old soldier who met you last summer in Chelsea-fields, and pretended that I had broken my wooden-leg, and could not get home; but I snapped it short off, on purpose that you might fall into the reflections you did on that subject, and take me into your back. If you remember, you made yourself very merry on that fracture, and asked me whether I thought I should next winter feel cold in the toes of that leg? as is usually observed, that those who lose limbs are sensible of pains in the extreme parts, even after those limbs are cut off. However, my keeping you then in the story of the battle of the Boyae prevented an assignation, which would have led you into more disasters than I then related.

'To be short: those two persons whom you see yonder are such as I am; they are not real men, but are mere shades and figures, one is named Alethes, the other Verisimilis. Their office is to be the guardians and representatives of conscience and honour. They are now going to visit the several parts of the town, to see how their interests in the world decay or flourish, and to purge themselves from the many false imputations they daily meet with in the commerce and conversation of men. You observed Verisimilis frowned when he first saw me. What he is provoked at is, that I told him one day, though he strutted and dressed with so much ostentation, if he kept himself within his own bounds, he was but a lackey, and wore only that gentleman's livery whom he is now with. This frets him to the heart; for you must know, he has pretended a long time to set up for himself, and gets among a crowd of the more unthinking part of mankind, who take him for a person of the first quality; though his introduction into the world was wholly owing to his present companion.'

This encounter was very agreeable to me, and I was resolved to dog them, and desired Pacolet to accompany me. I soon perceived what he told me in the gesture of the persons; for, when they looked at each other in discourse, the well-dressed man suddenly cast down his eyes, and discovered that the other had a painful superiority over him. After some further discourse, they took leave. The plain gentleman went down towards Thames-street, in order to be present, at least, at the oaths taken at the custom-house; and the other made directly for the heart of the city. It is incredible how great a change there immediately appeared in the man of honour, when he got rid of his uneasy companion: he adjusted the cock of his hat a-new, settled his sword-knot, and had an appearance that attracted a sudden inclination for him and his interests in all who beheld him. 'For my part,' said I to Pacolet, 'I cannot but think you are mistaken in calling this person of the lower quality; for he looks much more like a gentleman than the other. Do not you

observe all eyes are upon him, as he advances? how each sex gazes at his stature, aspect, address, and motion?' Pacolet only smiled and shook his head; as leaving me to be convinced by my own further observation. We kept on our way after him until we came to Exchange-alley, where the plain gentleman again came up to the other; and they stood together after the manner of eminent merchants, as if ready to receive application; but I could observe no man talk to either of them. The one was laughed at as a fop; and I heard many whispers against the other, as a whimsical sort of a fellow, and a great enemy to trade. They crossed Cornhill together, and came into the full Exchange, where some bowed, and gave themselves airs in being known to so fine a man as Verisimilis, who, they said, had great interest in all prince's courts; and the other was taken notice of by several, as one they had seen somewhere long before. One more particularly said, he had formerly been a man of consideration in the world; but was so unlucky, that they who dealt with him, by some strange infatuation or other, had a way of cutting off their own bills, and were prodigiously slow in improving their stock. But as much as I was curious to observe the reception these gentlemen met with upon the Exchange, I could not help being interrupted by one that came up towards us, to whom every body made their compliments. He was of the common height, and in his dress there seemed to be great care to appear no way particular, except in a certain exact and feat manner of behaviour and circumspection. He was wonderfully careful that his shoes and cloaths should be without the least speck upon them; and seemed to think, that on such an accident depended his very life and fortune. There was hardly a man on the Exchange who had not a note upon him; and each seemed very well satisfied that their money lay in his hands, without demanding payment. I asked Pacolet, what great merchant that was, who was so universally addressed to, yet made too familiar an appearance to command that extraordinary deference? Pacolet answered, 'This person is the demon or genius of credit; his name is Umbra. If you observe, he follows Alethes and Verisimilis at a distance; and indeed has no foundation for the figure he makes in the world, but that he is thought to keep their cash; though, at the same time, none who trust him would trust the others for a groat.' As the company rolled about, the three spectres were jumbled into one place: when they were so, and all thought there was an alliance between them, they immediately drew upon them the business of the whole Exchange. But their affairs soon increased to such an unwieldy bulk, that Alethes took his leave, and said, 'he would not engage further than he had an immediate fund to answer.

Verisimilis pretended, 'that though he had revenues large enough to go on his own bottom, yet it was below one of his family to condescend to trade in his own name;' therefore he also retired. I was extremely troubled to see the glorious mart of London left with no other guardian but him of credit. But Pacolet told me, 'that traders had nothing to do with the honour or conscience of their correspondents, provided they supported a general behaviour in the world, which could not hurt their credit or their purses: for,' said he, 'you may, in this one tract of building of London and Westminster, see the imaginary motives on which the greatest affairs move, as well as in rambling over the face of the earth. For though Alethes is the real governor, as well as legislator of mankind, he has very little business but to make up quarrels; and is only a general referee, to whom every man pretends to appeal, but is satisfied with his determinations no further than they promote his own interest. Hence it is, that the soldier and the courtier model their actions according to Verisimilis's manner, and the merchant according to that of Umbra. Among these men, honour and credit are not valuable possessions in themselves, or pursued out of a principle of justice; but merely as they are serviceable to ambition and to commerce. But the world will never be in any manner of order or tranquillity, until men are firmly convinced that conscience, honour, and credit, are all in one interest; and that, without the concurrence of the former, the latter are but impositions upon ourselves and others. The force these delusive words have, is not seen in the transactions of the busy world only, but they have also their tyranny over the fair sex. Were you to ask the unhappy *Lais*, what pangs of reflection preferring the consideration of her honour to her conscience has given her? she could tell you, that it has forced her to drink up half a gallon, this winter, of *Tom Damsapas's* potions: that she still pines away for fear of being a mother; and knows not but the moment she is such, she shall be a murderess; but if conscience had as strong a force upon the mind as honour, the first step to her un-

What'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme.

P.

White's Chocolate-house, August 1.

The imposition of honest names and words upon improper subjects, has made so regular a confusion among us, that we are apt to sit down with our errors, well enough satisfied with the methods we are fallen into, without attempting to deliver ourselves from the tyranny under which we are reduced by such innovations. Of all the laudable motives of human life, none have suffered so much in this kind, as love; under which revered name a brutal desire called lust, is frequently concealed and admitted; though they differ as much as a matron from a prostitute, or a companion from a buffoon. Philander the other day was bewailing this misfortune with much indignation, and upbraided me for having some time since quoted those excellent lines of the satirist:

'To an exact perfection they have brought
The action love, the passion is forgot.'

'How could you,' said he, 'leave such a hint so coldly? How could *Aspasia* and *Sempronius* enter into your imagination at the same time, and you never declare to us the different receptions you gave them?'

The figures which the ancient mythologists and poets put upon Love and Lust in their writings are very instructive. Love is a beautiful blind child, adorned with a quiver and a bow, which he plays with, and shoots around him, without design or direction; to intimate to us that the person beloved has no intention to give us the anxieties we meet with, but that the beauties of a worthy object are like the charms of a lovely infant; they cannot but attract your concern and fondness, though the child so regarded is as insensible of the value you put upon it, as it is that it deserves your benevolence. On the other side, the sages figured Lust in the form of a satyr; of shape, part human, part bestial; to signify that the followers of it prostitute the reason of a man to pursue the appetites of a beast. This satyr is made to haunt the paths and coverts of the wood-nymphs and shepherdesses, to lurk on

may settle our notions of these different desires, and accordingly rank their followers. *Aspasia* must, therefore, be allowed to be the first of the beauteous order of Love, whose unaffected freedom, and conscious innocence, give her the attendance of the graces in all her actions. That awful distance which we bear toward her in all our thoughts of her, and that cheerful familiarity with which we approach her, are certain instances of her being the truest object of love of any of her sex. In this accomplished lady, love is the constant effect, because it is never the design. Yet, though her mein carries much more invitation than command, to behold her is an immediate check to loose behaviour; and to love her is a liberal education; for, it being the nature of all love to create an imitation of the beloved person in the lover, a regard for *Aspasia* naturally produces decency of manners, and good conduct of life in her admirers. If, therefore, the giggling *Leucippe* could but see her train of fops assembled, and *Aspasia* move by them, she would be mortified at the veneration with which she is beheld, even by *Leucippe's* own unthinking equipage, whose passions have long taken leave of their understandings.

As charity is esteemed a conjunction of the good qualities necessary to a virtuous man, so love is the happy composition of all the accomplishments that make a fine gentleman. The motive of a man's life is seen in all his actions; and such as have the beauteous boy for their inspirer, have a simplicity of behaviour, and a certain evenness of desire, which burns like the lamp of life in their bosoms; while they who are instigated by the satyr, are ever tortured by jealousies of the object of their wishes; often desire what they scorn, and as often consciously and knowingly embrace where they are mutually indifferent.

Florio, the generous husband, and *Limberham*, the kind keeper, are noted examples of the different effects which these desires produce in the mind. *Amanda*, who is the wife of *Florio*, lives in the continual enjoyment of new instances of her husband's friendship, and sees it the end of all his ambition to make her life one series of pleasure and satisfaction; and *Amanda's* relish of the goods of life is all that makes them pleasing to *Florio*: they behave themselves to each other, when present, with a certain apparent benevolence, which transports above rapture; and they think of each other in absence with a confidence unknown to the highest friendship: their satisfactions are doubled, their sorrows lessened, by participation.

On the other hand, *Corinna*,* who is the

mistress of *Limberham*, lives in constant torment: her equipage is an old woman, who was what *Corinna* is now; and an antiquated footman, who was pimp to *Limberham's* father; and a chambermaid, who is *Limberham's* wench by fits, out of a principle of politics to make her jealous and watchful of *Corinna*. Under this guard, and in this conversation, *Corinna* lives in state; the furniture of her habitation, and her own gorgeous dress, make her the envy of all the strolling ladies in the town; but *Corinna* knows she herself is but part of *Limberham's* household-stuff, and is as capable of being disposed of elsewhere, as any other moveable. But while her keeper is persuaded by his spies, that no enemy has been within his doors since his last visit, no Persian prince was ever so magnificently bountiful: a kind look or falling tear is worth a piece of brocade, a sigh is a jewel, and a smile is a cupboard of plate. All this is shared between *Corinna* and her guard in his absence. With this great economy and industry does the unhappy *Limberham* purchase the constant tortures of jealousy, the favour of spending his estate, and the opportunity of enriching one by whom he knows he is hated and despised. These are the ordinary and common evils which attend keepers; and *Corinna* is a wench but of common size of wickedness, were you to know what passes under the roof where the fair *Messalina* reigns with her humble adorer.

Messalina is the professed mistress of mankind; she has left the bed of her husband, and her beauteous offspring, to give a loose to want of shame and fullness of desire. Wretched *Nocturnus*, her feeble keeper! How the poor creature fribbles in his gait, and skuttles from place to place, to despatch his necessary affairs in painful daylight, that he may return to the constant twilight preserved in that scene of wantonness, *Messalina's* bed-chamber! How does he, while he is absent from thence, consider in his imagination the breadth of his porter's shoulders, the spruce night-cap of his valet, the ready attendance of his butler! any of all whom he knows she admits, and professes to approve of. This, alas! is the galantry, this the freedom of our fine gentlemen; for this they preserve their liberty, and keep clear of that bugbear, marriage. But he does not understand either vice or virtue, who will not allow, that life without the rules of morality is a wayward uneasy being, with snatches only of pleasure; but under the regulation of virtue, a reasonable and uniform habit of enjoyment. I have seen, in a play of old Haywoods, a speech at the end of an act, which touched this point with much spirit. He makes a married man in the play, upon some endearing occasion, look at his spouse with an air of fondness, and fall into the following reflection on his condition: Digitized by Google

* The persons here alluded to under the names of *Corinna* and *Limberham*, were Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas, Jauier, and Henry Cravenwell, esquire.

Oh marriage! happiest, easiest safest state;
Let debauchees and drunkards scorn thy rites,
Who, in their nauseous draughts and lusts, profane
Both thee and heav'n's, by whom thou wert ordain'd.
How can the savage call it loss of freedom,
Thus to converse with, thus to gaze at
A faithful, beauteous friend?
Blush not, my fair-one, that thy love applauds thee,
Nor be it painful to my wedded wife
That my full heart o'erflows in praise of thee.
Thou art by law, by interest, passion, mine:
Passion and reason join in love of thee.
Thou, through a world of calumny and fraud,
We pass both unapproach'd, both undeciv'd;
While in each other's interest and happiness,
We without art all faculties employ,
And all our senses without guilt enjoy.

No. 50.] Thursday August 4, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
—— nostri est farrago libelli. Juv. Sat. l. 85, 86.

What'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

White's Chocolate-house, August 2.

THE HISTORY OF ORLANDO THE FAIR.

WHATEVER malicious men may say of our lucubrations, we have no design but to produce unknown merit, or place in a proper light the actions of our contemporaries who labour to distinguish themselves, whether it be by vice or virtue. For we shall never give accounts to the world of any thing, but what the lives and endeavours of the persons, of whom we treat, make the basis of their fame and reputation. For this reason, it is to be hoped that our appearance is reputed a public benefit; and though certain persons may turn what we mean for panegyric into scandal, let it be answered once for all, that if our praises are really designed as raillery, such malevolent persons owe their safety from it, only to their being too inconsiderable for history. It is not every man who deals in ratsbane, or is unseasonably amorous, that can adorn story like *Æsculapius*; nor every stock-jobber of the India company can assume the port, and personate the figure of *Aureugezebe*. My noble ancestor, Mr. Shakspeare, who was of the race of the Staffs was not more fond of the memo-

grateful age would otherwise have forced him. Ten *lustra** and more are wholly past since Orlando first appeared in the metropolis of this island; his descent noble, his wit humorous, his person charming. But to none of these recommendatory advantages was his title so undoubted, as that of his beauty. His complexion was fair, but his countenance manly; his stature of the tallest, his shape the most exact: and though in all his limbs he had a proportion as delicate as we see in the works of the most skilful statuary, his body had a strength and firmness little inferior to the marble of which such images are formed. This made Orlando the universal flame of all the fair sex; innocent virgins sighed for him, as *Adonis*; experienced widows, as *Hercules*. Thus did this figure walk alone the pattern and ornament of our species, but of course the envy of all who had the same passions without his superior merit and pretences to the favour of that enchanting creature, woman. However, the generous Orlando believed himself formed for the world, and not to be engrossed by any particular affection. He sighed not for *Delia*, for *Chloris*, for *Chloe*, for *Betty*, nor my lady, nor for the ready chamber-maid, nor distant baroness: woman was his mistress, and the whole sex his seraglio. His form was always irresistible: and if we consider, that not one of five hundred can bear the least favour from a lady without being exalted above himself; if also we must allow, that a smile from a side-box has made *Jack Spruce* half mad; we cannot think it wonderful that Orlando's repeated conquests touched his brain: so it certainly did, and Orlando became an enthusiast in love; and in all his address contracted something out of the ordinary course of breeding and civility. However, powerful as he was, he would still add to the advantages of his person, that of a profession which the ladies always favour, and immediately commenced soldier.† Thus equipped for love and honour, our hero seeks distant climes and adventures, and leaves the despairing nymphs of Great Britain, to the courtships of beaux and wittings till his return.

decry his furniture, his dress, his manner; but all such rivalry he suppressed (as the philosopher did the sceptic, who argued there was no such thing as motion) by only moving. The beauteous Viñaria,* who only was formed for his paramour, became the object of his affection. His first speech to her was as follows:

'MADAM,

'It is not only that nature has made us two the most accomplished of each sex; and pointed to us to obey her dictates in becoming one; but that there is also an ambition in following the mighty persons you have favoured. Where kings and heroes, as great as Alexander, or such as could personate Alexander,† have bowed, permit your general to lay his laurels: According to Milton;

The fair with conscious majesty approv'd
His pick'd-out restraints.

Fortune having now supplied Orlando with necessities for his high taste of gallantry and pleasure, his equipage and economy had something in them more sumptuous and gallant than could be received in our degenerate age; therefore his figure, though highly graceful, appeared so exotic, that it assembled all the Britons under the age of sixteen, who saw his grandeur to follow his chariot with shouts and acclamations; which he regarded with the contempt which great minds affect in the midst of applauses. I remember, I had the honour to see him one day stop, and call the youths about him to whom he spake as follows:

'Good bastards—Go to school and do not lose your time in following my wheels: I am loth to hurt you, because I know not but you are all my own offspring: hark ye, you sirrah with the white hair, I am sure you are mine: there is half-a-crown. Tell your mother, this, with the half-crown I gave her when I got you, comes to five shillings. Thou hast cost me all that, and yet thou art good for nothing. Why, you young dogs, did you never see a man before?' 'Never such a one as you, noble general,' replied a truant from Westminster. 'Sirrah, I believe thee: there is a crown for thee. Drive on, coachman.'

This vehicle though sacred to love, was not adorned with doves: such a hieroglyphic denoted too languishing a passion. Orlando, therefore, gave the eagle,‡ as being of a constitution which inclined him rather to seize his prey with talons, than pine for it with murmurs.

From my own Apartment; August 4.

I have received the following letter from Mr. Powel of Bath, who, I think, runs from the point between us; which I leave the whole world to judge.

To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.

'SIR,

Bath, July 28.

'Having a great deal of more advantageous business at present on my hands, I thought to have deferred answering your Tatler of the twenty-first instant until the company was gone and season over; but, having resolved not to regard any impertinencies of your paper, except what relate particularly to me, I am the more easily induced to answer you, as I shall find time to do it. First, partly lest you should think yourself neglected, which I have reason to believe you would take heinously ill. Secondly, partly because it will increase my fame, and consequently my audience, when all the quality shall see with how much wit and railery I show you—I do not care a farthing for you. Thirdly, partly because being without books, if I do not show much learning, it will not be imputed to my having none.

'I have travelled Italy, France, and Spain; and fully comprehended whatever any German artist in the world can do; yet cannot I imagine why you should endeavour to disturb the repose and plenty which, though unworthy, I enjoy at this place. It cannot be, that you take offence at my prologues and epilogues, which you are pleased to miscall foolish and abusive. No, no, until you give a better, I shall not forbear thinking that the true reason of your picking a quarrel with me was, because it is more agreeable to your principles, as well as more to the honour of your assured victory, to attack a governor. Mr. Isaac, Mr. Isaac, I can see into a mill-stone as far as another, as the saying is; you are for sowing the seeds of sedition and disobedience among my puppets, and your zeal for the good old cause would make you persuade Punch to pull the string from his chops, and not move his jaw when I have a mind he should harangue. Now, I appeal to all men, if this be not contrary to that unaccountable and uncontrollable dominion, which by the laws of nature I exercise over them; for all sorts of wood and wire were made for the use and benefit of man: I have, therefore, an unquestionable right to frame, fashion, and put them together as I please; and having made them what they are, my puppets are my property, and therefore my slaves; nor is there in nature any thing more just, than the homage which is paid by a less to a more excellent being: so that by the right, therefore, of a superior genius, I am their supreme moderator, although you would insinuate, agreeably to your levelling principles,

* Barbara, daughter and heiress to William Villiers, lord Viscount Grandison of the kingdom of Ireland.

† An allusion to Goodman the player, who was one of the promiscuous train above-mentioned.

‡ The Pickings give the Spread Eagle, an emblem of the German empire.

that I am myself but a great puppet, and can therefore have but a co-ordinate jurisdiction with them. I suppose, I have now sufficiently made it appear, that I have a paternal right to keep a puppet-show, and this right I will maintain in my prologues on all occasions.

'And, therefore, if you write a defence of yourself against this my self-defence, I admonish you to keep within bounds; for every day will not be so propitious to you as the twenty-ninth of April; and perhaps my resentment may get the better of my generosity, and I may no longer scorn to fight one who is not my equal, with unequal weapons: there are such things as *scandalums magnatums*; therefore, take heed hereafter how you write such things as I cannot easily answer, for that will put me in a passion.

'I order you to handle only these two propositions, to which our dispute may be reduced: the first, whether I have not an absolute power, whenever I please, to light a pipe with one of Punch's legs, or warm my fingers with his whole carcass? the second, whether the devil would not be in Punch, should he by word or deed oppose my sovereign will and pleasure? and then, perhaps, I may, if I can find leisure for it, give you the trouble of a second letter.

'But if you intend to tell me of the original of puppet-shows; and the several changes and revolutions that have happened in them since Thespis, and I do not care who, that is *Noli me tangere*! I have solemnly engaged to say nothing of what I cannot approve. Or, if you talk of certain contracts with the mayor and burgesses, or fees to the constables, for the privilege of acting, I will not write one single word about any such matters; but shall leave you to be mumbled by the learned and very ingenious author of a late book, who knows very well what is to be said and done in such cases. He is now shuffling the cards, and dealing to Timothy; but if he wins the game, I will send him to play at back-gammon with you; and then he will satisfy you that *duce-ace* makes five.

'And so, submitting myself to be tried by my country, and allowing any jury of twelve good

No. 51.] Saturday, August 6, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines —
— nostri est farrago libelli. Juv. Sat. 1. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

White's Chocolate-house, August 5.

CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF
ORLANDO THE FAIR.*

FORTUNE being now propitious to the gay Orlando, he dressed, he spoke, he moved as a man might be supposed to do in a nation of pygmies, and had an equal value for our approbation or dislike. It is usual for those who profess a contempt for the world, to fly from it and live in obscurity; but Orlando, with a greater magnanimity, contemned it, and appeared in it to tell them so. If, therefore, his exalted mien met with an unwelcome reception, he was sure always to double the cause which gave the distaste. You see our beauties affect a negligence in the ornament of their hair, and adjusting their head-dresses, as conscious that they adorn whatever they wear. Orlando had not only this humour in common with other beauties, but also had a neglect whether things became him or not, in a world he contemned. For this reason, a noble particularity appeared in all his economy, furniture, and equipage. And to convince the present little race, how unequal all their measures were to Antediluvian, as he called himself, in respect of the insects which now appear for men, he sometimes rode in an open tumbrel, of less size than ordinary, to show the largeness of his limbs, and the grandeur of his personage, to the greater advantage. At other seasons, all his appointments had a magnificence, as if it were formed by the genius of Trimalchio of old; which showed itself in doing ordinary things with an air of pomp and grandeur. Orlando therefore called for tea by beat of drum; his valet got ready to shave him by a trumpet to horse; and water was brought for his teeth, when the sound was changed to boots and saddle.

In all these glorious excesses from the com-

his labours, and to find redress for an unhappy lover. All high spirits, in any great agitation of mind, are inclined to relieve themselves by poetry: the renowned porter of Oliver* had not more volumes around his cell in his college of Bedlam, than Orlando in his present apartment. And though inserting poetry in the midst of prose be thought a licence among correct writers not to be indulged, it is hoped the necessity of doing it, to give a just idea of the hero of whom we treat, will plead for the liberty we shall hereafter take, to print Orlando's soliloquies in verse and prose, after the manner of great wits, and such as those to whom they are nearly allied.

Will's Coffee-house, August 5.

A good company of us were this day to see, or rather to hear, an artful person do several feats of activity with his throat and windpipe. The first thing wherewith he presented us, was a ring of bells, which he imitated in a most miraculous manner; after that, he gave us all the different notes of a pack of hounds, to our great delight and astonishment. The company expressed their applause with much noise; and never was heard such a harmony of men and dogs: but a certain plump, merry fellow, from an angle of the room, fell a crowing like a cock so ingeniously, that he won our hearts from the other operator in an instant. As soon as I saw him, I recollected I had seen him on the stage, and immediately knew it to be Tom Mirrour,† the comical actor. He immediately addressed himself to me, and told me, 'he was surprised to see a virtuoso take satisfaction in any representations below that of human life;' and asked me, 'whether I thought this acting bells and dogs was to be considered under the notion of wit, humour, or satire? Were it not better,' continued, he 'to have some particular picture of man laid before your eyes, that might incite your laughter?' He had no sooner spoke the word, but he immediately quitted his natural shape, and talked to me in a very different air and tone from what he had used before: upon which, all that sat near us laughed; but I saw no distortion in his countenance, or any thing that appeared to me disagreeable. I asked Pacolet, 'what meant that sudden whisper about us?' for I could not take the jest. He answered, 'The gentleman you were talking to assumed your air and countenance so exactly, that all fell a-laughing to see how little you knew yourself, and how much you were enamoured with your own image. But that per-

son,' continued my monitor, 'if men would make the right use of him, might be as instrumental to their reforming errors in gesture, language, and speech, as a dancing-master, linguist, or orator. You see he laid yourself before you with so much address, that you saw nothing particular in his behaviour: he has so happy a knack of representing errors and imperfections, that you can bear your faults in him as well as in yourself: he is the first mimic that ever gave the beauties, as well as the deformities, of the man he acted. What Mr. Dryden said of a very great man, may be well applied to him:

He seems to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.'

You are to know, that this pantomime may be said to be a species of himself: he has no commerce with the rest of mankind, but as they are the objects of imitation; like the Indian fowl, called the Mock-bird, who has no note of his own, but hits every sound in the wood as soon as he hears it; so that Mirrour is at once a copy and an original. Poor Mirrour's fate, as well as talent, is like that of the bird we just now spoke of; the nightingale, the linnet, the lark, are delighted with his company; but the buzzard, the crow, and the owl, are observed to be his mortal enemies. Whenever Sophronius meets Mirrour, he receives him with civility and respect, and well knows a good copy of himself can be no injury to him; but Bathillus shuns the street where he expects to meet him; for he that knows his every step and look is constrained and affected, must be afraid to be rivalled in his action, and of having it discovered to be unnatural by its being practised by another as well as himself.

From my own Apartment, August 5.

Letters from Coventry and other places have been sent to me, in answer to what I have said in relation to my antagonist Mr. Powel; and advise me with warm language to keep to subjects more proper for me than such high points. But the writers of these epistles mistake the use and service I proposed to the learned world by such observations: for you are to understand, that the title of this paper gives me a right in taking to myself, and inserting in it, all such parts of any book or letter which are foreign to the purpose intended, or professed by the writer: so that, suppose two great divines should argue, and treat each other with warmth and levity unbecoming their subject or character, all that they say unfit for that place is very proper to be inserted here. Therefore, from time to time, in all writings which shall hereafter be published, you shall have from me extracts of all that shall appear not to the purpose; and for the benefit of the gentle reader, I will show what to turn over unread, and what

* Cromwell's porter is said to have been the original from which Cales Gabriel, father of Colley-Clibber, copied one of the iconic figures on Bedlam gate.

† Mr. Richard Estcourt, commonly called Dick Estcourt, celebrated for his mimic powers, in which he was imitable.

to peruse. For this end I have a mathematical sieve preparing, in which I will sift every page and paragraph; and all that falls through I shall make bold with for my own use. The same thing will be as beneficial in speech; for all superfluous expressions in talk fall to me also: as when a pleader at the bar designs to be extremely impertinent and troublesome, and cries, 'Under favour of the court—with submission, my lord—I humbly offer'—and, 'I think I have well considered this matter; for I would be very far from trifling with your lordship's time, or trespassing upon your patience—however, thus I will venture to say——' and so forth. Or else, when a sufficient self-conceited coxcomb is bringing out something in his own praise, and begins, 'Without vanity, I must take this upon me to assert.' There is also a trick which the fair sex have, that will greatly contribute to swell my volumes: as, when a woman is going to abuse her best friend, 'Pray,' says she, 'have you heard what is said of Mrs. such-a-one? I am heartily sorry to hear any thing of that kind of one I have so great a value for; but they make no scruple of telling it; and it was not spoken of to me as a secret, for now all the town rings of it.' All such flowers in rhetoric, and little refuges for malice, are to be noted, and naturally belong only to Tatlers. By this method, you will immediately find folios contract themselves into octavos, and the labour of a fortnight got over in half a day.

St. James's Coffee-house, August 5.

Last night arrived a mail from Lisbon, which gives a very pleasing account of the posture of affairs in that part of the world, the enemy having been necessitated wholly to abandon the blockade of Olivenza. These advices say, that sir John Jennings is arrived at Lisbon. When that gentleman left Barcelona, his catholic majesty was taking all possible methods for carrying on an offensive war. It is observed with great satisfaction in the court of Spain, that there is a very good intelligence between

Whatever men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

White's Chocolate-house, August 7.

DELAMIRA RESIGNS HER FAN.

LONG had the crowd of the gay and young stood in suspense, as to their fate, in their passion to the beautiful Delamira; but all their hopes are lately vanished, by the declaration that she has made of her choice, to take the happy Archibald for her companion for life. Upon her making this known, the expense of sweet powder and jessamine are considerably abated; and the mercers and milliners complain of her want of public spirit, in not concealing longer a secret which was so much the benefit of trade. But so it has happened; and no one was in confidence with her in carrying on this treaty, but the matchless Virgulta, whose despair of ever entering the matrimonial state made her, some nights before Delamira's resolution was published to the world, address herself to her in the following manner:

'Delamira! you are now going into that state of life wherein the use of your charms is wholly to be applied to the pleasing only one man. That swimming air of your body, that janty bearing of your head over one shoulder, and that inexpressible beauty in your manner of playing your fan, must be lowered into a more confined behaviour; to show that you would rather shun than receive addresses for the future. Therefore, dear Delamira, give me those excellences you leave off, and acquaint me with your manner of charming: for I take the liberty of our friendship to say, that when I consider my own status, motion, complexion, wit, or breeding, I cannot think myself any way your inferior; yet do I go through crowds without wounding a man, and all my acquaintance carry round me, while I live a virgin unasked, and I think unregarded.'

Delamira heard her with great attention, and, with that dexterity which is natural to her, told her, that 'all she had above the rest of her sex and contemporary Beauties was

several motions of it, to let him appear as little as possible; for honourable lovers fly all endeavours to ensnare them; and your Cupid must hide his bow and arrow, or he will never be sure of his game. You may observe,' continued she, 'that in all public assemblies, the sexes seem to separate themselves, and draw up to attack each other with eye-shot: that is the time when the fan, which is all the armour of a woman, is of most use in our defence; for our minds are construed by the waving of that little instrument, and our thoughts appear in composure or agitation, according to the motion of it. You may observe, when Will Peregrine comes into the side-box, miss Gatty flutters her fan as a fly does its wings round a candle; while her elder sister, who is as much in love with him as she is, is as grave as a vestal at his entrance; and the consequence is accordingly. He watches half the play for a glance from her sister, while Gatty is overlooked and neglected. I wish you heartily as much success in the management of it as I have had: If you think fit to go on where I left off, I will give you a short account of the execution I have made with it.

'Cymon, who is the dullest of mortals, and though a wonderful great scholar, does not only pause, but seems to take a nap with his eyes open between every other sentence in his discourse: him have I made a leader in assemblies; and one blow on the shoulder as I passed by him has raised him to a downright impertinent in all conversations. The airy Will Sampler is become as lethargic by this my wand, as Cymon is sprightly. Take it, good girl, and use it without mercy; for the reign of beauty never lasted full three years, but it ended in marriage or condemnation to virginity. As you fear, therefore, the one, and hope for the other, I expect an hourly journal of your triumphs; for I have it by certain tradition, that it was given to the first who wore it, by an enchantress, with this remarkable power, that it bestows a husband in half-a-year on her who does not overlook her proper minute; but assigns to a long despair the woman who is well offered, and neglects that proposal. May occasion attend your charms, and your charms

could not be said, it was as successful in life; for as it was the only recommendation in them, so it was the greatest obstacle to us, both in love and business.' A gentleman present was of my mind, and said, that 'we must describe the difference between the modesty of women and that of men, or we should be confounded in our reasonings upon it; for this virtue is to be regarded with respect to our different ways of life. The woman's province is, to be careful in her economy, and chaste in her affections: the man's, to be active in the improvement of his fortune, and ready to undertake whatever is consistent with his reputation for that end.' Modesty, therefore, in a woman, has a certain agreeable fear in all she enters upon; and, in men, it is composed of a right judgment of what is proper for them to attempt. From hence it is, that a discreet man is always a modest one. It is to be noted that modesty in a man is never to be allowed as a good quality, but a weakness, if it suppresses his virtue, and hides it from the world, when he has at the same time a mind to exert himself. A French author says, very justly, that modesty is to the other virtues in a man, what shade is a picture is to the parts of the thing represented. It makes all the other beauties conspicuous, which would otherwise be but a wild heap of colours. This shade in our actions must, therefore, be very justly applied; for, if there be too much, it hides our good qualities, instead of showing them to advantage.

Nestor^o in Athens was an unhappy instance of this truth; for he was not only in his profession the greatest man of that age, but had given more proofs of it than any other man ever did; yet, for want of that natural freedom and audacity which is necessary in commerce with men, his personal modesty overthrew all his public actions. Nestor was in those days a skilful architect, and in a manner the inventor of the use of mechanic powers; which he brought to so great perfection, that he knew to an atom what foundation would bear such a superstructure; and they record of him, that he was so prodigiously exact, that, for the experiment's sake, he built an edifice of great beauty and amazing strength, but contained

merit of their own performances. Soon after this instance of his art, Athens was, by the treachery of its enemies, burned to the ground. This gave Nestor the greatest occasion that ever builder had to render his name immortal, and his person venerable: for all the new city rose according to his disposition, and all the monuments of the glories and distresses of that people were erected by that sole artist: nay, all their temples as well as houses, were the effects of his study and labour; inasmuch, that it was said by an old sage, 'Sure Nestor will now be famous, for the habitations of gods, as well as men, are built by his contrivance.' But this bashful quality still put a damp upon his great knowledge, which has as fatal an effect upon men's reputations as poverty; for as it was said, 'the poor man saved the city, and the poor man's labour was forgot;' so here we find, 'the modest man built the city, and the modest man's skill was unknown.'

Thus we see, every man is the maker of his own fortune; and what is very odd to consider, he must in some measure be the trumpeter of his own fame; not that men are to be tolerated who directly praise themselves; but they are to be endured with a sort of defensive eloquence, by which they shall be always capable of expressing the rules and arts whereby they govern themselves.

Varillus was the man, of all I have read of, the happiest in the true possession of this quality of modesty. My author says of him, modesty in Varillus is really a virtue, for it is a voluntary quality, and the effect of good sense. He is naturally bold and enterprising; but so justly discreet, that he never acts or speaks any thing, but those who behold him know he has forbore much more than he has performed or uttered, out of deference to the persons before whom he is. This makes Varillus truly amiable, and all his attempts successful; for, as bad as the world is thought to be by those who are perhaps unskilled in it, want of success in our actions is generally owing to want of judgment in what we ought to attempt, or a rustic modesty, which will not give us leave to undertake what we ought. But how unfortunate this diffident temper is to those who are possessed with it, may be best seen in the success of such as are wholly unacquainted with it.

We have one peculiar elegance in our language above all others, which is conspicuous in the term 'Fellow.' This word, added to any of our adjectives, extremely varies, or quite alters, the sense of that with which it is joined. Thus though 'a modest man' is the most unfortunate of all men, yet 'a modest fellow' is as superlatively happy. 'A modest fellow' is a ready creature, who, with great humility, and as great forwardness, visits his patrons at all hours, and meets them in all places, and

has so moderate an opinion of himself, that he makes his court at large. If you will not give him a great employment, he will be glad of a little one. He has so great a deference for his benefactor's judgment, that as he thinks himself fit for any thing he can get, so he is above nothing which is offered. He is like the young bachelor of arts, who came to town recommended to a chaplain's place; but none being vacant, modestly accepted that of a postilion.

We have very many conspicuous persons of this undertaking yet modest turn; I have a grandson who is very happy in this quality: I sent him in the time of the last peace into France. As soon as he landed at Calais, he sent me an exact account of the nature of the people, and the policies of the king of France. I got him since chosen a member of a corporation; the modest creature, as soon as he came into the common-council, told a senior burgess, he was perfectly out of the orders of their house. In other circumstances, he is so thoroughly 'modest a fellow,' that he seems to pretend only to things he understands. He is a citizen only at court, and in the city a courtier. In a word, to speak the characteristic difference between 'a modest man' and 'a modest fellow;' the modest man is in doubt in all his actions; a modest fellow never has a doubt from his cradle to his grave.

No. 53.] Thursday, August 11, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines
—nostris est farrago libelli. Juv. Sat. l. 85, 86.

Whatever men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P

White's Chocolate-house, August, 10.

THE CIVIL HUSBAND.

THE fate and character of the inconstant Osmyn is a just excuse for the little notice taken by his widow of his departure out of this life, which was equally troublesome to Elmira, his faithful spouse, and to himself. That life passed between them after this manner, is the reason the town has just now received a lady with all that gayety, after having been a relict but three months, which other women hardly assume under fifteen, after such a disaster. Elmira is the daughter of a rich and worthy citizen, who gave her to Osmyn with a portion which might have obtained her an alliance with our noblest houses, and fixed her in the eye of the world, where her story had not been now to be related: for her good qualities had made her the object of universal esteem among the polite part of mankind, from whom she has been banished and immured until the death of her jailor. It is now full fifteen years since that beautiful lady was given into the hands of the happy Osmyn, who, in the sense of all

the world, received at that time a present more valuable than the possession of both the Indies. She was then in her early bloom, with an understanding and discretion very little inferior to the most experienced matrons. She was not beholden to the charms of her sex, that her company was preferable to any Osmyn could meet with abroad; for, were all she said considered without regard to her being a woman, it might stand the examination of the severest judges. She had all the beauty of her own sex, with all the conversation-accomplishments of ours. But Osmyn very soon grew surfeited with the charms of her person by possession, and of her mind by want of taste; for he was one of that loose sort of men, who have but one reason for setting any value upon the fair sex; who consider even brides but as new women, and consequently neglect them when they cease to be such. All the merit of Elmira could not prevent her becoming a mere wife within few months after her nuptials; and Osmyn had so little relish for her conversation, that he complained of the advantages of it. 'My spouse,' said he to one of his companions, 'is so very discreet, so good, so virtuous, and I know not what, that I think her person is rather the object of esteem than of love; and there is such a thing as a merit which causes rather distance than passion.' But there being no medium in the state of matrimony, their life began to take the usual gradations to become the most irksome of all beings. They grew in the first place very complaisant; and having at heart a certain knowledge that they were indifferent to each other, apologies were made for every little circumstance which they thought betrayed their mutual coldness. This lasted but few months, when they showed a difference of opinion in every trifle; and, as a sign of certain decay of affection, the word 'perhaps,' was introduced in all their discourse. 'I have a mind to go to the park,' says she; 'but perhaps, my dear, you will want the coach on some other occasion.' He 'would very willingly carry her to the play; but perhaps she had rather go to lady Centaur's and play at Ombre.' They were both persons of good discerning, and soon found that they mortally hated each other by their manner of hiding it. Certain it is, that there are some genios which are not capable of pure affection, and a man is born with talents for it as much as for poetry or any other science.

Osmyn began too late to find the imperfection of his own heart, and used all the methods in the world to correct it, and argue himself into return of desire and passion for his wife, by the contemplation of her excellent qualities, his great obligations to her, and the high value he saw all the world except himself did put upon her. But such is man's unhappy condition, that though the weakness of the heart

has a prevailing power over the strength of the head, yet the strength of the head has but small force against the weakness of the heart. Osmyn, therefore, struggled in vain to revive departed desire; and for that reason resolved to retire to one of his estates in the country, and pass away his hours of wedlock in the noble diversions of the field; and in the fury of a disappointed lover, made an oath to leave neither stag, fox, or hare living, during the days of his wife. Besides that country-sports would be an amusement, he hoped also that his spouse would be half killed by the very sense of seeing this town no more, and would think her life ended as soon as she left it. He communicated his design to Elmira, who received it, as now she did all things, like a person too unhappy to be relieved or afflicted by the circumstance of place. This unexpected resignation made Osmyn resolve to be as obliging to her as possible; and if he could not prevail upon himself to be kind, he took a resolution at least to act sincerely, and communicate frankly to her the weakness of his temper, to excuse the indifference of his behaviour. He disposed his household in the way to Rutland, so as he and his lady travelled only in the coach for the convenience of discourse. They had not gone many miles out of town, when Osmyn spoke to this purpose:

'My dear, I believe I look quite as silly now I am going to tell you I do not love you, as when I first told you I did. We are now going into the country together, with only one hope for making this life agreeable, survivorship: desire is not in our power; mine is all gone for you. What shall we do to carry it with decency to the world, and hate one another with discretion?'

The lady answered, without the least observation on the extravagance of his speech:

'My dear, you have lived most of your days in a court, and I have not been wholly unacquainted with that sort of life. In courts, you see good-will is spoken with great warmth, ill-will covered with great civility. Men are long in civilities to those they hate, and short in expressions of kindness to those they love. Therefore, my dear, let us be well-bred still; and it is no matter, as to all who see us, whether we love or hate: and to let you see how much you are beholden to me for my conduct, I have both hated and despised you, my dear, this half-year; and yet neither in language or behaviour has it been visible but that I loved you tenderly. Therefore, as I know you go out of town to divert life in pursuit of beasts, and conversation with men just above them; so, my life, from this moment, I shall read all the learned cooks who have ever writ; study broths, plasters, and conserves, until, from a fine lady, I become a notable woman. We must take our minds a note or two lower, or

we shall be tortured by jealousy or anger. Thus, I am resolved to kill all keen passions, by employing my mind on little subjects, and lessening the easiness of my spirit; while you, my dear, with much ale, exercise, and ill company, are so good as to endeavour to be as contemptible as it is necessary for my quiet I should think you.'

At Rutland they arrived, and lived with great but secret impatience for many successive years, until Osmyn thought of a happy expedient to give their affairs a new turn. One day he took Elmira aside, and spoke as follows:

'My dear, you see here the air is so temperate and serene; the rivulets, the groves, and soil, so extremely kind to nature, that we are stronger and firmer in our health since we left the town; so that there is no hope of a release in this place; but, if you will be so kind as to go with me to my estate in the hundreds of Essex, it is possible some kind damp may one day or other relieve us. If you will condescend to accept of this offer, I will add that whole estate to your jointure in this country.'

Elmira, who was all goodness, accepted the offer, removed accordingly, and has left her spouse in that place to rest with his fathers.

This is the real figure in which Elmira ought to be beheld in this town; and not thought guilty of an indecorum, in not professing the sense, or bearing the habit of sorrow, for one who robbed her of all the endearments of life, and gave her only common civility, instead of complacency of manners, dignity of passion, and that constant assemblage of soft desires and affections which all feel who love, but none can express.

Will's Coffee-house, August 10.

Mr. Truman, who is a mighty admirer of dramatic poetry, and knows I am about a tragedy, never meets me, but he is giving admonitions and hints for my conduct. 'Mr. Bickerstaff,' said he, 'I was reading last night your second act you were so kind to lend me: but I find you depend mightily upon the retinue of your hero to make him magnificent. You make guards, and ushers, and courtiers, and commons, and nobles, march before; and then enters your prince, and says, they cannot defend him from his love. Why, prythee, Isaac, who ever thought they could? Place me your loving monarch in a solitude; let him have no sense at all of his grandeur but let it be seen

of what we are to expect in a person of his way of thinking. Shakspeare is your pattern. In the tragedy of Cæsar he introduces his hero in his night-gown. He had at that time all the power of Rome: deposed consuls, subordinate generals, and captive princes might have preceded him; but his genius was above such mechanic methods of showing greatness. Therefore, he rather presents that great soul debating upon the subject of life and death with his intimate friends, without endeavouring to prepossess his audience with empty show and pomp. When those who attend him talk of the many omens which had appeared that day, he answers:

'Towards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.'

'When the hero has spoken this sentiment, there is nothing that is great which cannot be expected from one, whose first position is the contempt of death to so high a degree, as to make his exit a thing wholly indifferent, and not a part of his care, but that of heaven and fate.'

St. James's Coffee-house, August 10.

Letters from Brussels of the fifteenth instant, N. S. say, that major-general Ravignan returned on the eighth, with the French king's answer to the intended capitulation for the citadel of Tournay, which is that he does not think fit to sign that capitulation, except the allies will grant a cessation of arms in general, during the time in which all acts of hostility were to have ceased between the citadel and the besiegers. Soon after the receipt of this news, the cannon on each side began to play. There are two attacks against the citadel, commanded by general Lottum and general Schuylenberg, which are both carried on with great success; and it is not doubted but the citadel will be in the hands of the allies before the last day of this month. Letters from Ipres say, that on the ninth instant part of the garrison of that place had mutinied in two bodies, each consisting of two hundred; who being dispersed the same day, a body of eight hundred appeared in the market-place at nine the night following, and seized all manner of provisions, but were with much difficulty quieted. The governor has not punished any of the offenders: the dis-

enemy in Savoy, and defeated that body of men which guarded those passes under the command of the marquis de Thoury.

No. 54.] Saturday, August 13, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——

—neque est farrago libelli. J. v. Sat. l. 85. 86.

Whatever men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

White's Chocolate-house August, 12.

OF THE GOVERNMENT OF AFFECTION.

WHEN labour was pronounced to be the portion of man, that doom reached the affections of his mind, as well as his person, the matter on which he was to feed, and all the animal and vegetable world about him. There is, therefore, an assiduous care and cultivation to be bestowed upon our passions and affections; for they, as they are the excrecences of our souls like our hair and beards, look horrid or becoming, as we cut or let them grow. All this grave preface is meant to assign a reason in nature for the unaccountable behaviour of Duumvir, the husband and keeper. Ten thousand follies had this unhappy man escaped, had he made a compact with himself to be upon his guard, and not permitted his vagrant eye to let in so many different inclinations upon him, as all his days he has been perplexed with. But, indeed, at present, he has brought himself to be confined only to one prevailing mistress; between whom and his wife, Duumvir passes his hours in all the vicissitudes which attend passion and affection, without the intervention of reason. Laura his wife, and Phillis his mistress, are all with whom he has had, for some months, the least amorous commerce. Duumvir has passed the noon of life; but cannot withdraw from those entertainments which are pardonable only before that stage of our being, and which, after that season, are rather punishments than satisfactions: for palled appetite is humorous, and must be gratified with sauces rather than food. For which end Duumvir is provided with a baughty, imperious, expensive, and fantastic mistress, to whom he retires from the conversation of an affable, humble, discreet, and affectionate wife. Laura receives him after absence, with an easy and unaffected complacency; but that he calls insipid: Phillis rates him for his absence, and bids him return from whence he came; this he calls spirit and fire; Laura's gentleness is thought mean; Phillis's insolence, sprightly. Were you to see him at his own home, and his mistress's lodgings; to Phillis he appears an obsequious lover, to Laura an imperious master. Nay, so unjust is the taste of Duumvir, that he owns Laura has no ill quality, but that she is his wife; Phillis no good

one, but that she is his mistress. And he has himself often said, were he married to any one else, he would rather keep Laura than any woman living; yet allows, at the same time, that Phillis, were she a woman of honour, would have been the most insipid animal breathing. The other day Laura, who has a voice like an angel, began to sing to him. 'Fie, madam,' he cried, 'we must be past all these gayties.' Phillis has a note as rude and as loud as that of a milk-maid: when she begins to warble, 'Well,' says he, 'there is such a pleasing simplicity in all that wench does.' In a word, the affectionate part of his heart being corrupted, and his true taste that way wholly lost, he has contracted a prejudice to all the behaviour of Laura, and a general partiality in favour of Phillis. It is not in the power of the wife to do a pleasing thing, nor in the mistress to commit one that is disagreeable. There is something too melancholy in the reflection on this circumstance, to be the subject of railery. He said a sour thing to Laura at dinner the other day; upon which she burst into tears. 'What the devil, madam,' says he, 'cannot I speak in my own house?' He answered Phillis a little abruptly at supper the same evening, upon which she threw his periwig into the fire. 'Well,' said he, 'thou art a brave termagant jade: do you know, hussy, that fair wig cost forty guineas?' Oh Laura! is it for this that the faithful Cromius sighed for you in vain? How is thy condition altered, since crowds of youth hung on thy eye, and watched its glances? It is not many months since Laura was the wonder and pride of her own sex, as well as the desire and passion of ours. At plays and at halls, the just turn of her behaviour, the decency of her virgin charms, chastised, yet added to diversions. At public devotions, her winning modesty, her resigned carriage, made virtue and religion appear with new ornaments, and in the natural apparel of simplicity and beauty. In ordinary conversations, a sweet conformity of manners, and a humility which heightened all the complacencies of good-breeding and education, gave her more slaves than all the pride of her sex ever made women wish for. Laura's hours are now spent in the sad reflection on her choice, and that deceitful vanity, almost inseparable from the sex, of believing she could reclaim one that had so often ensnared others; as it now is, it is not even in the power of Duumvir himself to do her justice: for though beauty and merit are things real and independent on taste and opinion, yet agreeableness is arbitrary, and the mistress has much the advantage of the wife. But whenever fate is so kind to her and her spouse as to end her days, with all this passion for Phillis and indifference for Laura, he has a second wife in view, who may avenge the injuries done to her

predecessor. Aglaura is the destined lady, who has lived in assemblies, has ambition and play for her entertainment, and thinks of a man, not as the object of love, but the tool of her interest or pride. If ever Aglaura comes to the empire of this inconstant, she will endure the memory of her predecessor. But, in the mean time, it is melancholy to consider, that the virtue of a wife is like the merit of a poet, never justly valued until after death.

From my own Apartment, August 11.

As we have professed that all the actions of men are our subject, the most solemn are not to be omitted, if there happens to creep into their behaviour any thing improper for such occasions. Therefore, the offence mentioned in the following epistles, though it may seem to be committed in a place sacred from observation, is such, that it is our duty to remark upon it; for though he who does it is himself only guilty of an indecorum, he occasions a criminal levity in all others who are present at it.

St. Paul's Church-Yard,
August 11.

'MR. BICKERSTAFF,

'It being mine as well as the opinion of many others, that your papers are extremely well fitted to reform any irregular or indecent practice, I present the following as one which requires your correction. Myself, and a great many good people who frequent the divine service at St. Paul's, have been a long time scandalized by the imprudent conduct of Stentor* in that cathedral. This gentleman, you must know, is always very exact and zealous in his devotion, which I believe nobody blames; but then he is accustomed to roar and hellow so terribly loud in the responses, that he frightens even us of the congregation who are daily used to him; and one of our petty canons, a punning Cambridge scholar, calls his way of worship a Bull-offering. His harsh untuneable pipe is no more fit than a raven's to join with the music of a choir; yet, nobody having been enough his friend, I suppose, to inform him of it, he never fails, when

atonement for certain of your paragraphs which have not been highly approved by us.

I am, Sir,

'Your most humble servant,
'JEOPFFRY CHANTICLEER.'

It is wonderful that there should be such a general lamentation, and the grievance so frequent, and yet the offender never know any thing of it. I have received the following letter from my kinsman at the Heralds-office, near the same place.

'DEAR COUSIN,

'This office, which has had its share in the impartial justice of your censures, demands at present your vindication of their rights and privileges. There are certain hours when our young heralds are exercised in the faculties of making proclamation, and other vociferations, which of right belong to us only to utter: but, at the same hours, Stentor in St. Paul's Church, in spite of the coaches, carts, London cries, and all other sounds between us, exalts his throat to so high a key, that the most noisy of our order is utterly unheard. If you please to observe upon this, you will ever oblige, &c.'

There have been communicated to me some other ill consequences from the same cause; as, the overturning of coaches by sudden starts of the horses as they passed that way, women pregnant frightened, and heirs to families lost; which are public disasters, though arising from a good intention: but it is hoped, after this admonition, that Stentor will avoid an act of so great supererogation, as singing without a voice.

But I am diverted from prosecuting Stentor's reformation, by an account, that the two faithful lovers, Lisander and Coriana, are dead; for, no longer ago than the first day of the last month, they swore eternal fidelity to each other, and to love until death. Ever since that time, Lisander has been twice a day at the chocolate-house, visits in every circle, is missing four hours in four-and-twenty, and will give no account of himself. These are undoubted proofs of the departure of a lover; and consequently Coriana is also dead as a mis-

nations, and revolutions of empire;* I think, though these are very great subjects, my theme of discourse is sometimes to be of matters of a yet higher consideration. The slow steps of providence and nature, and strange events which are brought about in an instant, are what, as they come within our view and observation, shall be given to the public. Such things are not accompanied with show and noise, and therefore seldom draw the eyes of the unattentive part of mankind; but are very proper at once to exercise our humanity, please our imaginations, and improve our judgments. It may not, therefore, be unuseful to relate many circumstances, which were observable upon a late cure done upon a young gentleman who was born blind, and on the twenty-ninth of June last received his sight, at the age of twenty years, by the operation of an oculist. This happened no farther off than Newington, and the work was prepared for in the following manner.

The operator, Mr. Grant, having observed the eyes of his patient, and convinced his friends and relations, among others the reverend Mr. Caswell, minister of the place, that it was highly probable that he should remove the obstacle which prevented the use of his sight; all his acquaintance, who had any regard for the young man, or curiosity to be present when one of full age and understanding received a new sense, assembled themselves on this occasion. Mr. Caswell, being a gentleman particularly curious, desired the whole company, in case the blindness should be cured, to keep silence; and let the patient make his own observations, without the direction of any thing he had received by his other senses, or the advantage of discovering his friends by their voices. Among several others, the mother, brethren, sisters, and a young gentlewoman, for whom he had a passion, were present. The work was performed with great skill and dexterity. When the patient first received the dawn of light, there appeared such an ecstasy in his action, that he seemed ready to swoon away in the surprise of joy and wonder. The surgeon stood before him with his instruments in his hands. The young man observed him from head to foot; after which he surveyed himself as carefully, and seemed to compare him to himself; and, observing both their hands, seemed to think they were exactly alike, except the instruments, which he took for parts of his hands. When he had continued in this amazement some time, his mother could not longer bear the agitations of so many passions as thronged upon her; but fell upon his neck, crying out, 'My son! my son!' The youth

knew her voice, and could speak no more than 'Oh me! are you my mother?' and fainted. The whole room, you will easily conceive, were very affectionately employed in recovering him; but, above all, the young gentlewoman who loved him, and whom he loved, shrieked in the loudest manner. That voice seemed to have a sudden effect upon him as he recovered, and he showed a double curiosity in observing her as she spoke and called to him, until at last he broke out, 'What has been done to me? Whither am I carried? Is all this about me the thing I have heard so often of? Is this the light? Is this seeing? Were you always thus happy, when you said you were glad to see each other? Where is Tom, who used to lead me? But I could now, methinks, go any where without him.' He offered to move, but seemed afraid of every thing around him. When they saw his difficulty, they told him, until he became better acquainted with his new being, he must let the servant still lead him.' The boy was called for, and presented to him. Mr. Caswell asked him, 'what sort of thing he took Tom to be before he had seen him?' He answered, 'he believed there was not so much of him as of himself; but he fancied him the same sort of creature.' The noise of this sudden change made all the neighbourhood throng to the place where he was. As he saw the crowd thickening, he desired Mr. Caswell to tell him how many there were in all to be seen. The gentleman, smiling, answered him, that 'it would be very proper for him to return to his late condition, and suffer his eyes to be covered, until they had received strength: for he might remember well enough, that by degrees he had from little and little come to the strength he had at present in his ability of walking and moving; and that it was the same thing with his eyes, which,' he said, 'would lose the power of continuing to him that wonderful transport he was now in, except he would be contented to lay aside the use of them, until they were strong enough to bear the light without so much feeling as he knew he underwent at present.' With much reluctance he was prevailed upon to have his eyes bound; in which condition they kept him in a dark room, until it was proper to let the organ receive its objects without further precaution. During the time of this darkness, he bewailed himself in the most distressed manner; and accused all his friends, complaining that 'some incantation had been wrought upon him, and some strange magic used to deceive him into an opinion that he had enjoyed what they called sight.' He added, 'that the impressions then let in upon his soul would certainly distract him, if he were not so at that present.' At another time, he would strive to name the persons he had seen among the crowd after he was couched, and would pretend to

* The name of the young man, who is the principal subject of this paper, was William Jones of Newington Britts, who, it is said, was born blind, and brought to his sight at the age of twenty.

speaking, in perplexed terms of his own making, of what he in that short time observed. But, on the sixth instant, it was thought fit to unbind his head, and the young woman whom he loved was instructed to open his eyes accordingly; as well to endear herself to him by such a circumstance, as to moderate his ecstasies by the persuasion of a voice which had so much power over him as hers ever had. When this beloved young woman began to take off the binding of his eyes, she talked to him as follows.

'Mr. William, I am now taking the binding off, though, when I consider what I am doing, I tremble with the apprehension, that though I have from my very childhood loved you, dark as you were, and though you had conceived so strong a love for me, you will find there is such a thing as beauty, which may ensnare you into a thousand passions of which you are now innocent, and take you from me for ever. But, before I put myself to that hazard, tell me in what manner that love, you always professed to me, entered into your heart; for its usual admission is at the eyes.'

The young man answered, 'Dear Lidia, if I am to lose by sight the soft pantings which I have always felt when I heard your voice; if I am no more to distinguish the step of her I love when she approaches me, but to change that sweet and frequent pleasure for such an amazement as I knew the little time I lately saw; or if I am to have any thing besides, which may take from me the sense I have of what appeared most pleasing to me at that time, which apparition it seems was you; pull out these eyes, before they lead me to be ungrateful to you, or undo myself. I wished for them but to see you; pull them out, if they are to make me forget you.'

Lidia was extremely satisfied with these assurances; and pleased herself with playing with his perplexities. In all his talk to her, he showed but very faint ideas of any thing which had not been received at the ears; and closed his protestation to her, by saying, that if he were to see Valentia and Barcelona, whom he supposed the most esteemed of all women, by the quarrel there was about them, he would never like any but Lidia.

St. James's Coffee-house, August 15.

We have repeated advices of the entire defeat of the Swedish army near Pultowa, on the twenty-seventh of June, O. S.; and letters from Berlin give the following account of the remains of the Swedish army since the battle: Prince Menzikoff, being ordered to pursue the victory, came up with the Swedish army, which was left to the command of general Lewenhaupt, on the thirtieth of June, O. S. on the banks of the Boristhenes; whereupon he sent general Lewenhaupt a summons to submit himself to

his present fortune: Lewenhaupt immediately despatched three general officers to that prince, to treat about a capitulation; but the Swedes, though they consisted of fifteen thousand men, were in so great want of provision and ammunition, that they were obliged to surrender themselves at discretion. His czarish majesty despatched an express to general Golts, with an account of these particulars, and also with instructions to send out detachments of his cavalry, to prevent the king of Sweden's joining his army in Poland. That prince made his escape with a small party by swimming over the Boristhenes; and it was thought he designed to retire into Poland by the way of Volhunia. Advices from Bern of the eleventh instant say, that the general diet of the Helvetic body held at Baden concluded on the sixth; but the deputies of the six cantons, who are deputed to determine the affair of Tocken-burg, continue their application to that business, notwithstanding some new difficulties started by the abbot of St. Gall. Letters from Geneva of the ninth, say, that the duke of Savoy's cavalry had joined count Thaur, as had also two imperial regiments of hussars; and that his royal highness's army was disposed in the following manner: the troops under the command of count Thaur are extended from Constans to St. Peter D'Albigni. Small parties are left in several posts from thence to Little St. Bernard, to preserve the communication with Piedmont by the valley of Aosta. Some forces are also posted at Taloir, and in the castle of Doin, on each side of the lake of Annecy. General Rhebinder is encamped in the valley of Oulx with ten thousand foot, and some detachments of horse; his troops are extended from Exilles to Mount Genevre, so that he may easily penetrate into Dauphinè on the least motion of the enemy; but the duke of Berwick takes all necessary precautions to prevent such an enterprise. That general's head quarters are at Francin; and he hath disposed his army in several parties, to preserve a communication with the Maurienne and Briançon. He hath no provisions for his army but from Savoy; Provence and Dauphinè being unable to supply him with necessaries. He left two regiments of dragoons at Annen, who suffered very much in the late action at Tessons, where they lost fifteen hundred who were killed on the spot, four standards, and three hundred prisoners, among whom were forty officers. The last letters from the duke of Marlborough's camp at Orchies of the nineteenth instant, advise, that monsieur Ravignon being returned from the French court with an account that the king of France had refused to ratify the capitulation for the surrender of the citadel of Tournay, the approaches have been carried on with great vigour and success: our miners have discovered several of the enemy's mines,

who have sprung divers others, which did little execution; but for the better security of the troops, both assaults are carried on by the cautious way of sapping. On the eighteenth, the confederate army made a general forage without any loss. Marshal Villars continues in his former camp, and applies himself with great diligence in casting up new lines behind the old on the Scarp. The duke of Marlborough and prince Eugene designed to begin a general review of the army on the twentieth.

No. 56.] Thursday, August 18, 1709.

Quicquid agunt hostiles

nostris est farrago libelli. Juv. Sat. l. 85, 86.

Whatever good is done, whatever ill—

By human kind, shall this collection fill.*

White's Chocolate-house, August 17.

There is a young foreigner committed to my care, who puzzles me extremely in the questions he asks about the persons of figure we meet in public places. He has but very little of our language, and therefore I am mightily at a loss to express to him things for which they have no word in that tongue to which he was born. It has been often my answer, upon his asking who such a fine gentleman is? That he is what we call a *shurper*; and he wants my explication. I thought it would be very unjust to tell him, he is the same the French call *Coquin*; the Latins, *Nebulo*; or the Greeks, *ῥάσκαλ*;† for, as custom is the most powerful of all laws, and that the order of men we call sharpers are received amongst us, not only with permission, but favour, I thought it unjust to use them like persons upon no establishment; besides that it would be an unpardonable dishonour to our country to let him leave us with an opinion, that our nobility and gentry keep company with common thieves and cheats: I told him, 'they were a sort of tame hussars, that were allowed in our cities, like the wild ones in our camp; who had all the privileges belonging to us, but at the same time, were not tied to our discipline or laws.' Aletheus, who is a gentleman of too much virtue for the age he lives in, would not let this matter be thus palliated; but told my pupil, 'that he was to understand that distinction, quality, merit, and industry, were laid aside among us by the incursions of these civil hussars; who had got so much countenance, that the breeding and fashion of the age turned their way to the ruin of order and economy in all places where they are admitted.' But Sophronius, who never falls into heat upon

any subject, but applies proper language, temper, and skill, with which the thing in debate is to be treated, told the youth, 'that gentleman had spoken nothing but what was literally true; but fell upon it with too much earnestness to give a true idea of that sort of people he was declaiming against, or to remedy the evil which he bewailed: for the acceptance of these men being an ill which had crept into the conversation-part of our lives, and not into our constitution itself, it must be corrected where it began; and, consequently, is to be amended only by bringing gallery and derision upon the persons who are guilty, or those who converse with them. For the sharpers,' continued he, 'at present, are not as formerly, under the acceptance of pick-pockets: but are by custom erected into a real and venerable body of men, and have subdued us to so very particular a deference to them, that though they were known to be men without honour or conscience, no demand is called a debt of honour so indisputably as theirs. You may lose your honour to them, but they lay none against you: as the priesthood in Roman Catholic countries can purchase what they please for the church; but they can alienate nothing from it. It is from this toleration, that sharpers are to be found among all sorts of assemblies and companies; and every talent amongst men is made use of by some one or other of the society, for the good of their common cause: so that an unexperienced young gentleman is as often ensnared by his understanding as his folly; for who could be unmoved, to hear the eloquent Dromio explain the constitution, talk in the key of Cato, with the severity of one of the ancient sages, and debate the greatest question of state in a common chocolate or coffee-house? who could, I say, hear this generous declamator, without being fired at his noble zeal, and becoming his professed follower, if he might be admitted? Monoculus's gravity would be no less inviting to a beginner in conversation; and the snare of his eloquence would equally catch one who had never seen an old gentleman so very wise, and yet so little severe. Many other instances of extraordinary men among the brotherhood might be produced; but every man, who knows the town, can supply himself with such examples without their being named. Will Vafer, who is skilful at finding out the ridiculous side of a thing, and placing it in a new and proper light, though he very seldom talks, thought fit to enter into this subject. He has lately lost certain loose sums, which half the income of his estate will bring in within seven years: besides which, he proposes to marry, to set all right. He was, therefore, indolent enough to speak of this matter with great impartiality. 'When I look around me,' said this easy gentleman, 'and consider in a just balance us bubbles, elder brothers whose sup-

* This is the first of some patriotic and excellent papers, in which Steele handsomely employed his wit, in exposing the gamblers, sharpers, and swindlers of his time, with a view to guard his unwary countrymen from their snares; and, to banish fraud and cozenage from the presence and conversation of gentlemen.

† The word '*rascal*,' printed in Greek characters.

port our dull fathers contrived to depend upon certain acres, with the rooks, whose ancestors left them the wide world; I cannot but admire their fraternity, and condemn my own. Is not Jack Heyday much to be preferred to the knight he has bubbled? Jack has his equipage, his wenches, and his followers: the knight, so far from a retinue, that he is almost one of Jack's. However, he is gay, you see, still; a florid outside—His habit speaks the man—And since he must unbutton, he would not be reduced outwardly, but is stripped to his upper coat. But though I have great temptation to it, I will not at this time give the history of the losing side; but speak the effects of my thoughts, since the loss of my money, upon the gaining people. This ill fortune makes most men contemplative and given to reading; at least it has happened so to me; and the rise and fall of the family of Sharpers in all ages has been my contemplation.'

I find, all times have had of this people: Homer, in his excellent heroic poem, calls them Myrmidons, who were a body that kept among themselves, and had nothing to lose; therefore never spared either Greek or Trojan, when they fell in their way, upon a party. But there is a memorable verse, which gives us an account of what broke that whole body, and made both Greeks and Trojans masters of the secret of their warfare and plunder. There is nothing so pedantic as many quotations; therefore, I shall inform you only, that in this battalion there were two officers called Therisites and Pandarus: they were both less renowned for their beauty than their wit; but each had this particular happiness, that they were plunged over head and ears in the same water which made Achilles invulnerable; and had ever after, certain gifts which the rest of the world were never to enjoy. Among others, they were never to know they were the most dreadful to the sight of all mortals, never to be diffident of their own abilities, never to blush, or ever to be wounded but by each other. Though some historians say, gaming began among the Lydians, to divert hunger, I

may be better understood by the good people of England. These sort of men, in some ages, were sycophants and flatterers only, and were endued with arts of life to capacitate them for the conversation of the rich and great; but now the bubble courts the impostor, and pretends at the utmost to be but his equal. To clear up the reasons and causes in such revolutions, and the different conduct between fools and cheats, shall be one of our labours for the good of this kingdom. How, therefore, pimps, footmen, fiddlers, and lackeys, are elevated into companions in this present age, shall be accounted for from the influence of the planet Mercury on this island; the ascendancy of which Sharper over Sol, who is a patron of the muses and all honest professions, has been noted by the learned Job Gadbury,* to be the cause, that 'cunning and trick are more esteemed than art and science.' It must be allowed also, to the memory of Mr. Partridge, late of Cecil-street in the Strand, that in his answer to an horary question, At what hour of the night to set a fox-trap in June 1705? he has largely discussed, under the character of Reynard, the manner of surprising all Sharpers as well as him. But of these great points, after more mature deliberation.

St. James's Coffee-house, August 17.

'To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire.

SIR,

'We have nothing at present new, but that we understand by some Owlers,† old people die in France. Letters from Paris of the tenth instant, N. S. say, that monsieur d'Andre, marquis d'Oraison, died at eighty-five: monsieur Brumars, at one hundred and two years, died for love of his wife, who was ninety-two at her death, after seventy years cohabitation. Nicholas de Boutheiller, parish-preacher at Sasseville, being a bachelor, held out to one hundred and sixteen. Dame Claude de Massy, relict of monsieur Peter de Monceaux, grand audiencer of France, died on the seventeenth, aged one hundred and seven. Letters of the seventeenth say, monsieur Chrestien de La-

by himself. I am, sir, your most humble servant.

'HUMPHREY KIDNEY.'

From my own Apartment, August 17.

I am to acknowledge several letters which I have lately received; among others, one subscribed Philanthropos, another Emilia, both which shall be honoured. I have a third from an officer in the army, wherein he desires I would do justice to the many gallant actions which have been done by men of private characters, or officers of lower stations, during this long war; that their families may have the pleasure of seeing we lived in an age, wherein men of all orders had their proper share in fame and glory. There is nothing I should undertake with greater pleasure than matters of this kind; if, therefore, they who are acquainted with such facts would please to communicate them by letters, directed to me at Mr. Morpew's, no pains should be spared to put them in a proper and distinguishing light.

This is to admonish Stentor, that it was not admiration of his voice, but my publication of it, which has lately increased the number of his hearers.

No. 57.] *Saturday, August 30, 1709.*

Oniequid agunt homines——

—— *nostris est farrago libelli. Juv. Sat. l. 85, 86.*

Whatever good is done, whatever ill——

By human kind, shall this collection fill.

Will's Coffee-house, August 19.

I WAS this evening representing a complaint sent me out of the country from Emilia. She says, her neighbours there have so little sense of what a refined lady of the town is, that she, who was a celebrated wit in London, is in that dull part of the world in so little esteem, that they call her in their base style a Tongue-Pad. Old True Penny bid me advise her to keep her wit until she comes to town again, and admonish her, that both wit and breeding are local; for a fine court-lady is as awkward among country housewives, as one of them would appear in a drawing-room. It is therefore the most useful knowledge one can attain at, to understand among what sort of men we make

one regards, because all know it is within their power. The best course Emilia can take is, to have less humility; for if she could have as good an opinion of herself for having every quality, as some of her neighbours have of themselves with one, she would inspire even them with a sense of her merit, and make that carriage, which is now the subject of their derision, the sole object of their imitation. Until she has arrived at this value of herself, she must be contented with the fate of that uncommon creature, a woman too humble.

White's Chocolate-house, August 19.

Since my last, I have received a letter from Tom Trump, to desire that I would do the fraternity of gamblers the justice to own, that there are notorious Sharpers, who are not of their class. Among others, he presented me with the picture of Harry Coppersmith, in little, who, he says, is at this day worth half a plumb,* by means much more indirect than by false dice. I must confess there appeared some reason in what he asserted; and he met me since, and accosted me in the following manner: 'It is wonderful to me, Mr. Bickerstaff, that you can pretend to be a man of penetration, and fall upon us Knights of the Industry as the wickedest of mortals, when there are so many who live in the constant practice of baser methods, unobserved. You cannot, though you know the story of myself and the North Briton, but allow I am an honest man than Will Coppersmith, for all his great credit among the Lombards. I get my money by men's follies, and he gets his by their distresses. The declining merchant communicates his griefs to him, and he augments them by extortion. If, therefore, regard is to be had to the merit of the persons we injure, who is the more blameable, he that oppresses an unhappy man, or he that cheats a foolish one? All mankind are indifferently liable to adverse strokes of fortune; and he who adds to them, when he might relieve them, is certainly a worse subject, than he who unburdens a man whose prosperity is unwieldy to him. Besides all which, he that borrows of Coppersmith does it out of necessity; he that plays with me does it out of choice.'

heard a sage man make ; which was, ' That he had observed, that in some professions, the lower the understanding, the greater the capacity.' I remember, he instanced that of a banker, and said, that ' the fewer appetites, passions, and ideas a man had, he was the better for his business.'

There is little sir Tristram, without connection in his speech, or so much as common sense, has arrived by his own natural parts at one of the greatest estates amongst us. But honest sir Tristram knows himself to be but a repository for cash: he is just such a utensil as his iron chest, and may rather be said to hold money, than possess it. There is nothing so pleasant as to be in the conversation of these wealthy proficients. I had lately the honour to drink half-a-pint with sir Tristram, Harry Coppersmith, and Giles Twoshoes. These wags gave one another credit in discourse, according to their purses; they jest by the pound, and make answers as they honour bills. Without vanity, I thought myself the prettiest fellow of the company; but I had no manner of power over one muscle in their faces, though they smirked at every word spoken by each other. Sir Tristram called for a pipe of tobacco; and telling us ' tobacco was a pot-herb,' bid the drawer bring him the other half-pint. Twoshoes laughed at the knight's wit without moderation; I took the liberty to say ' it was but a pun.' ' A pun!' said Coppersmith; ' you would be a better man by ten thousand pounds if you could pun like sir Tristram.' With that they all burst out together. The queer curs maintained this style of dialogue until we had drunk our quart a-piece, by half-pints. All I could bring away with me is, that Twoshoes is not worth twenty thousand pounds: for his mirth, though he was as insipid as either of the others, had no more effect upon the company than if he had been a bankrupt.

From my own Apartment, August 19.

I have heard it has been advised by a diocesan to his inferior clergy, that instead of broaching opinions of their own, and uttering doctrines which may lead themselves and hearers into error, they would read some of

prefer beasts, victuals, and ridiculous amours before them. Amongst these people, he is sober who is never drunk with any thing but wine; the too frequent use of it having rendered it flat and insipid to them: They endeavour by brandy, and other strong liquors, to quicken their taste, already extinguished, and want nothing to complete their debauches, but to drink aqua-fortis. The women of that country hasten the decay of their beauty, by their artifices to preserve it: they paint their cheeks, eye-brows, and shoulders, which they lay open, together with their breasts, arms, and ears, as if they were afraid to hide those places which they think will please, and never think they show enough of them. The physiognomies of the people of that country are not at all neat, but confused and embarrassed with a bundle of strange hair, which they prefer before their natural: with this they weave something to cover their heads, which descends down half way their bodies, hides their features, and hinders you from knowing men by their faces. This nation has, besides this, their God and their king. The grandees go every day at a certain hour, to a temple they call a church: at the upper end of that temple there stands an altar consecrated to their God, where the priest celebrates some mysteries which they call holy, sacred, and tremendous. The great men make a vast circle at the foot of the altar, standing with their backs to the priest and the holy mysteries, and their faces erected towards their king, who is seen on his knees upon a throne, and to whom they seem to direct the desires of their hearts, and all their devotion. However, in this custom, there is to be remarked a sort of subordination; for the people appear adoring their prince, and their prince adoring God. The inhabitants of this region call it——. It is from forty-eight degrees of latitude, and more than eleven hundred leagues by sea, from the Iroquois and Hurons.'

Letters from Hampstead say, there is a coxcomb arrived there, of a kind which is utterly new. The fellow has courage, which he takes himself to be obliged to give proofs of every hour he lives. He is ever fighting with the men, and contradicting the women. A lady.

What'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme.

P.

White's Chocolate-house, August 22.

POOR Cynthio, who does me the honour to talk to me now and then very freely of his most secret thoughts; and tells me his most private frailties, owned to me, that though he is in his very prime of life, love had killed all his desires, and he was now as much to be trusted with a fine lady as if he were eighty. 'That one passion for Clarissa has taken up,' said he, 'my whole soul; and all my idle flames are extinguished, as you may observe ordinary fires are often put out by the sunshine.'

This was a declaration not to be made but upon the highest opinion of a man's sincerity; yet as much a subject of railery as such a speech would be, it is certain, that chastity is a nobler quality, and as much to be valued in men as in women. The mighty Scipio, 'who,' as Bluffe says in the comedy, 'was a pretty fellow in his time,' was of this mind, and is celebrated for it by an author of good sense. When he lived, wit, and humour, and railery, and public success, were at as high a pitch at Rome, as at present in England; yet, I believe, there was no man in those days thought that general at all ridiculous in his behaviour in the following account of him.

Scipio, at four-and-twenty years of age, had obtained a great victory; and a multitude of prisoners, of each sex and all conditions, fell into his possession: among others, an agreeable virgin in her early bloom and beauty. He had too sensible a spirit to see the most lovely of all objects without being moved with passion: besides which, there was no obligation of honour or virtue to restrain his desires towards one who was his by the fortune of war. But a noble indignation, and a sudden sorrow which appeared in her countenance, when the conqueror cast his eyes upon her, raised his curiosity to know her story. He was informed, that she was a lady of the highest condition in that country, and contracted to Indibilis, a man of merit and quality. The generous Roman soon placed himself in the condition of that unhappy man, who was to lose so charming a bride; and, though a youth, a bachelor, a lover, and a conqueror, immediately resolved to resign all the invitations of his passion, and the rights of his power, to restore her to her destined husband. With this purpose he commanded her parents and relations, as well as her husband, to attend him at an appointed time. When they met, and were waiting for the general, my author frames to himself the different concern of an unhappy father, a despairing lover, and a tender mother, in the several persons who were so related to the captive. But, for fear of injuring the delicate circumstances with an old translation, I shall

proceed to tell you, that Scipio appears to them, and leads in his prisoner into their presence. The Romans, as noble as they were, seemed to allow themselves a little too much triumph over the conquered; therefore, as Scipio approached, they all threw themselves on their knees, except the lover of the lady: but Scipio observing in him a manly sullenness, was the more inclined to favour him, and spoke to him in these words:

'It is not the manner of the Romans to use all the power they justly may: we fight not to ravage countries, or break through the ties of humanity. I am acquainted with your worth, and your interest in this lady: fortune has made me your master; but I desire to be your friend. This is your wife; take her, and may the gods bless you with her! But far be it from Scipio to purchase a loose and momentary pleasure at the rate of making an honest man unhappy.'

Indibilis's heart was too full to make him any answer; but he threw himself at the feet of the general, and wept aloud. The captive lady fell into the same posture, and they both remained so, until the father burst into the following words: 'O divine Scipio! the gods have given you more than human virtue. O glorious leader! O wondrous youth! does not that obliged virgin give you, while she prays to the gods for your prosperity, and thinks you sent down from them, raptures; above all the transports which you could have reaped from the possession of her injured person?' The temperate Scipio answered him without much emotion, and saying, 'Father, be a friend to Rome,' retired. An immense sum was offered as her ransom; but he sent it to her husband, and, smiling, said, 'This is a trifle after what I have given him already; but let Indibilis know, that chastity at my age is a much more difficult virtue to practise than generosity.'

I observed Cynthio was very much taken with my narrative; but told me, 'this was a virtue that would bear but a very inconsiderable figure in our days.' However, I took the liberty to say, that 'we ought not to lose our ideas of things, though we had debauched our true relish in our practice; for, after we have done laughing, solid virtue will keep its place in men's opinions; and though custom made it not so scandalous as it ought to be, to ensnare innocent women, and triumph in the falsehood; such actions, as we have here related, must be accounted true gallantry, and rise the higher in our esteem, the farther they are removed from our imitation.'

Will's Coffee-house, August 22.

A man would be apt to think, in this laughing town, that it were impossible a thing so exploded as speaking hard words should be practised by any one that had ever seen good

company; but, as if there were a standard in our minds as well as bodies, you see very many just where they were twenty years ago, and more they cannot, will not arrive at. Were it not thus, the noble Martius would not be the only man in England whom nobody can understand, though he talks more than any man else.

Will Dactyle the epigrammatist, Jack Comma the grammarian, Nick Crosse-grain who writes anagrams, and myself, made a pretty company at a corner of this room; and entered very peaceably upon a subject fit enough for us, which was, the examination of the force of the particle *For*, when Martius joined us. He, being well known to us all, asked 'what we were upon? for he had a mind to consummate the happiness of the day, which had been spent among the stars of the first magnitude among the men of letters; and, therefore, to put a period to it as he had commenced it, he should be glad to be allowed to participate of the pleasure of our society.' I told him the subject. 'Faith, gentlemen,' said Martius, 'your subject is humble; and if you will give me leave to elevate the conversation, I should humbly offer, that you would enlarge your enquiries to the word *For-as-much*; for though I take it,' said he, 'to be but one word, yet the particle *Much* implying quantity, the particle *As* similitude, it will be greater, and more like ourselves, to treat of *For-as-much*.' Jack Comma is always serious, and answered: 'Martius, I must take the liberty to say, that you have fallen into all this error and profuse manner of speech by a certain hurry in your imagination, for want of being more exact in the knowledge of the parts of speech; and it is so with all men who have not well studied the particle *For*. You have spoken *For* without making inference, which is the great use of that particle. There is no manner of force in your observation of quantity and similitude in the syllables *As* and *Much*. But it is ever the fault of men of great wit to be incorrect; which evil they run into by an indiscreet use of the word *For*. Consider all the books of

his profound learning, wished he had been bred a scholar, for he did not take the scope of his discourse. This wise debate, of which we had much more, made me reflect upon the difference of their capacities, and wonder that there could be, as it were, a diversity in men's genius for nonsense; that one should bluster, while another crept, in absurdities. Martius moves like a blind man, lifting his legs higher than the ordinary way of stepping; and Comma, like one who is only short-sighted, picking his way when he should be marching on. Want of learning makes Martius a brisk entertaining fool, and gives him a full scope; but that which Comma has, and calls learning, makes him diffident, and curbs his natural misunderstanding to the great loss of the men of raillery. This conversation confirmed me in the opinion, that learning usually does but improve in us what nature endowed us with. He that wants good sense is unhappy in having learning, for he has thereby only more ways of exposing himself; and he that has sense knows that learning is not knowledge, but rather the art of using it.

St James's Coffee-house, August 22.

We have undoubted intelligence of the defeat of the king of Sweden; and that prince, who for some years had boomed like an approaching tempest, and was looked up at by all the nations of Europe, which seemed to expect their fate according to the course he should take, is now, in all probability, an unhappy exile, without the common necessities of life. His czarish majesty treats his prisoners with great gallantry and distinction. Count Rhensfeldt has had particular marks of his majesty's esteem, for his merit and services to his master; but count Piper, whom his majesty believes author of the most violent counsels into which his prince entered, is disarmed, and entertained accordingly. That decisive battle was ended at nine in the morning; and all the Swedish generals dined with the czar that very day, and received assurances, that they should find Muscovy was not unacquainted

Sharppers, imitate the method of that delightful moralist; and think I cannot represent those worthies more naturally than under the shadow of a pack of dogs; for this set of men are, like them, made up of Finders, Lurchers, and Setters. Some search for the prey, others pursue, others take it; and if it be worth it, they all come in at the death, and worry the carcass. It would require a most exact knowledge of the field and the harbours where the deer lie, to recount all the revolutions in the chase.

But I am diverted from the train of my discourse of the fraternity about this town, by letters from Hampstead, which give me an account, there is a late institution there, under the name of a Raffling-shop; which is, it seems, secretly supported by a person who is a deep practitioner in the law, and out of tenderness of conscience has, under the name of his maid Sisly, set up this easier way of conveyancing and alienating estates from one family to another. He is so far from having an intelligence with the rest of the fraternity, that all the humbler cheats, who appear there, are out-faced by the partners in the bank, and driven off by the reflection of superior brass. This notice is given to all the silly faces that pass that way, that they may not be decoyed in by the soft allurements of a fine lady, who is the sign to the pageantry. At the same time, signior Hawksly, who is the patron of the household, is desired to leave off this inter-lapping trade, or admit, as he ought to do, the Knights of the Industry to their share in the spoil. But this little matter is only by way of digression. Therefore, to return to our worthies.

The present race of terriers and hounds would starve, were it not for the enchanted Actæon, who has kept the whole pack for many successions of hunting seasons. Actæon has long tracts of rich soil; but had the misfortune in his youth to fall under the power of sorcery, and has been ever since, some parts of the year, a deer, and in some parts a man. While he is a man, such is the force of magic, he no sooner grows to such a bulk and fatness, but he is again turned into a deer, and hunted until he is lean; upon which he returns to his human shape. Many arts have been tried, and many resolutions taken by Actæon himself, to follow such methods as would break the enchantment; but all have hitherto proved ineffectual. I have therefore, by midnight watchings, and much care, found out, that there is no way to save him from the jaws of his hounds, but to destroy the pack, which, by astrological prescience, I find I am destined to perform. For which end, I have sent out my familiar, to bring me a list of all the places where they are harboured, that I may know where to sound my horn, and bring them together, and take an account of their haunts and their marks, against another opportunity.

Will's Coffee-house, August 24.

The author of the ensuing letter, by his name, and the quotations he makes from the ancients, seems a sort of spy from the old world, whom we moderns ought to be careful of offending; therefore, I must be free, and own it a fair hit where he takes me, rather than disoblige him.

‘SIR,

‘Having a peculiar humour of desiring to be somewhat the better or wiser for what I read, I am always uneasy when, in any profound writer, for I read no others, I happen to meet with what I cannot understand. When this falls out it is a great grievance to me that I am not able to consult the author himself about his meaning, for commentators are a sect that has little share in my esteem: your elaborate writings have, among many others, this advantage; that their author is still alive, and ready, as his extensive charity makes us expect, to explain whatever may be found in them too sublime for vulgar understandings. This, sir, makes me presume to ask you, how the Hampstead hero's character could be perfectly new when the last letters came away, and yet sir John Suckling so well acquainted with it sixty years ago? I hope, sir, you will not take this amiss: I can assure you, I have a profound respect for you, which makes me write this with the same disposition with which Longinus bids us read Homer and Plato. When in reading, says he, any of those celebrated authors, we meet with a passage to which we cannot well reconcile our reasons, we ought firmly to believe, that were those great wits present to answer for themselves, we should, to our wonder, be convinced, that we only are guilty of the mistakes that we before attributed to them. If you think fit to remove the scruple that now torments me, it will be an encouragement to me to settle a frequent correspondence with you; several things falling in my way, which would not, perhaps, he altogether foreign to your purpose, and whereon your thoughts would be very acceptable to your most humble servant,

‘OBADIAH GREENHAT.’

I own this is clean, and Mr. Greenhat has convinced me that I have writ nonsense, yet am I not at all offended at him.

*Scimus, et hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.
Hor. Ars Poet. ver. xl.*

I own th' indulgence—Such I give and take.
Francis.

This is the true art of raillery, when a man turns another into ridicule, and shows at the same time he is in good humour, and not urged on by malice against the person he rallies. Obadiah Greenhat has hit this very well: for

to make an apology to Isaac Bickerstaff, an unknown student and horary historian, as well as astrologer, and with a grave face to say, he speaks of him by the same rules with which he would treat Homer or Plato, is to place him in company where he cannot expect to make a figure; and make him flatter himself, that it is only being named with them which renders him most ridiculous.

I have not known, and I am now past my grand climacteric, being sixty-four years of age, according to my way of life; or, rather, if you will allow punning in an old gentleman, according to my way of *pastime*; I say, as old as I am, I have not been acquainted with many of the Greenhats. There is indeed one Zedekiah Greenhat, who is lucky also in his way. He has a very agreeable manner; for when he has a mind thoroughly to correct a man, he never takes from him any thing, but he allows him something for it; or else he blames him for things wherein he is not defective, as well as for matters wherein he is. This makes a weak man believe he is in jest in the whole. The other day he told Beau Prim, who is thought impotent, 'that his mistress had declared she would not have him, because he was a sloven, and had committed a rape.' The beau bit at the banter, and said very gravely, 'he thought to be clean was as much as was necessary; and that as to the rape, he wondered by what witchcraft that should come to her ears; but it had indeed cost him a hundred pounds to hush the affair.'

The Greenhats are a family with small voices and short arms, therefore they have power with none but their friends: they never call after those who run away from them, or pretend to take hold of you if you resist. But it has been remarkable, that all who have shunned their company, or not listened to them, have fallen into the hands of such as have knocked out their brains, or broken their bones. I have looked over our pedigree upon the receipt of this epistle, and find the Greenhats are a-kin to the Staffs. They descend from Maudlin, the left-handed wife of Nehemiah Bickerstaff, in the reign of Harry the Second. And it is remarkable, that they are all left-handed, and have always been very expert at single rapier. A man must be very much used to their play to know how to defend himself; for their posture is so different from that of the right-handed, that you run upon their swords if you push forward: and they are in with you,

late Partridge, who still denies his death. I am informed, indeed, by several, that he walks; but I shall with all convenient speed lay him.

St. James's Coffee-house, August 24.

We hear from Tournay, that on the night between the twenty-second and twenty-third, they went on with their works in the enemy's mines, and levelled the earth which was taken out of them. The next day, at eight in the morning, when the French observed we were relieving our trenches, they sprung a larger mine than any they had fired during the siege, which killed only four private centinels. The ensuing night, we had three men and two officers killed, as also, seven men wounded. Between the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth, we repaired some works which the enemy had ruined. On the next day, some of the enemy's magazines blew up; and it is thought they were destroyed on purpose by some of their men, who are impatient of the hardships of the present service. There happened nothing remarkable for two or three days following. A deserter who came out of the citadel on the twenty-seventh, says the garrison is brought to the utmost necessity; that their bread and water are both very bad: and that they were reduced to eat horse-flesh. The manner of fighting in this siege has discovered a gallantry in our men unknown to former ages; their meeting with adverse parties under ground, where every step is taken with apprehensions of being blown up with mines below them, or crushed by the fall of the earth above them, and all this acted in darkness, has something in it more terrible than ever is met with in any other part of a soldier's duty. However, this is performed with great cheerfulness. In other parts of the war we have also good prospects; count Thaurin has taken Annecy, and the count de Merci marched into Franche Comte, while his electoral highness is much superior in number to monsieur d'Harcourt; so that both on the side of Savoy and Germany, we have reason to expect, very suddenly, some great event.

No. 60.] *Saturday, August 27, 1709.*

Quicquid agunt homines—
 —nostrum est farrago libelli. *Juv. Sat. l. 25, 26*
 Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
 Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P*

White's Chocolate-house, August 26.

To proceed regularly in the history of my

You are to know then, that Tom Wildair is a student of the Inner Temple, and has spent his time, since he left the university for that place, in the common diversions of men of fashion; that is to say, in whoring, drinking, and gaming. The two former vices he had from his father; but was led into the last by the conversation of a partizan of the Myrmidons who had chambers near him. His allowance from his father was a very plentiful one for a man of sense, but as scanty for a modern fine gentleman. His frequent losses had reduced him to so necessitous a condition, that his lodgings were always haunted by impatient creditors; and all his thoughts employed in contriving low methods to support himself in a way of life from which he knew not how to retreat, and in which he wanted means to proceed. There is never wanting some good-natured person to send a man an account of what he has no mind to hear; therefore many epistles were conveyed to the father of this extravagant, to inform him of the company, the pleasures, the distresses, and entertainments, in which his son passed his time. The old fellow received these advices with all the pain of a parent, but frequently consulted his pillow, to know how to behave himself on such important occasions, as the welfare of his son, and the safety of his fortune. After many agitations of mind, he reflected, that necessity was the usual snare which made men fall into meanness, and that a liberal fortune generally made a liberal and honest mind; he resolved, therefore, to save him from his ruin, by giving him opportunities of tasting what it is to be at ease, and inclosed to him the following order upon sir Tristram Cash.

'SIR,

'Pray pay to Mr. Thomas Wildair, or order, the sum of one thousand pounds, and place it to the account of

'Yours,

'HUMPHRY WILDAIR.'

Tom was so astonished with the receipt of this order, that though he knew it to be his father's hand, and that he had always large sums at sir Tristram's; yet a thousand pounds was a trust of which his conduct had always made him appear so little capable, that he kept his note by him, until he writ to his father the following letter:

'HONOURED FATHER,

'I have received an order under your hand for a thousand pounds, in words at length; and I think I could swear it is your own hand. I have looked it over and over twenty thousand times. There is in plain letters, *T, h, o, u, s, a, n, d*; and after it, the letters *P, o, u, n, d, s*. I have it still by me, and shall, I believe, continue reading it until I hear from you.'

The old gentleman took no manner of notice of the receipt of his letter; but sent him another order for three thousand pounds more. His amazement on this second letter was unspeakable. He immediately double-locked his door, and sat down carefully to reading and comparing both his orders. After he had read them until he was half mad, he walked six or seven turns in his chamber, then opens his door, then locks it again; and, to examine thoroughly this matter, he locks his door again, puts his table and chairs against it; then goes into his closet, and locking himself in, read his notes over again about nineteen times, which did but increase his astonishment. Soon after, he began to recollect many stories he had formerly heard of persons, who had been possessed with imaginations and appearances which had no foundation in nature, but had been taken with sudden madness in the midst of a seeming clear and untainted reason. This made him very gravely conclude he was out of his wits; and, with a design to compose himself, he immediately betakes him to his night-cap, with a resolution to sleep himself into his former poverty and senses. To bed therefore he goes at noon-day; but soon rose again, and resolved to visit sir Tristram upon this occasion. He did so, and dined with the knight, expecting he would mention some advice from his father about paying him money; but no such thing being said, 'Look you, sir Tristram,' said he, 'you are to know, that an affair has happened, which—' 'Look you,' says Tristram, 'I know Mr. Wildair, you are going to desire me to advance; but the late call of the bank, where I have not yet made my last payment, has obliged me—' Tom interrupted him, by showing him the bill of a thousand pounds. When he had looked at it for a convenient time, and as often surveyed Tom's looks and countenance; 'Look you, Mr. Wildair, a thousand pounds—' Before he could proceed, he shows him the order for three thousand more. Sir Tristram examined the orders at the light, and finding at the writing the name, there was a certain stroke in one letter, which the father and he had agreed should be to such directions as he desired might be more immediately honoured, he forthwith pays the money. The possession of four thousand pounds gave my young gentleman a new train of thoughts: he began to reflect upon his birth, the great expectations he was born to, and the unsuitable ways he had long pursued. Instead of that unthinking creature he was before, he is now provident, generous, and discreet. The father and son have an exact and regular correspondence, with mutual and unreserved confidence in each other. The son looks upon his father as the best tenant he could have in the country, and the father finds the son the most safe banker he could have in the city.

Will's Coffee-house, August 36.

There is not any thing in nature so extravagant, but that you will find one man or other that shall practise or maintain it; otherwise Harry Spondee could not have made so long an harangue as he did here this evening, concerning the force and efficacy of well-applied nonsense. Among ladies, he positively averred, it was the most prevailing part of eloquence; and had so little complaisance as to say, 'a woman is never taken by her reason, but always by her passion.' He proceeded to assert, 'the way to move that, was only to astonish her. I know,' continued he, 'a very late instance of this; for being by accident in the room next to Strephon, I could not help over-hearing him, as he made love to a certain great lady's woman. The true method in your application to one of this second rank of understanding, is not to elevate and surprise, but rather to elevate and amaze. Strephon is a perfect master in this kind of persuasion: his way is, to run over with a soft air a multitude of words, without meaning or connexion; but such as do each of them apart give a pleasing idea, though they have nothing to do with each other as he assembles them. After the common phrases of salutation, and making his entry into the room, I perceived he had taken the fair nymph's hand, and kissing it said, "Witness to my happiness, ye groves! be still, ye rivulets! Oh! woods, caves, fountains, trees, dales, mountains, hills, and streams! oh! fairest! could you love me?" To which I overheard her answer, with a very pretty lip, "Oh! Strephon, you are a dangerous creature: why do you talk these tender things to me? but you men of wit—" "Is it then possible," said the enamoured Strephon, "that she regards my sorrows! Oh! pity, thou balmy cure to a heart over-loaded! If rapture, solicitation, soft desire, and pleasing anxiety—But still I live in the most afflicting of all circumstances, doubt—Cannot my charmer name the place and moment?"

"There all those joys instantly to prove,
With which rich beauty feeds the glutton love."

"Forgive me, madam; it is not that my heart is weary of its chain, but—" This incoherent stuff was answered by a tender sigh, "Why do you put your wit to a weak woman?" Strephon saw he had made some progress in her heart, and pursued it, by saying that "He would certainly wait upon her at such an hour near Rosamond's pond; and then—the sylvan deities, and rural powers of the place, sacred and inviolable to love; love, the mover of all noble hearts, should hear his vows repeated by the streams and echoes." The assignation was accordingly made. This style he calls the unintelligible method of speaking his mind; and I will engage, had this gallant spoken plain English, she had never understood him half

so readily: for we may take it for granted, that he will be esteemed as a very cold lover, who discovers to his mistress that he is in his senses.'

From my own Apartment, August 36.

The following letter came to my hand, with a request to have the subject recommended to our readers, particularly the Smart Fellows; who are desired to repair to major Touch-hole, who can help them to firelocks that are only fit for exercise.

Just ready for the press.

'Mars Triumphant; or London's Glory:

'Being the whole art of encampment, with the method of embattling armies, marching them off, posting the officers, forming hollow squares, and the various ways of paying the salute with the half-pike; as it was performed by the trained-bands of London this year, one thousand seven hundred and nine, in that nursery of Bellona, the Artillery Ground. Wherein you have a new method how to form a strong line of foot, with large intervals between each platoon very useful to prevent the breaking in of horse. A civil way of performing the military ceremony; wherein the major alights from his horse, and, at the head of his company, salutes the lieutenant-colonel; and the lieutenant-colonel, to return the compliment, courteously dismounts, and after the same manner salutes his major: exactly as it was performed, with abundance of applause, on the fifth of July last. Likewise an account of a new invention, made use of in the red regiment, to quell mutineering captains; with several other things alike useful for the public. To which is added, an appendix by major Touch-hole; proving the method of discipline now used in our armies to be very defective: with an essay towards an amendment. Dedicated to the lieutenant-colonel of the first regiment.'

Mr. Bickerstaff has now in the press, 'A defence of Awkward Fellows against the class of the Smarts: with a dissertation upon the gravity which becomes weighty persons. Illustrated by way of fable, and a discourse on the nature of the elephant, the cow, the dray-horse, and the dromedary, which have motions equally steady and grave. To this is added a treatise written by an elephant, according to Pliny, against receiving foreigners into the forest. Adapted to some present circumstances. Together with allusions to such beasts as declare against the poor Palatines.'

No. 61.] *Tuesday, August 30, 1709.*

Quicquid agant homines
— non est sarrago libelli. *Jup. Sat. l. 85, 86.*

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper serves for its theme.

White's Chocolate-house, August 29.

AMONG many phrases which have crept into conversation, especially of such company as frequent this place, there is not one which misleads me more, than that of a 'Fellow of a great deal of fire.' This metaphorical term, Fire, has done much good in keeping coxcombs in awe of one another; but, at the same time, it has made them troublesome to every body else. You see in the very air of a 'Fellow of Fire,' something so expressive of what he would be at, that if it were not for self-preservation, a man would laugh out.

I had last night the fate to drink a bottle with two of these Firemen, who are indeed dispersed like the myrmidons in all quarters, and to be met with among those of the most different education. One of my companions was a scholar with Fire; and the other a soldier of the same complexion. My learned man would fall into disputes, and argue without any manner of provocation or contradiction: the other was decisive without words, and would give a shrug or an oath to express his opinion. My learned man was a mere scholar, and my man of war as mere a soldier. The particularity of the first was ridiculous, that of the second, terrible. They were relations by blood, which in some measure moderated their extravagances towards each other: I gave myself up merely as a person of no note in the company; but as if brought to be convinced that I was an inconsiderable thing, any otherwise than that they would show each other to me, and make me spectator of the triumph they alternately enjoyed. The scholar has been very conversant with books, and the other with men only; which makes them both superficial: for the taste of books is necessary to our behaviour in the best company, and the knowledge of men is required for a true relish of books: but they have both Fire, which makes one pass for a man of sense, and the other for a fine gentleman. I found I could easily enough pass my time with the scholar: for, if I seemed not to do justice to his parts and sentiments, he pitied me, and let me alone. But the warrior could not let it rest there; I must know all that happened within his shallow observations of the nature of the war: to all which he added an air of laziness, and contempt of those of his companions who were eminent for delighting in the exercise and knowledge of their duty. Thus it is that all the young fellows of much animal life, and little understanding, who repair to our armies, usurp upon the conversation of reasonable men, under the notion of having Fire.

The word has not been of greater use to shallow lovers, to supply them with chat to their mistresses, than it has been to pretended men of pleasure, to support them in being pert

and dull, and saying of every fool of their order, 'Such a one has Fire.' There is colonel Truncheon, who marches with divisions ready on all occasions; a hero who never doubted in his life, but is ever positively fixed in the wrong, not out of obstinate opinion, but invincible stupidity.

It is very unhappy for this latitude of London, that it is possible for such as can learn only fashion, habit, and a set of common phrases of salutation, to pass with no other accomplishments, in this nation of freedom, for men of conversation and sense. All these ought to pretend to is, not to offend; but they carry it so far, as to be negligent whether they offend or not; 'for they have Fire.' But their force differs from true spirit, as much as a vicious from a mettlesome horse. A man of Fire is a general enemy to all the waiters where you drink; is the only man affronted at the company's being neglected; and makes the drawers abroad, his valet de chambre and footman at home, know he is not to be provoked without danger.

This is not the Fire that animates the noble Marinus, a youth of good nature, affability, and moderation. He commands his ship as an intelligence moves its orb: he is the vital life, and his officers the limbs of the machine. His vivacity is seen in doing all the offices of life with readiness of spirit, and propriety in the manner of doing them. To be ever active in laudable pursuits, is the distinguishing character of a man of merit; while the common behaviour of every gay coxcomb of Fire is, to be confidently in the wrong, and dare to persist in it.

Will's Coffee-house, August 29.

It is a common objection against writings of a satirical mixture, that they hurt men in their reputations, and consequently in their fortunes and possessions: but a gentleman who frequents this room declared he was of opinion it ought to be so, provided such performances had their proper restrictions. The greatest evils in human society are such as no law can come at; as in the case of ingratitude, where the manner of obliging very often leaves the benefactor without means of demanding justice, though that very circumstance should be the more binding to the person who has received the benefit. On such an occasion, shall it be possible for the malefactor to escape? and is it not lawful to set marks upon persons who live within the law, and do base things? shall not we use the same protection of those laws to punish them, which they have to defend themselves? We shall therefore take it for a very moral action to find a good appellation for offenders, and to turn them into ridicule under feigned names.

I am advertised by a letter of August 25,

that the name of Coppersmith has very much wanted explanation in the city, and by that means is unjustly given, by those who are conscious they deserve it themselves, to an honest and worthy citizen belonging to the Copper-office; but that word is framed out of a moral consideration of wealth amongst men whereby he that has gotten any part of it by injustice and extortion, is to be thought in the eye of virtuous men so much the poorer for such gain. Thus, all the gold which is torn from our neighbours, by making advantage of their wants, is Copper; and I authorise the Lombards to distinguish themselves accordingly. All the honest, who make a reasonable profit both for the advantage of themselves and those they deal with, are Goldsmiths; but those who tear unjustly all they can, Copper-smiths. At the same time, I desire him who is most guilty, to sit down satisfied with riches and contempt, and be known by the title of 'The Coppersmith;' as being the chief of that respected, contemptible fraternity.

This is the case of all others mentioned in our lucubrations; particularly of Stentor, who goes on in his vociferations at St. Paul's with so much obstinacy, that he has received admonition from St. Peter's for it, from a person of eminent wit and piety; but who is by old age reduced to the infirmity of sleeping at a service to which he had been fifty years attentive; and whose death, whenever it happens, may, with that of the saints, well be called 'Falling asleep:' for the innocence of his life makes him expect it as indifferently as he does his ordinary rest. This gives him a cheerfulness of spirit to rally on his own weakness, and hath made him write to Stentor to hearken to my admonitions. 'Brother Stentor,' said he, 'for the repose of the church, hearken to Bickerstaff; and consider, that, while you are so devout at Saint Paul's, we cannot sleep for you at St. Peter's.'

From my own Apartment, August 29.

There has been lately sent me a much harder question than was ever yet put to me, since I professed astrology; to wit, how far, and to what age women ought to make their beauty their chief concern? The regard and care of their faces and persons are as variously to be considered, as their complexions themselves differ; but if one may transgress against the careful practice of the fair sex so much as to

education among women, as well as men; and the merit lasts accordingly. She, therefore, that is bred with freedom, and in good company, considers men according to their respective characters and distinctions; while she that is locked up from such observations, will consider her father's butler, not as a butler, but as a man. In like manner, when men converse with women, the well-bred and intelligent are looked upon with an observation suitable to their different talents and accomplishments, without respect to their sex; while a mere woman can be observed under no consideration but that of a woman; and there can be but one reason for placing any value upon her, or losing time in her company. Wherefore, I am of opinion, that the rule for pleasing long is, to obtain such qualifications as would make them so were they not women.

Let the beautiful Cleomira then show us her real face, and know that every stage of life has its peculiar charms, and that there is no necessity for fifty to be fifteen. That childish colouring of her cheeks is now as ungraceful, as that shape would have been when her face wore its real countenance. She has sense, and ought to know, that if she will not follow nature, nature will follow her. Time, then, has made that person which had, when I visited her grandfather, an agreeable bloom, sprightly air, and soft utterance, now no less graceful in a lovely aspect, an awful manner, and maternal wisdom. But her heart was so set upon her first character, that she neglects and repines at her present; not that she is against a more stayed conduct in others, for she recommends gravity, circumspection, and severity of countenance to her daughter. Thus, against all chronology, the girl is the sage, the mother the fine lady.

But these great evils proceed from an unaccountable wild method in the education of the better half of the world, the women. We have no such thing as a standard for good breeding. I was the other day at my lady Wealthy's, and asked one of her daughters how she did? She answered, 'She never conversed with men.' The same day I visited at lady Plantwell's and asked her daughter the same question. She answers, 'What is that to you, you old thief?' and gives me a slap on the shoulders.

I defy any man in England, except he knows the family before he enters, to be able to judge

ners which prevailed when I was young and in fashion myself. But certain it is, that the taste of grace and beauty is very much lowered. The fine women they show me now-a-days are at best but pretty girls to me who have seen Sacharissa, when all the world repeated the poems she inspired; and Villaria,* when a youthful king was her subject. The *Things* you follow, and make songs on now, should be sent to knit or sit down to hobbins or bone-lace: they are indeed neat, and so are their sempstresses; they are pretty, and so are their hand-maids. But that graceful motion, that awful mien, and that winning attraction, which grew upon them from the thoughts and conversations they met with in my time, are now no more seen. They tell me I am old: I am glad I am so; for I do not like your present young ladies.

Those among us who set up for any thing of decorum, do so mistake the matter, that they offend on the other side. Five young ladies, who are of no small fame for their great severity of manners, and exemplary behaviour, would lately go no where with their lovers but to an organ-left in a church; where they had a cold treat, and some few opera songs, to their great refreshment and edification. Whether these prudent persons had not been as much so if this had been done at a tavern, is not very hard to determine. It is such silly starts and incoherences as these, which undervalue the beautiful sex, and puzzle us in our choice of sweetness of temper and simplicity of manners, which are the only lasting charms of woman. But I must leave this important subject, at present, for some matters which press for publication; as you will observe in the following letter:

* London, August 26,
Artillery Ground.

DEAR SIR,

It is natural for distant relations to claim kindred with a rising family; though at this time zeal to my country, not interest, calls me out. The city forces being shortly to take the field, all good protestants would be pleased that their arms and valour should shine with equal lustre. A council of war was lately held, the honourable colonel Mortar being president. After many debates, it was unanimously resolved, That major Blunder, a most expert

measures were taken to prevent surprize in the rear of his arms, that even Pallas herself, in the shape of rust, could not invade them. They were drawn into close order, firmly embodied, and arrived securely without touch-holes. Great and national actions deserve popular applause; and as praise is no expense to the public, therefore dearest kinsman, I communicate this to you, as well to oblige this nursery of heroes, as to do justice to my native country.

I am,

Your most affectionate kinsman,
'OFFSPRING TWIG.'

'A war-horse, belonging to one of the colonels of the artillery, to be let or sold. He may be seen adorned with ribbands, and set forth to the best advantage, the next training day.'

No. 62.] Thursday, September 1, 1709.

Quidquid agunt homines—
—nostris est farrago libelli.

Juv. Sat. l. 85, 86.

Whatever good is done, *whatever ill*—
By human kind, shall this collection fill.

White's Chocolate-house, August 31.

THIS place being frequented by persons of condition, I am desired to recommend a dog-kennel to any who shall want a pack. It lies not far from Suffolk-street, and is kept by two who were formerly dragoons in the French service; but left plundering for the more orderly life of keeping dogs: besides that, according to their expectation, they find it more profitable, as well as more conducing to the safety of their skin, to follow this trade, than the beat of drum. Their residence is very convenient for the dogs to whelp in, and bring up a right breed to follow the scent. The most eminent of the kennel are blood-bounds, which lead the van, and are as follow:

A LIST OF THE DOGS.

Jowler, of a right Irish breed, called Captain. Rockwood, of French race, with long hair, by the courtesy of England, called also Captain. Pompey, a tall hound, kennelled in a convent in France, and knows a rich soil.

These two last hunt in couple, and are followed by

they are too keen at the sport, and worry their game before the keepers can come in. The other day a wild boar from the north rushed into the kennel, and at first, indeed, defended himself against the whole pack; but they proved at last too many for him, and tore twenty-five pounds of flesh from off his back, with which they filled their bellies, and made so great a noise in the neighbourhood, that the keepers are obliged to hasten the sale. That quarter of the town where they are kennelled is generally inhabited by strangers, whose blood the hounds have often sucked in such a manner, that many a German count, and other virtuosi, who came from the continent, have lost the intention of their travels, and been unable to proceed on their journey.

If these hounds are not very soon disposed of to some good purchaser, as also those at the kennels nearer St. James's, it is humbly proposed, that they may be all together transported to America, where the dogs are few, and the wild beasts many: or that, during their stay in these parts, some eminent justice of the peace may have it in particular direction to visit their barbours; and that the sheriff of Middlesex may allow him the assistance of the common hangman to cut off their ears, or part of them, for distinction-sake, that we may know the blood-hounds from the mongrels and setters. Until these things are regulated, you may enquire at a house belonging to Paris, at the upper end of Suffolk-street, or a house belonging to Ghent, opposite to the lower end of Pall Mall, and know further.

It were to be wished that these curs were disposed of; for it is a very great nuisance to have them tolerated in cities. That of London takes care, that the 'Common Hunt,' assisted by the serjeants and bailiffs, expel them whenever they are found within the walls; though it is said, some private families keep them, to the destruction of their neighbours: but it is desired, that all who know of any of these curs, or have been bit by them, would send me their marks, and the houses where they are harboured; and I do not doubt but I shall alarm the people so well, as to have them used like mad dogs wherever they appear. In the mean time, I advise all such as entertain this kind of vermin, that if they give me timely no-

Will's Coffee-house, August 31.

This evening was spent at our table in discourse of propriety of words and thoughts, which is Mr. Dryden's definition of wit; but a very odd fellow, who would intrude upon us, and has a briskness of imagination more like madness than regular thoughts, said, that 'Harry Jacks was the first who told him of the taking of the citadel of Tournay; and,' says he, 'Harry deserves a statue more than the boy who ran to the senate with a thorn in his foot, to tell of a victory.' We were astonished at the assertion; and Spondee asked him 'What affinity is there between that boy and Harry, that you say their merit has so near a resemblance as you just now told us?' 'Why,' says he, 'Harry, you know, is in the French interest; and it was more pain to him to tell the story of Tournay, than to the boy to run upon a thorn to relate the victory which he was glad of.' The gentleman, who was in the chair upon the subject of propriety of words and thoughts, would by no means allow, that there was wit in this comparison; and urged, that 'to have any thing gracefully said, it must be natural; but that whatsoever was introduced in common discourse with so much premeditation, was insufferable.' That critic went on: 'Had Mr. Jacks,' said he, 'told him the citadel was taken, and another had answered, "he deserves a statue as well as the Roman boy, for he told it with as much pain," it might have passed for a sprightly expression; but there is a wit for discourse, and a wit for writing. The easiness and familiarity of the first is not to savour in the least of study; but the exactness of the other is to admit of something like the freedom of discourse, especially in treatises of humanity, and what regards the belles lettres. I do not in this allow, that Bickerstaff's Tattlers, or discourses of wit by retail, and for the penny, should come within the description of writing.' I bowed at his compliment, and—But he would not let me proceed.

You see in no place of conversation the perfection of speech so much as in an accomplished woman. Whether it be, that there is a partiality irresistible when we judge of that sex, or whatever it is, you may observe a wonderful freedom in their utterance, and an easy flow

up to that of Horace's '*simplex munditiis*,' which whoever can translate in two words, has as much eloquence as lady Courtly. I took the liberty to tell her, that 'all she had said with so much good grace, was spoken in two words in Horace, but would not undertake to translate them;' upon which she smiled, and told me, 'she believed me a very great scholar;' and I took my leave.

From my own Apartment, August 31.

I have been just now reading the introduction to the history of Catiline by Sallust, an author who is very much in my favour: but when I reflect upon his professing himself wholly disinterested, and, at the same time, see how industriously he has avoided saying any thing to the praise of Cicero, to whose vigilance the commonwealth owed its safety, it very much lessens my esteem for that writer; and is one argument, among others, for laughing at all who pretend to be out of the interests of the world, and profess purely to act for the service of mankind, without the least regard to themselves. I do not deny but that the rewards are different; some aim at riches, others at honour, by their public services. However, they are all pursuing some end to themselves, though indeed those ends differ as much as right and wrong. The most grateful way then, I should think, would be to acknowledge, that you aim at serving yourselves; but, at the same time make it appear, it is for the service of others that you have these opportunities.

Of all the disinterested professors I have ever heard of, I take the boatswain of Dampier's ship to be the most impudent, but the most excusable. You are to know that, in the wild searches that navigator was making, they happened to be out at sea, far distant from any shore, in want of all the necessaries of life; in so much that they began to look, not without hunger, on each other. The boatswain was a fat, healthy, fresh fellow, and attracted the eyes of the whole crew. In such an extreme necessity, all forms of superiority were laid aside: the captain and lieutenant were safe only by being carrion, and the unhappy boatswain in danger only by being worth eating. To be short, the company were unanimous, and the boatswain must be cut up. He saw their intention, and desired he might speak a few words before they proceeded; which being permitted, he delivered himself as follows:

own, that black Kate at Deptford has made me very unsafe to eat; and, I speak it with shame, I am afraid, gentlemen, I should poison you.'

This speech had a good effect in the boatswain's favour; but the surgeon of the ship protested he had cured him very well, and offered to eat the first steak of him himself.

The boatswain replied, like an orator, with a true notion of the people, and in hopes to gain time, that 'he was heartily glad if he could be for their service;' and thanked the surgeon for his information. 'However,' said he, 'I must inform you for your own good, that I have, ever since my cure, been very thirsty and dropsical; therefore, I presume, it would be much better to tap me, and drink me off, than eat me at once, and have no man in the ship fit to be drunk.' As he was going on with his harangue, a fresh gale arose, and gave the crew hopes of a better repast at the nearest shore, to which they arrived next morning.

Most of the self-denials we meet with are of this sort; therefore, I think he acts fairest who owns, he hopes at least to have brother's fare, without professing that he gives himself up with pleasure to be devoured for the preservation of his fellows.

St. James's Coffee-house, August 31.

Letters from the Hague of the sixth of September, N.S. say, that the governor of the citadel of Tournay having offered their highnesses the duke of Marlborough and the prince of Savoy to surrender that place on the thirty-first of the last month, on terms which were not allowed them by those princes, hostilities were thereupon renewed; but that on the third the place was surrendered, with a seeming condition granted to the besieged, above that of being prisoners of war: for they were forthwith to be conducted to Conde, but were to be exchanged for prisoners of the allies, and particularly those of Warneton were mentioned in the demand. Both armies having stretched towards Mons with the utmost diligence, that of the allies, though they passed the much more difficult road, arrived first before that town, which they have now actually invested; and the quarter-master-general was, at the time of despatching these letters, marking the ground for the encampment of the covering army.

To the booksellers and others whom this

If any bookseller will treat for his pastoral on the siege and surrender of the citadel of Tournay, he must send in his proposals before the news of a capitulation for any other town.

The undertaker for either play-house may save an opera written by him; or, if it shall suit their design, a satire upon operas; both ready for next winter.

No. 63.] *Saturday, September 3, 1709.*

White's Chocolate-house, September 2.

OF THE ENJOYMENT OF LIFE WITH REGARD
TO OTHERS.

I have ever thought it the greatest diminution to the Roman glory imaginable, that in their institution of public triumphs, they led their enemies in chains when they were prisoners. It is to be allowed that doing all honour to the superiority of heroes above the rest of mankind, must needs conduce to the glory and advantage of a nation; but what shocks the imagination to reflect upon is, that a polite people should think it reasonable, that an unhappy man, who was no way inferior to the victor but by the chance of war, should be led like a slave at the wheels of his chariot. Indeed, these other circumstances of a triumph, that it was not allowed in a civil war, lest one part should be in tears, while the other was making acclamations; that it should not be granted, except such a number were slain in battle; that the general should be disgraced who made a false muster of his dead; these, I say, had great and politic ends in their being established, and tended to the apparent benefit of the commonwealth. But this behaviour to the conquered had no foundation in nature or policy, only to gratify the insolence of a haughty people, who triumphed over barbarous nations, by acting what was fit only for those very barbarians to practise. It seems wonderful, that they who were so refined as to take care, that to complete the honour done to the victorious officer, no power should be known above him in the empire on the day of his triumph, but that the consuls themselves should be but guests at his table that evening, could not take it into thought to make the man of chief note among his prisoners one of the company. This would have improved the gladness of the occasion; and the victor had made a much greater figure, in that no other man appeared unhappy on his day, than because no other man appeared great.

But we will wave at present such important incidents, and turn our thoughts rather to the familiar part of human life, and we shall find, that the great business we contend for is in a less degree what those Romans did on more solemn occasions, to triumph over our fellow-creatures; and there is hardly a man to be

found, who would not rather be in pain to appear happy, than be really happy and thought miserable. This men attempt by sumptuous equipages, splendid houses, numerous servants, and all the cares and pursuits of an ambitious or fashionable life.

Bromeo and Tabio are particularly ill-wishers to each other, and rivals in happiness. There is no way in nature so good to procure the esteem of the one, as to give him little notices of certain secret points, wherein the other is uneasy. Gnatho has the skill of doing this, and never applauds the improvements Bromeo has been many years making, and ever will be making, but he adds, 'Now this very thing was my thought when Tabio was pulling up his underwood, yet he never would hear of it; but now your gardens are in this posture, he is ready to hang himself. Well, to be sincere, that situation of his can never make an agreeable seat; he may make his house and appurtenances what he pleases, but he cannot remove them to the same ground where Bromeo's stands; and of all things under the sun, a man that is happy at second-hand is the most monstrous.' 'It is a very strange madness,' answers Bromeo, 'if a man on these occasions can think of any end but pleasing himself. As for my part, if things are convenient, I hate all ostentation. There is no end of the folly of adapting our affairs to the imagination of others.' Upon which, the next thing he does is to enlarge whatever he hears his rival has attempted to imitate him in; but their misfortune is, that they are in their time of life, in their estates, and in their understandings, equal; so that the emulation may continue to the last day of their lives. As it stands now, Tabio has heard, that Bromeo has lately purchased two hundred a-year in the annuities since he last settled the account of their happiness, in which he thought himself to have the balance. This may seem a very fantastical way of thinking in these men; but there is nothing so common, as a man's endeavouring rather to go farther than some other person towards an easy fortune, than to form any certain standard that would make himself happy.

Will's Coffee-house, September 2.

Mr. Dactyle has been this evening very profuse of his eloquence upon the talent of turning things into ridicule; and seemed to say very justly, that 'there was generally in it something too disengenuous for the society of liberal men, except it were governed by the circumstances of persons, time, and place. This talent,' continued he, 'is to be used as a man does his sword, not to be drawn but in his own defence, or to bring pretenders and impostors in society to a true light. But we have seen this faculty so mistaken, that the burlesque of Virgil himself has passed, among men of little taste, for wit.'

and the noblest thoughts that can enter into the heart of man levelled with ribaldry and baseness: though by the rules of justice, no man ought to be ridiculed for any imperfection, who does not set up for eminent sufficiency in that way wherein he is defective. Thus cowards, who would hide themselves by an affected terror in their mien and dress; and pedants, who would show the depth of their knowledge by a supercilious gravity, are equally the objects of laughter. Not that they are in themselves ridiculous, for their want of courage, or weakness of understanding; but that they seem insensible of their own place in life, and unhappily rank themselves with those whose abilities, compared to their defects, make them contemptible. At the same time, it must be remarked, that, risibility being the effect of reason, a man ought to be expelled from sober company who laughs without it.' 'Ha! ha!' says Will Truby, who sat by, 'will any man pretend to give me laws when I should laugh, or tell me what I should laugh at?' 'Look ye,' answered Humphry Slyboots, 'you are mightily mistaken; you may, if you please, make what noise you will, and nobody can hinder an English gentleman from putting his face into what posture he thinks fit; but take my word for it, that motion which you now make with your mouth open, and the agitation of your stomach, which you relieve by holding your sides, is not laughter: laughter is a more weighty thing than you imagine; and I will tell you a secret, you never did laugh in your life: and truly I am afraid you never will, except you take great care to be cured of those convulsive fits.' Truby left us, and when he had got two yards from us, 'Well,' said he, 'you are strange fellows!' and was immediately taken with another fit.

The Truhies are a well-natured family, whose particular make is such, that they have the same pleasure out of good-will, which other people have in that scorn which is the cause of laughter: therefore their bursting into the figures of men, when laughing, proceeds only from a general benevolence they are born with; as the Slyboots smile only on the greatest occasion of mirth; which difference is caused rather from a different structure of their organs, than that one is less moved than the other. I know Sourly frets inwardly, when Will Truby laughs at him; but when I meet him, and he bursts out, I know it is out of his abundant joy to see me, which he expresses by that vociferation which is in others laughter. But I shall defer considering this subject at large, until I come to my treatise of oscitation, laughter, and ridicule.

From my own Apartment, September 2.

The following letter being a panegyric upon me for a quality which every man may attain,

an acknowledgment of his faults; I thought fit for the good of my fellow-writers to publish it.

SIR,

'It must be allowed, that esquire Bickerstaff is of all authors the most ingenuous. There are few, very few, that will own themselves in a mistake, though all the world see them to be in downright nonsense. You will be pleased, sir, to pardon this expression, for the same reason for which you once desired us to excuse you, when you seemed any thing dull. Most writers, like the generality of Paul* Lorraine's saints, seem to place a peculiar vanity in dying hard. But you, sir, to show a good example to your brethren, have not only confessed, but of your own accord mended the indictment. Nay, you have been so good-natured as to discover beauties in it, which, I will assure you, he that drew it never dreamed of. And, to make your civility the more accomplished, you have honoured him with the title of your kinsman, which, though derived by the left-hand, he is not a little proud of. My brother, for such Obadiah is, being at present very busy about nothing, has ordered me to return you his sincere thanks for all these favours; and, as a small token of his gratitude, to communicate to you the following piece of intelligence, which he thinks, belongs more properly to you, than to any others of our modern historians.

'Madonella, who, as it was thought, had long since taken her flight towards the ethereal mansions, still walks, it seems, in the regions of mortality, where she has found, by deep reflections on the revolution mentioned in yours of June the twenty-third, that where early instructions have been wanting to imprint true ideas of things on the tender souls of those of her sex, they are never after able to arrive at such a pitch of perfection, as to be above the laws of matter and motion; laws which are considerably enforced by the principles usually imbibed in nurseries and boarding schools. To remedy this evil, she has laid the scheme of a college for young damsels; where (instead of scissors, needles, and samplers) pens, compasses, quadrants, books, manuscripts, Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, are to take up their whole time. Only on holidays the students will, for moderate exercise, be allowed to divert themselves with the use of some of the lightest and most voluble weapons; and proper care will be taken to give them at least a superficial tincture of the ancient and modern Amazonian tactics. Of these military performances, the direction is undertaken by Epicene,† the writer of 'Memoirs from the Mediterranean,' who, by the help of some

* Mr. Paul Lorraine was at this time the ordinary of Newgate.

† Epicene means Mrs. D. Mauley.

artificial poisons conveyed by smells, has within these few weeks brought many persons of both sexes to an untimely fate; and, what is more surprising, has, contrary to her profession, with the same odours, revived others who had long since been drowned in the whirlpools of Lethe. Another of the professors is to be a certain lady, who is now publishing two of the choicest Saxon novels,* which are said to have been in as great repute with the ladies of queen Emma's court, as the 'Memoirs from the New Atlantis' are with those of ours. I shall make it my business to enquire into the progress of this learned institution, and give you the first notice of their 'Philosophical Transactions, and Searches after Nature.' Yours, &c.

'TOBIAH GREENHAT.'

St. James's Coffee-house, September 2.

This day we have received advices by the way of Ostend, which give an account of an engagement between the French and the allies, on the eleventh instant, N. S. Marshal Bouffiers arrived in the enemy's camp on the fifth, and acquainted marshal Villars, that he did not come in any character, but to receive his commands for the king's service, and communicate to him his orders upon the present posture of affairs. On the ninth, both armies advanced towards each other, and cannonaded all the ensuing day, until the close of the evening, and stood on their arms all that night. On the day of battle the cannonading was renewed about seven: the duke of Argyle had orders to attack the wood Sart on the right, which he executed so successfully, that he pierced through it, and won a considerable post. The prince of Orange had the same good fortune in a wood on the left: after which the whole body of the confederates, joined by the forces from the siege, marched up and engaged the enemy, who were drawn up at some distance from these woods. The dispute was very warm for some time; but towards noon, the French began to give ground from one wing to the other; which advantage being observed by our generals, the whole army was urged on with fresh vigour, and in a few hours the day ended with the entire defeat of the enemy.

knew, by my skill in astrology, that there was a great event approaching to our advantage; but, not having yet taken upon me to tell fortunes, I thought fit to defer the mention of the battle near Mons until it happened; which moderation was no small pain to me: but I should wrong my art, if I concealed that some of my aerial intelligencers had signified to me the news of it even from Paris, before the arrival of lieutenant-colonel Graham in England.* All nations, as well as persons, have their good and evil genius attending them; but the kingdom of France has three, the last of which is neither for it nor against it in reality; but has for some months past acted an ambiguous part, and attempted to save its ward from the incursion of its powerful enemies, by little subtleties and tricks, which a nation is more than undone when it is reduced to practise. Thus, instead of giving exact accounts and representations of things, they tell what is indeed true, but at the same time a falsehood, when all the circumstances come to be related. Pacolet was at the court of France on Friday night last, when this genius of that kingdom came thither in the shape of a post-boy, and cried out, that Mons was relieved, and the duke of Marlborough marched. Pacolet was much astonished at this account, and immediately changed his form, and flew to the neighbourhood of Mons, from whence he found the allies had really marched; and began to enquire into the reasons of this sudden change, and half feared he had heard a truth of the posture of the French affairs, even in their own country. But, upon diligent enquiry among the aeriels who attend those regions, and consultation with the neighbouring peasants, he was able to bring me the following account of the motions of the armies since they retired from about that place, and the action which followed thereupon.

On Saturday the seventh of September, N. S. the confederate army was alarmed in their camp at Havre, by intelligence, that the enemy were marching to attack the prince of Hesse. Upon this advice, the duke of Marlborough commanded that the troops should immediately move; which was accordingly performed, and they were all joined on Sunday the eighth at noon. On that day, in the morning, it appeared that, instead of being attacked, the ad-

No. 64.] Tuesday, September 6, 1709.

the Monday following, they continued their march, until on Tuesday, the tenth, they possessed themselves of the woods of Dour and Blaugies. As soon as they came into that ground, they threw up intrenchments with all expedition. The allies arrived within few hours after the enemy was posted; but the duke of Marlborough thought fit to wait for the arrival of the reinforcement which he expected from the siege of Tournay. Upon notice that these troops were so far advanced as to be depended on for an action the next day, it was accordingly resolved to engage the enemy.

It will be necessary for understanding the greatness of the action, and the several motions made in the time of the engagement, that you have in your mind, an idea of the place. The two armies, on the eleventh instant, were both drawn up before the woods of Dour, Blaugies, Sart, and Jansart; the army of the prince of Savoy on the right before that of Blaugies; the forces of Great Britain in the centre on his left; those of the high allies, with the wood Sart, as well as a large interval of plain ground, and Jansart on the left of the whole. The enemy were intrenched in the paths of the woods, and drawn up behind two intrenchments over-against them, opposite to the armies of the duke of Marlborough and prince Eugene. There were also two lines intrenched in the plains over-against the army of the States. This was the posture of the French and confederate forces when the signal was given, and the whole line moved on to the charge.

The Dutch army, commanded by the prince of Hesse, attacked with the most undaunted bravery; and, after a very obstinate resistance, forced the first intrenchment of the enemy in the plain between Sart and Jansart; but were repulsed in their attack on the second, with great slaughter on both sides. The duke of Marlborough, while this was transacting on the left, had with very much difficulty marched through Sart, and beaten the enemy from the several intrenchments they had thrown up in it. As soon as the duke had marched into the plain, he observed the main body of the enemy drawn up and intrenched in the front of his army. This situation of the enemy, in the ordinary course of war, is usually thought an advantage hardly to be surmounted; and might appear impracticable to any, but that army which had just overcome greater difficulties. The duke commanded the troops to form, but to forbear charging until further order. In the mean time he visited the left of our line, where the troops of the States had been engaged. The slaughter on this side had been very great, and the Dutch, incapable of making further progress, except they were suddenly reinforced. The right of our line was attacked soon after their coming upon the plain; but

they drove back the enemy with such bravery, that the victory began to incline to the allies by the precipitate retreat of the French to their works, from whence they were immediately beaten. The duke, upon observing this advantage on the right, commanded the earl of Orkney to march with a sufficient number of battalions, to force the enemy from their intrenchments on the plain between the woods of Sart and Jansart; which being performed, the horse of the allies marched into the plains, covered by their own foot, and forming themselves in good order; the cavalry of the enemy attempted no more but to cover the foot in their retreat. The allies made so good use of the beginning of the victory, that all their troops moved on with fresh resolution, until they saw the enemy fly before them towards Conde and Maubeuge; after whom, proper detachments were sent, who made a terrible slaughter in the pursuit.

In this action, it is said, prince Eugene was wounded, as also the duke of Aremberg, and lieutenant-general Webb. The count of Oxenstern, colonel Lalo, and sir Thomas Pendergrass were killed.

This wonderful success, obtained under all the difficulties that could be opposed in the way of an army, must be acknowledged as owing to the genius, courage, and conduct of the duke of Marlborough, a consummate hero; who has lived not only beyond the time in which Cæsar said he was arrived at a satiety of life and glory; but also been so long the subject of panegyric, that it is as hard to say any thing new in his praise, as to add to the merit which requires such eulogiums.

Will's Coffee-house, September 5.

The following letter being very explanatory of the true design of our lucubrations, and at the same time an excellent model for performing it, it is absolutely necessary, for the better understanding our works, to publish it.

To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire.

SIR,

Though I have not the honour to be of the family of the Staffs, nor related to any branch of it, yet I applaud your wholesome project of making wit useful.

This is what has been, or should have been, intended by the best comedies. But nobody, I think, before you, thought of a way to bring the stage, as it were, into the coffee-house, and there attack those gentlemen who thought themselves out of the reach of raillery, by prudently avoiding its chief walks and districts. I smile when I see a solid citizen of three-score read the article from Will's coffee-house, and seem to be just beginning to learn his alphabet of wit in spectacles; and to hear the attentive table sometimes stop him with per-

trient queries, which he is puzzled to answer, and then join in commending it the sincerest way, by freely owning he does not understand it.

'In pursuing this design, you will always have a large scene before you, and can never be at a loss for characters to entertain a town so plentifully stocked with them. The follies of the finest minds, which a philosophic surgeon knows how to dissect, will best employ your skill; and of this sort, I take the liberty to send you the following sketch.

'Cleontes is a man of good family, good learning, entertaining conversation, and acute wit. He talks well, is master of style, and writes not contemptibly in verse. Yet all this serves but to make him politely ridiculous; and he is above the rank of common characters, only to have the privilege of being laughed at by the best. His family makes him proud and scornful; his learning, assuming and absurd; and his wit, arrogant and satirical. He mixes some of the best qualities of the head with the worst of the heart. Every body is entertained by him, while nobody esteems him.'

'I am, sir,

'Your most affectionate monitor,

'JOSIAH COUPELT.'

Lost, from the Cocoa-tree, in Pall-Mall, two Irish dogs, belonging to the pack of London; one a tall white wolf-dog; the other a black nimble greyhound, not very sound, and supposed to be gone to the Bath, by instinct, for cure. The man of the inn from whence they ran, being now there, is desired, if he meets either of them, to tie them up. Several others are lost about Tunbridge and Epsom; which whoever will maintain may keep.

No. 65.] Thursday, September 8, 1709.

Oniqui agunt homines—

—nostris est farrago libelli. Juv. Sat. l. 85, 86.

Whatever good is done, whatever ill—

By human kind, shall this collection fill.

Will's Coffee-house, September 7.

I CAME hither this evening, and expected nothing else but mutual congratulations in the company, on the late victory; but found our room, which one would have hoped to have seen full of good humour and alacrity upon so glorious an occasion, full of sour animals, enquiring into the action, in doubt of what had happened, and fearful of the success of their countrymen. It is natural to believe easily what we wish heartily; and a certain rule, that they are not friends to a glad occasion who speak all they can against the truth of it; who end their argument against our happiness, that they wish it otherwise. When I came into the room, a gentleman was declaiming: 'If,' says he, 'we have so great and complete a victory, why have we not the names of the prisoners? Why is not an exact relation of the conduct of

our generals laid before the world? Why do we not know where and whom to applaud? If we are victorious, why do we not give an account of our captives and our slain? But we are to be satisfied with general notices we are conquerors, and to believe it so. Sure this is approving the despotic way of treating the world, which we pretend to fight against, if we sit down satisfied with such contradictory accounts, which have the words of triumph, but do not bear the spirit of it.' I whispered Mr. Greenhat, 'Pray, what can that dissatisfied man be?' 'He is,' answered he, 'a character you have not yet perhaps observed. You have heard of battle-painters, have mentioned a battle-poet; but this is a battle-critic. He is a fellow that lives in a government so gentle, that, though it sees him an enemy, suffers his malice, because they know his impotence. He is to examine the weight of an advantage before the company will allow it.' Greenhat was going on in his explanation, when sir George England thought fit to take up the discourse in the following manner:

'Gentlemen, The action you are in so great doubt to approve of, is greater than ever has been performed in any age; and the value of it I observe from your dissatisfaction: for battle-critics are like all others; you are the more offended, the more you ought to be, and are convinced you ought to be, pleased. Had this engagement happened in the time of the old Romans, and such things been acted in their service, there would not be a foot of the wood which was pierced but had been consecrated to some deity, or made memorable by the death of him who expired in it for the sake of his country. It had been said on some monument at the entrance: Here the duke of Argyle drew his sword, and said 'March.' Here Webb, after having an accomplished fame for gallantry, exposed himself like a common soldier. Here Rivett, who was wounded at the beginning of the day, and carried off as dead, returned to the field, and received his death. Medals had been struck for our general's behaviour when he first came into the plain. Here was the fury of the action, and here the hero stood as fearless as if invulnerable. Such certainly had been the cares of that state for their own honour, and in gratitude to their heroic subjects. But the wood intrenched, the plain made more impassable than the wood, and all the difficulties opposed to the most gallant army and the most intrepid leaders that ever the sun shone upon, are treated by the talk of some in this room as objections to the merit of our general and our army: but,' continued he, 'I leave all the examination of this matter, and a proper discourse on our sense of public actions, to my friend Mr. Bickerstaff; who may let beaux and gamblers rest, until he has examined into the reasons of men's

being malecontents, in the only nation that suffers professed enemies to breathe in open air.'

From my own Apartment, September 7.

The following letters are sent to me from relations; and though I do not know who and who are intended, I publish them. I have only writ nonsense, if there is nothing in them; and done a good action, if they alarm any heedless men against the fraternity of the Knights, whom the Greeks call Πάσκαλς.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

Bath, Aug. 30.

'It is taken very ill by several gentlemen here, that you are so little vigilant, as to let the dogs run from their kennels to this place. Had you done your duty, we should have had notice of their arrival; but the sharpers are now become so formidable here, that they have divided themselves into nobles and commons; beau Bogg, beau Pert, Rake, and Tallboy, are of their upper house; broken captains, ignorant attorneys, and such other bankrupts from industrious professions, compose their lower order. Among these two sets of men, there happened here lately some unhappy differences. Esquire Humphry came down among us with four hundred guineas: his raw appearance, and certain signals in the good-natured muscles of Humphry's countenance, alarmed the societies; for sharpers are as skilful as beggars in physiognomy, and know as well where to hope for plunder, as the others to ask for alms. Pert was the man exactly fitted for taking with Humphry, as a fine gentleman; for a raw fool is ever enamoured with his contrary, a coxcomb; and a coxcomb is what the booby, who wants experience, and is unused to company, regards as the first of men. He ever looks at him with envy, and would certainly be such, if he were not oppressed by his rusticity or bashfulness. There arose an entire friendship by this sympathy between Pert and Humphry, which ended in stripping the latter. We now could see this forlorn youth for some days moneyless, without sword, and one day without his hat, and with secret melancholy pining for his snuff-box; the jest of the whole town, but most of those who robbed him.

'At last fresh bills came down, when immediately their countenances cleared up, ancient kindnesses and familiarity renewed, and to dinner he was invited by the fraternity. You are to know, that while he was in his days of solitude, a commoner, who was excluded from his shop

doors. The valiant Pert followed, and kicked him in his turn; which the esquire resented, as being nearer his match; so challenged him: but differing about time and place, friends interposed, for he had still money left, and persuaded him to ask pardon for provoking them to beat him, and they asked his for doing it. The house, consulting whence Humphry could have his information, concluded it must be from some malicious commoner; and, to be revenged, beau Bogg watched their haunts, and in a shop where some of them were at play with ladies, showed dice which he found, or pretended to find, upon them; and, declaring how false they were, warned the company to take care who they played with. By his seeming candour, he cleared his reputation, at least to fools and some silly women; but it was still blasted by the esquire's story with thinking men: however, he gained a great point by it; for the next day he got the company shut up with himself and fellow-members, and robbed them at discretion.

'I cannot express to you with what indignation I behold the noble spirit of gentlemen degenerated to that of private cut-purses. It is in vain to hope a remedy, while so many of the fraternity get and enjoy estates of twenty, thirty, and fifty thousand pounds, with impunity, creep into the best conversations, and spread the infectious villany through the nation, while the lesser rogues, that rob for hunger or nakedness, are sacrificed by the blind, and, in this respect, partial and defective law. Could you open men's eyes against the occasion of all this, the great corrupter of our manners and morality, the author of more bankrupts than the war, and sure bane of all industry, frugality, and good nature; in a word, of all virtues; I mean, public or private play at cards or dice; how willingly would I contribute my utmost, and possibly send you some memoirs of the lives and politics of some of the fraternity of great figure, that might be of use to you in setting this in a clear light against next session; that all who care for their country or posterity, and see the pernicious effects of such a public vice, may endeavour its destruction by some effectual laws. In concurrence of this good design, I remain

'Your humble servant, &c.'

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

Friday, Sept. 2.

'I heartily join with you in your laudable

this account I rejoice you have undertaken to unkenneel the curs; a work of such use, that I admire it so long escaped your vigilance; and exhort you, by the concern you have for the good people of England, to pursue your design: and, that these vermin may not flatter themselves that they pass undiscovered, I desire you would acquaint Jack Haughty, that the whole secret of his bubbling his friend with the Swiss at the Thatched-house is well-known, as also his sweetening the knight; and I shall acknowledge the favour.

'Your most humble servant, &c.'

No. 66.] Saturday, September 10, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines

nostris farrago libelli. *Juv.* Sat. 1. 85. 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

Will's Coffee-house, September 9.

THE subject of the discourse this evening was eloquence and graceful action. Lysander, who is something particular in his way of thinking and speaking, told us, 'a man could not be eloquent without action: for the deportment of the body, the turn of the eye, and an apt sound to every word that is uttered, must all conspire to make an accomplished speaker. Action in one that speaks in public, is the same thing as a good mien in ordinary life. Thus, as a certain insensibility in the countenance recommends a sentence of humour and jest, so it must be a very lively consciousness that gives grace to great sentiments. The jest is to be a thing unexpected; therefore your undesigning manner is a beauty in expressions of mirth; but when you are to talk on a set subject, the more you are moved yourself, the more you will move others.'

'There is,' said he, 'a remarkable example of that kind. Æschines, a famous orator of antiquity, had pleaded at Athens in a great cause against Demosthenes; but having lost it, retired to Rhodes.' Eloquence was then the quality most admired among men; and the magistrates of that place, having heard he had a copy of the speech of Demosthenes, desired him to repeat both their pleadings. After his own, he recited also the oration of his antagonist. The people expressed their admiration of both, but more of that of Demosthenes. "If you are," said he, "thus touched with hearing only what that great orator said, how would you have been affected had you seen him speak? For he who hears Demosthenes only, loses much the better part of the oration." Certain it is that they who speak gracefully are very amply represented in having their speeches read or repeated by unskilful people; for there is something native to each man, so inherent to his thoughts and sentiments, which it is

hardly possible for another to give a true idea of. You may observe in common talk, when a sentence of any man's is repeated, an acquaintance of his shall immediately observe, 'that is so like him, methinks I see how he looked when he said it.'

But of all the people on the earth, there are none who puzzle me so much as the clergy of Great Britain, who are, I believe, the most learned body of men now in the world; and yet this art of speaking, with the proper ornaments of voice and gesture, is wholly neglected among them; and I will engage, were a deaf man to behold the greater part of them preach, he would rather think they were reading the contents only of some discourse they intended to make, than actually in the body of an oration, even when they are upon matters of such a nature, as one would believe it were impossible to think of without emotion.

I own there are exceptions to this general observation, and that the dean we heard the other day together, is an orator.* He has so much regard to his congregation, that he commits to his memory what he has to say to them; and has so soft and graceful a behaviour, that it must attract your attention. His person, it is to be confessed, is no small recommendation; but he is to be highly commended for not losing that advantage, and adding to the propriety of speech, which might pass the criticism of Longinus, an action which would have been approved by Demosthenes. He has a peculiar force in his way, and has many of his audience† who could not be intelligent hearers of his discourse, were there not explanation as well as grace in his action. This art of his is used with the most exact and honest skill: he never attempts your passions until he has convinced your reason. All the objections which he can form, are laid open and dispersed before he uses the least vehemence in his sermon; but when he thinks he has your head, he very soon wins your heart; and never pretends to show the beauty of holiness, until he hath convinced you of the truth of it.

Would every one of our clergymen be thus careful to recommend truth and virtue in their proper figures, and show so much concern for them as to give them all the additional force they were able, it is not possible that nonsense should have so many hearers as you find it has in dissenting congregations, for no reason in the world, but because it is spoken extempore: for ordinary minds are wholly governed by their eyes and ears, and there is no way to come at their hearts, but by power over their imaginations.

There is my friend and merry companion

* Dr. Aiterbury.

† At the chapel of Bridewell Hospital, where he was twenty years minister and preacher.

Daniel.* He knows a great deal better than he speaks, and can form a proper discourse as well as any orthodox neighbour. But he knows very well, that to bawl out 'My beloved!' and the words 'grace!' 'regeneration!' 'sanctification!' 'a new light!' 'the day! the day! ay, my beloved, the day! or rather the night, the night is coming!' and 'judgment will come when we least think of it!' and so forth.—He knows, to be vehement, is the only way to come at his audience. Daniel, when he sees my friend Greenhat come in, can give a good hint and cry out, 'This is only for the saints! the regenerated!' By this force of action, though mixed with all the incoherence and ribaldry imaginable, Daniel can laugh at his diocesan, and grow fat by voluntary subscription, while the parson of the parish goes to law for half his dues. Daniel will tell you, 'it is not the shepherd, but the sheep with the bell, which the flock follows.'

Another thing, very wonderful this learned body should omit, is, learning to read; which is a most necessary part of eloquence in one who is to serve at the altar: for there is no man but must be sensible, that the lazy tone, and inarticulate sound of our common readers, depreciates the most proper form of words that were ever extant, in any nation or language, to speak our own wants, or his power from whom we ask relief.

There cannot be a greater instance of the power of action, than in little parson Dapper, who is the common relief to all the lazy pulpits in town. This smart youth has a very good memory, a quick eye, and a clean handkerchief. Thus equipped, he opens his text, shuts his book fairly, shows he has no notes in his bible, opens both palms, and shows all is fair there too. Thus, with a decisive air, my young man goes on without hesitation; and though from the beginning to the end of his pretty discourse, he has not used one proper gesture; yet, at the conclusion, the churchwarden pulls his gloves from off his hands; 'Pray, who is this extraordinary young man?' Thus, the force of action is such, that it is more prevalent, even when improper, than all

and is now just out of his time; but, unfortunately (for he has no manner of education suitable to his present estate) an uncle has left him one thousand pounds per annum.' The young man is sensible, that he is so spruce, that he fears he shall never be genteel as long as he lives; but applies himself to me, to know what methods to take, to help his air, and be a fine gentleman.

He says, 'that several of those ladies who were formerly his customers, visit his mother on purpose to fall in his way, and fears he shall be obliged to marry against his will; for,' says he, 'if any of them should ask me, I shall not be able to deny her. I am,' says he further, 'utterly at a loss how to deal with them; for though I was the most pert creature in the world when I was foreman, and could hand a woman of the first quality to her coach as well as her own gentleman-usher, I am now quite out of my way and speechless in their company. They commend my modesty to my face. No one scruples to say, I should certainly make the best husband in the world, a man of my sober education. Mrs. Would-be watches all opportunities to be alone with me: therefore, good Mr. Bickerstaff, here are my writings inclosed; if you can find any flaw in my title, so as it may go to the next heir, who goes to St. James's coffee-house, and White's, and could enjoy it, I should be extremely well pleased with two thousand pounds to set up my trade, and live in a way I know I should become, rather than be laughed at all my life among too good company. If you could send for my cousin, and persuade him to take the estate on these terms, and let nobody know it, you would extremely oblige me.'

Upon first sight, I thought this a very whimsical proposal; however, upon more mature consideration, I could not but admire the young gentleman's prudence and good sense; for there is nothing so irksome as living in a way a man knows he does not become. I consulted Mr. Obadiah Greenhat* on this occasion, and he is so well pleased with the man, that he has half a mind to take the estate himself; but, upon second thoughts, he proposed this expe-

swered, 'that if he recovered, he would be as prim and feat as ever he was.' Therefore he would have it his way, and our friend is to drink until he is carbuncled and tun-bellied; after which, we will send him down to smoke and be buried with his ancestors in Derbyshire. I am, indeed, desirous he should have his life in the estate, because he has such a just sense of himself and his abilities, as to know that it is an unhappiness to him to be a man of fortune.

[This youth seems to understand, that a gentleman's life is that of all others the hardest to pass through with propriety of behaviour; for though he has a support without art or labour, yet his manner of enjoying that circumstance, is a thing to be considered; and you see, among men who are honoured with the common appellation of gentlemen, so many contradictions to that character, that it is the utmost ill-fortune to bear it: for which reason, I am obliged to change the circumstances of several about this town. Harry Lacker is so very exact in his dress, that I shall give his estate to his younger brother, and make him a dancing-master. Nokes Lightfoot is so nimble, and values himself so much upon it, that I have thoughts of making him huntsman to a pack of beagles, and giving his land to somebody that will stay upon it.

Now I am upon the topic of becoming what we enjoy, I forbid all persons who are not of the first quality, or, who do not bear some important office that requires so much distinction, to go to Hyde-Park with six horses; for I cannot but esteem it the highest insolence. Therefore, hereafter no man shall do it merely because he is able, without any other pretension. But, what may serve all purposes quite as well, it shall be allowed all such who think riches the chief distinction, to appear in the ring with two horses only, and a rent-roll hanging out of each side of their coach. This is a thought of Mr. Greenhat's, who designs very soon to publish a sumptuary discourse upon the subject of equipage, wherein he will give us rules on that subject, and assign the proper duties and qualifications of masters and servants, as well as that of husbands and wives; with a treatise of

'SIR,

September 7.

There are another pack of dogs to be disposed of, who kennel about Charing-cross, at the Old Fat Dog's, at the corner of Buckingham-court, near Spring-garden: two of them are said to be whelped in Alsatia,* now in ruins; but they, with the rest of the pack, are as pernicious as if the old kennel had never been broken down. The ancients distinguished this sort of curs by the name of Heredipetes, the most pernicious of all biters, for seizing young heirs, especially when their estates are entailed; whom they reduce by one good bite to such a condition, that they cannot ever after come to the use of their teeth, or get a smelling of a crust. You are desired to dispose of these as soon as you can, that the breed may not increase; and your care in tying them up will be acknowledged by, sir,

'Your humble servant,

'PHILANTHROPOS.'

St. James's Coffee-house, September 9.

We have received letters from the duke of Marlborough's camp, which bring us further particulars of the great and glorious victory obtained over the enemy on the eleventh instant, N. S. The number of the wounded and prisoners is much greater than was expected from our first account. The day was doubtful until after twelve of the clock; but the enemy made little resistance after their first line on the left began to give way. An exact narration of the whole affair is expected next post. The French have had two days allowed them to bury their dead, and carry off their wounded men, upon parole. Those regiments of Great Britain, which suffered most, are ordered into garrison, and fresh troops commanded to march into the field. The states have also directed troops to march out of the towns, to relieve those who lost so many men in attacking the second entrenchment of the French, in the plain between Sart and Jansart.

No. 67.] Tuesday, September 13, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——

as so indulgent as to connive at him for fourteen days, because I would give him the wearing of them out; but, after all this, I am informed he appeared yesterday with a new pair of the same sort. I have no better success with Mr. What-d'ye-call, as to his buttons; Stentor still roars; and box and dice rattle as loud as they did before I writ against them. Partridge walks about at noon day, and Esculapius thinks of adding a new lace to his livery. However, I must still go on in laying these enormities before men's eyes, and let them answer for going on in their practice.

My province is much larger than at first sight men would imagine, and I shall lose no part of my jurisdiction, which extends not only to futurity, but also is a retrospect to things past; and the behaviour of persons, who have long ago acted their parts, is as much liable to my examination, as that of my own contemporaries.

In order to put the whole race of mankind in their proper distinctions, according to the opinion their cobabitants conceived of them, I have, with very much care and depth of meditation, thought fit to erect a chamber of Fame, and established certain rules, which are to be observed in admitting members into this illustrious society.

In this chamber of Fame there are to be three tables, but of different lengths; the first is to contain exactly twelve persons; the second, twenty; and the third, a hundred. This is reckoned to be the full number of those who have any competent share of fame. At the first of these tables are to be placed, in their order, the twelve most famous persons in the world; not with regard to the things they are famous for, but according to the degree of their fame, whether in valour, wit, or learning. Thus, if a scholar be more famous than a soldier, he is to sit above him. Neither must any preference be given to virtue, if the person be not equally famous.

When the first table is filled, the next in renown must be seated at the second, and so on in like manner to the number of twenty; as also in the same order at the third, which is to hold a hundred. At these tables, no regard is to be had to seniority: for if Julius Cæsar shall be judged more famous than Romulus and Scipio, he must have the precedence. No person who has not been dead a hundred years must be offered to a place at any of these tables: and because this is altogether a lay-society, and that sacred persons move upon greater motives than that of fame, no persons celebrated in holy writ, or any ecclesiastical men whatsoever, are to be introduced here.

At the lower end of the room is to be a side-table for persons of great fame, but dubious existence; such as Hercules, Theseus, Æneas, Achilles, Hector, and others. But because it

is apprehended, that there may be great contention about precedence, the proposer humbly desires the opinion of the learned, towards his assistance in placing every person according to his rank, that none may have just occasion of offence.

The merits of the cause shall be judged by plurality of voices.

For the more impartial execution of this important affair, it is desired, that no man will offer his favourite hero, scholar, or poet; and that the learned will be pleased to send to Mr. Bickerstaff, at Mr. Morphew's near Stationers'-hall, their several lists for the first table only, and in the order they would have them placed; after which, the proposer will compare the several lists, and make another for the public, wherein every name shall be ranked according to the voices it has had. Under this chamber is to be a dark vault for the same number of persons of evil fame.

It is humbly submitted to consideration, whether the project would not be better if the persons of true fame meet in a middle room, those of dubious existence in an upper room, and those of evil fame in a lower dark room.

It is to be noted, that no historians are to be admitted at any of these tables; because they are appointed to conduct the several persons to their seats, and are to be made use of as ushers to the assemblies.

I call upon the learned world to send me their assistance towards this design, it being a matter of too great moment for any one person to determine. But I do assure them, their lists shall be examined with great fidelity, and those that are exposed to the public, made with all the caution imaginable.

In the mean time, while I wait for these lists, I am employed in keeping people in a right way to avoid the contrary to fame and applause; to wit, blame, and derision. For this end, I work upon that useful project of the penny-post, by the benefit of which it is proposed, that a charitable society be established: from which society there shall go every day, circular letters to all parts within the bills of mortality, to tell people of their faults in a friendly and private manner, whereby they may know what the world thinks of them, before it is declared to the world that they are thus faulty. This method cannot fail of universal good consequences: for, it is further added, that they who will not be reformed by it, must be contented to see the several letters printed, which were not regarded by them, that when they will not take private reprehension, they may be tried further by a public one. I am very sorry I am obliged to print the following epistles of that kind, to some persons, and the more because they are of the fair sex.

This went on Friday last to a very fine lady.

'MADAM,

'I am highly sensible that there is nothing of so tender a nature as the reputation and conduct of ladies; and that when there is the least stain got into their fame, it is hardly ever to be washed out. When I have said this, you will believe I am extremely concerned to hear, at every visit I make, that your manner of wearing your hair is a mere affectation of beauty, as well as that your neglect of powder has been a common evil to your sex. It is to you an advantage to show that abundance of fine tresses: but I beseech you to consider, that the force of your beauty, and the imitation of you, costs Eleonora great sums of money to her tire-woman for false locks, besides what is allowed to her maid for keeping the secret, that she is gray. I must take leave to add to this admonition, that you are not to reign above four months and odd days longer. Therefore, I must desire you to raise and friz your hair a little, for it is downright insolence to be thus handsome without art; and you will forgive me for entreating you to do now out of compassion, what you must soon do out of necessity. I am, madam,

'Your most obedient,

'and most humble servant.'

This person dresses just as she did before I writ; as does also the lady to whom I addressed the following billet the same day:

'MADAM,

'Let me beg of you to take off the patches at the lower end of your left cheek, and I will allow two more under your left eye, which will contribute more to the symmetry of your face; except you would please to remove the ten black atoms on your ladyship's chin and wear one large patch instead of them. If so, you may properly enough retain the three patches above-mentioned. I am, &c.'

This, I thought, had all the civility and reason in the world in it; but whether my letters are intercepted, or whatever it is, the lady patches as she used to do. It is to be observed by all the charitable society, as an instruction in their epistles, that they tell people of nothing but what is in their power to mend.

melancholy truth, that virtue is its own reward and that if no one is the better for his admonitions, yet he is himself the more virtuous in that he gave those advices?

St. James's Coffee-house September 12.

Letters of the thirteenth instant from the duke of Marlborough's camp at Havre advise, that the necessary dispositions were made for opening the trenches before Mons. The direction of the siege is to be committed to the prince of Orange, who designed to take his post accordingly, with thirty battalions and thirty squadrons, on the day following. On the seventeenth lieutenant-general Cadogan* set out for Brussels, to hasten the ammunition and artillery which is to be employed in this enterprise; and the confederate army was extended from the Haisne to the Trouille, in order to cover the siege. The loss of the confederates in the late battle is not exactly known; but it appears, by a list transmitted to the states-general, that the number of the killed and wounded in their service amounts to above eight thousand. It is computed, that the English have lost fifteen hundred men, and the rest of the allies above five thousand, including the wounded. The states-general have taken the most speedy and effectual measures for reinforcing their troops; and it is expected, that in eight or ten days the army will be as numerous as before the battle. The affairs in Italy afford us nothing remarkable; only that it is hoped, the difference between the courts of Vienna and Turin will be speedily accommodated. Letters from Poland present us with a near prospect of seeing king Augustus re-established on the throne, all parties being very industrious to reconcile themselves to his interests.

Will's Coffee-house, September 12.

Of all the pretty arts in which our modern writers excel, there is not any which is more to be recommended to the imitation of beginners, than the skill of transition from one subject to another. I know not whether I make myself well understood; but it is certain, that the way of stringing a discourse,

poor I was discoursing upon the king of Sweden's passing the Horisthenes. The Horisthenes is a great river, and puts me in mind of the Danube and the Rhine. The Danube I cannot think of, without reflecting on that unhappy prince who had such fair territories on the banks of it; I mean the duke of Bavaria, who, by our last letters, is retired from Mons. Mons is as strong a fortification as any which has no citadel: and places which are not completely fortified are, methinks, lessons to princes that they are not omnipotent, but liable to the strokes of fortune. But as all princes are subject to such calamities, it is the part of men of letters to guard them from the observations of all small writers; for which reason, I shall conclude my present remarks, by publishing the following advertisement, to be taken notice of by all who dwell in the suburbs of learning.

'Whereas the king of Sweden has been so unfortunate as to receive a wound in his heel; we do hereby prohibit all epigrammatists in either language and both universities, as well as all other poets, of what denomination soever, to make any mention of Achilles having received his death's wound in the same part.

'We do likewise forbid all comparisons in coffee-houses between Alexander the Great and the said king of Sweden, and from making any parallels between the death of Patkul and Philotas; we being very apprehensive of the reflections that several politicians have ready by them to produce on this occasion, and being willing, as much as in us lies, to free the town from all impertinences of this nature.'

No. 68.] Thursday, September 15, 1709.

Quisquis agunt laqueos ———

—— non sit eat farrago libelli. *Juv. Sat. l. 85, 86.*

What'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper catches for its theme. *P.*

From my own Apartment, September 14.

THE progress of our endeavours will of necessity be very much interrupted, except the learned world will please to send their lists to the chamber of Fame with all expedition. There is nothing can so much contribute to create a noble emulation in our youth, as the honourable mention of such whose actions have outlived the injuries of time, and recommended themselves so far to the world, that it is become learning to know the least circumstance of their affairs. It is a great incentive to see, that some men have raised themselves so high above their fellow-creatures, that the lives of ordinary men are spent in enquiries after the particular actions of the most illustrious. True it is, that without this impulse to fame and reputation, our industry would stagnate, and that lively desire of pleasing each other, die away. This opinion was so established in the heathen world, that their

sense of living appeared insipid, except their being was enlivened with a consciousness that they were esteemed by the rest of the world.

Upon examining the proportion of men's fame for my table of twelve, I thought it no ill way (since I had laid it down for a rule, that they were to be ranked simply as they were famous, without regard to their virtue) to ask my sister Jenny's advice; and particularly mentioned to her the name of Aristotle. She immediately told me, he was a very great scholar, and that she had read him at the boarding-school. She certainly means a trifle, sold by the hawkers called 'Aristotle's Problems.' But this raised a great scruple in me, whether a fame increased by imposition of others is to be added to his account, or that these excrecences, which grow out of his real reputation, and give encouragement to others to pass things under the covert of his name, should be considered in giving him his seat in the chamber? This puppetilio is referred to the learned. In the mean time, so ill-natured are mankind, that I believe I have names already sent me sufficient to fill up my lists for the dark room, and every one is apt enough to send in their accounts of ill-deservers. This malevolence does not proceed from a real dislike of virtue, but a diabolical prejudice against it, which makes men willing to destroy what they care not to imitate. Thus you see the greatest characters among your acquaintance, and those you live with, are traduced by all below them in virtue, who never mention them but with an exception. However, I believe I shall not give the world much trouble about filling my tables for those of evil fame; for I have some thoughts of clapping up the sharpers there as fast as I can lay hold of them.

At present, I am employed in looking over the several notices which I have received of their manner of dexterity, and the way at dice of making all rugg, as the cant is. The whole art of securing a die has lately been sent me, by a person who was of the fraternity, but is disabled by the loss of a finger; by which means he cannot practise that trick as he used to do. But I am very much at a loss how to call some of the fair sex, who are accomplices with the Knights of Industry; for my metaphorical dogs are easily enough understood; but the feminine gender of dogs has so harsh a sound, that we know not how to name it. But I am credibly informed, that there are female dogs as voracious as the males, and make advances to young fellows, without any other design but coming to a familiarity with their purses. I have also long lists of persons of condition, who are certainly of the same regimen with these banditti, and instrumental to their cheats upon undiscerning men of their own rank. These add their good reputation to carry on the impostures of others,

whose very names would else be defence enough against falling into their hands. But, for the honour of our nation, these shall be unmentioned; provided we bear no more of such practices, and that they shall not from henceforward suffer the society of such as they know to be the common enemies of order, discipline, and virtue. If it appear that they go on in encouraging them, they must be proceeded against according to the severest rules of history, where all is to be laid before the world with impartiality, and without respect to persons,

'So let the stricken deer go weep.'

Will's Coffee-house, September 14.

I find left here for me the following epistle:

'STR,

'Having lately read your discourse about the family of Trubies,* wherein you observed, that there are some who fall into laughter out of a certain benevolence in their temper, and not out of the ordinary motive, viz. contempt, and triumph over the imperfections of others; I have conceived a good idea of your knowledge of mankind. And, as you have a tragi-comic genius, I beg the favour of you to give us your thoughts of a quite different effect, which also is caused by other motives than what are commonly taken notice of. What I would have you treat of, is the cause of shedding tears. I desire you would discuss it a little, with observations upon the various occasions which provoke us to that expression of our concern, &c.'

To obey this complaisant gentleman, I know no way so short as examining the various touches of my own bosom, on several occurrences in a long life, to the evening of which I am arrived, after as many various incidents as any body has met with. I have often reflected, that there is a great similitude in the motions of the heart in mirth and in sorrow; and I think the usual occasion of the latter, as well as the former, is something which is sudden and unexpected. The mind has not a sufficient time to recollect its force, and immediately gushes into tears before we can utter ourselves by speech or complaint. The most notorious causes of these drops from our eyes are pity, sorrow, joy, and reconciliation.

The fair sex, who are made of man and not of earth, have a more delicate humanity than we have; and pity is the most common cause of their tears: for as we are inwardly composed of an aptitude to every circumstance of life, and every thing that befalls any one person might have happened to any other of human race; self-love, and a sense of the pain we ourselves should suffer in the circumstances of any whom we pity, is the cause of that compassion. Such a reflection in the breast of a woman, im-

mediately inclines her to tears; but in a man, it makes him think how such a one ought to act on that occasion suitably to the dignity of his nature. Thus a woman is ever moved for those whom she hears lament, and a man for those whom he observes to suffer in silence. It is a man's own behaviour in the circumstances he is under, which procures him the esteem of others, and not merely the affliction itself which demands our pity; for we never give a man that passion which he falls into for himself. He that commends himself never purchases our applause; nor he who bewails himself, our pity.

Going through an alley the other day, I observed a noisy impudent beggar bawl out, 'that he was wounded in a merchant-man; that he had lost his poor limbs;' and showed a leg clouted up. All that passed by made what haste they could out of his sight and hearing; but a poor fellow at the end of the passage, with a rusty coat, a melancholy air, and soft voice, desired them 'to look upon a man not used to beg.' The latter received the charity of almost every one that went by. The strings of the heart, which are to be touched to give us compassion, are not so played on but by the finest hand. We see in tragical representations, it is not the pomp of language, nor the magnificence of dress, in which the passion is wrought, that touches sensible spirits; but something of a plain and simple nature, which breaks in upon our souls, by that sympathy which is given us for our mutual good-will and service.

In the tragedy of 'Macbeth,' where Wilks acts the part of a man whose family has been murdered in his absence, the wildness of his passion, which is run over in a torrent of calamitous circumstances, does but raise my spirits, and give me the alarm: but when he skillfully seems to be out of breath, and is brought too low to say more; and upon a second reflection cries only, wiping his eyes, 'What, both children! Both, both my children gone!' there is no resisting a sorrow which seems to have cast about for all the reasons possible for its consolation, but has no resource. 'There is not one left; but both, both are murdered!' such sudden starts from the thread of the discourse, and a plain sentiment expressed in an artless way, are the irresistible strokes of eloquence and poetry. The same great master, Shakspeare, can afford us instances of all the places where our souls are accessible; and ever commands our tears. But it is to be observed, that he draws them from some unexpected source, which seems not wholly of a piece with the discourse. Thus, when Brutus and Cassius had a debate in the tragedy of 'Cæsar,' and rose to warm language against each other insomuch that it had almost come to some thing that might be fatal, until they recol-

lected themselves; Brutus does more than make an apology for the beat he had been in, by saying, 'Portia is dead.' Here Cassius is all tenderness, and ready to dissolve, when he considers that the mind of his friend had been employed on the greatest affliction imaginable, when he had been adding to it by a debate on trifles; which makes him, in the anguish of his heart, cry out, 'How scaped I killing, when I thus provoked you?' This is an incident which moves the soul in all its sentiments; and Cassius's heart was at once touched with all the soft pangs of pity, remorse, and reconciliation. It is said, indeed, by Horace, 'If you would have me weep, you must first weep yourself.' This is not literally true; for it would have been as rightly said, if we observe nature. That I shall certainly weep, if you do not: but what is intended by that expression is, that it is not possible to give passion, except you show that you suffer yourself. Therefore, the true art seems to be, that when you would have the person you represent pitied, you must show him at once in the highest grief, and struggling to bear it with decency and patience. In this case, we sigh for him, and give him every groan he suppresses.

I remember, when I was young enough to follow the sports of the field, I have more than once rode off at the death of a deer, when I have seen the animal, in an affliction which appeared human, without the least noise, let fall tears when he was reduced to extremity; and I have thought of the sorrow I saw him in, when his haunch came to the table. But our tears are not given only to objects of pity, but the mind has recourse to that relief in all occasions which give us great emotion. Thus, to be apt to shed tears is a sign of a great as well as little spirit. I have heard say, the present pope* never passes through the people, who always kneel in crowds, and ask his benediction, but the tears are seen to flow from his eyes. This must proceed from an imagination that he is the father of all those people; and that he is touched with so extensive a benevolence, that it breaks out into a passion of tears. You see friends, who have been long absent, transported in the same manner: a thousand little images crowd upon them at their meeting, as all the joys and griefs they have known during their separation; and, in one hurry of thought, they conceive how they should have participated in those occasions; and weep, because their minds are too full to wait the slow expression of words.

His lacrymis vitam damus, et miserescimur nitro.

Virg. Æn. li. 145.

With tears the wretch confirm'd his tale of woe;
And soft-ey'd pity pleaded for the foe. *R. Hume.*

There is lately broke loose from the London pack, a very tall dangerous biter. He is now at the Bath, and it is feared will make a damnable havoc amongst the game. His manner of biting is new, and he is called the Top. He secures one die betwixt his two fingers: the other is fixed, by the help of a famous wax, invented by an apothecary, since a gamester: a little of which he puts upon his fore-finger, and that holds the die in the box at his devotion. Great sums have been lately won by these ways; but it is hoped, that this hint of his manner of cheating will open the eyes of many who are every day imposed upon.

There is now in the press, and will be suddenly published, a book entitled, 'An Appendix to the Contempt of the Clergy;' wherein will be set forth at large, that all our dissensions are owing to the laziness of persons in the sacred ministry, and that none of the present schisms could have crept into the flock, but by the negligence of the pastors. There is a digression in this treatise, proving, that the pretences made by the priesthood, from time to time, that the church was in danger, is only a trick to make the laity passionate for that of which they themselves have been negligent. The whole concludes with an exhortation to the clergy, to the study of eloquence, and practice of piety, as the only method to support the highest of all honours, that of a priest who lives and acts according to his character.

No. 69.] Saturday, September 17, 1709.

—Quid oportet

Nos facere, à vulgo longe lateque remotos?

Hor. l Sat. v. l. 17.

But how shall we, who differ far and wide,
From the mere vulgar, this great point decide.

Francis.

From my own Apartment, September 16.

IT is, as far as it relates to our present being, the great end of education to raise ourselves above the vulgar; but what is intended by the vulgar, is not, methinks, enough understood. In me, indeed, that word raises a quite different idea from what it usually does in others; but perhaps that proceeds from my being old, and beginning to want the relish of such satisfactions as are the ordinary entertainment of men. However, such as my opinion is in this case, I will speak it; because it is possible that turn of thought may be received by others, who may reap as much satisfaction from it as I do myself.

It is to me a very great meanness, and something much below a philosopher, which is what I mean by a gentleman, to rank a man among the vulgar for the condition of life he is in, and

* Pope Clement XI.

* A celebrated book, written by Dr. John Eachard, and published in 1619.

not according to his behaviour, his thoughts, and sentiments, in that condition. For if a man be loaded with riches and honours, and in that state of life has thoughts and inclinations below the meanest artificer; is not such an artificer, who, within his power, is good to his friends, moderate in his demands for his labour, and cheerful in his occupation, very much superior to him who lives for no other end but to serve himself, and assumes a preference in all his words and actions to those who act their part with much more grace than himself? Epictetus has made use of the similitude of a stage-play to human life with much spirit. 'It is not,' says he, 'to be considered among the actors, who is prince, or who is beggar, but who acts prince or beggar best.' The circumstance of life should not be that which gives us place, but our behaviour in that circumstance is what should be our solid distinction. Thus a wise man should think no man above him or below him, any farther than it regards the outward order or discipline of the world: for, if we conceive too great an idea of the eminence of our superiors, or subordination of our inferiors, it will have an ill effect upon our behaviour to both. He who thinks no man above him but for his virtue, none below him but for his vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in a wrong place; but will frequently emulate men in rank below him, and pity those above him.

This sense of mankind is so far from a levelling principle, that it only sets us upon a true basis of distinction, and doubles the merit of such as become their condition. A man in power, who can, without the ordinary prepossessions which stop the way to the true knowledge and service of mankind, overlook the little distinctions of fortune, raise obscure merit, and discountenance successful indolence, has, in the minds of knowing men, the figure of an angel rather than a man; and is above the rest of men in the highest character he can be, even that of their benefactor.

Turning my thoughts, as I was taking my pipe this evening, after this manner, it was no small delight to me to receive advice from Felicia, that Eboracensis* was appointed a go-

vern and slaves, that they who command have a just sense of human nature itself, by which they can temper the haughtiness of the master, and soften the servitude of the slave.—'Hæc tibi erunt artes.' This is the notion with which those of the plantation receive Eboracensis. and as I have cast his nativity, I find there will be a record made of this person's administration; and on that part of the shore from whence he embarks to return from his government, there will be a monument, with these words: 'Here the people wept, and took leave of Eboracensis, the first governor our mother Felicia sent, who, during his command here, believed himself her subject.'

White's Chocolate-house, September 16.

The following letter wants such sudden despatch, that all things else must wait for this time:

'SIR,

Sept. 13, Equil day and night.

'There are two ladies, who, having a good opinion of your taste and judgment, desire you to make use of them in the following particular, which perhaps you may allow very extraordinary. The two ladies before-mentioned have, a considerable time since, contracted a more sincere and constant friendship than their adversaries, the men, will allow consistent with the frailty of female nature; and being, from a long acquaintance, convinced of the perfect agreement of their tempers, have thought upon an expedient to prevent their separation, and cannot think any so effectual (since it is common for love to destroy friendship) as to give up both their liberties to the same person in marriage. The gentleman they have pitched upon is neither well bred nor agreeable, his understanding moderate, and his person never designed to charm women; but having so much self-interest in his nature, as to be satisfied with making double contracts, upon condition of receiving double fortunes; and most men being so far sensible of the uneasiness that one woman occasions; they think him, for these reasons, the most likely person of their acquaintance to receive these proposals. Upon all other accounts, he is the last man either

a philosopher, without entering into the merit of it in the ecclesiastical or civil law. These constant friends, Piladea and Orestes, are at a loss to preserve their friendship from the encroachments of love: for which end they have resolved upon a fellow who cannot be the object of affection or esteem to either, and consequently cannot rob one of the place each has in her friend's heart. But in all my reading (and I have read all that the sages of love have writ) I have found the greatest danger in jealousy. The ladies, indeed, to avoid this passion, choose a sad fellow; but if they would be advised by me, they had better have each her worthless man; otherwise, he that was despicable, while he was indifferent to them, will become valuable when he seems to prefer one to the other.

I remember in the history of Don Quixote of la Mancha, there is a memorable passage, which opens to us the weakness of our nature in such particulars. The Don falls into discourse with a gentleman, whom he calls 'the Knight of the Green Cassock,' and is invited to his house. When he comes there, he runs into discourse and panegyric upon the economy, the government, and order of his family, the education of his children, and, lastly, on the singular wisdom of him who disposed things with that exactness. The gentleman makes a soliloquy to himself: 'O irresistible power of flattery! Though I know this is a madman, I cannot help being taken with his applause.' The ladies will find this much more true in the case of their lover; and the woman he most likes will certainly be more pleased, she whom he slightest more offended, than she can imagine before she has tried. Now, I humbly propose, that they both marry coxcombs whom they are sure they cannot like, and then they may be pretty secure against the change of affection, which they fear; and, by that means, preserving the temperature under which they now write, enjoy, during life, 'Equal day and night.'

St. James's Coffee-house, September 16.

There is no manner of news; but people now spend their time in coffee-houses in reflections upon the particulars of the late glorious day, and collecting the several parts of the action, as they are produced in letters from private hands, or notices given to us by accounts in public papers. A pleasant gentleman, alluding to the great fences through which we pierced, said this evening, 'the French thought themselves on the right side of the hedge, but it proved otherwise.' Mr. Kidney,* who has long conversed with, and filled tea for, the most consummate politicians, was pleased to give me an account of this piece of ribaldry;

and desired me, on that occasion, to write a whole paper on the subject of valour, and explain how that quality, which must be possessed by whole armies, is so highly preferable in one man rather than another; and how the same actions are but mere acts of duty in some, and instances of the most heroic virtue in others. He advises me not to fail, in this discourse, to mention the gallantry of the prince of Nassau in this last engagement; who, when a battalion made a halt in the face of the enemy, snatched the colours out of the hands of the ensign, and planted them just before the line of the enemy, calling to that battalion to take care of their colours if they had no regard to him. Mr. Kidney has my promise to obey him in this particular, on the first occasion that offers.

Mr. Bickerstaff is now compiling exact accounts of the pay of the militia, and the commission-officers under the respective lieutenantcies of Great Britain; in the first place, of those of London and Westminster; and in regard that there are no common soldiers, but all house-keepers, or representatives of house-keepers, in these bodies, the sums raised by the officers shall be looked into; and their fellow soldiers, or rather fellow-travellers from one part of the town to the other, not defrauded of the ten pounds allowed for the subsistence of the troops.

Whereas, not very long since, at a tavern between Fleet-bridge and Charing-cross, some certain polite gentlemen thought fit to perform the bacchanalian exercises of devotion, by dancing without clothes on, after the manner of the Pre-Adamites: this is to certify those persons, that there is no manner of wit or humour in the said practice; and that the beads of the parish are to be at their next meeting, where it is to be examined, whether they are arrived at want of feeling, as well as want of shame?

Whereas a chapel clerk was lately taken in a garret on a flock-bed, with two of the fair sex, who are usually employed in sifting cinders: this is to let him know, that if he persists in being a scandal both to laity and clergy, as being, as it were, both and neither, the names of the nymphs who were with him shall be printed; therefore, he is desired, as he tenders the reputation of his ladies, to repent.

Mr. Bickerstaff has received information, that an eminent and noble preacher in the chief congregation of Great-Britain, for fear of being thought guilty of presbyterian fervency and extemporary prayer, lately read his, before sermon; but the same advices acknowledging that he made the congregation large amends by the shortness of his discourse, it is thought fit to make no further observation upon it.

* A waiter at the St. James's Coffee-house.

No. 70.] Tuesday, September 20, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines —
— nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.*

Whatever good is done, *whatever ill* —
By human kind, shall this collection fill.

From my own Apartment, September 19.

THE following letter, in prosecution of what I have lately asserted, has urged that matter so much better than I had, that I insert it as I received it. These testimonials are customary with us learned men, and sometimes are suspected to be written by the author; but I fear no one will suspect me of this.

'SIR,

London, Sept. 15, 1709.

'Having read your lucubrations of the tenth instant, I cannot but entirely agree with you in your notion of the scarcity of men who can either read or speak. For my part, I have lived these thirty years in the world, and yet have observed but very few who could do either in any tolerable manner; among which few, you must understand that I reckon myself. How far eloquence, set off with the proper ornaments of voice and gesture, will prevail over the passions, and how cold and unaffected the best oration in the world would be without them, there are two remarkable instances in the case of Ligarius, and that of Milo. Cæsar had condemned Ligarius. He came indeed to hear what might be said; but, thinking himself his own master, resolved not to be biassed by any thing Cicero could say in his behalf: but in this he was mistaken; for when the orator began to speak, the hero is moved, he is vanquished, and at length the criminal absolved. It must be observed, that this famous orator was less renowned for his courage than his eloquence; for though he came, at another time, prepared to defend Milo with one of the best orations that antiquity has produced; yet, being seized with a sudden fear, by seeing some armed men surrounding the Forum, he faltered in his speech, and became unable to exert that irresistible force and beauty of action which would have saved his client, and for want of which he was condemned to banishment. As the success the former of these orations met with appears chiefly owing to the life and graceful manner with which it was recited (for some there are who think it may be read without transport) so the latter seems to have failed of success for no other reason, but because the orator was not in a condition to set it off with those ornaments. It must be confessed, that artful sound will, with the crowd, prevail even more than sense; but those who are masters of both, will ever gain the admiration of all their hearers; and there is, I think, a very natural account to be given of this matter; for the sensation of the head and heart are caused in

each of these parts by the outward organs of the eye and ear; that, therefore, which is conveyed to the understanding and passions by only one of these organs, will not affect us so much as that which is transmitted through both. I cannot but think your charge is just against a great part of the learned clergy of Great Britain, who deliver the most excellent discourses with such coldness and indifference, that it is no great wonder the unintelligent many of their congregations fall asleep. Thus it happens that their orations meet with a quite contrary fate to that of Demosthenes you mentioned; for as that lost much of its beauty and force by being repeated to the magistrates of Rhodes without the winning action of that great orator; so the performances of these gentlemen never appear with so little grace, and to so much disadvantage, as when delivered by themselves from the pulpit. Hippocrates, being sent for to a patient in this city, and, having felt his pulse, enquired into the symptoms of his distemper; and finding that it proceeded in great measure from want of sleep, advises his patient with an air of gravity, to be carried to church to hear a sermon, not doubting but that it would dispose him for the rest he wanted. If some of the rules Horace gives for the theatre were (not improperly) applied to our pulpits, we should not hear a sermon prescribed as a good opiate.

— Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipse tibi. *Hor. Ars Poet. v. 102.*

If you would have me weep, begin the strain.

Faucher.

'A man must himself express some concern and affection in delivering his discourse, if he expects his auditory should interest themselves in what he proposes. For, otherwise, notwithstanding the dignity and importance of the subject he treats of; notwithstanding the weight and argument of the discourse itself; yet too many will say,

— Male si mandata loquāris,
Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo. —

Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 114.

'But if, unmoved, you set not what you say,
'I'll sleep, or laugh the lifeless theme away.'

'If there be a deficiency in the speaker, there will not be a sufficient attention and regard paid to the thing spoken: but, Mr. Bickerstaff, you know, that as too little action is cold, so too much is fulsome. Some, indeed, may think themselves accomplished speakers for no other reason than because they can be loud and noisy; for surely Stentor must have some design in his vociferations. But, dear Mr. Bickerstaff, convince them, that as harsh and irregular sound is not harmony; so neither is banging a cushion, oratory; and, therefore, in my humble opinion, a certain divine of the first order, whom I allow otherwise to be a

great man, would do well to leave this off; for I think his sermons would be more persuasive, if he gave his auditory less disturbance. Though I cannot say that this action would be wholly improper to profane oration; yet, I think, in a religious assembly, it gives a man too warlike, or perhaps too theatrical a figure, to be suitable to a christian congregation. I am, Sir,

‘Your humble servant, &c.’

The most learned and ingenious Mr. Rosehat is also pleased to write to me on this subject.

‘SIR,

‘I read with great pleasure in the Tatler of Saturday last the conversation upon eloquence: permit me to hint to you one thing the great Roman orator observes upon this subject; *Caput enim arbitrabatur oratoris*, (he quotes Menedemus, an Athenian,) *ut ipsi apud quos ageret talis qualem ipse optaret videretur: id fieri vite dignitate*. (Tull. de Orat.) It is the first rule in oratory, that a man must appear such as he would persuade others to be; and that can be accomplished only by the force of his life. I believe it might be of great service to let our public orators know, that an unnatural gravity or an unbecoming levity in their behaviour out of the pulpit, will take very much from the force of their eloquence in it. Excuse another scrap of Latin; it is from one of the fathers: I think it will appear a just observation to all, and it may have authority with some: *Qui autem docent tantum, nec faciunt ipsi præceptis suis detrahunt pondus: quis enim obtemperet, cum ipsi præceptores doceam non obtemperare*.’ Those who teach, but do not act agreeably to the instructions they give to others, take away all weight from their doctrine: for who will obey the precepts they inculcate, if they themselves teach us by their practice to disobey them? I am, Sir,

‘Your most humble servant,

‘JONATHAN ROSEHAT.

‘P. S. You were complaining in that paper, that the clergy of Great Britain had not yet learned to speak; a very great defect indeed: and, therefore, I shall think myself a well-deserver of the church, in recommending all the dumb clergy to the famous speaking doctor at Kensington. This ingenious gentleman, out of compassion to those of a bad utterance, has placed his whole study in the new-modelling the organs of voice; which art he has so far advanced, as to be able even to make a good orator of a pair of bellows. He lately exhibited a specimen of his skill in this way, of which I was informed by the worthy gentlemen then present; who were at once delighted and amazed to hear an instrument of so simple an organization use an exact articulation of words, a just cadency in its sentences, and a wonder-

ful pathos in its pronunciation: not that he designs to expatiate in this practice; because he cannot, as he says, apprehend what use it may be of to mankind, whose benefit he aims at in a more particular manner: and, for the same reason, he will never more instruct the feathered kind, the parrot having been his last scholar in that way. He has a wonderful faculty in making and mending echoes: and this he will perform at any time for the use of the solitary in the country; being a man born for universal good, and for that reason recommended to your patronage by, Sir,

‘Yours, &c.’

Another learned gentleman gives me also this encomium:

‘SIR

September 16.

‘You are now got into a useful and noble subject; take care to handle it with judgment and delicacy. I wish every young divine would give yours of Saturday last a serious perusal; and now you are entered upon the action of an orator, if you would proceed to favour the world with some remarks on the mystical enchantments of pronunciation, what a secret force there is in the accents of a tunable voice, and wherefore the works of two very great men of the profession could never please so well when read as heard, I shall trouble you with no more scribble. You are now in the method of being truly profitable and delightful. If you can keep up to such great and sublime subjects, and pursue them with a suitable genius, go on and prosper. Farewell.’

White’s Chocolate-house, September 19.

This was left for me here, for the use of the company of the house:

‘*To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire.*

‘SIR,

September, 15.

‘The account you gave lately of a certain dog-kennel in or near Suffolk-street, was not so punctual, as to the list of the dogs, as might have been expected from a person of Mr. Bickerstaff’s intelligence; for, if you will despatch Pacolet thither some evening, it is ten to one but he finds, besides those you mentioned,

‘Towzer, a large French mongrel, that was not long ago in a tattered condition, but has now got new hair; is not fleet, but, when he grapples, bites even to the marrow.

‘Spring, a little French greyhound, that lately made a false trip to Tunbridge.

‘Sly, an old battered fox-hound, that began the game in France.

‘Lightfoot, a fine skinned Flanders dog, that belonged to a park at Ghent; but, having lost flesh, is gone to Paris, for the benefit of the air.

‘With several others, that in time may be worth notice.

'Your familiar will see also, how anxious the keepers are about the prey, and, indeed, not without very good reason, for they have their share of every thing; nay, not so much as a poor rabbit can be run down, but these carnivorous curs swallow a quarter of it. Some mechanics in the neighbourhood, that have entered into this civil society, and who furnish part of the carrion and oatmeal for the dogs, have the skin; and the bones are picked clean by a little French shoek that belongs to the family, &c.

I am, Sir,

'Your humble servant, &c.

'I had almost forgot to tell you, that Ringwood bites at Hampstead with false teeth.' *

No. 71.] Thursday, September 22, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines

—nostrum est farrago libelli. *Juv. Sat. l. 85, 86.*

Whatever good is done, whatever ill—

By human kind, shall this collection fill.

From my own Apartment, September 21.

I HAVE long been, against my inclination, employed in satire, and that in prosecution of such persons, who are below the dignity of the true spirit of it; such who, I fear, are not to be reclaimed by making them only ridiculous. The sharpeners shall, therefore, have a month's time to themselves, free from the observation of this paper; but I must not make a truce without letting them know, that, at the same time, I am preparing for a more vigorous war: for a friend of mine has promised me he will employ his time in compiling such a tract, before the session of the ensuing parliament, as shall lay gaming home to the bosoms of all who love their country or their families; and he doubts not but it will create an act, that shall make these rogues as scandalous as those less mischievous ones on the high road.

I have received private intimations to take care of my walks, and remember there are such things as stabs and blows: but as there

whether I shall allow them the favour of transportation.

'MR. BICKERSTAFF.

September 13.

Observing you are not content with lashing the many vices of the age without illustrating each with particular characters, it is thought nothing would more contribute to the impression you design by such, than always having regard to truth. In your Tatler of this day, I observe you allow, that nothing is so tender as a lady's reputation; that a stain once got in their fame is hardly ever to be washed out. This you grant, even when you give yourself leave to trifle. If so, what caution is necessary in handling the reputation of a man, whose well-being in this life perhaps entirely depends on preserving it from any wound, which, once there received, too often becomes fatal and incurable? Suppose some villanous hand through personal prejudice, transmits materials for this purpose, which you publish to the world, and afterwards become fully convinced you were imposed on; as by this time you may be of a character you have sent into the world; I say, supposing this, I would be glad to know, what reparation you think ought to be made the person so injured, admitting you stood in his place. It has always been held, that a generous education is the surest mark of a generous mind. The former is, indeed, perspicuous in all your papers; and, I am persuaded, though you affect often to show the latter, yet you would not keep any measures, even of christianity, with those who should handle you in the manner you do others. The application of all this is from your having very lately glanced at a man under a character, which, were he conscious to deserve, he would be the first to rid the world of himself; and would be more justifiable in it to all sorts of men, than you in your committing such a violence on his reputation, which perhaps you may be convinced of in another manner than you deserve from him.

'A man of your capacity, Mr. Bickerstaff, should have more noble views, and pursue the

There is something very terrible in unjustly attacking men in a way that may prejudice their honour or fortune; but when men of too modest a sense of themselves will think they are touched, it is impossible to prevent ill consequences from the most innocent and general discourses. This I have known happen in circumstances the most foreign to theirs who have taken offence at them. An advertisement lately published, relating to Omicron, alarmed a gentlemen of good sense, integrity, honour, and industry, who is in every particular, different from the trifling pretenders pointed at in that advertisement. When the modesty of some is as excessive as the vanity of others, what defence is there against misinterpretation? However, giving disturbance, though not intended, to men of virtuous characters, has so sincerely troubled me that I will break from this satirical vein; and, to show I very little value myself upon it, shall for this month ensuing leave the sharper, the fop, the pedant, the proud man, the insolent; in a word, all the train of knaves and fools, to their own devices, and touch on nothing but panegyric. This way is suitable to the true genius of the Staffs, who are much more inclined to reward than punish. If, therefore, the author of the above-mentioned letter does not command my silence wholly, as he shall, if I do not give him satisfaction, I shall, for the above-mentioned space, turn my thoughts to raising merit from its obscurity, celebrating virtue in its distress, and attacking vice by no other method, but setting innocence in a proper light.

Wall's Coffee-house, September 20.

I find here for me the following letter:

‘ESQUIRE BICKERSTAFF,

‘Finding your advice and censure to have a good effect, I desire your admonition to our vicar and schoolmaster, who, in his preaching to his auditors, stretches his jaws so wide, that, instead of instructing youth, it rather frightens them: likewise, in reading prayers, he has such a careless loll, that people are justly offended at his irreverent posture; besides the extraordinary charge they are put to in sending their children to dance, to bring them off those ill gestures. Another evil faculty he has, in making the bowling-green his daily residence, instead of his church, where his curate reads prayers every day. If the weather is fair, his time is spent in visiting; if cold or wet, in bed, or at least at home, though within a hundred yards of the church. These, out of many such irregular practices, I write for his reclamation: but, two or three things more before I conclude; to wit, that generally when his curate preaches in the afternoon, he sleeps sitting in the desk on a hassock. With all this he is so extremely proud that he will go

but once to the sick, except they return his visit.’

I was going on in reading my letter, when I was interrupted by Mr. Greenhat, who has been this evening at the play of Hamlet. ‘Mr. Bickerstaff,’ said he, ‘had you been to-night at the play-house, you had seen the force of action in perfection: your admired Mr. Betterton behaved himself so well, that, though now about seventy, he acted youth; and by the prevalent power of proper manner, gesture, and voice, appeared through the whole drama a young man of great expectation, vivacity, and enterprise. The soliloquy, where he began the celebrated sentence of “To be, or not to be!” the expostulation, where he explains with his mother in her closet, the noble ardour, after seeing his father’s ghost; and his generous distress for the death of Ophelia, are each of them circumstances which dwell strongly upon the minds of the audience, and would certainly affect their behaviour on any parallel occasions in their own lives. Pray, Mr. Bickerstaff, let us have virtue thus represented on the stage with its proper ornaments, or let these ornaments be added to her in places more sacred. As for my part,’ said he, ‘I carried my cousin Jerry, this little boy, with me; and shall always love the child for his partiality in all that concerned the fortune of Hamlet. This is entering youth into the affections and passions of manhood beforehand, and, as it were, antedating the effects we hope from a long and liberal education.’

I cannot, in the midst of many other things which press, hide the comfort that this letter from my ingenious kinsman gives me.

‘To my honoured kinsman, Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire.

‘DEAR COUSIN,

Oxford, Sept. 18.

‘I am sorry, though not surprised, to find that you have rallied the men of dress in vain; that the amber-headed cane still maintains its unstable post; that pockets are but a few inches shortened; and a beau is still a beau, from the crown of his night-cap, to the heels of his shoes. For your comfort, I can assure you, that your endeavours succeed better in this famous seat of learning. By them the manners of our young gentlemen are in a fair way of amendment, and their very language is mightily refined. To them it is owing, that not a servitor will sing a catch, nor a senior-fellow make a pun, nor a determining bachelor drink a bumper; and I believe a gentleman-commoner would as soon have the heels of his shoes red, as his stockings. When a witting stands at a coffee-house door, and sneers at those who pass by, to the great improvement of his hopeful audience, he is no longer sur-

named 'a slicer,' but 'a man of fire' is the word. A beauty, whose health is drunk from Heddington to Hinksey; who has been the theme of the muses, her cheeks painted with roses, and her bosom planted with orange-boughs; has no more the title of 'lady,' but reigns an undisputed 'toast.' When to the plain garb of gown and band a spark adds an inconsistent long wig, we do not say now 'he boshes,' but 'there goes a smart fellow.' If a virgin blushes, we no longer cry, 'she blues.' He that drinks until he stares is no more 'tow-row,' but 'honest.' 'A youngster in a scrape,' is a word out of date; and what bright man says, 'I was joabed by the dean?' 'Bambouzing' is exploded; 'a shat' is 'a tattler;' and if the muscular motion of a man's face be violent, no mortal says, 'he raises a horse,' but 'he is a merry fellow.'

'I congratulate you, my dear kinsman, upon these conquests; such as Roman emperors lamented they could not gain; and in which you rival your correspondent Louis le Grand, and his dictating academy.'

'Be yours the glory to perform, mine to record, as Mr. Dryden has said before me to his kinsman; and while you enter triumphant into the temple of the muses, I, as my office requires, will, with my staff on my shoulder, attend and conduct you. 'I am, dear cousin,

'Your most affectionate kinsman,
'BENJAMIN BEADLESTAFF.'

* * Upon the humble application of certain persons who have made heroic figures in Mr. Bickerstaff's narrations, notice is hereby given, that no such shall ever be mentioned for the future, except those who have sent menaces, and not submitted to admonition.

No. 72.] *Saturday, September 24, 1709.*

Quicquid agant homines——

— nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.*

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

White's Chocolate-house, September 23.

I HAVE taken upon me no very easy task in turning all my thoughts on panegyric, when most of the advices I receive tend to the quite contrary purpose; and I have few notices but such as regard follies and vices. But the properest way for me to treat is, to keep in general upon the passions and affections of men, with as little regard to particulars as the nature of the thing will admit. However, I think there is something so passionate in the circumstances of the lovers mentioned in the following letter, that I am willing to go out of my way to obey what is commanded in it:

'SIR,

'London, Sept. 17.

'Your design of entertaining the town with

the characters of the ancient heroes, as persons shall send an account to Mr. Morphew's, encourages me and others to beg of you, that, in the mean time, if it is not contrary to the method you have proposed, you would give us one paper upon the subject of the death of Pætus and his wife, when Nero sent him an order to kill himself: his wife, setting him the example, died with these words: "Pætus, it is not painful." You must know the story, and your observations upon it will oblige, Sir,

'Your most humble servant.'

When the worst man that ever lived in the world had the highest station in it, human life was the object of his diversion; and he sent orders frequently, out of mere wantonness, to take off such and such, without so much as being angry with them. Nay, frequently, his tyranny was so humorous, that he put men to death because he could not but approve of them. It came one day to his ear, that a certain married couple, Pætus and Arria, lived in a more happy tranquillity and mutual love than any other persons who were then in being. He listened with great attention to the account of their manner of spending their time together, of the constant pleasure they were to each other in all their words and actions; and found, by exact information, that they were so reasonable as to be much more happy than his imperial majesty himself. Upon which he writ Pætus the following billet:

'Pætus, you are hereby desired to despatch yourself. I have heard a very good character of you; and therefore leave it to yourself, whether you will die by dagger, sword, or poison. If you outlive this order above an hour, I have given directions to put you to death by torture.

NERO.'

This familiar epistle was delivered to his wife Arria, who opened it.

One must have a soul very well turned for love, pity, and indignation, to comprehend the tumult this unhappy lady was thrown into upon this occasion. The passion of love is no more to be understood by some tempers, than a problem in a science by an ignorant man; but he that knows what affection is, will have, upon considering the condition of Arria, ten thousand thoughts flowing upon him, which the tongue was not formed to express; but the charming statue is now before my eyes, and Arria in her unutterable sorrow, has more beauty than ever appeared in youth, in mirth, or in triumph. These are the great and noble incidents which speak the dignity of our nature, in our sufferings and distresses. Behold, her tender affection for her husband sinks her features into a countenance which appears more helpless than that of an infant; but again, her indignation shows in her visage and

her bosom a resentment as strong as that of the bravest man. Long she stood in this agony of alternate rage and love; but at last composed herself for her dissolution, rather than survive her beloved Pætus. When he came into her presence, he found her with the tyrant's letter in one hand, and a dagger in the other. Upon his approach to her, she gave him the order: and at the same time stabbing herself, 'Pætus,' says she, 'it is not painful;' and expired. Pætus immediately followed her example. The passion of these memorable lovers was such, that it illuded the rigour of their fortune, and baffled the force of a blow, which neither felt, because each received it for the sake of the other. The woman's part in this story is by much the more heroic, and has occasioned one of the best epigrams transmitted to us from antiquity.*

From my own Apartment, September 23.

The boy says, one in a black hat left the following letter:

'FRIEND, 19th of the seventh month.

'Being of that part of Christians whom men call Quakers, and being a seeker of the right way, I was persuaded yesterday to hear one of your most noted teachers; the matter he treated was the necessity of well living grounded upon a future state. I was attentive; but the man did not appear in earnest. He read his discourse, notwithstanding thy rebukes, so heavily, and with so little air of being convinced himself, that I thought he would have slept, as I observed many of his hearers did. I came home unedified, and troubled in mind. I dived into the Lamentations, and from thence turning to the thirty-fourth chapter of Ezekiel, I found these words: 'Woe be to the shepherds of Israel, that do feed themselves! should not the shepherds feed the flock? Ye eat the fat, and ye clothe you with the wool: ye kill them that are fed; but ye feed not the flock. The diseased have ye not strengthened; neither have ye healed that which was sick; neither have ye bound up that which was broken; neither have ye brought again that which was

thee, friend, as thou art a man skilled in many things, tell me who is meant by the diseased, the sick, the broken, the driven away, and the lost? and whether the prophesy in this chapter he accomplished, or yet to come to pass? and thou wilt oblige thy friend, though unknown.'

This matter is too sacred for this paper; but I cannot see what injury it would do to any clergyman to have it in his eye, and believe all that are taken from him by his want of industry are to be demanded of him. I dare say, Favonius* has very few of these losses. Favonius, in the midst of a thousand impertinent assailants of the divine truths, is an undisturbed defender of them. He protects all under his care, by the clearness of his understanding, and the example of his life; he visits dying men with the air of a man who hopes for his own dissolution, and enforces in others a contempt of this life, by his own expectation of the next. His voice and behaviour are the lively images of a composed and well-governed zeal. None can leave him for the frivolous jargon uttered by the ordinary teachers among dissenters, but such who cannot distinguish vociferation from eloquence, and argument from railing. He is so great a judge of mankind, and touches our passions with so superior a command, that he who deserts his congregation must be a stranger to the dictates of nature as well as to those of grace.

But I must proceed to other matters, and resolve the questions of other enquirers; as in the following:

'SIR, Heddlington, Sept. 19.

'Upon reading that part of the Tatler, No. 69, where mention is made of a certain chapel-clerk, there arose a dispute, and that produced a wager, whether by the words chapel-clerk was meant a clergyman or layman? by a clergyman I mean one in holy orders. It was not that any body in the company pretended to guess who the person was; but some asserted, that by Mr. Bickerstaff's words must be meant a clergyman only: others said, that those words might have been said of any clerk of a parish; and some of them more properly of a layman.

babe, is at first a little like nonsense, but I desire all persons to examine these writings with an eye to my being far gone in the occult sciences; and remember, that it is the privilege of the learned and the great to be understood when they please: for as a man of much business may be allowed to leave company when he pleases; so one of high learning may be above your capacity when he thinks fit. But without further speeches or fooling, I must inform my friends the Trencher Caps, in plain words, that I meant, in the place they speak of, a drunken clerk of a church: and I will return their civility among my relations, and drink their healths as they do ours.

No. 73.] Tuesday, September 27, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines
— nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv. Sat. l. 85, 86.*

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

White's Chocolate-house, September 26.

I CANNOT express the confusion the following letter gave me, which I received by sir Thomas* this morning. There cannot be a greater surprise than to meet with sudden enmity in the midst of a familiar and friendly correspondence; which is my case in relation to this epistle: and I have no way to purge myself to the world, but by publishing both it and my answer:

* MR. BICKERSTAFF,

'You are a very impudent fellow to put me into the Tatler. Rot you, sir, I have more wit than you; and rot me, I have more money than most fools I have bubbled. All persons of quality admire me; though, rot me if I value a blue garter any more than I do a blue apron. Every body knows I am brave; therefore have a care how you provoke

* MONOCULUS.*

The Answer.

* SIR.

'Did I not very well know your hand, as well by the spelling as the character, I should

believed you sincere, because, like the ancient Sinon, you have before now suffered yourself to be defaced to carry on a plot. Besides, sir, rot me, language for a person of your present station! Fy, fy, I am really ashamed for you, and shall no more depend upon your intelligence. Keep your temper, wash your face, and go to bed.

* ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.'

For aught I know, this fellow may have confused the description of the pack, on purpose to ensnare the game, while I have all along believed he was destroying them as well as myself; but because they pretend to bark more than ordinary, I shall let them see that I will not throw away the whip, until they know better how to behave themselves. But I must not, at the same time, omit the praises of their economy, expressed in the following advice:

* MR. BICKERSTAFF,

Sept. 17.

'Though your thoughts are at present employed upon the tables of fame, and marshalling your illustrious dead, it is hoped the living may not be neglected, nor defrauded of their just honours; and since you have begun to publish to the world the great sagacity and vigilance of the Knights of the Industry, it will be expected you shall proceed to do justice to all the societies of them you can be informed of; especially since their own great industry covers their actions as much as possible from that public notice which is their due.

Paulum sepulchre distat inertie
Celata virtus.

Hor. 4. Od. ix. 29.

"Hidden vice and concealed virtue are much alike."

'Be pleased, therefore, to let the following memoirs have a place in their history.

'In a certain part of the town, famous for the freshest oysters, and the plainest English there is a house, or rather a college, sacred to hospitality and the industrious arts. At the entrance is hieroglyphically drawn a cavalier contending with a monster, with jaws expanded just ready to devour him.

'Hither the brethren of the Industry resort; but, to avoid ostentation, they wear no habits

reproves me, and obliges me to write in plainer terms, that the society had fixed their eyes on a gay young gentleman, who has lately succeeded to a title and an estate; the latter of which they judged would be very convenient for them. Therefore, after several attempts to get into his acquaintance, my landlord finds an opportunity to make his court to a friend of the young spark, in the following manner:

'Sir, as I take you to be a lover of ingenuity and plain dealing, I shall speak very freely to you. In a few words, then, you are acquainted with sir Liberal Brisk. Providence has, for our emolument, sent him a fair estate; for men are not born for themselves. Therefore, if you will bring him to my house, we will take care of him, and you shall have half the profits. There is Ace and Cutter will do his business to a hair. You will tell me, perhaps, he is your friend: I grant it, and it is for that I propose it, to prevent his falling into ill hands.

"We'll carve him like a dish fit for the gods,
Not baw him like a carcase fit for hounds."

'In short, there are, to my certain knowledge, a hundred mouths open for him. Now, if we can secure him to ourselves, we shall disappoint all those rascals that do not deserve him. Nay, you need not start at it. Sir, it is for your own advantage. Besides, Partridge has cast me his nativity, and I find by certain destiny, his oaks must be felled.

'The gentleman, to whom this honest proposal was made, made little answer; but said he would consider of it, and immediately took coach to find out the young baronet, and told him all that had passed, together with the new salvo to satisfy a man's conscience in sacrificing his friend. Sir Brisk was fired, swore a dozen oaths, drew his sword, put it up again, called for his man, beat him, and bid him fetch a coach. His friend asked him, what he designed, and whither he was going? He answered, to find out the villains and fight them. To which his friend agreed, and promised to be his second, on condition he would first divide his estate to them, and reserve only a proportion to himself, that so he might have the justice of fighting his equals. His next resolution was to play with them, and let them see he was not the bubble they took him for. But he soon quitted that, and resolved at last to tell Bickerstaff of them, and get them enrolled in the order of the Industry; with this caution to all young landed knights and esquires, that whenever they are drawn to play, they would consider it as calling them down to a sentence already pronounced upon them, and think of the sound of these words: *His oaks must be felled.*

I am, sir, your faithful humble servant,

'WILL TRUSTY.*

From my own Apartment, September 26.

It is wonderful to consider what a pitch of confidence this world is arrived at. Do people believe I am made up of patience? I have long told them, that I will suffer no enormity to pass, without I have an understanding with the offenders by way of hush-money; and yet the candidates at Queen-Hithe send coals to all the town but me. All the public papers have had this advertisement:

'London, September 22, 1709.

To the electors of an alderman for the ward of Queen-Hithe.

'Whereas an evil and pernicious custom has of late very much prevailed at the election of aldermen for this city, by treating at taverns and ale-houses, thereby engaging many unwarily to give their votes: which practice appearing to sir Arthur de Bradly to be of dangerous consequence to the freedom of elections, he hath avoided the excess thereof. Nevertheless, to make an acknowledgment to this ward for their intended favour, he hath deposited in the hands of Mr. —, one of the present common-council, four hundred and fifty pounds, to be disposed of as follows, provided the said sir Arthur de Bradly be the alderman, viz.

'All such that shall poll for sir Arthur de Bradly shall have one chaldron of good coals gratis.

'And half a chaldron to every one that shall not poll against him.

'And the remainder to be laid out in a clock, dial, or otherwise, as the common-council-men of the said ward shall think fit.

'And if any person shall refuse to take the said coals to himself, he may assign the same to any poor electors in the ward.

'I do acknowledge to have received the said four hundred and fifty pounds, for the purposes above-mentioned, for which I have given a receipt.

'Witness, J—s H—T, J—N M—Y.

J—Y G—H,

E—D D—s.

'N. B. Whereas several persons have already engaged to poll for sir Humphry Greenhat, it is hereby further declared, that every such person as doth poll for sir Humphry Greenhat, and doth also poll for sir Arthur de Bradly, shall each of them receive a chaldron of coals gratis, on the proviso above-mentioned.'

This is certainly the most plain-dealing that ever was used, except that the just quantity which an elector may drink without excess, and the difference between an acknowledgment and a bribe, wants explanation. Another difficulty with me is, how a man who is bargained with for a chaldron of coals for his vote shall be said to have that chaldron *gratis*? If my kinsman Greenhat had given me the least intima-

* This letter was written by John Hughes, esq.

tion of his design, I should have prevented his publishing nonsense; nor should any knight in England have put my relation at the bottom of the leaf as a postscript, when, after all, it appears Greenhat has been the more popular man. There is here such open contradiction, and clumsy art to palliate the matter, and prove to the people, that the freedom of election is safer when laid out in coals than strong drink, that I can turn this only to a religious use, and admire the dispensation of things; for if these fellows were as wise as they are rich, where would be our liberty? This reminds me of a memorable speech* made to a city almost in the same latitude with Westminster: 'When I think of your wisdom, I admire your wealth; when I think of your wealth, I admire your wisdom.'

No. 74.] Thursday, September 29, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
— nostri est farrago libelli. Juv. Sat. l. 85, 86.

Whatever men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

White's Chocolate-house, September 28.

THE writer of the following letter has made a use of me, which I did not foresee I should fall into. But the gentleman having assured me that he has a most tender passion for the fair one, and speaking his intention with so much sincerity, I am willing to let them contrive an interview by my means.

'SIR,

'I earnestly entreat you to publish the enclosed; for I have no other way to come at her, or return to myself.

A. L.

'P. S. MR. BICKERSTAFF,

'You cannot imagine how handsome she is: the superscription of my letter will make her recollect the man that gazed at her. Pray put it in.'

I can assure the young lady, the gentleman is in the trammels of love: how else would he make his superscription so much longer than his billet? He superscribes;

'To the younger of the two ladies in mourn-

'MADAM,

'I have a very good estate, and wish myself your husband: let me know by this way where you live; for I shall be miserable until we live together.

'ALEXANDER LANDLORD.'

This is the modern way of bargain and sale; a certain short-hand writing, in which laconic elder brothers are very successful. All my fear is, that the nymph's elder sister is unmarried; if she is, we are undone: but perhaps the careless fellow was her husband, and then she will let us go on.

From my own Apartment, September 28.

The following letter has given me a new sense of the nature of my writings. I have the deepest regard to conviction, and shall never act against it. However, I do not yet understand what good man he thinks I have injured: but his epistle has such weight in it, that I shall always have respect for his admonition, and desire the continuance of it. I am not conscious that I have spoke any faults a man may not mend if he pleases.

'MR. BICKERSTAFF,

Sept. 25.

'When I read your paper of Thursday, I was surprised to find mine of the thirteenth inserted at large; I never intended myself or you a second trouble of this kind, believing I had sufficiently pointed out the man you had injured, and that by this time you were convinced that silence would be the best answer: but finding your reflections are such as naturally call for a reply, I take this way of doing it; and, in the first place, return you thanks for the compliment made me of my seeming sense and worth. I do assure you, I shall always endeavour to convince mankind of the latter, though I have no pretence to the former. But to come a little nearer, I observe you put yourself under a very severe restriction, even the laying down the Tatler for ever, if I can give you an instance, wherein you have injured any good man, or pointed out any thing which is not the true object of railery.

'I must confess, Mr. Bickerstaff, if the making a man guilty of vices that would shame the gallows, be the best method to point at the true object of railery, I have, until this time, been very ignorant; but if it be so, I will ven-

or my own pleasures as to wish it; nor that you would lay aside lashing the reigning vices, so long as you keep to the true spirit of satire without descending to rake into characters below its dignity; for, as you well observe, there is something very terrible in unjustly attacking men in a way that may prejudice their honour or fortune; and, indeed, where crimes are enormous, the delinquent deserves little pity, yet the reporter may deserve less: and here I am naturally led to that celebrated author of "The whole Duty of Man,"* who hath set this matter in a true light in his treatise "Of the Government of the Tongue;" where, speaking of uncharitable truths, he says, "a discovery of this kind serves not to reclaim, but enrage the offender, and precipitate him into further degrees of ill. Modesty and fear of shame is one of those natural restraints which the wisdom of heaven has put upon mankind; and he that once stumbles, may yet, by a check of that bridle, recover again: but when by a public detection he is fallen under that infamy he feared, he will then be apt to discard all caution, and to think he owes himself the utmost pleasures of vice, as the price of his reputation. Nay, perhaps he advances farther, and sets up for a reversed sort of fame, by being eminently wicked, and he who before was but a clandestine disciple becomes a doctor of impiety," &c. This sort of reasoning, sir, most certainly induced our wise legislators very lately to repeal that law which put the stamp of infamy in the face of felons: therefore, you had better give an act of oblivion to your delinquents, at least for transportation, than to continue to mark them in so notorious a manner. I cannot but applaud your designed attempt of "raising merit from obscurity, celebrating virtue in distress, and attacking vice in another method, by setting innocence in a proper light." Your pursuing these noble themes will make a greater advance to the reformation you seem to aim at, than the method you have hitherto taken, by putting mankind beyond the power of retrieving themselves, or, indeed, to think it possible. But if, after all your endeavours in this new way, there should then remain any hardened impenitents, you must even give them up to the rigour of the law, as delinquents not within the benefit of

their clergy. Pardon me, good Mr. Bickerstaff, for the tediousness of this epistle, and believe it is not from self-conviction I have taken up so much of your time, or my own; but supposing you mean all your lucubrations should tend to the good of mankind, I may the easier hope your pardon, being, sir, Yours, &c.'

Grecian Coffee-house, September 29.

This evening I thought fit to notify to the literati of this house, and by that means to all the world, that on Saturday the fifteenth of October next ensuing, I design to fix my first table of fame; and desire, that such as are acquainted with the characters of the twelve most famous men that have ever appeared in the world, would send in their lists, or name any one man for that table, assigning also his place at it before that time, upon pain of having such his man of fame postponed, or placed too high for ever. I shall not, upon any application whatever, alter the place which upon that day I shall give to any of these worthies. But, whereas, there are many who take upon them to admire this hero, or that author, upon second hand, I expect each subscriber should underwrite his reason for the place he allots his candidate.

The thing is of the last consequence; for we are about settling the greatest point that ever has been debated in any age; and I shall take precautions accordingly. Let every man who votes, consider, that he is now going to give away that, for which the soldier gave up his rest, his pleasure, and his life; the scholar resigned his whole series of thought, his midnight repose, and his morning slumbers. In a word, he is, as I may say, to be judge of that after-life, which noble spirits prefer to their very real beings. I hope I shall be forgiven, therefore, if I make some objections against their jury, as they shall occur to me. The whole of the number by whom they are to be tried are to be scholars. I am persuaded also, that Aristotle will be put up by all of that class of men. However, in behalf of others, such as wear the livery of Aristotle, the two famous universities are called upon, on this occasion; but I except the men of Queen's, Exeter, and Jesus Colleges, in Oxford, who are not to be electors, because he shall not be

As it is a report which gives foundation to the filling up their rhapsodies, and not as it is the emanation or consequence of good and evil actions. These are excepted against as justly as butchers in case of life and death: their familiarity with the greatest names takes off the delicacy of their regard, as dealing in blood makes the Lanii less tender of spilling it.

St. James's Coffee-house, September 28.

Letters from Lisbon of the twenty-fifth instant, N. S. speak of a battle which has been fought near the river Cinca, in which general Staremberg had overthrown the army of the duke of Anjou. The persons who send this, excuse their not giving particulars, because they believed an account must have arrived here before we could hear from them. They had advices from different parts, which concurred in the circumstances of the action; after which, the army of his catholic majesty advanced as far as Fraga, and the enemy retired to Saragossa. There are reports, that the duke of Anjou was in the engagement; but letters of good authority say, that prince was on the road towards the camp when he received the news of the defeat of his troops. We promise ourselves great consequences from such an advantage obtained by so accomplished a general as Staremberg; who, among the men of this present age, is esteemed the third in military fame and reputation.

No. 75.] *Saturday, October 1, 1709.*

Quicquid agunt homines —
— nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv. Sat. l. 85, 86.*

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

From my own Apartment, September 30.

I AM called off from public dissertations by a domestic affair of great importance, which is no less than the disposal of my sister Jenny for life. The girl is a girl of great merit, and pleasing conversation; but I, being born of my father's first wife, and she of his third, she converses with me rather like a daughter than a sister. I have, indeed, told her, that if she kept her honour, and behaved herself in such a manner as became the Bickerstaffs, I would get her an agreeable man for her husband; which was a promise I made her after reading a passage in Plin's 'Eoistles.' That polite

that was the gentleman's name) is a man of extraordinary vigour and industry, accompanied with the greatest modesty: he has very much of the gentleman, with a lively colour, and flush of health in his aspect. His whole person is finely turned, and speaks him a man of quality: which are qualifications that, I think, ought by no means to be over-looked; and should be bestowed on a daughter as the reward of her chastity.'

A woman that will give herself liberties, need not put her parents to so much trouble; for if she does not possess these ornaments in a husband, she can supply herself elsewhere. But this is not the case of my sister Jenny, who, I may say without vanity, is as unspotted a spinster as any in Great Britain. I shall take this occasion to recommend the conduct of our own family in this particular.

We have, in the genealogy of our house, the descriptions and pictures of our ancestors from the time of king Arthur; in whose days there was one of my own name, a knight of his round table, and known by the name of sir Isaac Bickerstaff. He was low of stature, and of a very swarthy complexion, not unlike a Portuguese Jew. But he was more prudent than men of that height usually are, and would often communicate to his friends his design of lengthening and whitening his posterity. His eldest son, Ralph, for that was his name, was for this reason married to a lady who had little else to recommend her, but that she was very tall and very fair. The issue of this match, with the help of high shoes, made a tolerable figure in the next age; though the complexion of the family was obscure until the fourth generation from that marriage. From which time, until the reign of William the Conqueror, the females of our house were famous for their needlework and fine skins. In the male line, there happened an unlucky accident in the reign of Richard III. the eldest son of Philip, then chief of the family, being born with a hump-back and very high nose. This was the more astonishing, because none of his forefathers ever had such a blemish; nor indeed was there any in the neighbourhood of that make, except the butler, who was noted for round shoulders, and a Roman nose: what made the nose the less ex usable, was, the remarkable smallness of his eyes.

These several defects were mended by suc-

find was accomplished until about the middle of the reign of Henry VII. or rather the beginning of that of Henry VIII.

But, while our ancestors were thus taken up in cultivating the eyes and nose, the face of the Bickerstaffs fell down insensibly into chin; which was not taken notice of, their thoughts being so much employed upon the more noble features, until it became almost too long to be remedied.

But, length of time, and successive care in our alliances, have cured this also, and reduced our faces into that tolerable oval, which we enjoy at present. I would not be tedious in this discourse, but cannot but observe, that our race suffered very much about three hundred years ago, by the marriage of one of our heiresses with an eminent courtier, who gave us spindleshanks, and cramps in our bones; insomuch, that we did not recover our health and legs until sir Walter Bickerstaff married Maud the milk-maid, of whom the then garter king-at-arms, a facetious person, said pleasantly enough, 'that she had spoiled our blood, but mended our constitutions.'

After this account of the effect our prudent choice of matches has had upon our persons and features, I cannot but observe, that there are daily instances of as great changes made by marriage upon men's minds and humours.

One might wear any passion out of a family by culture, as skillful gardeners blot a colour out of a tulip that hurts its beauty. One might produce an affable temper out of a shrew, by grafting the mild upon the cholerick; or raise a jack-pudding from a prude, by inoculating mirth and melancholy. It is for want of care in the disposing of our children, with regard to our bodies and minds, that we go into a house and see such different complexions and humours in the same race and family. But to me it is as plain as a pike-staff, from what mixture it is, that this daughter silently lours, the other steals a kind look at you, a third is exactly well behaved, a fourth a splenetic, and the fifth a coquette.

In this disposal of my sister, I have chosen, with an eye to her being a wit, and provided that the bridegroom be a man of a sound and excellent judgment, who will seldom mind what she says when she begins to harangue: for Jenny's only imperfection is an admiration of her parts, which inclines her to be a little, but a very little, sluttish; and you are ever to remark, that we are apt to cultivate most, and bring into observation, what we think most excellent in ourselves, or most capable of improvement. Thus, my sister, instead of consulting her glass and her toilet for an hour and a half after her private devotions, sits with her nose full of snuff, and a man's night-cap on her head, reading plays and romances. Her wit she thinks her distinction: therefore knows

nothing of the skill of dress, or making her person agreeable. It would make you laugh to see me often, with my spectacles on, lacing her stays; for she is so very a wit, that she understands no ordinary thing in the world.

For this reason, I have disposed of her to a man of business, who will soon let her see, that to be well dressed, in good humour, and cheerful in the command of her family, are the arts and sciences of female life. I could have bestowed her upon a fine gentleman, who extremely admired her wit, and would have given her a coach and six: but I found it absolutely necessary to cross the strain; for had they met, they had entirely been rivals in discourse, and in continual contention for the superiority of understanding, and brought forth critics, pedants, or pretty good poets. As it is, I expect an offspring fit for the habitation of the city, town, or country; creatures that are docile and tractable in whatever we put them to.

To convince men of the necessity of taking this method, let any one, even below the skill of an astrologer, behold the turn of faces he meets as soon as he passes Cheapside Conduit, and you see a deep attention and a certain unthinking sharpness in every countenance. They look attentive, but their thoughts are engaged on mean purposes. To me it is very apparent, when I see a citizen pass by, whether his head is upon woollen, silks, iron, sugar, indigo, or stocks. Now, this trace of thought, appears or lies hid in the race for two or three generations.

I know at this time, a person of a vast estate, who is the immediate descendant of a fine gentleman, but the great grandson of a broker, in whom his ancestor is now revived. He is a very honest gentleman in his principles, but cannot for his blood talk fairly: he is heartily sorry for it; but he cheats by constitution, and over-reaches by instinct.

The happiness of the man who marries my sister will be, that he has no faults to correct in her but her own, a little bias of fancy, or particularity of manners, which grew in herself, and can be amended by her. From such an untainted couple, we can hope to have our family rise to its ancient splendour of face, air, countenance, manner, and shape, without discovering the produce of ten nations in one house. Obadiah Greenbat says, 'he never comes into any company in England, but he distinguishes the different nations of which we are composed.' There is scarce such a living creature as a true Briton. We sit down, indeed, all friends, acquaintance, and neighbours; but after two bottles, you see a Dane start up and swear, 'The kingdom is his own.' A Saxon drinks up the whole quart, and swears 'He will dispute that with him.' A Norman tells them both, 'He will assert his liberty:' and a

Welchman cries, 'They are all foreigners and intruders of yesterday,' and beats them out of the room. Such accidents happen frequently among neighbours' children, and cousins-german. For which reason, I say, study your race; or the soil of your family will dwindle into cits or esquires, or run up into wits or madmen.

No. 76.] Tuesday, October 4, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines
nostrum est farrago libelli. Juv. Sat. l. 85, 86.

Whatever good is done, *whatever ill*—
By human kind, shall this collection fill.

From my own Apartment, October 3.

It is a thing very much to be lamented, that a man must use a certain cunning to caution people against what it is their interest to avoid. All men will allow, that it is a great and heroic work to correct men's errors, and, at the price of being called a common enemy, to go on in being a common friend to my fellow-subjects and citizens. But I am forced in this work to revolve the same thing in ten thousand lights, and cast them in as many forms, to come at men's minds and affections, in order to lead the innocent in safety, as well as disappoint the artifices of betrayers. Since, therefore, I can make no impression upon the offending side, I shall turn my observations upon the offended; that is to say, I must whip my children for going into bad company, instead of railing at bad company for ensnaring my children.

The greatest misfortunes men fall into, arise from themselves; and that temper, which is called very often, though with great injustice, good-nature, is the source of a numberless train of evils. For which reason, we are to take this as a rule, that no action is commendable which is not voluntary; and we have made this a maxim: 'That a man who is commonly called good-natured, is hardly to be thanked for any thing he does, because half that is acted about him is done rather by his sufferance than approbation.' It is generally laziness of disposition, which chooses rather to let things pass the worst way, than to go through the pain of examination. It must be confessed, such a one has so great a benevolence in him, that he bears a thousand uneasinesses rather than he will incommode others: nay, often, when he has just reason to be offended, chooses rather to sit down with a small injury, than bring it into reprehension, out of pure compassion to the offender. Such a person has it usually said of him, 'He is no man's enemy but his own;' which is, in effect, saying, he is a friend to every man but himself and his friends: for, by a natural consequence of his neglecting himself, he either incapacitates himself to be another's friend, or makes others cease to be his. If I take no care of my own affairs, no man that is

my friend can take it ill if I am negligent also of his. This soft disposition, if it continues uncorrected, throws men into a sea of difficulties.

There is Euphysius, with all the good qualities in the world, deserves well of nobody that universal good-will which is so strong in him, exposes him to the assault of every invader upon his time, his conversation, and his property. His diet is butcher's-meat, his wenches are in plain pinnars and Norwich crapes, his dress like other people, his income great; and yet has he seldom a guinea at command. From these easy gentlemen, are collected estates by servants or gamblers; which latter fraternity are excusable, when we think of this clan, who seem born to be their prey. All, therefore, of the family of Actæon, are to take notice, that they are hereby given up to the brethren of the Industry, with this reserve only, that they are to be marked as stricken deer, not for their own sakes, but to preserve the herd from following them, and coming within the scent.

I am obliged to leave this important subject, without telling whose quarters are severed, who has the humbles, who the haunch, and who the sides, of the last stag that was pulled down; but this is only deferred in hopes my deer will make their escape without more admonitions or examples, of which they have had, in mine and the town's opinion, too great a plenty. I must, I say, at present go to other matters of moment.

White's Chocolate-house, October 3.

The lady has answered the letter of Mr. Alexander Landlord, which was published on Thursday last, but in such a manner as I do not think fit to proceed in the affair; for she has plainly told him, that love is her design, but marriage her aversion. Bless me! what is this age come to, that people can think to make a pimp of an astronomer!

I shall not promote such desigus, but shall leave her to find out her admirer, while I speak to another case sent to me by a letter of September the thirtieth, subscribed Lovewell Barebones, where the author desires me to suspend my care of the dead, until I have done something for the dying. His case is, that the lady he loves is ever accompanied by a kinswoman, one of those gay, cunning women, who prevent all the love which is not addressed to themselves. This creature takes upon her in his mistress's presence to ask him, 'Whether Mrs. Florimel' (that is the cruel one's name) 'is not very handsome?' upon which he looks silly then they both laugh out, and she will tell him, 'That Mrs. Florimel had an equal passion for him, but desired him not to expect the first time to be admitted in private; but that now he was at liberty before her only, who was her

friend, to speak his mind, and that his mistress expected it.' Upon which Florimel acts a virgin-confusion, and with some disorder waits his speech. Here ever follows a deep silence; after which a loud laugh. Mr. Barbones applies himself to me on this occasion.

All the advice I can give him, is, to find a lover for the confidant, for there is no other bribe will prevail; and I see by her carriage, that it is no hard matter, for she is too gay to have a particular passion, or to want a general one.

Some days ago the town had a full charge laid against my Essays, and printed at large. I altered not one word of what he of the contrary opinion said, but have blotted out some warm things said for me; therefore, please to hear the counsel for the defendant, though I shall be so no otherwise than to take a middle way, and, if possible, keep commendations from being insipid to men's taste, or raillery pernicious to their characters.

'MR. BICKERSTAFF,

Sept. 30, 1709.

'As I always looked upon satire as the best friend to reformation, whilst its lashes were general; so that gentleman must excuse me, if I do not see the inconvenience of a method he is so much concerned at. The errors he assigns in it, I think, are comprised in "the desperation men are generally driven to, when by a public detection they fall under the infamy they feared, who otherwise, by checking their bridle, might have recovered their stumble, and, through a self-conviction, become their own reformers: so he that was before but a clandestine disciple, (to use his own quotation) is now become a doctor in impiety." The little success that is to be expected by these methods from a hardened offender, is too evident to insist on; yet, it is true, there is a great deal of charity in this sort of reasoning, whilst the effects of those crimes extend not beyond themselves. But what relation has this to your proceedings? It is not a circumstantial guessing will serve the turn, for there are more than one to pretend to any of your characters; but there must at least be something that must amount to a nominal description, before even common fame can separate me from the rest of mankind to dart at. A general representation of an action, either ridiculous or enormous, may make those winch who find too much similitude in the character with themselves to plead not guilty; but none but a witness to the crime can charge them with the guilt, whilst the indictment is general, and the offender has the asylum of the whole world to protect him. Here can then be no injustice, where no one is injured; for it is themselves must appropriate the saddle, before scandal can ride them.

'Your method, then, in my opinion, is no way subject to the charge brought against it;

but, on the contrary, I believe this advantage is too often drawn from it, that whilst we laugh at, or detest, the uncertain subject of the satire, we often find something in the error a parallel to ourselves; and being insensibly drawn to the comparison we would get rid of, we plunge deeper into the mire, and shame produces that which advice has been too weak for; and you, sir, get converts you never thought of.

'As for descending to characters below the dignity of satire; what men think are not beneath commission, I must assure him, I think are not beneath reproof: for, as there is as much folly in a ridiculous deportment, as there is enormity in a criminal one, so neither the one nor the other ought to plead exemption. The kennel of curs are as much enemies to the state, as Gregg* for his confederacy; for, as this betrayed our government, so the other does our property, and one without the other is equally useless. As for the act of oblivion he so strenuously insists on, *Le Roy s'avisera*† is a fashionable answer; and for his modus of panegyric, the hint was unnecessary, where virtue need never ask twice for her laurel. But as for his reformation by opposites, I again must ask his pardon, if I think the effects of these sort of reasonings, by the paucity of converts, are too great an argument, both of their imbecility and unsuccessfulness, to believe it will be any better than mis-spending of time, by suspending a method that will turn more to advantage, and which has no other danger of losing ground, but by discontinuance. And as I am certain of what he supposes, that your lucubrations are intended for the public benefit; so I hope you will not give them so great an interruption, by laying aside the only method that can render you beneficial to mankind, and, among others, agreeable to, Sir,

'Your humble servant, &c.'

*St. James's Coffee-house, October 3.

Letters from the camp at Havre, of the seventh instant, N. S. advise, that the trenches were opened before Mons on the twenty-seventh of the last month, and the approaches were carried on at two attacks with great application and success, notwithstanding the rains which had fallen; that the besiegers had made themselves masters of several redoubts, and other out-works, and had advanced the approaches within ten paces of the counterscarps of the hornwork. Lieutenant-general Cadogan received a slight wound in the neck soon after opening the trenches.

The enemy were throwing up entrenchments

* William Gregg was an under-clerk to Mr. Secretary Harley, in 1708, and was detected in a treasonable correspondence. He discovered to the court of France, the design on Toulon, and was executed for that crime.

† I. e. The king will consider of it.

between Quesnoy and Valenciennes, and the chevalier de Luxemburg was encamped near Charleroy with a body of ten thousand men. Advices from Catalonia by the way of Genoa, import, that count Staremberg having passed the Segra, advanced towards Balaguier, which place he took after a few hours resistance, and made the garrison, consisting of three Spanish battalions, prisoners of war. Letters from Bern say, that the army under the command of count Thaur had begun to repass the mountains, and would shortly evacuate Savoy.

'Whereas, Mr. Bickerstaff has received intelligence, that a young gentleman, who has taken my discourses upon John Partridge and others in too literal a sense, and is suing an elder brother to an ejection; the aforesaid young gentleman is hereby advised to drop his action, no man being esteemed dead in law, who eats and drinks, and receives his rents.'

No. 77.] Thursday, October 6, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
———nostri est farrago libelli. Juv. Sat. i. 85. 86.

Whatever good is done, *whatever ill*——
By human kind, shall this collection fill.

From my own Apartment, October 5.

As bad as the world is, I find by very strict observation upon virtue and vice, that if men appeared no worse than they really are, I should have less work than at present I am obliged to undertake for their reformation. They have generally taken up a kind of inverted ambition, and affect even faults and imperfections of which they are innocent. The other day in a coffee-house I stood by a young heir, with a fresh, sanguine, and healthy look, who entertained us with an account of his claps and diet-drink; though, to my knowledge, he is as sound as any of his tenants.

This worthy youth put me into reflections upon that subject; and I observed the fantastical humour to be so general, that there is hardly a man who is not more or less tainted with it. The first of this order of men are the valetudinarians, who are never in health; but

a lady's entrance into the play-house, you might see tubes immediately levelled at her from every quarter of the pit and side-boxes. However, that mode of infirmity is out, and the age has recovered its sight: but the blind seem to be succeeded by the lame, and a janty limp is the present beauty. I think I have formerly observed, a cane is part of the dress of a prig, and always worn upon a button, for fear he should be thought to have an occasion for it, or be esteemed really, and not genteelly a cripple. I have considered, but could never find out the bottom of this vanity. I indeed have heard of a Gascon general, who, by the lucky grazing of a bullet on the roll of his stocking, took occasion to halt all his life after. But as for our peaceable cripples, I know no foundation for their behaviour, without it may be supposed that, in this warlike age, some think a cane the next honour to a wooden leg. This sort of affectation I have known run from one limb or member to another. Before the limpers came in, I remember a race of lispers, fine persons, who took an aversion to particular letters in our language. Some never uttered the letter H; and others had as mortal an aversion to S. Others have had their fashionable defect in their ears, and would make you repeat all you said twice over. I know an ancient friend of mine, whose table is every day surrounded with flatterers, that makes use of this, sometimes as a piece of grandeur, and at others as an art, to make them repeat their commendations. Such affectations have been indeed in the world in ancient times; but they fell into them out of politic ends. Alexander the Great had a wry neck, which made it the fashion in his court to carry their heads on one side when they came into the presence. One who thought to outshine the whole court, carried his head so over complaisantly, that this martial prince gave him so great a box on the ear, as set all the heads of the court upright.

This humour takes place in our minds as well as bodies. I know at this time a young gentleman, who talks atheistically all day in coffee-houses, and in his degrees of understanding sets up for a free-thinker; though it can be proved upon him, he says his prayers every

I do not know but sometimes these pretences may arise from a desire to conceal a contrary defect than that they set up for. I remember, when I was a young fellow, we had a companion of a very fearful complexion, who, when we sat in to drink, would desire us to take his sword from him when he grew fuddled, for it was his misfortune to be quarrelsome.

There are many, many of these evils, which demand my observation; but because I have of late been thought somewhat too satirical, I shall give them warning, and declare to the whole world, that they are not true, but false hypocrites; and make it out that they are good men in their hearts. The motive of this monstrous affectation, in the above-mentioned and the like particulars, I take to proceed from that noble thirst of fame and reputation which is planted in the hearts of all men. As this produces elegant writings and gallant actions in men of great abilities, it also brings forth spurious productions in men who are not capable of distinguishing themselves by things which are really praise-worthy. As the desire of fame in men of true wit and gallantry shows itself in proper instances, the same desire in men who have the ambition without proper faculties, runs wild and discovers itself in a thousand extravagances, by which they would signalize themselves from others, and gain a set of admirers. When I was a middle-aged man, there were many societies of ambitious young men in England, who, in their pursuits after fame, were every night employed in roasting porters, smoking cobblers, knocking down watchmen, overturning constables, breaking windows, blackening sign-posts, and the like immortal enterprises, that dispersed their reputation throughout the whole kingdom. One could hardly find a knocker at a door in a whole street after a midnight expedition of these beaux esprits. I was lately very much surprised by an account of my maid, who entered my bed-chamber this morning in a very great fright, and told me, she was afraid my parlour was haunted; for that she had found several panes of my windows broken, and the floor strewn with half-pence.* I have not yet a full light into this new way, but am apt to think, that it is a generous piece of wit that some of my contemporaries make use of, to break windows, and leave money to pay for them.

Bouffiers to the French king, after the late battle in the woods, which I translate for the benefit of the English reader:

'SIRE,

'This is to let your majesty understand, that to your immortal honour, and the destruction of the confederates, your troops have lost another battle. Artagnan did wonders, Rohan performed miracles, Guiche did wonders, Gattion performed miracles, the whole army distinguished themselves, and every body did wonders. And to conclude the wonders of the day, I can assure your majesty, that though you have lost the field of battle, you have not lost an inch of ground. The enemy marched behind us with respect, and we ran away from them as bold as lions.'

Letters have been sent to Mr. Bickerstaff, relating to the present state of the town of Bath, wherein the people of that place have desired him to call home the physicians. All gentlemen, therefore, of that profession are hereby directed to return forthwith to their places of practice; and the stage-coaches are required to take them in before other passengers, until there shall be a certificate signed by the mayor, or Mr. Powel, that there are but two doctors to one patient left in town.

No. 78.] *Saturday October 8, 1709.*

Quicquid agunt homines—

—nostri est farrago libelli. *Juv. Sat. l. 85, 86.*

Whatever good is done, *whatever ill*—

By human kind, shall this collection fill.

From my own Apartment, October 7.

As your painters, who deal in history-pieces, often entertain themselves upon broken sketches, and smaller flourishes of the pencil; so I find some relief in striking out miscellaneous hints, and sudden starts of fancy, without any order or connexion, after having spent myself on more regular and elaborate dissertations. I am at present in this easy state of mind sat down to my scrutoire; where, for the better disposition of my correspondence, I have writ upon every drawer the proper title of its contents; as hypocrisy, dice, patches, politics, love, duels, and so forth. My various advices are ranged under such several heads, saving only that I have a particular box for Pacolet, and another for Monoculus. I cannot but ob-

I have now before me several recommendations for places at my Table of Fame. Three of them are of an extraordinary nature, in which I find I am misunderstood, and shall, therefore, beg leave to produce them. They are from a quaker, a courtier, and a citizen.

'ISAAC,

'Thy lucubrations, as thou lovest to call them, have been perused by several of our friends, who have taken offence; forasmuch as thou excludest out of the brotherhood all persons who are praise-worthy for religion, we are afraid that thou wilt fill thy table with none but heathens, and cannot hope to spy a brother there; for there are none of us who can be placed among murdering heroes, or ungodly wits; since we do not assail our enemies with the arm of flesh, nor our gainsayers with the vanity of human wisdom. If, therefore, thou wilt demean thyself on this occasion with a right judgment, according to the gifts that are in thee, we desire thou wilt place James Nayler at the upper end of thy table.

'EZEKIEL STIFFRUMP.'

In answer to my good friend Ezekiel, I must stand to it, that I cannot break my rule for the sake of James Nayler; not knowing, whether Alexander the Great, who is a choleric hero, would not resent his sitting at the upper end of the table with his hat on.

But to my courtier.

'SIR,

'I am surprised, that you lose your time in complimenting the dead, when you may make your court to the living. Let me only tell you in the ear, Alexander, and Cæsar, as generous as they were formerly, have not now a groat to dispose of. Fill your table with good company: I know a person of quality that shall give you one hundred pounds for a place at it. Be secret, and be rich. Yours,

'You know my hand.'

This gentleman seems to have the true spirit, without the formality, of an under-courtier; therefore, I shall be plain with him, and let him leave the name of his courtier and one hundred pounds in Morpheus's hands: if I can take it, I will.

My citizen writes the following:

'Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff,

'SIR,

'Your Tatler, of the thirteenth of September, I am now reading, and in your list of famous men, desire you not to forget Alderman Whittington,* who began the world with

a cat, and died worth three hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling, which he left to an only daughter three years after his mayoralty. If you want any further particulars of *this* alderman, daughter, or cat, let me know, and *per* first will advise the needful, which concludes, your loving friend;

'LEMUEL LEGER.'

I shall have all due regard to this gentleman's recommendation; but cannot forbear observing how wonderfully this sort of style is adapted for the despatch of business, by leaving out insignificant particles; besides that, the dropping of the first person is an artful way to disengage a man from the guilt of rash words or promises. But I am to consider, that a citizen's reputation is credit, not fame; and am to leave these lusty subjects for a matter of private concern in the next letter before me.

'SIR,

'I am just recovering out of a languishing sickness by the care of Hippocrates, who visited me throughout my whole illness, and was so far from taking any fee, that he enquired into my circumstances, and would have relieved me also that way, but I did not want it. I know no method of thanking him, but recommending it to you to celebrate so great humanity in the manner you think fit, and to do it with the spirit and sentiments of a man just relieved from grief, misery, and pain, to joy, satisfaction, and ease: in which you will represent the grateful sense of your obedient servant,

'T. B.'

I think the writer of this letter has put the matter in as good a dress as I can for him; yet I cannot but add my applause to what this distressed man has said. There is not a more useful man in a commonwealth than a good physician: and by consequence no worthier a person than he that uses his skill with generosity even to persons of condition, and compassion to those who are in want: which is the behaviour of Hippocrates, who shows as much liberality in his practice as he does wit in his conversation, and skill in his profession. A wealthy doctor, who can help a poor man, and will not without a fee, has less sense of humanity than a poor ruffian, who kills a rich man to supply his necessities. It is something monstrous to consider a man of a liberal education tearing out the bowels of a poor family, by taking for a visit what would keep them a week. Hippocrates needs not the comparison of such extortion to set off his generosity; but I mention his generosity to add shame to such extortion.

This is to give notice to all ingenious gentlemen in and about the cities of London and Westminster, who have a mind to be instructed in the noble sciences of music, poetry, and politics, that they repair to the Smyrna coffee-

* Richard Whittington lived in the end of the 14th, and the beginning of the 15th century. He was a mercer; four times lord mayor of London, and three times buried in St. Michael's church, Peter Noster, Vintry-ward.

house in Pall-mall, betwixt the hours of eight and ten at night, where they may be instructed gratis, with elaborate essays by word of mouth on all or any of the above-mentioned arts. The disciples are to prepare their bodies with three dishes of bobee, and purge their brains with two pinches of snuff. If any young student gives indication of parts, by listening attentively, or asking a pertinent question, one of the professors shall distinguish him, by taking snuff out of his box in the presence of the whole audience.

N. B. The seat of learning is now removed from the corner of the chimney on the left-hand towards the window, to the round table in the middle of the floor over against the fire; a revolution much lamented by the porters and chairmen, who were much edified through a pane of glass that remained broken all the last summer.

I cannot forbear advertising my correspondents, that I think myself treated by some of them after too familiar a manner, and in phrases that neither become them to give, nor me to take. I shall, therefore, desire for the future, that if any one returns me an answer to a letter, he will not tell me he has received the favour of my letter; but, if he does not think fit to say he has received the honour of it, that he tell me in plain English, he has received my letter of such a date. I must likewise insist, that he would conclude with, *I am with great respect*, or plainly, *I am*, without farther addition; and not insult me, by an assurance of his being *with great truth and esteem my humble servant*. There is likewise another mark of superiority which I cannot bear; and therefore must inform my correspondents, that I discard all *faithful humble servants*, and am resolved to read no letters that are not subscribed, *your most obedient*, or *most humble servant*, or both. These may appear niceties to vulgar minds, but they are such as men of honour and distinction must have regard to. And I very well remember a famous duel in France, where four were killed of one side, and three of the other, occasioned by a gentleman's subscribing himself a *most affectionate friend*.

No. 79.] Tuesday, October 11, 1709.

Felices ter, et amplius,
Quos irrupta tepet copula; nec malis
Divulsas querimonias,
Suprema cunctis solvet amor die.

Hor. 1. Od. xlii. 17.

Thrice happy they, in pure delights
Whom love in mutual bonds unites,
Unbroken by complaints or strife
Even to the latest hours of life.

Francis.

From my own Apartment, October 10.

My sister Jenny's lover, the honest Tranquillus, for that shall be his name, has been

impatient with me to despatch the necessary directions for his marriage; that while I am taken up with imaginary schemes, as he calls them, he might not burn with real desire, and the torture of expectation. When I had reprimanded him for the ardour wherein he expressed himself, which I thought had not enough of that veneration with which the marriage-bed is to be ascended, I told him, 'the day of his nuptials should be on the Saturday following, which was the eighth instant.' On the seventh in the evening, poor Jenny came into my chamber, and, having her heart full of the great change of life from a virgin condition to that of a wife, she long sat silent. I saw she expected me to entertain her on this important subject, which was too delicate a circumstance for herself to touch upon; whereupon I relieved her modesty in the following manner: 'Sister,' said I, 'you are now going from me: and be contented, that you leave the company of a talkative old man, for that of a sober young one: but take this along with you, that there is no mean in the state you are entering into, but you are to be exquisitely happy or miserable, and your fortune in this way of life will be wholly of your own making. In all the marriages I have ever seen, most of which have been unhappy ones, the great cause of evil has proceeded from slight occasions; and I take it to be the first maxim in a married condition, that you are to be above trifles. When two persons have so good an opinion of each other as to come together for life, they will not differ in matters of importance, because they think of each other with respect; and in regard to all things of consideration that may affect them they are prepared for mutual assistance and relief in such occurrences. For less occasions, they form no resolutions, but leave their minds unprepared.

'This, dear Jenny, is the reason that the quarrel between sir Harry Willit and his lady, which began about her squirrel, is irreconcilable. Sir Harry was reading a grave author; she runs into his study, and in a playing humour, claps the squirrel upon the folio: he threw the animal in a rage on the floor; she snatches it up again, calls sir Harry a sour pedant, without good nature or good manners. This cast him into such a rage, that he threw down the table before him, kicked the book round the room; then recollected himself: "Lord, madam," said he, "why did you run into such expressions? I was," said he, "in the highest delight with that author, when you clapped your squirrel upon my book;" and, smiling, added upon recollection, "I have a great respect for your favourite, and pray let us all be friends." My lady was so far from accepting this apology, that she immediately conceived a resolution to keep him under for ever; and with a serious air replied, "There is

no regard to be had to what a man says, who can fall into so indecent a rage, and such an abject submission, in the same moment, for which I absolutely despise you." Upon which she rushed out of the room. Sir Harry staid some minutes behind, to think and command himself; after which he followed her into her bed-chamber, where she was prostrate upon the bed, tearing her hair, and naming twenty coxcombs who would have used her otherwise. This provoked him to so high a degree, that he forbore nothing but beating her; and all the servants in the family were at their several stations listening, whilst the best man and woman, the best master and mistress, defamed each other in a way that is not to be repeated even at Billingsgate. You know this ended in an immediate separation: she longs to return home, but knows not how to do it: he invites her home every day, and lies with every woman he can get. Her husband requires no submission of her; but she thinks her very return will argue she is to blame, which she is resolved to be for ever, rather than acknowledge it. Thus, dear Jenny, my great advice to you is, be guarded against giving or receiving little provocations. Great matters of offence I have no reason to fear either from you or your husband.'

After this, we turned our discourse into a more gay style, and parted: but before we did so, I made her resign her snuff-box for ever, and half drown herself with washing away the stench of the misery.

But the wedding morning arrived, and our family being very numerous, there was no avoiding the inconvenience of making the ceremony and festival more public, than the modern way of celebrating them makes me approve of. The bride next morning came out of her chamber, dressed with all the art and care that Mrs. Toilet, the tire-woman, could bestow on her. She was on her wedding-day three-and-twenty; her person is far from what we call a regular beauty; but a certain sweetness in her countenance, an ease in her shape and motion, with an unaffected modesty in her looks, had attractions beyond what symmetry

at the Old-Devil at Temple-bar, as a place sacred to mirth tempered with discretion, where Ben Jonson and his sons used to make their liberal meetings. Here the chief of the Staffian race appeared; and as soon as the company were come into that ample room, Lepidus Wagstaff began to make me compliments for choosing that place, and fell into a discourse upon the subject of pleasure and entertainment, drawn from the rules of Ben's club, which are in gold letters over the chimney. Lepidus has a way very uncommon, and speaks on subjects on which any man else would certainly offend, with great dexterity. He gave us a large account of the public meetings of all the well-turned minds who had passed through this life in ages past, and closed his pleasing narrative with a discourse on marriage, and a repetition of the following verses out of Milton.†

'Hail, wedded love! mysterious law! true source
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In paradise, of all things common else.
By thee adulterous lust was driven from men
Among the bestial herds to range; by thee,
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother, first were known.
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,
Whose bed is undefiled and chaste pronounced,
Present or past, as saints or patriarchs meet.
Here Love his golden shafts employs; here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings:
Reigns here, and revels not in the bought smile
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear'd,
Casual fruition; nor in court amours,
Mixed dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
Or serenade, which the starved lover sings
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.'

In these verses, all the images that can come into a young woman's head on such an occasion are raised; but that in so chaste and elegant a manner, that the bride thanked him for his agreeable talk, and we sat down to dinner.

Among the rest of the company, there was got in a fellow you call a Wag. This ingenious person is the usual life of all feasts and merriments, by speaking absurdities, and putting every body of breeding and modesty out of countenance. As soon as we sat down, he drank to the bride's diversion that night; and then made twenty double meanings on the

down.' The merry man, wondering, angry, and looking round, was the diversion of the table. When he offered to recover, and say, 'To the bride's best thoughts,' 'Knock him down,' says the lieutenant, and so on. This silly humour diverted, and saved us from the fulsome entertainment of an ill-bred coxcomb; and the bride drank the lieutenant's health. We returned to my lodging, and Tranquillus led his wife to her apartment, without the ceremony of throwing the stocking.

One in the morning of the 8th of October, 1709.

I was this night looking on the moon, and find by certain signs in that luminary, that a certain person under her dominion, who has been for many years distempered, will, within a few hours, publish a pamphlet, wherein he will pretend to give my lucubrations to a wrong person; and I require all sober disposed persons to avoid meeting the said lunatic, or giving him any credence any farther than pity demands; and to lock up the said person wherever they find him, keeping him from pen, ink, and paper. And I hereby prohibit any person to take upon him my writings, on pain of being sent by me into Lethe with the said lunatic and all his works.

No. 80.] Thursday October 13, 1709.

Quicquid agent bombas—
nostrum est Farrago libelli. Juv. Sat. l. 83, 86.

Whatever good is done, *whatever ill*—
By human kind, shall this collection fill.

Grecian Coffee-house, October 12.

THIS learned board has complained to me of the exorbitant price of late years put upon books, and consequently on learning, which has raised the reward demanded by learned men for their advice and labour. In order to regulate and fix a standard in these matters; divines, physicians, and lawyers, have sent in large proposals, which are of great light and instruction. From the perusal of these memorials, I am come to this immediate resolution, until I have leisure to treat the matter at large, viz. In divinity, fathers shall be valued according to their antiquity; schoolmen by the pound weight; and sermons by their goodness. In my own profession, which is mostly physic, authors shall be rated according to their language. The Greek is so rarely understood, and the English so well, I judge them of no value; so that only Latin shall bear a price, and that too according to its purity, and as it serves best for prescription. In law, the value must be set according to the intricacy and obscurity of the author, and blackness of the letter; provided always, that the binding be of calfs-skin. This method I shall settle also with relation to all other writings; insomuch

that even these our lucubrations, though hereafter printed by Aldus, Elsevir, or Stephens, shall not advance above one single penny.*

White's Chocolate-house, October 12.

It will be allowed me, that I have all along showed great respect in matters which concern the fair sex; but the inhumanity with which the author of the following letter has been used is not to be suffered.

SIR,

October 9.

Yesterday, I had the misfortune to drop in at my lady Haughty's upon her visiting-day. When I entered the room where she receives company, they all stood up indeed; but they stood as if they were to stare at, rather than to receive me. After a long pause, a servant brought a round stool, on which I sat down at the lower end of the room, in the presence of no less than twelve persons, gentlemen and ladies, lolling in elbow-chairs. And, to complete my disgrace, my mistress was of the society. I tried to compose myself in vain, not knowing how to dispose of either my legs or arms, nor how to shape my countenance; the eyes of the whole room being still upon me in a profound silence. My confusion at last was so great, that, without speaking, or being spoken to, I fled for it, and left the assembly to treat me at their discretion. A lecture from you upon these inhuman distinctions in a free nation, will, I doubt not, prevent the like evils for the future, and make it, as we say, as cheap sitting as standing. I am, with the greatest respect, Sir, your most humble,
'and most obedient servant,

J. R.

'P. S. I had almost forgot to inform you, that a fair young lady sat in an armless chair upon my right hand, with manifest discontent in her looks.'

Soon after the receipt of this epistle, I heard a very gentle knock at my door: my maid went down, and brought up word, 'that a tall, lean, black man, well dressed, who said he had not the honour to be acquainted with me, desired to be admitted.' I bid her show him up, met him at my chamber-door, and then fell back a few paces. He approached me with great respect, and told me, with a low voice, 'he was the gentleman that had been seated upon the round stool.' I immediately recollected that there was a joint-stool in my chamber, which I was afraid he might take for an instrument of distinction, and therefore winked at my boy to carry it into my closet. I then took him by the hand, and led him to the upper

* The advance of one penny on each number of the lucubrations, which seems to be meant here, just doubled the original price of the paper.

end of my room, where I placed him in my great elbow-chair; at the same time drawing another without arms to it, for myself to sit by him. I then asked him, 'at what time this misfortune befell him?' He answered, 'between the hours of seven and eight in the evening.' I further demanded of him, what he had ate or drunk that day? he replied, 'nothing but a dish of water-gruel with a few plums in it.' In the next place, I felt his pulse, which was very low and languishing. These circumstances confirmed me in an opinion, which I had entertained upon the first reading of his letter, that the gentleman was far gone in the spleen. I therefore advised him to rise the next morning, and plunge into the cold-bath, there to remain under water until he was almost drowned. This I ordered him to repeat six days successively; and on the seventh, to repair at the wonted hour to my lady Haughty's, and to acquaint me afterwards with what he shall meet with there; and particularly to tell me, whether he shall think they stared upon him so much as the time before. The gentleman smiled; and by his way of talking to me, showed himself a man of excellent sense in all particulars, unless when a cane-chair, a round or a joint-stool, were spoken of. He opened his heart to me at the same time concerning several other grievances; such as, being overlooked in public assemblies, having his bows unanswered, being helped last at table, and placed at the back part of a coach; with many other distresses, which have withered his countenance, and worn him to a skeleton. Finding him a man of reason, I entered into the bottom of his distemper. 'Sir,' said I, 'there are more of your constitution in this island of Great Britain than in any other part of the world; and I beg the favour of you to tell me, whether you do not observe, that you meet with most affronts in rainy days?' He answered candidly, 'that he had long observed, that people were less saucy in sunshine than in cloudy weather.' Upon which I told him plainly, 'his distemper was the spleen; and that though the world was very ill-natured, it was not so bad as he believed it.' I further assured him, that his use of the cold-bath, with a course to *Steel* which I should prescribe him, would certainly cure most of his acquaintance of their rudeness, ill-behaviour, and impertinence. My

'HONOURED SIR,

October 6.

'I have lately contracted a very honest and undissembled claudication in my left foot; which will be a double affliction to me, if, according to your *Tatler* of this day, it must pass upon the world for a piece of singularity and affectation. I must, therefore, humbly beg leave to limp along the streets after my own way, or I shall be inevitably ruined in coach-hire. As soon as I am tolerably recovered, I promise to walk as upright as a ghost in a tragedy, being not of a stature to spare an inch of height that I can any way pretend to. I honour your incubrations, and am, with the most profound submission, Honoured Sir,

'Your most dutiful and

'most obedient servant, &c.'

Not doubting but the case is as the gentleman represents, I do hereby order Mr. Morphew to deliver him out a licence, upon paying his fees, which shall empower him to wear a cane until the thirtieth of March next; five months being the most I can allow for a sprain.

St. James's Coffee-house October 12.

We received this morning a mail from Holland, which brings advice that the siege of Mons is carried on with so great vigour and bravery, that we hope very suddenly to be masters of the place; all things necessary being prepared for making the assault on the horn-work and ravelin of the attack of Bertamont, the charge began with the fire of bombs and grenades, which was so hot, that the enemy quitted their post, and we lodged ourselves on those works without opposition. During this storm, one of our bombs fell into a magazine of the enemy, and blew it up. There are advices, which say the court of France had made new offers of peace to the confederates; but this intelligence wants confirmation.

No. 81.] *Saturday, October 15. 1709.*

Hic manns ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi,—
Quique pili vates, et Phæbo digna locuti;
Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,
Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.

Virg. Æn. vi. 660.

Here patriots live, who, for their country's good,
In fighting fields were prodigal of blood;
Here poets worthy their inspiring god,

greatest actions have proceeded from the prospect of the one or the other of these; but my design is to treat only of those who have chiefly proposed to themselves the latter, as the principal reward of their labours. It was for this reason that I excluded from my Tables of Fame all the great founders and votaries of religion; and it is for this reason also, that I am more than ordinary anxious to do justice to the persons of whom I am now going to speak; for, since fame was the only end of all their enterprises and studies, a man cannot be too scrupulous in allotting them their due proportion of it. It was this consideration which made me call the whole body of the learned to my assistance; to many of whom I must own my obligations for the catalogues of illustrious persons, which they have sent me in upon this occasion. I yesterday employed the whole afternoon in comparing them with each other; which made so strong an impression upon my imagination, that they broke my sleep for the first part of the following night, and at length threw me into a very agreeable vision, which I shall beg leave to describe in all its particulars.

I dreamed that I was conveyed into a wide and boundless plain, that was covered with prodigious multitudes of people, which no man could number. In the midst of it there stood a mountain, with its head above the clouds. The sides were extremely steep, and of such a particular structure, that no creature which was not made in a human figure could possibly ascend it. On a sudden there was heard from the top of it a sound like that of a trumpet; but so exceeding sweet and harmonious, that it filled the hearts of those who heard it with raptures, and gave such high and delightful sensations, as seemed to animate and raise human nature above itself. This made me very much amazed to find so very few in that innumerable multitude, who had ears fine enough to hear, or relish this music with pleasure: but my wonder abated, when, upon looking round me, I saw most of them attentive to three syrens, clothed like goddesses, and distinguished by the names of Sloth, Ignorance, and Pleasure. They were seated on three rocks, amidst a beautiful variety of groves, meadows, and rivulets, that lay on the borders of the mountain. While the base and grovelling multitude of different nations, ranks, and ages were listening to these delusive deities, those of a more erect aspect, and exalted spirit, separated themselves from the rest, and marched in great bodies towards the mountain from whence they heard the sound, which still grew sweeter, the more they listened to it.

On a sudden, methought this select band sprang forward, with a resolution to climb the ascent, and follow the call of that heavenly music. Every one took something with him

that he thought might be of assistance to him in his march. Several had their swords drawn, some carried rolls of paper in their hands, some had compasses, others quadrants, others telescopes, and others pencils. Some had laurels on their heads, and others buskins on their legs; in short, there was scarce any instrument of a mechanic art, or liberal science, which was not made use of on this occasion. My good dæmon, who stood at my right hand during the course of this whole vision, observing in me a burning desire to join that glorious company, told me, 'he highly approved that generous ardour with which I seemed transported; but, at the same time, advised me to cover my face with a mask all the while I was to labour on the ascent.' I took his council, without enquiring into his reasons. The whole body now broke into different parties, and began to climb the precipice by ten thousand different paths. Several got into little alleys, which did not reach far up the hill, before they ended, and led no farther; and I observed, that most of the artificers, which considerably diminished our number, fell into these paths.

We left another considerable body of adventurers behind us, who thought they had discovered by-ways up the hill, which proved so very intricate and perplexed, that, after having advanced in them a little, they were quite lost among the several turns and windings; and though they were as active as any in their motions, they made but little progress in the ascent. These, as my guide informed me, were men of subtle tempers, and puzzled politics, who would supply the place of real wisdom with cunning and artifice. Among those who were far advanced in their way, there were some, that by one false step, fell backward, and lost more ground in a moment than they had gained for many hours, or could be ever able to recover. We were now advanced very high, and observed that all the different paths which ran about the sides of the mountain began to meet in two great roads; which insensibly gathered the whole multitude of travellers into two great bodies. At a little distance from the entrance of each road there stood a hideous phantom that opposed our further passage. One of these apparitions had his right hand filled with darts, which he brandished in the face of all who came up that way. Crowds ran back at the appearance of it, and cried out, 'Death.' The spectre that guarded the other road was Envy. She was not armed with weapons of destruction, like the former; but by dreadful hissings, noises of reproach, and a horrid distracted laughter, she appeared more frightful than Death itself, insomuch, that abundance of our company were discouraged from passing any farther, and some appeared ashamed of having come so far. As for myself, I must confess, my heart

shrunk within me at the sight of these ghastly appearances; but, on a sudden, the voice of the trumpet came more full upon us; so that we felt a new resolution reviving in us; and in proportion as this resolution grew, the terrors before us seemed to vanish. Most of the company, who had swords in their hands, marched on with great spirit, and an air of defiance, up the road that was commanded by Death; while others, who had thought and contemplation in their looks, went forward in a more composed manner up the road possessed by Envy. The way above these apparitions grew smooth and uniform, and was so delightful, that the travellers went on with pleasure, and in a little time arrived at the top of the mountain. They here began to breathe a delicious kind of æther, and saw all the fields about them covered with a kind of purple light, that made them reflect with satisfaction on their past toils; and diffused a secret joy through the whole assembly, which showed itself in every look and feature. In the midst of these happy fields there stood a palace of a very glorious structure. It had four great folding-doors, that faced the four several quarters of the world. On the top of it was enthroned the goddess of the mountain, who smiled upon her votaries, and sounded the silver trumpet which had called them up, and cheered them in their passage to her palace. They had now formed themselves into several divisions; a band of historians taking their stations at each door, according to the persons whom they were to introduce.

On a sudden, the trumpet, which had hitherto sounded only a march, or a point of war, now swelled all its notes into triumph and exultation. The whole fabric shook, and the doors flew open. The first who stepped forward was a beautiful and blooming hero, and, as I heard by the murmurs round me, Alexander the Great. He was conducted by a crowd of historians. The person who immediately walked before him, was remarkable for an embroidered garment, who, not being well acquainted with the place, was conducting him to an apartment appointed for the reception of fabulous heroes. The name of this false guide was Quintus Curtius. But Arrian and Plutarch, who knew better the avenues of this palace, conducted

of fame, smiled with an ineffable grace at their meeting, and retired.

Julius Cæsar was now coming forward; and, though most of the historians offered their service to introduce him, he left them at the door, and would have no conductor but himself.

The next who advanced, was a man of a homely but cheerful aspect, and attended by persons of greater figure than any that appeared on this occasion. Plato was on his right hand, and Xenophon on his left. He bowed to Homer, and sat down by him. It was expected that Plato would himself have taken a place next to his master, Socrates; but on a sudden there was heard a great clamour of disputants at the door, who appeared with Aristotle at the head of them. That philosopher, with some rudeness, but great strength of reason, convinced the whole table, that a title to the fifth place was his due, and took it accordingly.

He had scarce sat down, when the same beautiful virgin that had introduced Homer, brought in another, who hung back at the entrance, and would have excused himself, had not his modesty been overcome by the invitation of all who sat at the table. His guide and behaviour made me easily conclude it was Virgil. Cicero next appeared and took his place. He had enquired at the door for one Luceius to introduce him; but, not finding him there, he contented himself with the attendance of many other writers, who all, except Sallust, appeared highly pleased with the office.

We waited some time in expectation of the next worthy, who came in with a great retinue of historians whose names I could not learn, most of them being natives of Carthage. The person thus conducted, who was Hannibal, seemed much disturbed, and could not forbear complaining to the board, of the affronts he had met with among the Roman historians, 'who attempted,' says he, 'to carry me into the subterraneous apartment; and, perhaps, would have done it, had it not been for the impartiality of this gentleman,' pointing to Polybius, 'who was the only person, except my own countrymen, that was willing to conduct me hither.'

who alone had more merit than their whole assembly: upon which he went to the door, and brought in Cato of Utica. That great man approached the company with such an air, that showed he contemned the honour which he laid a claim to. Observing the seat opposite to Cæsar was vacant, he took possession of it, and spoke two or three smart sentences upon the nature of precedence, which, according to him, consisted not in place, but in intrinsic merit: to which he added, 'that the most virtuous man, wherever he was seated, was always at the upper end of the table.' Socrates, who had a great spirit of raillery with his wisdom, could not forbear smiling at a virtue which took so little pains to make itself agreeable. Cicero took the occasion to make a long discourse in praise of Cato, which he uttered with much vehemence. Cæsar answered him with a great deal of seeming temper; but, as I stood at a great distance from them, I was not able to hear one word of what they said. But I could not forbear taking notice, that, in all the discourse which passed at the table, a word or nod from Homer decided the controversy.

After a short pause, Augustus appeared, looking round him with a serene and affable countenance upon all the writers of his age, who strove among themselves which of them should show him the greatest marks of gratitude and respect. Virgil rose from the table to meet him; and though he was an acceptable guest to all, he appeared more such to the learned than the military worthies.

The next man astonished the whole table with his appearance. He was slow, solemn, and silent in his behaviour, and wore a raiment curiously wrought with hieroglyphics. As he came into the middle of the room, he threw back the skirt of it, and discovered a golden thigh. Socrates, at the sight of it, declared against keeping company with any who were not made of flesh and blood; and, therefore, desired Diogenes the Laertian to lead him to the apartment allotted for fabulous heroes, and worthies of dubious existence. At his going out, he told them, 'that they did not know whom they dismissed; that he was now Pythagoras, the first of philosophers, and that formerly he had been a very brave man at the siege of Troy.'—'That may be very true,' said Socrates; 'but you forget that you have likewise been a very great harlot in your time.' This exclusion made way for Archimedes, who came forward with a scheme of mathematical figures in his hand; among which I observed a cone and a cylinder.

Seeing this table full, I desired my guide, for variety, to lead me to the fabulous apartment, the roof of which was painted with Gorgons, Chimæras, and Centaurs, with many other emblematical figures, which I wanted both time and skill to unriddle. The first table

was almost full: at the upper end sat Hercules, leaning an arm upon his club; on his right hand were Achilles and Ulysses, and between them Æneas; on his left were Hector, Theseus, and Jason: the lower end had Orpheus, Æsop, Phalaris, and Musæus. The ushers seemed at a loss for a twelfth man, when, methought, to my great joy and surprise, I heard some at the lower end of the table mention Isaac Bickerstaff; but those of the upper end received it with disdain; and said, 'if they must have a British worthy, they would have Robin Hood.' While I was transported with the honour that was done me, and burning with envy against my competitor, I was awakened by the noise of the cannon which were then fired for the taking of Mons. I should have been very much troubled at being thrown out of so pleasing a vision on any other occasion; but thought it an agreeable change, to have my thoughts diverted from the greatest among the dead and fabulous heroes, to the most famous among the real and the living.

No. 82.] Tuesday, October 18, 1709.

Ubi idem et maximus et honestissimus amor est, aliquando; resat morte jungi, quam vitâ distrabi. *Val. Max.*

Where there is the greatest and most honourable love, it is sometimes better to be joined in death, than separated in life.

From my own Apartment, October 17.

AFTER the mind has been employed on contemplations suitable to its greatness, it is unnatural to run into sudden mirth or levity; but we must let the soul subside, as it rose, by proper degrees. My late considerations of the ancient heroes impressed a certain gravity upon my mind, which is much above the little gratification received from starts of humour and fancy, and threw me into a pleasing sadness. In this state of thought I have been looking at the fire, and in a pensive manner reflecting upon the great misfortunes and calamities incident to human life; among which there are none that touch so sensibly as those which befall persons who eminently love, and meet with fatal interruptions of their happiness when they least expect it. The piety of children to parents, and the affection of parents to their children, are the effects of instinct; but the affection between lovers and friends is founded on reason and choice, which has always made me think the sorrows of the latter much more to be pitied than those of the former. The contemplation of distresses of this sort softens the mind of man, and makes the heart better. It extinguishes the seeds of envy and ill-will towards mankind, corrects the pride of prosperity, and beats down all that fierceness and insolence which are apt to get into the minds of the daring and fortunate.

For this reason the wise Athenians, in their theatrical performances, laid before the eyes of the people the greatest afflictions which could befall human life, and insensibly polished their tempers by such representations. Among the moderns, indeed, there has arisen a chimerical method of disposing the fortune of the persons represented, according to what they call poetical justice; and letting none be unhappy but those who deserve it. In such cases, an intelligent spectator, if he is concerned, knows he ought not to be so; and can learn nothing from such a tenderness, but that he is a weak creature, whose passions cannot follow the dictates of his understanding. It is very natural, when one is got into such a way of thinking, to recollect those examples of sorrow which have made the strongest impression upon our imaginations. An instance or two of such you will give me leave to communicate.

A young gentleman and lady of ancient and honourable houses in Cornwall had, from their childhood, entertained for each other a generous and noble passion, which had been long opposed by their friends, by reason of the inequality of their fortunes; but their constancy to each other, and obedience to those on whom they depended, wrought so much upon their relations, that these celebrated lovers were at length joined in marriage. Soon after their nuptials, the bridegroom was obliged to go into a foreign country, to take care of a considerable fortune, which was left him by a relation, and came very opportunely to improve their moderate circumstances. They received the congratulations of all the country on this occasion; and I remember it was a common sentence in every one's mouth, 'You see how faithful love is rewarded.*'

He took this agreeable voyage, and sent home every post fresh accounts of his success in his affairs abroad; but at last, though he designed to return with the next ship, he lamented, in his letters, that 'business would detain him some time longer from home,' because he would give himself the pleasure of an unexpected arrival.

The young lady, after the heat of the day, walked every evening on the sea-shore, near which she lived, with a familiar friend, her husband's kinswoman; and diverted herself with what objects they met there, or upon dis-

perfect tranquillity, observing the setting of the sun, the calm face of the deep, and the silent heaving of the waves, which gently rolled towards them, and broke at their feet; when at a distance her kinswoman saw something float on the waters, which she fancied was a chest; and with a smile told her, 'she saw it first, and if it came ashore full of jewels, she had a right to it.' They both fixed their eyes upon it, and entertained themselves with the subject of the wreck, the cousin still asserting her right; but promising, 'if it was a prize, to give her a very rich coral for the child of which she was then big, provided she might be god-mother.' Their mirth soon abated, when they observed, upon the nearer approach, that it was a human body. The young lady, who had a heart naturally filled with pity and compassion, made many melancholy reflections on the occasion. 'Who knows,' said she, 'but this man may be the only hope and heir of a wealthy house; the darling of indulgent parents, who are now in impertinent mirth, and pleasing themselves with the thoughts of offering him a bride they have got ready for him? or, may he not be the master of a family that wholly depended upon his life? There may, for aught we know, be half a dozen fatherless children, and a tender wife, now exposed to poverty by his death. What pleasure might he have promised himself in the different welcome he was to have from her and them! But let us go away; it is a dreadful sight! The best office we can do, is to take care that the poor man, whoever he is, may be decently buried.' She turned away, when a wave threw the carcass on the shore. The kinswoman immediately shrieked out, 'Oh my cousin!' and fell upon the ground. The unhappy wife went to help her friend, when she saw her own husband at her feet, and dropped in a swoon upon the body. An old woman, who had been the gentleman's nurse, came out about this time to call the ladies in to supper, and found her child, as she always called him, dead on the shore, her mistress and kinswoman both lying dead by him. Her loud lamentations, and calling her young master to life, soon awaked the friend from her trance; but the wife was gone for ever.

When the family and neighbourhood got together round the bodies, no one asked any

A gentleman who had courted a most agreeable young woman, and won her heart, obtained also the consent of her father, to whom she was an only child. The old man had a fancy that they should be married in the same church where he himself was, in a village in Westmoreland, and made them set out while he was laid up with the gout at London. The bridegroom took only his man, the bride her maid: they had the most agreeable journey imaginable to the place of marriage; from whence the bridegroom writ the following letter to his wife's father.

'SIR,

' March 18, 1672.

'After a very pleasant journey hither, we are preparing for the happy hour in which I am to be your son. I assure you the bride carries it, in the eye of the vicar who married you, much beyond her mother; though he says, your open sleeves, pantaloons, and shoulder-knot, made a much better show than the finical dress I am in. However, I am contented to be the second fine man this village ever saw, and shall make it very merry before night, because I shall write myself from thence,

'Your most dutiful son,

'T. D.'

'The bride gives her duty, and is as handsome as an angel.—I am the happiest man breathing.'

The villagers were assembling about the church, and the happy couple took a walk in a private garden. The bridegroom's man knew his master would leave the place on a sudden after the wedding, and, seeing him draw his pistols the night before, took this opportunity to go into his chamber and charge them. Upon their return from the garden, they went into that room; and, after a little fond railery on the subject of their courtship, the lover took up a pistol, which he knew he had unloaded the night before, and, presenting it to her, said, with the most graceful air, whilst she looked pleased at his agreeable flattery; 'Now, madam, repent of all those cruelties you have been guilty of to me; consider, before you die, how often you have made a poor wretch freeze under your easement: you shall die, you repent, you shall

'SIR,

'I, who two hours ago told you truly I was the happiest man alive, am now the most miserable. Your daughter lies dead at my feet, killed by my hand, through a mistake of my man's charging my pistols unknown to me. Him have I murdered for it. Such is my wedding day.—I will immediately follow my wife to her grave; but, before I throw myself upon my sword, I command my distraction so far as to explain my story to you. I fear my heart will not keep together until I have stabbed it. Poor, good old man!—Remember, he that killed your daughter died for it. In the article of death, I give you my thanks, and pray for you, though I dare not for myself. If it be possible, do not curse me.'

No. 83.] Thursday, October 20, 1709.

Senilis stultitia, quæ deliratio appellari solet, ænimm levium est, non omnium.
M. T. Cic.

That which is usually called dotage is not the foible of all old men, but only of such as are remarkable for their levity and inconstancy.

From my own Apartment, October 19.

It is my frequent practice to visit places of resort in this town where I am least known, to observe what reception my works meet with in the world, and what good effects I may promise myself from my labours: and it being a privilege asserted by monsieur Montaigne, and others of vain-glorious memory, that we writers of essays may talk of ourselves; I take the liberty to give an account of the remarks which I find are made by some of my gentle readers upon these my dissertations.

I happened this evening to fall into a coffee-house near the Exchange, where two persons were reading my account of the 'Table of Fame.'

The one of these was commenting as he read, and explaining who was meant by this and the other worthy as he passed on. I observed the person over-against him wonderfully intent and satisfied with his explanation. When he came to Julius Cæsar, who is said to have refused any conductor to the table: 'No, no,' said he,

know. Whatever he read, I found he interpreted from his own way of life and acquaintance. I am glad my readers can construe for themselves these difficult points; but, for the benefit of posterity, I design, when I come to write my last paper of this kind, to make it an explanation of all my former. In that piece, you shall have all I have commended, with their proper names. The faulty characters must be left as they are, because we live in an age wherein vice is very general, and virtue very particular; for which reason the latter only wants explanation.

But I must turn my present discourse to what is of yet greater regard to me than the care of my writings; that is to say, the preservation of a lady's heart. Little did I think I should ever have business of this kind on my hands more; but, as little as any one who knows me would believe it, there is a lady at this time who professes love to me. Her passion and good humour you shall have in her own words.

‘MR. BICKERSTAFF,

‘I had formerly a very good opinion of myself; but it is now withdrawn, and I have placed it upon you, Mr. Bickerstaff, for whom I am not ashamed to declare I have a very great passion and tenderness. It is not for your face, for that I never saw: your shape and height I am equally a stranger to; but your understanding charms me, and I am lost if you do not dissemble a little love for me. I am not without hopes; because I am not like the tawdry gay things that are fit only to make bone lace. I am neither childish-young, nor beldam-old, but, the world says, a good agreeable woman.

‘Speak peace to a troubled heart, troubled only for you; and in your next paper let me find your thoughts of me.

‘Do not think of finding out who I am, for, notwithstanding your interest in daemons, they cannot help you either to my name, or a sight of my face; therefore, do not let them deceive you.

‘I can bear no discourse, if you are not the subject; and, believe me, I know more of love than you do of astronomy.

‘Pray, say some civil things in return to my generosity, and you shall have my very best pen employed to thank you, and I will confirm it.

‘I am your admirer,
‘MARIA.’

There is something wonderfully pleasing in the favour of women; and this letter has put me in so good a humour, that nothing could displease me since I received it. My boy breaks glasses and pipes; and instead of giving him a knock on the pate, as my way is, for I hate scolding at servants, I only say, ‘Ah, Jack! thou hast a head, and so has a pin,’ or some such merry expression. But, alas! how am I mortified when he is putting on my fourth pair of stockings on these poor spindles of mine?

‘The fair one understands love better than I astronomy?’ I am sure, without the help of that art, this poor meagre trunk of mine is a very ill habitation for love. She is pleased to speak civilly of my sense, but *Ingenium male habitat* is an invincible difficulty in cases of this nature. I had always, indeed, from a passion to please the eyes of the fair, a great pleasure in dress. Add to this, that I have writ songs since I was sixty, and have lived with all the circumspection of an old beau, as I am. But my friend Horace has very well said, ‘Every year takes something from us; and instructed me to form my pursuits and desires according to the stage of my life: therefore, I have no more to value myself upon, than that I can converse with young people without peevishness, or wishing myself a moment younger. For which reason, when I am amongst them, I rather moderate than interrupt their diversions. But though I have this complacency, I must not pretend to write to a lady civil things, as Maria desires. Time was, when I could have told her, ‘I had received a letter from her fair hands; and, that if this paper trembled as she read it, it then best expressed its author,’ or some other gay conceit. Though I never saw her, I could have told her, ‘that good sense and good humour smiled in her eyes: that constancy and good-nature dwelt in her heart: that beauty and good breeding appeared in all her actions.’ When I was five-and-twenty, upon sight of one syllable, even wrong spelt, by a lady I never I saw, I could tell her, ‘that her height was that which was fit for inviting our approach, and commanding our respect; that a smile sat on her lips, which prefaced her expressions before she uttered them, and her aspect prevented her speech. All she could say, though she had an infinite deal of wit, was but a repetition of what was expressed by her form; her form! which struck her beholders with ideas more moving and forcible than ever were inspired by music, painting, or eloquence.’ At this rate I panted in those days; but, ah! sixty-three! I am very sorry I can only return the agreeable Maria a passion expressed rather from the head than the heart.

‘DEAR MADAM,

‘You have already seen the best of me, and I so passionately love you, that I desire we may never meet. If you will examine your heart, you will find that you join the man with the philosopher: and if you have that kind opinion of my sense as you pretend, I question not but you add to it complexion, air, and shape: but, dear Molly, a man in his grand climacteric is of no sex. Be a good girl; and conduct yourself with honour and virtue, when you love one younger than myself. I am with the greatest tenderness,

Your innocent lover,

‘I. B.

Will's Coffee-house, October 19.

There is nothing more common than the weakness mentioned in the following epistle; and I believe there is hardly a man living who has not been more or less injured by it.

'SIR,

'Land's-End, October 12.

'I have left the town some time; and much the sooner, for not having had the advantage, when I lived there, of so good a pilot as you are to this present age. Your cautions to the young men against the vices of the town are very well: but there is one not less needful, which I think you have omitted. I had from the Rough Diamond (a gentleman so called from an honest blunt wit he had) not long since dead, this observation, That a young man must be at least three or four years in London before he dares say, *No*.

'You will easily see the truth and force of this observation; for I believe more people are drawn away against their inclinations, than with them. A young man is afraid to deny any body going to a tavern to dinner; or, after being gorged there, to repeat the same with another company at supper, or to drink excessively, if desired, or go to any other place, or commit any other extravagancy proposed. The fear of being thought covetous, to have no money, or to be under the dominion or fear of his parents and friends, hinder him from the free exercise of his understanding, and affirming boldly the true reason, which is, his real dislike of what is desired. If you could cure this slavish facility, it would save abundance at their first entrance into the world. 'I am, sir, Yours,

'SOLOMON AFTERWIT.'

This epistle has given an occasion to a treatise on this subject, wherein I shall lay down rules when a young stripling is to say, *No*; and a young virgin, *Yes*.

N. B. For the publication of this discourse, I wait only for subscriptions from the under graduates of each university, and the young ladies in the boarding-schools of Hackney and Chelsea.

St. James's Office-house, October 19.

Letters from the Hague, of the twenty-fifth of October, N. S. advise, that the garrison of Mons marched out on the twenty-third instant, and a garrison of the allies marched into the

rape is to be tried. But by Mr. A. B.'s favour, I cannot tell who are so much concerned in that part of the law as the sex he mentions, they being the only persons liable to such insults. Nor, indeed, do I think it more unreasonable that they should be inquisitive on such occasions than men of honour, when one is tried for killing another in a duel. It is very natural to enquire how the fatal pass was made, that we may the better defend ourselves when we come to be attacked. Several eminent ladies appeared lately at the court of justice on such an occasion, and, with great patience and attention, staid the whole trials of two persons for the above-said crime. The law to me, indeed, seems a little defective in this point; and it is a very great hardship, that this crime, which is committed by men only, should have men only on their jury. I humbly, therefore, propose, that on future trials of this sort, half of the twelve may be women; and those such whose faces are well known to have taken notes, or may be supposed to remember what happened in former trials in the same place. There is the learned Androgyne, that would make a good fore-woman of the pannel, who, by long attendance, understands as much law and anatomy as is necessary in this case. Until this is taken care of, I am humbly of opinion, it would be much more expedient that the fair were wholly absent; for to what end can it be that they should be present at such examinations, when they can only be perplexed with a fellow-feeling for the injured, without any power to avenge their sufferings? It is an unnecessary pain which the fair ones give themselves on these occasions. I have known a young woman shriek out at some parts of the evidence; and have frequently observed, that when the proof grew particular and strong, there has been such a universal flutter of fans, that one would think the whole female audience were falling into fits. Nor, indeed, can I see how men themselves can be wholly unmoved at such tragical relations.

In short, I must tell my female readers, and they may take an old man's word for it, that there is nothing in woman so graceful and becoming as modesty. It adds charms to their beauty, and gives a new softness to their sex. Without it, simplicity and innocence appear

though never so beautiful, was not worth her board when she was past her blushing. This discourse naturally brings into my thoughts a letter I have received from the virtuous lady Whittlestick, on the subject of Lucretia.

* COUSIN ISAAC,

* From my tea-table,
Oct. 17.

'I read your Tatler of Saturday last, and was surprised to see you so partial to your own sex, as to think none of ours worthy to sit at your first table; for sure you cannot but own Lucretia as famous as any you have placed there, who first parted with her virtue, and afterwards with her life, to preserve her fame.'

Mrs. Biddy Twig has written me a letter to the same purpose; but, in answer to both my pretty correspondents and kinswomen, I must tell them, that although I know Lucretia would have made a very graceful figure at the upper end of the table, I did not think it proper to place her there because I knew she would not care for being in the company of so many men without her husband. At the same time, I must own, that Tarquin himself was not a greater lover and admirer of Lucretia than I myself am in an honest way. When my sister Jenny was in her sampler, I made her get the whole story without book, and tell it me in needle-work. This illustrious lady stands up in history as the glory of her own sex, and the reproach of ours; and the circumstances under which she fell were so very particular, that they seem to make adultery and murder meritorious. She was a woman of such transcendent virtue, that her beauty, which was the greatest of the age and country in which she lived, and is generally celebrated as the highest of praise in other women, is never mentioned as a part of her character. But it would be declaiming to dwell upon so celebrated a story, which I mentioned only in respect to my kinswomen; and to make reparation for the omission they complain of, do further promise them, that if they can furnish me with instances to fill it, there shall be a small tea-table set a-part in my Palace of Fame for the reception of all of her character.

Grecian Coffee-house, October 21.

I was this evening communicating my design of producing obscure merit into public view; and proposed to the learned, that they would please to assist me in the work. For the same end I publish my intention to the world that all men of liberal thoughts may know they have an opportunity of doing justice to such worthy persons as have come within their respective observation, and who, by misfortune, modesty, or want of proper writers to recommend them, have escaped the notice of the rest of mankind. If, therefore, any one can bring any tale or tidings of illus-

trious persons, or glorious actions, that are not commonly known, he is desired to send an account thereof to me, at J. Morphew's, and they shall have justice done them. At the same time that I have this concern for men and things that deserve reputation, and have it not, I am resolved to examine into the claims of such ancients and moderns as are in possession of it, with a design to displace them, in case I find their titles defective. The first whose merits I shall inquire into, are some merry gentlemen of the French nation, who have written very advantageous histories of their exploits in war, love, and politics, under the title of Memoirs. I am afraid I shall find several of these gentlemen tardy, because I hear of them in no writings but their own. To read the narrative of one of these authors, you would fancy that there was not an action in a whole campaign which he did not contrive or execute; yet, if you consult the history or gazettes of those times, you do not find him so much as at the head of a party from one end of the summer to the other. But it is the way of these great men, when they lie behind their lines, and are in a time of inaction, as they call it, to pass away their time in writing their exploits. By this means, several who are either unknown or despised in the present age, will be famous in the next, unless a sudden stop be put to such pernicious practices. There are others of that gay people, who, as I am informed, will live half a year together in a garret, and write a history of their intrigues in the court of France. As for politicians, they do not abound with that species of men so much as we; but as ours are not so famous for writing, as for extemporary dissertations in coffee-houses, they are more annoyed with memoirs of this nature also than we are. The most immediate remedy that I can apply to prevent this growing evil, is, That I do hereby give notice to all booksellers and translators whatsoever, that the word Memoir is French for a novel; and to require of them that they sell and translate it accordingly.

Will's Coffee-house, October 21.

Coming into this place to night, I met an old friend of mine, who, a little after the restoration, writ an epigram with some applause, which he has lived upon ever since; and by virtue of it, has been a constant frequenter of this coffee-house for forty years. He took me aside, and with a great deal of friendship told me he was glad to see me alive, 'for,' said he, 'Mr. Bickerstaff, I am sorry to find you have raised many enemies by your lucubrations. There are, indeed, some,' says he, 'whose enmity is the greatest honour they can shew a man; but have you lived to these years, and do not know that the ready way to disoblige is to give advice? you may endeavour to guard your children, as you call them; but—' He

was going on; but I found the disagreeableness of giving advice without being asked, by my own impatience of what he was about to say: in a word, I begged him to give me the hearing of a short fable.

'A gentleman,' says I, 'who was one day slumbering in an arbour, was on a sudden awakened by the gentle biting of a lizard, a little animal remarkable for its love to mankind. He threw it from his hand with some indignation, and was rising up to kill it, when he saw a huge venomous serpent sliding towards him on the other side, which he soon destroyed; reflecting afterwards with gratitude upon his friend that saved him, and with anger against himself, that had shown so little sense of a good office.'

No. 85.] Tuesday, October 25, 1709.

From my own Apartment, October 24.

My brother Tranquillus, who is a man of business, came to me this morning into my study, and after very many civil expressions in return for what good offices I had done him, told me, 'he desired to carry his wife, my sister, that very morning to his own house.' I readily told him, 'I would wait upon him,' without asking why he was so impatient to rob us of his good company. He went out of my chamber, and I thought seemed to have a little heaviness upon him, which gave me some disquiet. Soon after, my sister came to me, with a very matron-like air, and most sedate satisfaction in her looks, which spoke her very much at ease; but the traces of her countenance seemed to discover that she had been lately in a passion, and that air of content to flow from a certain triumph upon some advantage obtained. She no sooner sat down by me, but I perceived she was one of those ladies who begin to be managers within the time of their being brides. Without letting her speak, which I saw she had a mighty inclination to do, I said, 'Here has been your husband, who tells me he has a mind to go home this very morning, and I have consented to it.' 'It is well,' said she, 'for you must know—' 'Nay, Jenny,' said I, 'I beg your pardon, for it is you must know—You are to understand, that now is the time to fix or alienate your husband's heart for ever; and I fear you have been a little indiscreet in your expressions or

are perfectly in the wrong of it; for if it was a matter of importance, I know he has better sense than you; if a trifle, you know what I told you on your wedding-day, that you were to be above little provocations.' She knows very well I can be sour upon occasion, therefore gave me leave to go on.

'Sister,' said I, 'I will not enter into the dispute between you, which I find his prudence put an end to before it came to extremity; but charge you to have a care of the first quarrel, as you tender your happiness; for then it is that the mind will reflect harshly upon every circumstance that has ever passed between you. If such an accident is ever to happen, which I hope never will, be sure to keep to the circumstance before you; make no allusions to what is passed, or conclusions referring to what is to come: do not show a hoard of matter for dissension in your breast; but, if it is necessary, lay before him the thing as you understand it, candidly, without being ashamed of acknowledging an error, or proud of being in the right. If a young couple be not careful in this point, they will get into a habit of wrangling: and when to displeasure is thought of no consequence, to please is always of as little moment. There is a play, Jenny, I have formerly been at when I was a student we got into a dark corner with a porringer of brandy, and threw raisins into it, then set it on fire. My chamber-fellow and I diverted ourselves with the sport of venturing our fingers for the raisins; and the wantonness of the thing was, to see each other look like a dæmon, as we burnt ourselves, and snatched out the fruit. This fantastical mirth was called snap-dragon. You may go into many a family, where you see the man and wife at this sport: every word at their table alludes to some passage [between themselves; and you see by the paleness and emotion in their countenances, that it is for your sake, and not their own, that they forbear playing out the whole game in burning each other's fingers. In this case, the whole purpose of life is inverted, and the ambition turns upon a certain contention, who shall contradict best, and not upon an inclination to excel in kindness and good offices. Therefore, dear Jenny, remember me, and avoid snap-dragon.'

'I thank you brother,' said she, 'but you do not know how he loves me; I find I can do any thing with him.'—'If you can so, why

thing, and you will be something more than woman; that is, a levity you are almost all guilty of, which is, to take a pleasure in your power to give pain. It is even in a mistress an argument of meanness of spirit, but in a wife it is injustice and ingratitude. When a sensible man once observes this in a woman, he must have a very great, or very little spirit, to overlook it. A woman ought, therefore, to consider very often, how few men there are who will regard a meditated offence as a weakness of temper.'

I was going on in my confabulation, when Tranquillus entered. She cast all her eyes upon him with much shame and confusion, mixed with great complacency and love, and went up to him. He took her in his arms, and looked so many soft things at one glance, that I could see he was glad I had been talking to her, sorry she had been troubled, and angry at himself that he could not disguise the concern he was in an hour before. After which, he says to me, with an air awkward enough, but methought not unbecoming 'I have altered my mind, brother; we will live upon you a day or two longer.' I replied, 'That is what I have been persuading Jenny to ask of you, but she is resolved never to contradict your inclination, and refused me.'

We were going on in that way which one hardly knows how to express; as when two people mean the same thing in a nice case, but come at it by talking as distantly from it as they can; when very opportunely came in upon us an honest inconsiderable fellow. Tim Dapper,* a gentleman well known to us both. Tim is one of those who are very necessary, by being very inconsiderable. Tim dropped in at an incident, when we knew not how to fall into either a grave or a merry way. My sister took this occasion to make off, and Dapper gave us an account of all the company he had been in to-day, who was, and who was not at home, where he visited. This Tim is the head of a species: he is a little out of his element in this town; but he is a relation of Tranquillus, and his neighbour in the country, which is the true place of residence for this species. The habit of a Dapper, when he is at home, is a light broad cloth, with calamanco or red waistcoat and breeches; and it is remarkable, that their wigs seldom hide the collar of their coats. They have always a peculiar spring in their arms, a wriggle in their bodies, and a trip in their gait. All which motions they express at once in their drinking, bowing, or saluting ladies; for a distant imitation of a forward fop, and a resolution to

overtop him in his way, are the distinguishing marks of a Dapper. These under-characters of men, are parts of the sociable world by no means to be neglected: they are like pegs in a building; they make no figure in it, but hold the structure together, and are as absolutely necessary as the pillars and columns. I am sure we found it so this morning; for Tranquillus and I should, perhaps, have looked cold at each other the whole day, but Dapper fell in with his brisk way, shook us both by the hand, rallied the bride, mistook the acceptance he met with amongst us for extraordinary perfection in himself, and heartily pleased, and was pleased, all the while he staid. His company left us all in good humour, and we were not such fools as to let it sink, before we confirmed it by great cheerfulness and openness in our carriage the whole evening.

White's Chocolate-house, October 24.

I have been this evening to visit a lady who is a relation of the enamoured Cynthio, and there heard the melancholy news of his death. I was in hopes, that fox-hunting and October would have recovered him from his unhappy passion. He went into the country with a design to leave behind him all thoughts of Clarissa; but he found that place only more convenient to think of her without interruption. The country gentlemen were very much puzzled upon his case, and never finding him merry or loud in their company, took him for a Roman Catholic, and immediately upon his death seized his French valet-de-chambre for a priest; and it is generally thought in the country, it will go hard with him next session. Poor Cynthio never held up his head after having received a letter of Clarissa's marriage. The lady who gave me this account, being far gone in poetry and romance, told me, 'if I would give her an epitaph, she would take care to have it placed on his tomb; which she herself had devised in the following manner. It is to be made of black marble, and every corner to be crowned with weeping cupids. Their quivers are to be hung up upon two tall cypress-trees, which are to grow on each side on the monument, and their arrows to be laid in a great heap, after the manner of a funeral pile, on which is to lie the body of the deceased. On the top of each cypress is to stand the figure of a moaning turtle-dove. On the uppermost part of the monument, the goddess, to whom these birds are sacred, is to sit in a dejected posture, as weeping for the death of her votary.' I need not tell you this lady's head is a little turned: however, to be rid of importunities, I promised her an epitaph, and told her I would take for my pattern that of Don Alouzo, who was no less famous in his age than Cynthio is in ours.

* The following account of Tim Dapper seems to be given as a true picture of the character and dress of a country beau or smart in 1709.

*The Epitaph.**

Here lies Don Alonzo,
Slain by a wound received under
his left pap;
the orifice of which was so
small, no surgeon could
discover it.
Reader;
if thou would'st avoid so strange
a death,
look not upon Lucinda's eyes.

No. 86.] Thursday, October 27, 1709.

From my own Apartment, October 25.

WHEN I came home last night, my servant delivered me the following letter :

'SIR,

October 24.

'I have orders from sir Harry Quickset, of Staffordshire, baronet, to acquaint you, that his honour sir Harry himself, sir Giles Wheelbarrow, knight, Thomas Rentfree, esquire, justice of the quorum, Andrew Windmill, esquire, and Mr. Nicholas Doubt, of the Inner Temple, sir Harry's grandson, will wait upon you at the hour of nine to-morrow morning, being Tuesday the twenty-fifth of October, upon business which sir Harry will impart to you by word of mouth. I thought it proper to acquaint you before-hand so many persons of quality came, that you might not be surprised therewith. Which concludes, though by many years' absence since I saw you at Stafford, unknown,

'Sir, your most humble servant,

'JOHN THRIFTY.

I received this message with less surprise than I believe Mr. Thrifty imagined; for I knew the good company too well to feel any palpitations at their approach: but I was in very great concern how I should adjust the ceremonial, and demean myself to all these great men, who perhaps had not seen any thing above themselves for these twenty years last past. I am sure that is the case of sir Harry. Besides which, I was sensible that there was a great point in adjusting my behaviour to the simple squire, so as to give him satisfaction, and not disoblige the justice of the quorum.

The hour of nine was come this morning, and I had no sooner set chairs, by the steward's letter, and fixed my tea-equipage, but I heard a knock at my door, which was opened, but no one entered; after which followed a long silence, which was broke at last by, 'Sir, I beg your pardon; I think I know better' and another voice, 'nay, good sir Giles—I looked out from my window, and saw the good company all with their hats off, and arms spread, offering

the door to each other. After many offers, they entered with much solemnity, in the order Mr. Thrifty was so kind as to name them to me. But they are now got to my chamber-door, and I saw my old friend sir Harry enter. I met him with all the respect due to so reverend a vegetable; for, you are to know, that is my sense of a person who remains idle in the same place for half a century. I got him with great success into his chair by the fire, without throwing down any of my cups. The knight-bachelor told me 'he had a great respect for my whole family, and would, with my leave, place himself next to sir Harry, at whose right hand he had sat at every quarter sessions these thirty years, unless he was sick.' The steward in the rear whispered the young Templar, 'That is true, to my knowledge.' I had the misfortune, as they stood cheek-by-jowl, to desire the squire to sit down before the justice of the quorum, to the no small satisfaction of the former, and resentment of the latter. But I saw my error too late, and got them as soon as I could into their seats. 'Well,' said I, 'gentlemen, after I have told you how glad I am of this great honour, I am to desire you to drink a dish of tea.' The answered one and all, 'that they never drank tea in a morning.'—'Not in a morning!' said I, staring round me. Upon which the pert jackanapes, Nic Doubt, tipped me the wink, and put out his tongue at his grandfather. Here followed a profound silence, when the steward in his boots and whip proposed, 'that we should adjourn to some public-house, where every body might call for what they pleased, and enter upon the business.' We all stood up in an instant, and sir Harry filed off from the left, very discreetly, countermarching behind the chairs towards the door. After him, sir Giles in the same manner. The simple squire made a sudden start to follow; but the justice of the quorum whipped between upon the stand of the stairs. A maid, going up with coals, made us halt, and put us into such confusion, that we stood all in a heap, without any visible possibility of recovering our order; for the young jackanapes seemed to make a jest of this matter, and had so contrived, by pressing amongst us, under pretence of making way, that his grandfather was got into the middle, and he knew nobody was of quality to stir a step, until sir Harry moved first. We were fixed in this perplexity for some time, until we heard a very loud noise in the street; and sir Harry asking what it was, I, to make them move, said, 'it was fire.' Upon this, all ran down as fast as they could, without order or ceremony, until we got into the street, where we drew up in very good order, and filed off down Sheer-lane; the impertinent templar driving us before him, as in a string, and pointing to his acquaintance who passed by.

* This is a quotation from a letter of Sir John Suckling. See his Works, vol. i. p. 143. edit. Davies.

I must confess, I love to use people according to their own sense of good breeding, and therefore whipped in between the justice and the simple squire. He could not properly take this ill; but I overheard him whisper the steward, 'that he thought it hard, that a common conjurer should take place of him, though an elder squire.' In this order we marched down Sheer-lane, at the upper end of which I lodge. When we came to Temple-bar, sir Harry and sir Giles got over; but a run of the coaches kept the rest of us on this side of the street; however, we all at last landed, and drew up in very good order before Ben Tooke's shop, who favoured our rallying with great humanity; from whence we proceeded again, until we came to Dick's coffee-house, where I designed to carry them. Here we were at our old difficulty, and took up the street upon the same ceremony. We proceeded through the entry, and were so necessarily kept in order by the situation, that we were now got into the coffee-house itself, where, as soon as we arrived, we repeated our civilities to each other; after which, we marched up to the high table, which has an ascent to it inclosed in the middle of the room. The whole house was alarmed at this entry, made up of persons of so much state and rusticity. Sir Harry called for a mug of ale and Dyer's Letter. The boy brought the ale in an instant; but said, 'they did not take in the Letter.' 'No' says sir Harry, 'then take back your mug; we are like indeed to have good liquor at this house!' Here the templar tipped me a second wink, and, if I had not looked very grave upon him, I found he was disposed to be very familiar with me. In short, I observed after a long pause, that the gentlemen did not care to enter upon business until after their morning draught, for which reason I called for a bottle of mum; and finding that had no effect upon them, I ordered a second, and a third, after which sir Harry reached over to me, and told me in a low voice, 'that the place was too public for business; but he would call upon me again to-morrow morning at my own lodgings, and bring some more friends with him.'

Will's Coffee-house, October 26.

Though this place is frequented by a more mixed company than it used to be formerly; yet you meet very often some whom one cannot leave without being the better for their conversation. A gentleman this evening, in a dictating manner, talked, I thought, very pleasingly in praise of modesty, in the midst of ten or twelve libertines, upon whom it seemed to have had a good effect. He represented it as the certain indication of a great and noble spirit. 'Modesty,' said he, 'is the virtue which makes men prefer the public to their private interest, the guide of every honest undertaking,

and the great guardian of Innocence. It makes men amiable to their friends, and respected by their very enemies. In all places, and on all occasions, it attracts benevolence, and demands approbation.'

One might give instances, out of antiquity of the irresistible force of this quality in great minds; Cicereius, and Cneius Scipio, the son of the great Africanus, were competitors for the office of prætor. The crowd followed Cicereius, and left Scipio unattended. Cicereius saw this with much concern; and desiring an audience of the people, he descended from the place where the candidates were to sit, in the eye of the multitude; pleaded for his adversary; and, with an ingenuous modesty, which it is impossible to feign, represented to them, 'how much it was to their dishonour, that a virtuous son of Africanus should not be preferred to him, or any other man whatsoever.' This immediately gained the election for Scipio; but all the compliments and congratulations upon it were made to Cicereius. It is easier in this case to say who had the office, than the honour. There is no occurrence in life where this quality is not more ornamental than any other. After the battle of Pharsalia, Pompey marching towards Larissus, the whole people of that place came out in procession to do him honour. He thanked the magistrates for their respect to him; but desired them 'to perform these ceremonies to the conqueror.' This gallant submission to his fortune, and disdain of making any appearance but like Pompey, was owing to his modesty, which would not permit him to be so disingenuous, as to give himself the air of prosperity, when he was in the contrary condition.

This I say of modesty, as it is the virtue which preserves a decorum in the general course of our life; but, considering it also as it regards our mere bodies, it is the certain character of a great mind. It is memorable of the mighty Cæsar, that when he was murdered in the capitol, at the very moment in which he expired he gathered his robe about him, that he might fall in a decent posture. In this manner, says my author, he went off, not like a man that departed out of life, but a deity that returned to his abode.

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No. 87.] *Saturday, October 29, 1709.*

*Will's Coffee-house, October 28.*

THERE is nothing which I contemplate with greater pleasure than the dignity of human nature, which often shows itself in all conditions of life. For, notwithstanding the degeneracy and meanness that is crept into it, there are a thousand occasions in which it breaks through its original corruption, and shows what it once was, and what it will be hereafter. I

consider the soul of man as the ruin of a glorious pile of building; where, amidst great heaps of rubbish, you meet with noble fragments of sculpture, broken pillars and obelisks, and a magnificence in confusion. Virtue and wisdom are continually employed in clearing the ruins, removing these disorderly heaps, recovering the noble pieces that lie buried under them, and adjusting them as well as possible according to their ancient symmetry and beauty. A happy education, conversation with the finest spirits, looking abroad into the works of nature, and observations upon mankind, are the great assistances to this necessary and glorious work. But even among those who have never had the happiness of any of these advantages, there are sometimes such exertions of the greatness that is natural to the mind of man, as show capacities and abilities, which only want these accidental helps to fetch them out, and show them in a proper light. A plebeian soul is still the ruin of this glorious edifice, though encumbered with all its rubbish. This reflection rose in me from a letter which my servant dropped as he was dressing me, and which he told me was communicated to him, as he is an acquaintance of some of the persons mentioned in it. The epistle is from one serjeant Hall of the foot-guards. It is directed: 'To serjeant Cabe, in the Coldstream regiment of foot-guards, at the Red-lattice, in the Butcher-row, near Temple-bar.'

I was so pleased with several touches in it, that I could not forbear showing it to a cluster of critics, who, instead of considering it in the light I have done, examined it by the rules of epistolary writing. For as these gentlemen are seldom men of any great genius, they work altogether by mechanical rules, and are able to discover no beauties that are not pointed out by Bouhours and Rapin. The letter is as follows:

'From the camp before Mons,  
September 20.

'COMRADE,

'I received yours, and am glad yourself and your wife are in good health, with all the rest of my friends. Our battalion suffered more than I could wish in the action. But who can withstand fate? Poor Richard Stevenson had his fate with a great many more. He was killed dead before we entered the trenches. We had above two hundred of our battalion killed and wounded. We lost ten serjeants, six are as followeth: Jennings, Castles, Roach, Sherring, Meyrwich, and my son Smith. The rest are not your acquaintance. I have received a very bad shot in my head myself, but am in hopes, and please God, I shall recover. I continue in the field, and lie at my colonel's quarters. Arthur is very well; but I can give you no account of Elms; he was in the hospital before I came into the field. I will not pretend to give you an account of the battle,

knowing you have a better in the prints. Pray, give my service to Mrs. Cook and her daughter, to Mr. Stoffet and his wife, and to Mr. Lyver, and Thomas Hogsdon, and to Mr. Ragdell, and to all my friends and acquaintance in general who do ask after me. My love to Mrs. Stevenson. I am sorry for the sending such ill news. Her husband was gathering a little money together to send to his wife, and put it into my hands. I have seven shillings and three pence, which I shall take care to send her. Wishing your wife a safe delivery, and both of you all happiness, rest

'Your assured friend, and comrade,

'JOHN HALL.

'We had but an indifferent breakfast; but the mounseers never had such a dinner in all their lives.

'My kind love to my comrade Hinton, and Mrs. Morgan, and to John Brown and his wife. I sent two shillings, and Stevenson sixpence, to drink with you at Mr. Cook's; but I have heard nothing from him. It was by Mr. Edgar.

'Corporal Hartwell desires to be remembered to you, and desires you to enquire of Edgar, what is become of his wife Peggy; and when you write, to send word in your letter what trade she drives.

'We have here very bad weather, which I doubt will be a hinderance to the siege; but I am in hopes we shall be masters of the town in a little time, and then, I believe, we shall go to garrison.'

I saw the critics prepared to nibble at my letter; therefore examined it myself, partly in their way, and partly my own. This is, said I, truly a letter, and an honest representation of that cheerful heart which accompanies the poor soldier in his warfare. Is not there in this all the topic of submitting to our destiny as well discussed as if a greater man had been placed, like Brutus, in his tent at midnight, reflecting on all the occurrences of past life, and saying fine things on Being itself? What serjeant Hall knows of the matter is, that he wishes there had not been so many killed; and he had himself a very bad shot in the head, and should recover if it pleased God. But be that as it will, he takes care, like a man of honour as he certainly is, to let the widow Stevenson know, that he had seven and threepence for her, and that, if he lives, he is sure he shall go into garrison at last. I doubt not but all the good company at the Red lattice drank his health with as much real esteem as we do of any of our friends. All that I am concerned for is, that Mrs. Peggy Hartwell may be offended at showing this letter, because her conduct in Mr. Hartwell's absence is a little enquired into. But I could not sink that circumstance, because you critics would have lost one of the parts which I doubt not but you have much to

say upon, whether the familiar way is well hit in this style or not? As for myself, I take a very particular satisfaction in seeing any letter that is fit only for those to read who are concerned in it, but especially on such a subject.

If we consider the heap of an army, utterly out of all prospect of rising and preferment, as they certainly are, and such great things executed by them, it is hard to account for the motive of their gallantry. But to me, who was a cadet at the battle of Coldstream in Scotland, when Monk charged at the head of the regiment, now called Coldstream, from the victory of that day; I remember it as well as if it were yesterday, I stood on the left of old West, who I believe is now at Chelsea; I say, to me, who know very well this part of mankind, I take the gallantry of private soldiers to proceed from the same, if not from a nobler impulse than that of gentlemen and officers. They have the same taste of being acceptable to their friends, and go through the difficulties of that profession by the same irresistible charm of fellowship, and the communication of joys and sorrows, which quickens the relish of pleasure, and abates the anguish of pain. Add to this, that they have the same regard to fame, though they do not expect so great a share as men above them hope for; but I will engage serjeant Hall would die ten thousand deaths, rather than a word should be spoken at the Red-lettice, or any part of the Butcher-tow, in prejudice to his courage or honesty. If you will have my opinion, then, of the serjeant's letter, I pronounce the style to be mixed, but truly epistolary; the sentiment relating to his own wound is in the sublime; the postscript of Pegg Hartwell, in the gay; and the whole, the picture of the bravest sort of men, that is to say, a man of great courage and small hopes.

*From my own Apartment, October 28.*

When I came home this evening, I found, after many attempts to vary my thoughts, that my head still ran upon the subject of the discourse to-night at Will's. I fell, therefore, into the amusement of proportioning the glory of a battle among the whole army, and dividing it into shares, according to the method of

the theatre, a great stone, on which were engraven the names of all who fell in the battle of Marathon. The generous and knowing people of Athens understood the force of the desire of glory, and would not let the meanest soldier perish in oblivion. Were the natural impulse of the British nation animated with such monuments, what man would be so mean, as not to hazard his life for his ten hundred thousandth part of the honour in such a day as that of Blenheim or Blaregnies?

No. 88.] Tuesday, November 1, 1709.

*White's Chocolate-house, October 31.*

I HAVE lately received a letter from a friend in the country, wherein he acquaints me, 'that two or three men of the town are got among them, and have brought down particular words and phrases, which were never before in those parts.' He mentions in particular the words *Gunner* and *Gunster*, which my correspondent observes, they make use of, when any thing has been related that is strange and surprising; and, therefore, desires I would explain those terms, as I have many others, for the information of such as live at a distance from this town and court, which he calls the great mints of language. His letter is dated from York: and, if he tells me truth, a word in its ordinary circulation does not reach that city within the space of five years after it is first stamped. I cannot say how long these words have been current in town, but I shall now take care to send them down by the next post.

I must, in the first place, observe, that the words *Gunner* and *Gunster* are not to be used promiscuously; for a *Gunner*, properly speaking, is not a *Gunster*; nor is a *Gunster*, *vice versa*, a *Gunner*. They both, indeed, are derived from the word *gun*, and so far they agree. But as a gun is remarkable for its destroying at a distance, or for the report it makes, which is apt to startle all its hearers, those who recount strange accidents and circumstances, which have no manner of foundation in truth, when they design to do mischief are comprehended under the appellation of *Gunners*; but

branches: all, or the chief of which are, I think, as follows:

First, the Bombadier.

Secondly, the Miner.

Thirdly, the Squib.

Fourthly, the Serpent.

And, First, of the first. The Bombadier tosses his balls sometimes into the midst of a city, with a design to fill all around him with terror and combustion. He has been sometimes known to drop a bomb in a senate-house, and to scatter a panic over a nation. But his chief aim is at several eminent stations, which he looks upon as the fairest marks, and uses all his skill to do execution upon those who possess them. Every man so situated, let his merit be never so great, is sure to undergo a bombardment. It is further observed, that the only way to be out of danger from the bursting of a bomb, is to lie prostrate on the ground; a posture too abject for generous spirits.

Secondly, The Miner.

As the bombadier levels his mischief at nations and cities, the Miner busies himself in ruining and overturning private houses and particular persons. He often acts as a spy, in discovering the secret avenues and unguarded accesses of families, where, after he has made his proper discoveries and dispositions, he sets sudden fire to his train, that blows up families, scatters friends, separates lovers, disperses kindred, and shakes a whole neighbourhood.

It is to be noted, that several females are great proficient in this way of engineering. The marks by which they are to be known are a wonderful solicitude for the reputation of their friends, and a more than ordinary concern for the good of their neighbours. There is also in them something so very like religion, as may deceive the vulgar; but if you look upon it more nearly, you see on it such a cast of censoriousness, as discovers it to be nothing but hypocrisy. Cleomilla is a great instance of a female Miner: but, as my design is to expose only the incorrigible, let her be silent for the future, and I shall be so too.

Thirdly, The Squib.

The Squibs are those who, in the common phrase of the word, are called libellers, lampooners, and pamphleteers. Their fire-works are made up in paper; and it is observed, that they mix abundance of charcoal in their powder, that they may be sure to blacken where they cannot singe. These are observed to give a consternation and disturbance only to weak minds; which, according to the proverb, are always 'more afraid than hurt.'

Fourthly, Serpents.

The Serpents are a petty kind of Gunners, more pernicious than any of the rest. They make use of a sort of white powder, that goes off without any violent crack, but gives a gentle sound, much like that of a whisper; and

is more destructive in all parts of life, than any of the materials made use of by any of the fraternity.

Come we now to the Gunsters.

This race of engineers deals altogether in wind-guns, which, by recoiling, often knock down those who discharge them, without hurting any body else; and, according to the various compressions of the air, make such strange squeaks, cracks, pops, and bounces, as it is impossible to hear without laughing. It is observable, however, that there is a disposition in a Gunster to become a Gunner; and though their proper instruments are only loaded with wind, they often, out of wantonness, fire a bomb, or spring a mine, out of their natural inclination to engineering; by which means, they do mischief, when they do not design it, and have their bones broken when they do not deserve it.

This sort of engineers are the most unaccountable race of men in the world. Some of them have received above a hundred wounds, and yet have not a scar in their bodies; some have debauched multitudes of women, who have died maids. You may be with them from morning until night, and the next day they shall tell you a thousand adventures that happened when you were with them, which you know nothing of. They have a quality of having been present at every thing they hear related; and never heard a man commended, who was not their intimate acquaintance, if not their kinsman.

I hope these notes may serve as a rough draught for a new establishment of engineers, which I shall hereafter fill up with proper persons, according to my own observations on their conduct, having already had one recommended to me for the general of my artillery. But that, and all the other posts, I intend to keep open, until I can inform myself of the candidates having resolved in this case to depend no more upon their friends' word, than I would upon their own.

*From my own Apartment, October 31.*

\* I was this morning awakened by a sudden shake of the house; and as soon as I had got a little out of my consternation, I felt another, which was followed by two or three repetitions of the same convulsion. I got up as fast as possible, girt on my rapier, and snatched up my hat, when my landlady came up to me, and told me, 'that the gentlewoman of the next house begged me to step thither, for that a lodger she had taken in was run mad; and she desired my advice,' as indeed every body in the whole lane does upon important occasions. I am not, like some artists, saucy because I can be beneficial, but went immediately. Our



neighbour told us, 'she had the day before let her second floor to a very genteel youngish man, who told her, he kept extraordinary good hours, and was generally at home most part of the morning and evening at study; but that this morning he had for an hour together made this extravagant noise which we then heard.' I went up stairs with my hand upon the hilt of my rapier, and approached this new lodger's door. I looked in at the key-hole, and there I saw a well-made man look with great attention on a book, and, on a sudden, jump into the air so high, that his head almost touched the ceiling. He came down safe on his right foot, and again flew up, alighting on his left; then looked again at his book, and, holding out his right leg, put it into such a quivering motion, that I thought he would have shaken it off. He used the left after the same manner, when, on a sudden, to my great surprise, he stooped himself incredibly low, and turned gently on his toes. After this circular motion, he continued bent in that humble posture for some time, looking on his book. After this, he recovered himself with a sudden spring, and flew round the room in all the violence and disorder imaginable, until he made a full pause for want of breath. In this interim my woman asked, 'what I thought.' I whispered, 'that I thought this learned person an enthusiast, who possibly had his first education in the Peripatetic way, which was a sect of philosophers who always studied when walking.' But, observing him much out of breath, I thought it the best time to master him if he were disordered, and knocked at his door. I was surprised to find him open it, and say with great civility and good mein, 'that he hoped he had not disturbed us.' I believed him in a lucid interval, and desired 'he would please to let me see his book.' He did so, smiling. I could not make any thing of it, and, therefore, asked 'in what language it was writ.' He said, 'it was one he studied with great application; but it was his profession to teach it, and could not communicate his knowledge without a con-

as to communicate a dance by a letter.' I besought him hereafter to meditate in a ground-room, for that otherwise it would be impossible for an artist of any other kind to live near him; and that I was sure several of his thoughts this morning would have shaken my spectacles off my nose, had I been myself at study.

I then took my leave of this virtuoso, and returned to my chamber, meditating on the various occupations of rational creatures.

No. 89.] Thursday, November 3, 1709.

Rara mihi placeant, rigulæ in vallibus amnes,  
Flumina amem sylvasque inglorias—

Virg. Georg. ii. 485.

My next desire is, void of care and strife,  
To lead a soft, secure, inglorious life;  
A country cottage near a crystal flood,  
A winding valley, and a lofty wood. Dryden.

Grecian Coffee-house, November 2.

I HAVE received this short epistle from an unknown hand.

'SIR,

'I have no more to trouble you with, than to desire you would in your next help me to some answer to the enclosed concerning yourself. In the mean time I congratulate you upon the increase of your fame, which you see has extended itself beyond the bills of mortality.

'SIR,

'That the country is barren of news has been the excuse, time out of mind, for dropping a correspondence with our friends in London; as if it were impossible, out of a coffee-house, to write an agreeable letter. I am too ingenuous to endeavour at the covering of my negligence with so common an excuse. Doubtless, amongst friends, bred, as we have been, to the knowledge of books as well as men, a letter dated from a garden, a grotto, a fountain, a wood, a meadow, or the banks of a river, may be more entertaining than one from Tom's, Will's, White's, or St. James's. I promise, therefore, to be fre-

at her lover, with a parcel of romps of her acquaintance. One of them, who I suppose had the same design upon me, told me she said, 'Do you see how briskly my old gentleman mounts?' This made me cut off my amour, and to reflect with myself, that no married life could be so unhappy, as where the wife proposes no other advantage from her husband, than that of making herself fine, and keeping her out of the dirt.'

My fair client burst out a-laughing at the account I gave her of my escape, and went away seemingly convinced of the reasonableness of my discourse to her.

As soon as she was gone, my maid brought up the following epistle, which, by the style, and the description she gave of the person, I suppose was left by Nick Doubt. 'Hark you,' said he, 'girl, tell old Basket-hilt I would have him answer it by the first opportunity.' What he says is this.

'ISAAC,

'You seem a very honest fellow; therefore, pray tell me, did not you write that letter in praise of the squire and his lucubrations yourself,' &c.

The greatest plague of coxcombs is, that they often break upon you with an impertinent piece of good sense, as this jackanapes has hit me in a right place enough. I must confess, I am as likely to play such a trick as another; but that letter he speaks of was really genuine. When I first set up, I thought it fair enough to let myself know from all parts, that my works were wonderfully enquired for, and were become the diversion as well as instruction, of all the choice spirits in every county of Great Britain. I do not doubt but the more intelligent of my readers found it, before this jackanapes, I can call him no better, took upon him to observe upon my style and my basket-hilt. A very pleasant gentleman of my acquaintance told me one day a story of this kind of falsehood and vanity in an author.

Mævius showed him a paper of verses, which he said he had received that morning by the penny-post from an unknown hand. My friend admired them extremely. 'Sir,' said he, 'this must come from a man that is eminent: you see fire, life, and spirit, run through the whole, and at the same time a correctness, which shows he is used to writing. Pray, sir, read them over again.' He begins again, title and all; 'To Mævius, on his incomparable poems.' The second reading was performed with much more vehemence and action than the former; after which, my friend fell into downright raptures—'Why, they are truly sublime! there is energy in this line! description in that! Why! it is the thing itself! this is perfect picture!' Mævius could bear no more; but, 'Faith,' says he, 'Ned, to tell you the plain truth, I writ them myself.'

There goes just such another story of the same paternal tenderness in Bavius, an ingenious contemporary of mine, who had writ several comedies, which were rejected by the players. This, my friend Bavius took for envy, and therefore prevailed upon a gentleman to go with him to the play-house, and gave him a new play of his, desiring he would personate the author, and read it, to baffle the spite of the actors. The friend consented, and to reading they went. They had not gone over three similes, before Roscius the player made the acting author stop, and desired to know, 'what he meant by such a rapture? and how it came to pass, that in this condition of the lover, instead of acting according to his circumstances, he spent his time in considering what his present state was like?'—'That is very true,' says the mock author; 'I believe we had as good strike these lines out.'—'By your leave,' says Bavius, 'you shall not spoil your play, you are too modest; those very lines, for aught I know, are as good as any in your play, and they shall stand.' Well, they go on, and the particle 'and' stood unfortunately at the end of a verse, and was made to rhyme to the word 'stand.' This, Roscius excepted against. The new poet gave up that too, and said, 'he would not dispute for a monosyllable.'—'For a monosyllable,' says the real author, 'I can assure you, a monosyllable may be of as great force as a word of ten syllables. I tell you, sir, "and" is the connection of the matter in that place; without that word, you may put all that follows into any other play as well as this. Besides, if you leave it out, it will look as if you had put it in only for the sake of the rhyme.' Roscius persisted, assuring the gentleman, 'that it was impossible to speak it, but the "and" must be lost, so it might as well be blotted out.' Bavius snatched his play out of their hands, said, 'they were both blockheads,' and went off; repeating a couplet, because he would not make his exit irregularly. A witty man of these days compared this true and feigned poet to the contending mothers before Solomon; the true one was easily discovered from the pretender, by refusing to see his offspring dissected.

No. 92.] Thursday, November 10, 1709.

Falsus honor Juvat, et mendax infamiz terret  
Quem nisi mendosum et mendacem?—

Hor. l. Ep. xvi.

False praise can please, and calumny affright,  
None but the vicious and the hypocrite.

R. Wynne.

White's Chocolate-house, November 9.

I KNOW no manner of speaking so offensive as that of giving praise, and closing it with an exception; which proceeds (where men do not do it to introduce malice, and make calumny more effectual) from the common error of con-

sidering man as a perfect creature. But, if we rightly examine things, we shall find that there is a sort of economy in providence, that one shall excel where another is defective, in order to make men more useful to each other, and mix them in society. This man having this talent, and that man another, is as necessary in conversation, as one professing one trade, and another another, is beneficial in commerce. The happiest climate does not produce all things; and it was so ordered, that one part of the earth should want the product of another, for uniting mankind in a general correspondence and good understanding. It is, therefore, want of good sense as well as good nature, to say Simplicius has a better judgment, but not so much wit as Latius; for that these have not each other's capacities is no more a diminution to either than if you should say, Simplicius is not Latius, or Latius not Simplicius. The heathen world had so little notion that perfection was to be expected amongst men, that among them any one quality or endowment in an heroic degree made a god. Hercules had strength; but it was never objected to him that he wanted wit. Apollo presided over wit, and it was never asked whether he had strength. We hear no exceptions against the beauty of Minerva, or the wisdom of Venus. These wise heathens were glad to immortalize any one serviceable gift, and overlook all imperfections in the person who had it. But with us it is far otherwise, for we reject many eminent virtues, if they are accompanied with one apparent weakness. The reflecting after this manner made me account for the strange delight men take in reading lampoons and scandal, with which the age abounds, and of which I receive frequent complaints. Upon mature consideration, I find it is principally for this reason, that the worst of mankind, the libellers, receive so much encouragement in the world. The low race of men take a secret pleasure in finding an eminent character levelled to their condition by a report of its defects; and keep themselves in countenance, though they are excelled in a thousand virtues, if they believe they have in

of the character; as pages are chastized for the admonition of princes.\* When it is performed otherwise, the vicious are kept in credit, by placing men of merit in the same accusation. But all the pasquils, lampoons, and libels we meet with now-a-days are a sort of playing with the four-and-twenty letters, and throwing them into names and characters, without sense, truth, or wit. In this case, I am in great perplexity to know whom they mean, and should be in distress for those they abuse, if I did not see their judgment and ingenuity in those they commend. This is the true way of examining a libel; and when men consider, that no one man living thinks the better of their heroes and patrons for the panegyric given them, none can think themselves lessened by their invective. The hero or patron in a libel is but a scavenger to carry off the dirt, and by that very employment is the filthiest creature in the street. Dedications and panegyrics are frequently ridiculous, let them be addressed where they will; but at the front, or in the body of a libel, to commend a man, is saying to the persons applauded, 'My Lord, or Sir, I have pulled down all men that the rest of the world think great and honourable, and here is a clear stage; you may, as you please, be valiant or wise; you may choose to be on the military or civil list; for there is no one brave who commands, or just who has power. You may rule the world now it is empty, which exploded you when it was full: I have knocked out the brains of all whom mankind thought good for any thing; and I doubt not but you will regard that invention, which found out the only expedient to make your lordship, or your worship, of any consideration.'

Had I the honour to be in a libel, and had escaped the approbation of the author, I should look upon it exactly in this manner. But though it is a thing thus perfectly indifferent who is exalted or debased in such performances, yet it is not so with relation to the authors of them; therefore, I shall, for the good of my country, hereafter take upon me to punish these wretches. What is already passed may

acquainted with the styles of all my contemporaries, that I shall not fail of doing them justice, with their proper names, and at their full length. Let those miscreants, therefore, enjoy their present act of oblivion, and take care how they offend hereafter.

But, to avert our eyes from such objects, it is, methinks, but requisite to settle our opinion in the case of praise and blame. I believe, the only true way to cure that sensibility of reproach, which is a common weakness with the most virtuous men, is to fix their regard firmly upon only what is strictly true, in relation to their advantage, as well as diminution. For, if I am pleased with commendation which I do not deserve, I shall, from the same temper, be concerned at scandal I do not deserve. But he that can think of false applause with as much contempt, as false detraction, will certainly be prepared for all adventures, and will become all occasions. 'Undeserved praise can please only those who want merit, and undeserved reproach frighten only those who want sincerity.'\* I have thought of this with so much attention, that I fancy there can be no other method in nature found for the cure of that delicacy which gives good men pain under calumny, but placing satisfaction no where but in a just sense of their own integrity, without regard to the opinion of others. If we have not such a foundation as this, there is no help against scandal but being in obscurity, which to noble minds is not being at all. The truth of it is, this love of praise dwells most in great and heroic spirits; and those who best deserve it have generally the most exquisite relish of it. Methinks I see the renowned Alexander, after a painful and laborious march, amidst the heats of a parched soil and a burning climate, sitting over the head of a fountain, and, after a draught of water, pronounce that memorable saying, 'Oh! Athenians! How much do I suffer that you may speak well of me?' The Athenians were at that time the learned of the world, and their libels against Alexander were written, as he was a professed enemy of their state. But how monstrous would such invectives have appeared in Macedonians!

As love of reputation is a darling passion in great men, so the defence of them in this particular is the business of every man of honour and honesty. We should run on such an occasion, as if a public building was on fire, to their relief: and all who spread or publish

*From my own Apartment, November 9.*

The chat I had to-day at White's about fame and scandal put me in mind of a person who has often writ to me unregarded, and has a very moderate ambition in this particular. His name, it seems, is Charles Lillie, and he recommends himself to my observation as one that sold snuff next door to the Fountain tavern, in the Strand, and was burnt out when he began to have a reputation in his way.

\* MR. BICKERSTAFF,

'I suppose, through a hurry of business, you have either forgot me, or lost my last of this nature, which was to beg the favour of being advantageously exposed in your paper, chiefly for the reputation of snuff. Be pleased to pardon this trouble from, Sir,

'Your very humble servant,

'C. L.

'I am a perfumer, at the corner of Beaufort-buildings, in the Strand.'

This same Charles leaves it to me to say what I will of him; and I am not a little pleased with the ingenious manner of his address. Taking snuff is what I have declared against; but, as his holiness the pope allows whoring for the taxes raised by the ladies of pleasure; so I, to repair the loss of an unhappy trader, indulge all persons in that custom who buy of Charles. There is something so particular in the request of the man, that I shall send for him before me, and I believe I shall find he has a genius for bawbles. If so, I shall, for aught I know, at his shop, give licensed canes to those who are really lame, and tubes to those who are unfeignedly short-sighted; and forbid all others to vend the same.

No. 93.] Saturday, November 12, 1709.

*Will's Coffee-house, November 11.*

THE French humour of writing epistles, and publishing their fulsome compliments to each other, is a thing I frequently complain of in this place. It is, methinks, from the prevalence of this silly custom, that there is so little instruction in the conversation of our distant friends. For which reason, during the whole course of my life. I have desired my acquaint-

merce. To desire to know how Damon goes on with his courtship to Sylvia, or how the wine tastes at the Old Devil, are thread-bare subjects, and cold treats, which our absent friends might have given us without going out of town for them. A friend of mine, who went to travel, used me far otherwise; for he gave me a prospect of the place, or an account of the people, from every country through which he passed. Among others which I was looking over this evening, I am not a little delighted with this which follows:

‘DEAR SIR,

‘I believe this is the first letter that was ever sent you from the middle region, where I am at this present writing. Not to keep you in suspense, it comes to you from the top of the highest mountain in Switzerland, where I am now shivering among the eternal frosts and snows. I can scarce forbear dating it in December, though they call it the first of August at the bottom of the mountain. I assure you I can hardly keep my ink from freezing in the middle of the dog-days. I am here entertained with the prettiest variety of snow-prospects that you can imagine; and have several pits of it before me, that are very near as old as the mountain itself; for in this country, it is as lasting as marble. I am now upon a spot of it, which they tell me fell about the reign of Charlemagne, or king Pepin. The inhabitants of the country are as great curiosities as the country itself. They generally hire themselves out in their youth, and if they are musket-proof until about fifty, they bring home the money they have got, and the limbs they have left, to pass the rest of their time among their native mountains. One of the gentlemen of the place, who is come off with the loss of an eye only, told me, by way of boast, that there were now seven wooden legs in his family; and that, for these four generations, there had not been one in his line that carried a whole body with him to the grave. I believe you will think the style of this letter a little extraordinary; but the Bohemians will tell you

opinion upon our ordinary method of sending young gentlemen to travel for their education. ‘It is certain,’ said he, ‘if gentlemen travel at an age proper for them, during the course of their voyages, their accounts to their friends, and, after their return, their discourse and conversations will have in them something above what we can meet with, from those who have not had those advantages.’ At the same time, it is to be observed, that every temper and genius is not qualified for this way of improvement. Men may change their climate, but they cannot their nature. A man that goes out a fool cannot ride or sail himself into common sense. Therefore, let me but walk over London-bridge with a young man, and I will tell you infallibly whether going over the Rialto at Venice will make him wiser.

It is not to be imagined how many I have saved in my time from banishment, by letting their parents know they were good for nothing. But this is to be done with much tenderness. There is my cousin Harry has a son, who is the dullest mortal that ever was born into our house; he had got his trunk and his books all packed up to be transported into foreign parts, for no reason but because the boy never talked; and his father said, he wanted to know the world. I could not say to a fond parent that the boy was dull; but looked grave, and told him, ‘the youth was very thoughtful, and I feared he might have some doubts about religion, with which it was not proper to go into Roman catholic countries.’ He is accordingly kept here until he declares himself upon some points, which I am sure he will never think of. By this means, I have prevented the dishonour of having a fool of our house laughed at in all parts of Europe. He is now with his father upon his own estate, and he has sent to me to get him a wife, which I shall do with all convenient speed; but it shall be such a one, whose good-nature shall hide his faults, and good sense supply them. The truth of it is, that race is of the true British kind. They are of our country only; it hurts them to trans-

when he is setting out ; and, if he then knows none of his friends and acquaintance but by their cloaths and faces, it is my humble opinion, that he stay at home. His parents should take care to marry him, and see what they can get out of him that way ; for there is a certain sort of men, who are no otherwise to be regarded but as they descend from men of consequence, and may beget valuable successors ; and, if we consider that men are to be esteemed only as they are useful, while a stupid wretch is at the head of a great family, we may say, the race is suspended, as properly as when it is all gone, we say it is extinct.

*From my own Apartment, November 11.*

I had several hints and advertisements from unknown hands, that some, who are enemies to my labours, design to demand the fashionable way of satisfaction for the disturbance my lucubrations have given them. I confess, as things now stand, I do not know how to deny such inviters, and am preparing myself accordingly. I have bought pumps and files, and am every morning practising in my chamber. My neighbour the dancing-master, has demanded of me, 'why I take this liberty, since I would not allow it him?' but I answered, 'his was an act of an indifferent nature, and mine of necessity.' My late treatises against duels have so far disobliterated the fraternity of the noble science of defence, that I can get none of them to show me so much as one pass. I am, therefore, obliged to learn by book ; and have, accordingly, several volumes, wherein all the postures are exactly delineated. I must confess, I am shy of letting people see me at this exercise, because of my flannel waistcoat, and my spectacles, which I am forced to fix on, the better to observe the posture of the enemy.

I have upon my chamber walls drawn at full length the figures of all sorts of men, from eight feet to three feet two inches. Within this height, I take it, that all the fighting men of Great Britain are comprehended. But, as I push, I make allowances for my being of a lank and spare body, and have chalked out in every figure my own dimensions ; for I scorn to rob any man of his life by taking advantage of his breadth : therefore, I press purely in a line down from his nose, and take no more of him to assault than he has of me : for, to speak impartially, if a lean fellow wounds a fat one in any part to the right or left, whether it be in *carte* or in *terce*, beyond the dimensions of the said lean fellow's own breadth, I take it to be murder, and such a murder as is below a gentleman to commit. As I am spare, I am also very tall, and behave myself with relation to that advantage with the same punctilio ; and I am ready to stoop or stand, according to the stature of my adversary. I must confess, I have had great success this morning, and have hit

every figure round the room in a mortal part, without receiving the least hurt, except a little scratch by falling on my face, in pushing at one at the lower end of my chamber ; but I recovered so quick, and jumped so nimbly into my guard, that if he had been alive, he could not have hurt me. It is confessed I have written against duels with some warmth ; but in all my discourses I have not ever said that I knew how a gentleman could avoid a duel if he were provoked to it ; and, since that custom is now become a law, I know nothing but the legislative power, with new animadversions upon it, can put us in a capacity of denying challenges, though we were afterwards hanged for it. But no more of this at present. As things stand, I shall put up no more affronts ; and I shall be so far from taking ill words, that I will not take ill looks. I, therefore, warn all hot young fellows not to look hereafter more terrible than their neighbours ; for, if they stare at me with their hats cocked higher than other people, I will not bear it. Nay, I give warning to all people in general to look kindly at me, for I will bear no frowns, even from ladies ; and if any woman pretends to look scornfully at me, I shall demand satisfaction of the next of kin of the masculine gender.

No. 94.] *Tuesday, November 15, 1709.*

*Si non errasset, fecerat ille minus. Mart. l. 22.*

Had he not err'd, his glory had been less.

*Will's Coffee-house, November 14.*

THAT which we call gallantry to women seems to be the heroic virtue of private persons ; and there never breathed one man, who did not, in that part of his days wherein he was recommending himself to his mistress, do something beyond his ordinary course of life. As this has a very great effect even upon the most slow and common men ; so, upon such as it finds qualified with virtue and merit, it shines out in proportionable degrees of excellence. It gives new grace to the most eminent accomplishments ; and he, who of himself has either wit, wisdom, or valour, exerts each of these noble endowments, when he becomes a lover, with a certain beauty of action above what was ever observed in him before ; and all who are without any one of these qualities are to be looked upon as the rabble of mankind.

I was talking after this manner in a corner of this place with an old acquaintance, who, taking me by the hand, said, 'Mr. Bickerstaff, your discourse recalls to my mind a story, which I have longed to tell you ever since read that article wherein you desire your friends to give you accounts of obscure merit.' The story I had of him is literally true, and well known to be so in the country wherein the

circumstances were transacted. He acquainted me with the names of the persons concerned, which I shall change into feigned ones; there being a respect due to their families that are still in being, as well as that the names themselves would not be so familiar to an English ear. The adventure really happened in Denmark; and if I can remember all the passages, I doubt not but it will be as moving to my readers as it was to me.

Clarinda and Chloe, two very fine women, were bred up as sisters in the family of Romeo, who was the father of Chloë, and the guardian of Clarinda. Philander, a young gentleman of a good person, and charming conversation, being a friend of old Romeo, frequented his house, and by that means was much in conversation with the young ladies, though still in the presence of the father and the guardian. The ladies both entertained a secret passion for him, and could see well enough, notwithstanding the delight which he really took in Romeo's conversation, that there was something more in his heart, which made him so assiduous a visitant. Each of them thought herself the happy woman; but the person beloved was Chloë. It happened that both of them were at a play in a carnival evening, when it is the fashion there, as well as in most countries of Europe, both for men and women to appear in masks and disguises. It was on that memorable night, in the year 1679, when the play-house by some unhappy accident was set on fire. Philander, in the first hurry of the disaster, immediately ran where his treasure was; burst open the door of the box, snatched the lady up in his arms; and, with unspeakable resolution and good fortune, carried her off safe. He was no sooner out of the crowd, but he set her down; and, grasping her in his arms, with all the raptures of a deserving lover, 'How happy am I,' says he, 'in an opportunity to tell you I love you more than all things, and of showing you the sincerity of my passion at the very first declaration of it!' 'My dear, dear Philander,' says the lady, pulling off her mask, 'this is not a time for art; you are much dearer to me than the life you have preserved; and the joy of my present deliverance does not transport me so much as the passion which occasioned it.' Who can tell the grief, the astonishment, the terror, that appeared in the face of Philander, when he saw the person he spoke to was Clarinda! After a short pause, 'Madam,' says he, with the looks of a dead man, 'we are both mistaken;' and immediately flew away, without hearing the distressed Clarinda, who had just strength enough to cry out, 'Cruel Philander! why did you not leave me in the theatre?' Crowds of people immediately gathered about her, and, after having brought her to herself, conveyed her to the house of the good old unhappy Romeo. Philander was

now pressing against a whole tide of people at the doors of the theatre, and striving to enter with more earnestness than any there endeavoured to get out. He did it at last, and with much difficulty forced his way to the box where his beloved Chloë stood, expecting her fate amidst this scene of terror and distraction. She revived at the sight of Philander, who fell about her neck with a tenderness not to be expressed; and, amidst a thousand sobs and sighs, told her his love, and his dreadful mistake. The stage was now in flames, and the whole house full of smoke: the entrances was quite barred up with heaps of people, who had fallen upon one another as they endeavoured to get out. Swords were drawn, shrieks heard on all sides; and, in short, no possibility of an escape for Philander himself, had he been capable of making it without his Chloë. But his mind was above such a thought, and wholly employed in weeping, condoling, and comforting. He catches her in his arms. The fire surrounds them, while—I cannot go on—

Were I an infidel, misfortunes like this would convince me that there must be a hereafter: for who can believe that so much virtue could meet with so great distress without a following reward? As for my part, I am so old-fashioned, as firmly to believe, that all who perish in such generous enterprises are relieved from the further exercise of life; and Providence, which sees their virtue consummate and manifest, takes them to an immediate reward, in a being more suitable to the grandeur of their spirits. What else can wipe away our tears, when we contemplate such undeserved, such irreparable distresses? It was a sublime thought in some of the heathens of old;

— Quis grata curam  
Armorumque fuit viris, quis cura silentis  
Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos. *Virg.*

That is, in other words, 'The same employments and inclinations which were the entertainment of virtuous men upon earth make up their happiness in Elysium.'

*From my own Apartment, November 14.*

When I came home this evening, I found a present from Mr. Charles Lillie, the perfumer, at the corner of Beaufort-buildings, with a letter of thanks for the mention I made of him. He tells me, 'several of my gentle readers have obliged me in buying at his shop upon my recommendation.' I have enquired into the man's capacity, and find him an adept in his way. He has several helps to discourse besides snuff, which is the best Barcelona, and sells an orange-flower water, which seems to me to have in it the right spirit of brains; and I am informed, he extracts it according to the manner used in Gresham-College.\* I recommend

\* The Royal Society then met at Gresham-College.

it to the handkerchiefs of all young pleaders. It cures or supplies all pauses and hesitations in speech, and creates a general alacrity of the spirit. When it is used as a gargle, it gives volubility to the tongue, and never fails of that necessary step towards pleasing others, making a man pleased with himself. I have taken security of him, that he shall not raise the price of any of his commodities for these or any other occult qualities in them; but he is to sell them at the same price which you give at the common perfumers. Mr. Lillie has brought further security, that he will not sell the boxes made for politicians to lovers; nor, on the contrary, those proper for lovers to men of speculation: 'At this time, to avoid confusion, the best orangerie for beaux, and right musty for politicians.'

— My almanack is to be published on the twenty-second, and, from that instant, all lovers, in raptures or epistles, are to forbear the comparison of their mistresses' eyes to stars: I having made use of that simile in my dedication for the last time it shall ever pass, and on the properest occasion that it was ever employed. All ladies are hereby desired to take notice, that they never receive that simile in payment for any similes they shall bestow for the future.

On Saturday night last a gentlewoman's husband strayed from the play-house in the Hay-market. If the lady who was seen to take him up will restore him, she shall be asked no questions, he being of no use but to the owner.

No. 95.] Thursday, November 17, 1709.

*Interius dulces pendent circum oscula nati,  
Casta particitium servat domes.*

*Virg. Georg. li. 523.*

*His caves are eas'd with intervals of bliss;  
His little children, climbing for a kiss,  
Welcome their father's late return at night;  
His faithful bed is crown'd with chaste delight.*

*Dryden.*

*From my own Apartment, November 16.*

THERE are several persons who have many pleasures and entertainments in their possession, which they do not enjoy. It is, therefore, a kind and good office to acquaint them with their own happiness, and turn their attention to such instances of their good fortune as they are apt to overlook. Persons in the married state often want such a monitor; and pine away their days, by looking upon the same condition in anguish and murmur, which carries with it in the opinion of others a complication of all the pleasures of life, and a retreat from its inquietudes.

I am led into this thought by a visit I made an old friend, who was formerly my school-fellow. He came to town last week with his family

for the winter, and yesterday morning sent me word his wife expected me to dinner. I am, as it were, at home at that house, and every member of it knows me for their well-wisher. I cannot indeed express the pleasure it is, to be met by the children with so much joy as I am when I go thither. The boys and girls strive who shall come first, when they think it is I that am knocking at the door; and that child which loses the race to me runs back again to tell the father it is Mr. Bickerstaff. This day I was led in by a pretty girl, that we all thought must have forgot me; for the family has been out of town these two years. Her knowing me again was a mighty subject with us, and took up our discourse at the first entrance. After which, they began to rally me upon a thousand little stories they heard in the country, about my marriage to one of my neighbour's daughters. Upon which the gentleman, my friend, said, 'Nay, if Mr. Bickerstaff marries a child of any of his old companions, I hope mine shall have the preference; there is Mrs. Mary is now sixteen, and would make him as fine a widow as the best of them. But I know him too well; he is so enamoured with the very memory of those who flourished in our youth, that he will not so much as look upon the modern beauties. I remember, old gentleman, how often you went home in a day to refresh your countenance and dress when Teraminta reigned in your heart. As we came up in the coach, I repeated to my wife some of your verses on her.' With such reflections on little passages which happened long ago, we passed our time, during a cheerful and elegant meal. After dinner, his lady left the room, as did also the children. As soon as we were alone, he took me by the hand; 'Well, my good friend,' says he, 'I am heartily glad to see thee; I was afraid you would never have seen all the company that dined with you to-day again. Do not you think the good woman of the house a little altered, since you followed her from the play-house, to find out who she was, for me?' I perceived a tear fall down his cheek as he spoke, which moved me not a little. But, to turn the discourse, I said, 'She is not indeed quite that creature she was, when she returned me the letter I carried from you; and told me, "she hoped, as I was a gentleman, I would be employed no more to trouble her, who had never offended me; but would be so much the gentleman's friend, as to dissuade him from a pursuit, which he could never succeed in." You may remember, I thought her in earnest; and you were forced to employ your cousin Will, who made his sister get acquainted with her, for you. You cannot expect her to be for ever fifteen.' 'Fifteen!' replied my good friend: 'Ah! you little understand, you that have lived a bachelor, how great, how exquisite a pleasure there is, in



being really beloved! It is impossible, that the most beauteous face in nature should raise in me such pleasing ideas, as when I look upon that excellent woman. That fading in her countenance is chiefly caused by her watching with me, in my fever. This was followed by a fit of sickness, which had like to have carried her off last winter. I tell you sincerely, I have so my obligations to her, that I cannot, with any sort of moderation, think of her present state of health. But as to what you say of fifteen, she gives me every day pleasures beyond what I ever knew in the possession of her beauty, when I was in the vigour of youth. Every moment of her life brings me fresh instances of her complacency to my inclinations, and her prudence in regard to my fortune. Her face is to me much more beautiful than when I first saw it; there is no decay in any feature, which I cannot trace, from the very instant it was occasioned by some anxious concern for my welfare and interests. Thus, at the same time, methinks, the love I conceived towards her for what she was, is heightened by my gratitude for what she is. The love of a wife is as much above the idle passion commonly called by that name, as the loud laughter of buffoons is inferior to the elegant mirth of gentlemen. Oh! she is an inestimable jewel. In her examination of her household affairs, she shows a certain fearfulness to find a fault, which makes her servants obey her like children; and the meanest we have has an ingenuous shame for an offence, not always to be seen in children in other families. I speak freely to you, my old friend; ever since her sickness, things that gave me the quickest joy before, turn now to a certain anxiety. As the children play in the next room, I know the poor things by their steps, and am considering what they must do, should they lose their mother in their tender years. The pleasure I used to take in telling my boy stories of battles, and asking my girl questions about the disposal of her baby, and the gossiping of it, is turned into inward reflection and melancholy.

He would have gone on in this tender way, when the good lady entered, and with an inexpressible sweetness in her countenance told us, 'she had been searching her closet for something very good, to treat such an old friend as I was.' Her husband's eyes sparkled with pleasure at the cheerfulness of her countenance; and I saw all his fears vanish in an instant. The lady observing something in our looks which showed we had been more serious than ordinary, and seeing her husband receive her with great concern under a forced cheerfulness, immediately guessed at what we had been talking of; and applying herself to me, said, with a smile, 'Mr. Bickerstaff, do not believe a word of what he tells you, I shall still live to have you for my second, as I have often

promised you, unless he takes more care of himself than he has done since his coming to town. You must know, he tells me that he finds London is a much more healthy place than the country; for he sees several of his old acquaintance and school-fellows are here *young fellows with fair full-bottomed periwigs*. I could scarce keep him this morning from going out *open-breasted*.' My friend, who is always extremely delighted with her agreeable humour, made her sit down with us. She did it with that easiness which is peculiar to women of sense; and to keep up the good humour she had brought in with her, turned her railery upon me. 'Mr. Bickerstaff, you remember you followed me one night from the playhouse; suppose you should carry me thither to-morrow night, and lead me into the front box.' This put us into a long field of discourse about the beauties, who were mothers to the present, and shined in the boxes twenty years ago. I told her, 'I was glad she had transferred so many of her charms, and I did not question but her eldest daughter was within half-a-year of being a toast.'

We were pleasing ourselves with this fantastical preference of the young lady, when on a sudden we were alarmed with the noise of a drum, and immediately entered my little godson to give me a point of war. His mother, between laughing and chiding, would have put him out of the room; but I would not part with him so. I found, upon conversation with him, though he was a little noisy in his mirth, that the child had excellent parts, and was a great master of all the learning on the other side eight years old. I perceived him a very great historian in *Æsop's Fables*: but he frankly declared to me his mind, 'that he did not delight in that learning, because he did not believe they were true; for which reason I found he had very much turned his studies, for about a twelvemonth past, into the lives and adventures of Don Bellianis of Greece, Guy of Warwick, the Seven Champions, and other historians of that age. I could not but observe the satisfaction the father took in the forwardness of his son; and that these diversions might turn to some profit, I found the boy had made remarks, which might be of service to him during the course of his whole life. He would tell you the mismanagements of John Hickerthrift, find fault with the passionate temper in Bevis of Southampton, and loved Saint George for being the champion of England;' and by this means had his thoughts insensibly moulded into the notions of discretion, virtue, and honour. I was extolling his accomplishments, when the mother told me, 'that the little girl who led me in this morn-

\* This is a subject which has occasioned a very learned altercation between some of our most eminent antiquaries.

ing was in her way a better scholar than he. Betty,' said she, 'deals chiefly in fairies and sprights; and sometimes in a winter-night will terrify the maids with her accounts, until they are afraid to go up to bed.'

I sat with them until it was very late, sometimes in merry, sometimes in serious discourse, with this particular pleasure, which gives the only true relish to all conversation, a sense that every one of us liked each other. I went home, considering the different conditions of a married life and that of a bachelor; and I must confess it struck me with a secret concern, to reflect, that whenever I go off I shall leave no traces behind me. In this pensive mood I return to my family; that is to say, to my maid, my dog, and my cat, who only can be the better or worse for what happens to me.

No. 96.] *Saturday, November 19, 1709.*

*Is nihil demum vivere et frui animâ vixitæ, qui aliquo negotio intentus, præclari facinoris aut artis bonæ famam querit. Sall. Bel. Cat.*

In my opinion, he only may be truly said to live, and enjoy his being, who is engaged in some laudable pursuit, and acquires a name by some illustrious action, or useful art.

*From my own Apartment, November 17.*

It has cost me very much care and thought to marshal and fix the people under their proper denominations, and to range them according to their respective characters. These my endeavours have been received with unexpected success in one kind, but neglected in another: for, though I have many readers, I have but few converts. This must certainly proceed from a false opinion, that what I write is designed rather to amuse and entertain, than convince and instruct. I entered upon my Essays with a declaration that I should consider mankind in quite another manner than they had hitherto been represented to the ordinary world; and asserted, that none but a useful life should be, with me, any life at all. But, lest this doctrine should have made this small progress towards the conviction of mankind, because it may have appeared to the unlearned light and whimsical, I must take leave to unfold the wisdom and antiquity of my first proposition in these my Essays, to wit, that 'every worthless man is a dead man.' This notion is as old as Pythagoras, in whose school it was a point of discipline, that if among the *Academics*, or probationers, there were any who grew weary of studying to be useful, and returned to an idle life, they were to regard them as dead; and, upon their departing, to perform their obsequies, and raise their tombs, with inscriptions to warn others of the like mortality, and quicken them to resolutions of refining their souls above that wretched state. It is upon a

like supposition, that young ladies, at this very time, in Roman catholic countries, are received into some nunneries with their coffins, and with the pomp of a formal funeral, to signify, that henceforth they are to be of no further use, and consequently dead. Nor was Pythagoras himself the first author of this symbol, with whom, and with the Hebrews, it was generally received. Much more might be offered in illustration of this doctrine from sacred authority, which I recommend to my reader's own reflection; who will easily recollect, from places which I do not think fit to quote here, the forcible manner of applying the words *dead and living*, to men as they are good or bad.

I have, therefore, composed the following scheme of existence for the benefit both of the living and the dead; though chiefly for the latter, whom I must desire to read it with all possible attention. In the number of the dead I comprehend all persons, of what title or dignity soever, who bestow most of their time in eating and drinking, to support that imaginary existence of theirs, which they call life; or in dressing and adorning those shadows and apparitions, which are looked upon by the vulgar as real men and women. In short, whoever resides in the world without having any business in it, and passes away an age without ever thinking on the errand for which he was sent hither, is to me a dead man to all intents and purposes; and I desire that he may be so reputed. The living are only those that are some way or other laudably employed in the improvement of their own minds, or for the advantage of others; and even amongst these, I shall only reckon into their lives that part of their time which has been spent in the manner above-mentioned. By these means, I am afraid, we shall find the longest lives not to consist of many months, and the greatest part of the earth to be quite unpeopled. According to this system, we may observe, that some men are born at twenty years of age, some at thirty, some at threescore, and some not above an hour before they die: nay, we may observe multitudes that die without ever being born, as well as many dead persons that fill up the bulk of mankind, and make a better figure in the eyes of the ignorant, than those who are alive, and in their proper and full state of health. However, since there may be many good subjects that pay their taxes, and live peaceably in their habitations, who are not yet born, or have departed this life several years since, my design is, to encourage both to join themselves as soon as possible to the number of the living. For as I invite the former to break forth into being, and become good for something; so I allow the latter a state of resuscitation; which I chiefly mention for the sake of a person who has lately published an advertisement, with several scurrilous terms in it, that do by no means become

a dead man to give: it is my departed friend John Partridge, who concludes the advertisement of his next year's almanack with the following note:

Whereas it has been industriously given out by Isaac Bickerstaff, esquire, and others, to prevent the sale of this year's almanack, that John Partridge is dead: this may inform all his loving countrymen, that he is still living in health, and they are knaves that reported it otherwise.

J. P.

*From my own Apartment, November 18.*

When an engineer finds his guns have not had their intended effect, he changes his batteries. I am forced at present to take this method; and instead of continuing to write against the singularity some are guilty of in their habit and behaviour, I shall henceforward desire them to persevere in it; and not only so, but shall take it as a favour of all the coxcombs in the town, if they will set marks upon themselves, and by some particular in their dress show to what class they belong. It would be very obliging in all such persons, who feel in themselves that they are not of sound understanding, to give the world notice of it, and spare mankind the pains of finding them out. A cane upon the fifth button shall from henceforth be the type of a Dapper; red-heeled shoes, and a hat hung upon one side of the head, shall signify a Smart; a good periwig made into a twist, with a brisk cock, shall speak a Mettled Fellow; and an upper lip covered with snuff, denote a Coffee-house Statesman. But as it is required that all coxcombs hang out their signs, it is on the other hand expected that men of real merit should avoid any thing particular in their dress, gait, or behaviour. For, as we old men delight in proverbs, I cannot forbear bringing out one on this occasion, 'That good wine needs no bush.\*' I must not leave this subject without reflecting on several persons I have lately met with who at a distance seem very terrible; but upon a stricter enquiry into their looks and features, appear as meek and harmless as any of my own neighbours. These are country gentlemen, who of late years have taken up a humour of coming to town in red coats, whom an arch wag of my acquaintance used to describe very well, by calling them 'sheep in wolves, clothing.' I have often won-

dered, that honest gentlemen, who are good neighbours, and live quietly in their own possessions, should take it in their heads to frighten the town after this unreasonable manner. I shall think myself obliged, if they persist in so unnatural a dress, notwithstanding any posts they may have in the militia, to give away their red coats to any of the soldiery who shall think fit to strip them, provided the said soldiers can make it appear that they belong to a regiment where there is a deficiency in the cloathing.

About two days ago I was walking in the Park, and accidentally met a rural 'squire, clothed in all the types above-mentioned, with a carriage and behaviour made entirely out of his own head. He was of a bulk and stature larger than ordinary, had a red coat, flung open to show a gay calamanco waistcoat. His periwig fell in a very considerable bush upon each shoulder. His arms naturally swang at an unreasonable distance from his sides; which, with the advantage of a cane that he brandished in a great variety of irregular motions, made it unsafe for any one to walk within several yards of him. In this manner he took up the whole Mall, his spectators moving on each side of it, whilst he cocked up his hat, and marched directly for Westminster. I cannot tell who this gentleman is, but, for my comfort, may say with the lover in Terence, who lost sight of a fine young lady, 'Wherever thou art, thou canst not be long concealed.'

*St. James's Coffee-house, November 18.*

By letters from Paris of the sixteenth we are informed that the French king, the princes of the blood, and the elector of Bavaria, had lately killed fifty-five pheasants.

\* \* \* Whereas, several have industriously spread abroad, that I am in partnership with Charles Lillie, the perfumer, at the corner of Beaufort Buildings; I must say with my friend Partridge, that they are knaves who reported it. However, since the said Charles has promised that all his customers shall be mine, I must desire all mine to be his; and dare answer for him, that if you ask in my name for snuff, Hungary or orange water, you shall have the best the town affords, at the cheapest rate.

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No. 2. Tuesday, November 20, 1790.

From my own Apartment, November 21.

HAVING swept away prodigious multitudes in my last paper, and brought a great destruction upon my own species, I must endeavour in this to raise fresh recruits, and, if possible, to supply the places of the unborn and the deceased. It is said of Xerxes, that when he stood upon a hill, and saw the whole country round him covered with his army, he burst out into tears, to think that not one of that multitude would be alive a hundred years after. For my part, when I take a survey of this populous city, I can scarce forbear weeping, to see how few of its inhabitants are now living. It was with this thought that I drew up my last bill of mortality, and endeavoured to set out in it the great number of persons who have perished by a distemper, commonly known by the name of idleness, which has long raged in the world, and destroys more in every great town than the plague has done at Dantzick.* To repair the mischief it has done, and stock the world with a better race of mortals, I have more hopes of bringing to life those that are young, than of reviving those that are old. For which reason, I shall here set down that noble allegory which was written by an old author called Prodicus, but recommended and embellished by Socrates. It is the description of Virtue and Pleasure making their court to Hercules, under the appearance of two beautiful women.

When Hercules, says the divine moralist, was in that part of his youth, in which it was natural for him to consider what course of life he ought to pursue, he one day retired into a desert, where the silence and solitude of the place very much favoured his meditations. As he was musing on his present condition, and very much perplexed in himself on the state of life he should choose, he saw two women of a larger stature than ordinary approaching towards him. One of them had a very noble air, and graceful deportment; her beauty was natural and easy, her person clean and unspotted, her eyes cast towards the ground with an agreeable reserve, her motion and behaviour full of modesty, and her raiment as white as snow. The other had a great deal of health

then turned them on those that were present, to see how they liked her, and often looked on the figure she made in her own shadow. Upon her nearer approach to Hercules, she stepped before the other lady, who came forward with a regular composed carriage, and running up to him, accosted him after the following manner

'My dear Hercules,' says she, 'I find you are very much divided in your own thoughts, upon the way of life that you ought to choose. Be my friend, and follow me; I will lead you into the possession of pleasure, and out of the reach of pain, and remove you from all the noise and disquietude of business. The affairs of either war or peace shall have no power to disturb you. Your whole employment shall be, to make your life easy, and to entertain every sense with its proper gratification. Sumptuous tables, beds of roses, clouds of perfumes, concerts of music, crowds of beauties, are all in readiness to receive you. Come along with me into this region of delights, this world of pleasure, and bid farewell for ever to care, to pain, to business.'

Hercules, hearing the lady talk after this manner, desired to know her name; to which she answered, 'My friends, and those who are well acquainted with me, call me Happiness; but my enemies, and those who would injure my reputation, have given me the name of Pleasure.'

By this time the other lady was come up, who addressed herself to the young hero in a very different manner.

'Hercules,' says she, 'I offer myself to you because I know you are descended from the gods, and give proofs of that descent by your love to virtue, and application to the studies proper for your age. This makes me hope you will gain both for yourself and me an immortal reputation. But, before I invite you into my society and friendship, I will be open and sincere with you, and must lay down this as an established truth, That there is nothing truly valuable, which can be purchased without pains and labour. The gods have set a price upon every real and noble pleasure. If you would gain the favour of the deity, you must be at the pains of worshipping him; if the friendship

passion made up of scorn and pity, 'what are the pleasures you propose? To eat before you are hungry, drink before you are a-thirst, sleep before you are a-tired, to gratify appetites before they are raised, and raise such appetites as nature never planted. You never heard the most delicious music, which is the praise of one's self; nor saw the most beautiful object, which is the work of one's own hands. Your votaries pass away their youth in a dream of mistaken pleasures, while they are boarding up anguish, torment, and remorse for old age.

'As for me, I am the friend of the gods and of good men, an agreeable companion to the artizan, a household guardian to the fathers of families, a patron and protector of servants, an associate in all true and generous friendships. The banquets of my votaries are never costly, but always delicious; for none eat or drink at them who are not invited by hunger and thirst. Their slumbers are sound, and their wakings cheerful. My young men have the pleasure of hearing themselves praised by those who are in years; and those who are in years, of being honoured by those who are young. In a word, my followers are favoured by the gods, beloved by their acquaintance, esteemed by their country, and, after the close of their labours, honoured by posterity.'

We know by the life of this memorable hero, to which of these two ladies he gave up his heart; and, I believe, every one who reads this will do him the justice to approve his choice.

I very much admire the speeches of these ladies as containing in them the chief arguments for a life of virtue, or a life of pleasure, that could enter into the thoughts of a heathen; but am particularly pleased with the different figures he gives the two goddesses. Our modern authors have represented pleasure or vice with an alluring face, but ending in snakes and monsters. Here she appears in all the charms of beauty, though they are all false and borrowed; and by that means composes a vision entirely natural and pleasing.

I have translated this allegory for the benefit of the youth of Great Britain; and particularly of those who are still in the deplorable state of non-existence, and whom I most earnestly entreat to come into the world. Let my embryos show the least inclination to any single virtue, and I shall allow it to be a struggling towards birth. I do not expect of them that, like the hero in the foregoing story, they should go about as soon as they are born, with a club in their hands, and a lion's skin on their shoulders, to root out monsters, and destroy tyrants; but, as the finest author of all antiquity has said upon this very occasion, though a man has not the abilities to distinguish himself in the most shining parts of a great character, he has certainly the capacity of being just, faithful, modest, and temperate.

No. 98.] Thursday, November 24, 1709.

From my own Apartment, November 23.

I READ the following letter, which was left for me this evening, with very much concern for the lady's condition who sent it, who expresses the state of her mind with great frankness, as all people ought who talk to their physicians.

'MR. BICKERSTAFF,

'Though you are stricken in years, and have had great experience in the world, I believe you will say, there are not frequently such difficult occasions to act in with decency, as those wherein I am entangled. I am a woman in love, and that you will allow to be the most unhappy of all circumstances in human life. Nature has formed us with a strong reluctance against owning such a passion, and custom has made it criminal in us to make advances. A gentleman, whom I will call Fabio, has the entire possession of my heart. I am so intimately acquainted with him that he makes no scruple of communicating to me an ardent affection he has for Cleora, a friend of mine, who also makes me her confidant. Most part of my life I am in company with the one or the other, and am always entertained with his passion, or her triumph. Cleora is one of those ladies who think they are virtuous if they are not guilty; and, without any delicacy of choice, resolves to take the best offer which shall be made to her. With this prospect she puts off declaring herself in favour of Fabio, until she sees what lovers will fall into her snares, which she lays in all public places, with all the art of gesture and glances. This resolution she has herself told me. Though I love him better than life, I would not gain him by betraying Cleora; or committing such a trespass against modesty, as letting him know myself that I love him. You are an astrologer, what shall I do?

'DIANNA DOUBTFUL.'

This lady has said very justly, that the condition of a woman in love is of all others the most miserable. Poor Diana! how must she be racked with jealousy, when Fabio talks of Cleora! how with indignation, when Cleora makes a property of Fabio! *A female lover is in the condition of a ghost, that wanders about its beloved treasure, without power to speak, until it is spoken to.* I desire Diana to continue in this circumstance: for I see an eye of comfort in her case, and will take all proper measures to extricate her out of this unhappy game of cross-purposes. Since Cleora is upon the catch with her charms, and has no particular regard for Fabio, I shall place a couple of special fellows in her way, who shall both address to her, and have each a better estate than Fabio. They are both already taken with her,

and are preparing for being of her retinue the ensuing winter.

To women of this worldly turn, as I apprehend Cleora to be, we must reckon backward in our computation of merit; and when a fair lady thinks only of making her spouse a convenient domestic, the notion of worth and value is altered, and the lover is the more acceptable, the less he is considerable. The two I shall throw into the way of Cleora are, Orson Thicket and Mr. Walter Wisdom. Orson is a huntsman, whose father's death, and some difficulties about legacies, brought him out of the woods to town last November. He was at that time one of those country savages, who despise the softness they meet in town and court; and professedly show their strength and roughness in every motion and gesture, in scorn of our bowing and cringing. He was, at his first appearance, very remarkable for that piece of good breeding peculiar to natural Britons, to wit, defiance; and showed every one he met he was as good a man as he. But, in the midst of all this fierceness, he would sometimes attend the discourse of a man of sense, and look at the charms of a beauty, with his eyes and mouth open. He was in this posture when, in the beginning of last December, he was shot by Cleora from a side-box.—From that moment he softened into humanity, forgot his dogs and horses, and now moves and speaks with civility and address.

Walt. Wisdom, by the death of an elder brother, came to a great estate, when he had proceeded just far enough in his studies to be very impertinent, and at the years when the law gives him possession of his fortune, and his own constitution is too warm for the management of it. Orson is learning to fence and dance, to please and fight for his mistress; and Walter preparing fine horses, and a jingling chariot, to enchant her. All persons concerned will appear at the next opera, where will begin the wild-geese-chase; and I doubt Fabio will see himself so over-looked for Orson or Walter, as to turn his eyes on the modest passion and becoming languor in the countenance of Diana; it being my design to supply with the art of love, all those who preserve the sincere passion of it.

Will's Coffee-house, November 23.

An ingenious and worthy gentleman, my ancient friend,* fell into discourse with me this evening, upon the force and efficacy which the writings of good poets have on the minds of their intelligent readers; and recommended to me his sense of the matter, thrown together in the following manner, which he desired me

to communicate to the youth of Great Britain in my Essays. I choose to do it in his own words.

'I have always been of opinion,' says he, 'that virtue sinks deepest into the heart of man, when it comes recommended by the powerful charms of poetry. The most active principle in our mind is the imagination: to it a good poet makes his court perpetually, and by this faculty takes care to gain it first. Our passions and inclinations come over next; and our reason surrenders itself, with pleasure, in the end. Thus, the whole soul is insensibly betrayed into morality, by bribing the fancy with beautiful and agreeable images of those very things that in the books of the philosophers appear austere, and have at the best but a kind of forbidding aspect. In a word, the poets do, as it were, strew the rough paths of virtue so full of flowers, that we are not sensible of the uneasiness of them; and imagine ourselves in the midst of pleasures, and the most bewitching allurements, at the time we are making progress in the severest duties of life.

'All men agree, that licentious poems do, of all writings, soonest corrupt the heart. And why should we not be as universally persuaded, that the grave and serious performances of such as write in the most engaging manner, by a kind of divine impulse, must be the most effectual persuasives to goodness? If, therefore, I were blessed with a son, in order to the forming of his manners, which is making him truly my son, I should be continually putting into his hand some fine poet. The graceful sentences, and the manly sentiments, so frequently to be met with in every great and sublime writer, are, in my judgment, the most ornamental and valuable furniture that can be, for a young gentleman's head; methinks they show like so much rich embroidery upon the brain. Let me add to this, that humanity and tenderness, without which there can be no true greatness in the mind, are inspired by the muses in such pathetical language, that all we find in prose-authors towards the raising and improving of these passions is, in comparison, but cold, or lukewarm at the best. There is, besides, a certain elevation of soul, a sedate magnanimity, and a noble turn of virtue, that distinguishes the hero from the plain honest man, to which verse can only raise us. The bold metaphors, and sounding numbers, peculiar to the poets, rouse up all our sleeping faculties, and alarm the whole powers of the soul, much like that excellent trumpeter mentioned by Virgil?

—Quo non præstantior alter
Ère cetero viros, Martemque accendens cantu.

Virg. Æn. vi. 155.

—None so renown'd
With breathing brass to kindle fierce alarms. *Dryden.*

* Probably Dr. Thomas Walker, head schoolmaster at the Charterhouse, where Steele and Addison were his scholars, for perhaps Dr. Ellis, then master of the Charterhouse.

I fell into this train of thinking this evening upon reading a passage in a masque writ by

Milton,* where two brothers are introduced seeking their sister, whom they had lost in a dark night and thick wood. One of the brothers is apprehensive lest the wandering virgin should be over-powered with fears, through the darkness and loneliness of the time and place. This gives the other occasion to make the following reflections, which, as I read them, made me forget my age, and renewed in me the warm desires after virtue, so natural to uncorrupted youth.

I do not think my sister so to seek,
Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,
And the sweet peace that goodness begets ever,
As that the single want of light and noise
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into misbecoming plight.
Virtue could see to do what virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude:
Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd:
He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.

No. 99.] *Saturday, November 26, 1709.*

— Spirit tragicum satis et feliciter andet.
Hor. 2. Ep. 1. 106.
He, fortunately bold, breathes true sublime.

Will's Coffee-house, November 25.

I HAVE been this evening recollecting what passages, since I could first think, have left the strongest impressions upon my mind; and, after strict inquiry, I am convinced that the impulses I have received from theatrical representations have had a greater effect than otherwise would have been wrought in me by the little occurrences of my private life! My old friends, Hart† and Mobun,‡ the one by his natural and proper force, the other by his great skill and art, never failed to send me home full of such ideas as affected my behaviour, and made me insensibly more courteous and humane to my friends and acquaintance. It

is not the business of a good play to make every man a hero; but it certainly gives him a livelier sense of virtue and merit, than he had when he entered the theatre.

This rational pleasure, as I always call it, has for many years been very little tasted: but I am glad to find that the true spirit of it is reviving again amongst us, by a due regard to what is presented, and by supporting only one playhouse. It has been within the observation of the youngest amongst us, that while there were two houses, they did not outvie each other by such representations as tended to the instruction and ornament of life, but by introducing mimical dances, and fulsome buffoneries. For when an excellent tragedy was to be acted in one house, the ladder-dancer carried the whole town to the other. Indeed such an evil as this must be the natural consequence of two theatres, as certainly as that there are more who can see than can think. Every one is sensible of the danger of the fellow on the ladder, and can see his activity in coming down safe; but very few are judges of the distress of a hero in a play, or of his manner of behaviour in those circumstances. Thus, to please the people, two houses must entertain them with what they can understand, and not with things which are designed to improve their understanding: and the readiest way to gain good audiences must be, to offer such things as are most relished by the crowd; that is to say, immodest action, empty show, or impertinent activity. In short, two houses cannot hope to subsist, but by means which are contradictory to the very institution of a theatre in a well-governed kingdom.*

I have ever had this sense of the thing, and for that reason have rejoiced that my ancient coeval friend of Drury-lane, though he had sold off most of his moveables, still kept possession of his palace; and trembled for him, when he had lately liked to have been taken by a stratagem. There have, for many ages, been a certain learned sort of unlearned men in this nation, called attorneys, who have taken upon them to solve all difficulties by increasing them, and are called upon to the assistance of all who are lazy, or weak of understanding. The insolence of a ruler of this palace made him resign the possession of it to the man-
ner-

* Milton's 'Comus' was founded on the following real

Divito was too modest to know when to resign it, until he had the opinion and sentence of the law for his removal. Both these in length of time were obtained against him; but as the great Archimedes defended Syracuse with so powerful engines, that if he threw a rope or piece of wood over the wall, the enemy fled; so Divito had wounded all adversaries with so much skill, that men feared even to be in the right against him. For this reason, the lawful ruler sets up an attorney to expel an attorney, and chose a name dreadful to the stage, who only seemed able to beat Divito out of his entrenchments.

On the twenty-second instant, a night of public rejoicing, the enemies of Divito made a largess to the people of faggots, tubs, and other combustible matter, which was erected into a bonfire before the palace. Plentiful caps were at the same time distributed among the dependencies of that principality; and the artful rival of Divito, observing them prepared for enterprise, presented the lawful owner of the neighbouring edifice, and showed his deputation under him. War immediately ensued upon the peaceful empire of wit and the muses; the Goths and Vandals sacking Rome did not threaten a more barbarous devastation of arts and sciences. But, when they had forced their entrance, the experienced Divito had detached all his subjects, and evacuated all his stores. The neighbouring inhabitants report, that the refuse of Divito's followers marched off the night before, disguised in magnificence; door-keepers came out clad like cardinals, and scene-drawers like beathen gods. Divito himself was wrapped up in one of his black clouds, and left to the enemy nothing but an empty stage, full of trap-doors, known only to himself and his adherents.

From my own Apartment, November 25.

I have already taken great pains to inspire notions of honour and virtue into the people of this kingdom, and used all gentle methods imaginable, to bring those who are dead in idleness, folly, and pleasure, into life, by applying themselves to learning, wisdom, and industry. But, since fair means are ineffectual, I must proceed to extremities, and shall give my good friends, the company of upholders, full power to bury all such dead as they meet with, who are within my former descriptions of deceased persons. In the mean time the following remonstrance of that corporation I take to be very just.

*From our office near Hay-market,
November 23.*

WORTHY SIR,

Upon reading your Tatler on Saturday last, by which we received the agreeable news of so many deaths, we immediately ordered in a considerable quantity of blacks; and our ser-

vants have wrought night and day ever since, to furnish out the necessaries for these deceased. But so it is, sir, that of this vast number of dead bodies that go putrifying up and down the streets, not one of them has come to us to be buried. Though we should be loath to be any hindrance to our good friends the physicians, yet we cannot but take notice what infection her majesty's subjects are liable to from the horrible stench of so many corpes. Sir, we will not detain you; our case in short is this: here are we embarked in this undertaking for the public good: now, if people should be suffered to go on unburied at this rate, there is an end of the usefulest manufactures and handicrafts of the kingdom: for where will be your sextons, coffin-makers, and plumbers? what will become of your embalmers, epitaph-mongers, and chief mourners? We are loath to drive this matter any farther, though we tremble at the consequences of it; for if it shall be left to every dead man's discretion not to be buried until he sees his time, no man can say where that will end; but thus much we will take upon us to affirm, that such a toleration will be intolerable.

What would make us easy in this matter is no more, but that your worship would be pleased to issue out your orders to ditto Dead to repair forthwith to our office, in order to their interment; where constant attendance shall be given to treat with all persons according to their quality, and the poor to be buried for nothing: and for the convenience of such persons as are willing enough to be dead, but that they are afraid their friends and relations should know it, we have a back door into Warwick-street, from whence they may be interred with all secrecy imaginable, and without loss of time, or hindrance of business. But in case of obstinacy, for we would gladly make a thorough riddance, we desire a further power from your worship, to take up such deceased as shall not have complied with your first orders, wherever we meet them: and if after that there shall be complaints of any persons so offending, let them lie at our doors. We are, your worship's until death,

The master and company
of Upholders.

P. S. We are ready to give in our printed proposals at large; and if your worship approves of our undertaking, we desire the following advertisement may be inserted in your next paper:

Whereas a commission of interment has been awarded against doctor John Partridge, philomath, professor of physic and astrology; and whereas the said Partridge hath not surrendered himself nor shown cause to the contrary; these are to certify, that the company of upholders will proceed to bury him from Cord-

wainers-hall, on Tuesday the twenty-ninth instant, where any six of his surviving friends, who still believe him to be alive, are desired to come prepared to hold up the pall.

'Note. We shall light away at six in the evening, there being to be a sermon.'

No. 100.] *Tuesday, November 29, 1709.*

Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna.
Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 6.

Returning justice brings a golden age. *R. W.*

Sheer-lane, November 28.

I was last week taking a solitary walk in the garden of Lincoln's-Inn (a favour that is indulged me by several of the benchers,* who are my intimate friends, and grown old with me in this neighbourhood) when, according to the nature of men in years, who have made but little progress in the advancement of their fortune or their fame, I was repining at the sudden rise of many persons who are my juniors, and indeed, at the unequal distribution of wealth, honour, and all other blessings of life. I was lost in this thought, when the night came upon me, and drew my mind into a far more agreeable contemplation. The heaven above me appeared in all its glories, and presented me with such a hemisphere of stars as made the most agreeable prospect imaginable to one who delights in the study of nature. It happened to be a freezing night, which had purified the whole body of air into such a bright transparent æther, as made every constellation visible; and, at the same time, gave such a particular glowing to the stars, that I thought it the richest sky I had ever seen. I could not behold a scene so wonderfully adorned and lighted up, if I may be allowed that expression, without suitable meditations on the author of such illustrious and amazing objects: for, on these occasions, philosophy suggests motives to religion, and religion adds pleasure to philosophy.

As soon as I had recovered my usual temper and serenity of soul, I retired to my lodgings, with the satisfaction of having passed away a few hours in the proper employments

loose and irregular, discovers itself too much in several parts of it.

Methought I saw the same azure sky diversified with the same glorious luminaries which had entertained me a little before I fell asleep. I was looking very attentively on that sign in the heavens which is called by the name of the Balance,* when, on a sudden, there appeared in it an extraordinary light, as if the sun should rise at midnight. By its increasing in breadth and lustre, I soon found that it approached towards the earth; and at length could discern something like a shadow hovering in the midst of a great glory, which, in a little time after, I distinctly perceived to be the figure of a woman. I fancied at first, it might have been the angel, or intelligence that guided the constellation from which it descended; but, upon a nearer view, I saw about her, all the emblems with which the goddess of justice is usually described. Her countenance was unspeakably awful and majestic, but exquisitely beautiful to those whose eyes were strong enough to behold it; her smiles transported with rapture, her frowns terrified to despair. She held in her hand a mirror, endowed with the same qualities as that which the painters put into the hand of truth.

There streamed from it a light, which distinguished itself from all the splendours that surrounded her, more than a flash of lightning shines in the midst of day-light. As she moved it in her hand, it brightened the heavens, the air, or the earth. When she had descended so low as to be seen and heard by mortals, to make the pomp of her appearance more supportable, she threw darkness and clouds about her, that tempered the light into a thousand beautiful shades and colours, and multiplied that lustre, which was before too strong and dazzling, into a variety of milder glories.

In the mean time, the world was in an alarm, and all the inhabitants of it gathered together upon a spacious plain; so that I seemed to have the whole species before my eyes. A voice was heard from the clouds, declaring the intention of this visit, which was to restore and appropriate to every one living what was his due. The fear and hope, joy and sorrow, which ap-

held in her hand, so that the light which flowed from it fell upon the multitude, they examined the several instruments by the beams of it. The rays of this mirror had a particular quality of setting fire to all forgery and falsehood. The blaze of papers, the melting of seals, and crackling of parchments, made a very odd scene. The fire very often ran through two or three lines only, and then stopped. Though I could not but observe that the flames chiefly broke out among the interlineations and codicils; the light of the mirror, as it was turned up and down, pierced into all the dark corners and recesses of the universe, and by that means detected many writings and records which had been hidden or buried by time, chance, or design. This occasioned a wonderful revolution among the people. At the same time, the spoils of extortion, fraud, and robbery, with all the fruits of bribery and corruption, were thrown together in a prodigious pile, that almost reached to the clouds, and was called, 'The Mount of Restitution'; to which all injured persons were invited, to receive what belonged to them.

One might see crowds of people in tattered garments come up, and change cloaths with others that were dressed with lace and embroidery. Several who were *Plums*, or very near it, became men of moderate fortunes; and many others, who were overgrown in wealth and possessions, had no more left than what they usually spent. What moved my concern most was, to see a certain street of the greatest credit in Europe,* from one end to the other, become bankrupt.

The next command was, for the whole body of mankind to separate themselves into their proper families; which was no sooner done, but an edict was issued out, requiring all children 'to repair to their true and natural fathers.' This put a great part of the assembly in motion; for, as the mirror was moved over them, it inspired every one with such a natural instinct, as directed them to their real parents. It was a very melancholy spectacle to see the fathers of very large families become childless, and bachelors undone by a charge of sons and daughters. You might see a presumptive-heir of a great estate ask blessing of his coachman, and a celebrated toast paying her duty to a *valet de chambre*. Many, under vows of celibacy, appeared surrounded with a numerous issue. This change of parentage would have caused great lamentation, but that the calamity was pretty common; and that generally those who lost their children, had the satisfaction of seeing them put into the hands of their dearest friends. Men were no sooner settled in their

right to their possessions and their progeny, but there was a third order proclaimed, 'That all the posts of dignity and honour in the universe should be conferred on persons of the greatest merit, abilities, and perfection.' The handsome, the strong, and the wealthy, immediately pressed forward; but, not being able to bear the splendour of the mirror, which played upon their faces, they immediately fell back among the crowd: but as the goddess tried the multitude by her glass, as the eagle does its young ones by the lustre of the sun, it was remarkable, that every one turned away his face from it, who had not distinguished himself either by virtue, knowledge, or capacity in business, either military or civil. This select assembly was drawn up in the centre of a prodigious multitude, which was diffused on all sides, and stood observing them, as idle people use to gather about a regiment that are exercising their arms. They were drawn up in three bodies: in the first, were the men of virtue; in the second, men of knowledge; and in the third, the men of business. It is impossible to look at the first column without a secret veneration, their aspects were so sweetened with humanity, raised with contemplation, emboldened with resolution, and adorned with the most agreeable airs, which are those that proceed from secret habits of virtue. I could not but take notice, that there were many faces among them which were unknown, not only to the multitude, but even to several of their own body.

In the second column, consisting of the men of knowledge, there had been great disputes before they fell into the ranks, which they did not do at last without the positive command of the goddess who presided over the assembly. She had so ordered it, that men of the greatest genius and strongest sense were placed at the head of the column. Behind these were such as had formed their minds very much on the thoughts and writings of others. In the rear of the column were men who had more wit than sense, or more learning than understanding. All living authors of any value were ranged in one of these classes; but, I must confess, I was very much surprised to see a great body of editors, critics, commentators, and grammarians, meet with so very ill a reception. They had formed themselves into a body, and, with a great deal of of arrogance, demanded the first station in the column of knowledge; but, the goddess, instead of complying with their request, clapped them all into liveries, and bid them know themselves for no other but lackeys of the learned.

The third column were men of business, and consisting of persons in military and civil capacities. The former marched out from the rest, and placed themselves in the front; at which the others shook their heads at them,

* Alluding, without doubt, to the bankers in Lombard-street. The prefixion of Bickerstaff, in this particular, was ill-attended.

but did not think fit to dispute the post with them. I could not but make several observations upon this last column of people; but I have certain private reasons why I do not think fit to communicate them to the public. In order to fill up all the posts of honour, dignity, and profit, there was a draught made out of each column of men, who were masters of all three qualifications in some degree, and were preferred to stations of the first rank. The second draught was made out of such as were possessed of any two of the qualifications, who were disposed of in stations of a second dignity. Those who were left, and were endowed only with one of them, had their suitable posts. When this was over, there remained many places of trust and profit unfilled, for which there were fresh draughts made out of the surrounding multitude, who had any appearance of these excellencies, or were recommended by those who possessed them in reality.

All were surprised to see so many new faces in the most eminent dignities; and, for my own part, I was very well pleased to see that all my friends either kept their present posts, or were advanced to higher.

Having filled my paper with those particulars of my vision which concern the male part of mankind, I must reserve for another occasion the sequel of it, which relates to the fair sex.

No. 101.] *Thursday, December 1, 1709.*

—— Postquam fregit subcella vetus,
Eurit intactam Paridi nisi vendit Agaven.
Juv. Sat. vii. 87.

But while the common suffrage crown'd his cause,
And broke the benches with their loud applause;
His muse had starv'd, had not a piece unread,
Aud, by a player bought, supplied her bread.

Dryden.

From my own Apartment, November 30.

THE progress of my intended account of what happened when justice visited mortals, is at present interrupted by the observation and sense of an injustice against which there is no remedy, even in a kingdom more happy in the care taken of the liberty and property of the subject, than any other nation upon earth. This iniquity is committed by a most impregnable set of mortals, men who are rogues within the law; and, in the very commission of what they are guilty of, professedly own that they forbear no injury, but from the terror of being punished for it. These miscreants are a set of wretches we authors call pirates, who print any book, poem, or sermon, as soon as it appears in the world, in a smaller volume; and sell it, as all other thieves do stolen goods, at a cheaper rate. I was in my rage calling them rascals, plunderers, robbers, highwaymen. But they acknowledge all that, and are pleased with

those, as well as any other titles; nay, will print them themselves, to turn the penny.*

I am extremely at a loss how to act against such open enemies, who have not shame enough to be touched with our reproaches, and are as well defended against what we can say as what we can do. Railing, therefore, we must turn into complaint, which I cannot forbear making, when I consider that all the labours of my long life may be disappointed by the first man that pleases to rob me. I had flattered myself that my stock of learning was worth a hundred and fifty pounds per annum, which would very handsomely maintain me and my little family, who are so happy, or so wise, as to want only necessaries. Before men had come up to this barefaced impudence, it was an estate to have a competency of understanding.

An ingenious droll, who is since dead, (and indeed it is well for him he is so, for he must have starved had he lived to this day,) used to give me an account of his good husbandry in the management of his learning. He was a general dealer, and had his amusements as well comical as serious. The merry rogue said, 'When he wanted a dinner, he writ a paragraph of Table Talk, and his bookseller upon sight paid the reckoning.' He was a very good judge of what would please the people, and could aptly hit both the genius of his readers, and the season of the year, in his writings. His brain, which was his estate, had as regular and different produce as other men's land. From the beginning of November, until the opening of the campaign, he writ pamphlets and letters to members of parliament, or friends in the country. But sometimes he would relieve his ordinary readers with a murder, and lived comfortably a week or two upon 'strange and lamentable accidents.' A little before the armies took the field, his way was to open your attention with a prodigy; and a monster, well writ, was two guineas the lowest price. This prepared his readers for his 'great and bloody news' from Flanders, in June and July. Poor Tom!† he is gone—But I observed, he always looked well after a battle, and was apparently fatter in a fighting year. Had this honest careless fellow lived until now, famine had stared him in the face, and interrupted his merriment; as it must be a solid affliction to all those whose pen is their portion.

As for my part, I do not speak wholly for my own sake in this point; for palmistry and astrology will bring me in greater gains than

* This paper seems to have been occasioned by a pirated edition of 'the Lacubrations,' which came out just at this time.

† The person here alluded to, was probably the famous Mr. Thomas Brown, who died in the year 1704, and was buried in the cloister of Westminster Abbey, near the remains of Mrs. Behn, with whom he was intimate in his lifetime. His works were printed in 4 vols. 12mo, in 1707.

these my papers; so that I am only in the condition of a lawyer, who leaves the bar for chamber-practice. However, I may be allowed to speak in the cause of learning itself, and lament that a liberal education is the only one which a polite nation makes unprofitable. All mechanical artizans are allowed to reap the fruit of their invention and ingenuity without invasion; but he that has separated himself from the rest of mankind, and studied the wonders of the creation, the government of his passions, and the revolutions of the world, and has an ambition to communicate the effect of half his life spent in such noble enquiries, has no property in what he is willing to produce, but is exposed to robbery and want, with this melancholy and just reflection, that he is the only man who is not protected by his country, at the same time that he best deserves it. According to the ordinary rules of computation, the greater the adventure is, the greater ought to be the profit of those who succeed in it; and by this measure, none have pretence of turning their labours to greater advantage than persons brought up to letters. A learned education, passing through great schools and universities, is very expensive; and consumes a moderate fortune, before it is gone through in its proper form. The purchase of a handsome commission or employment, which would give a man a good figure in another kind of life, is to be made at a much cheaper rate. Now, if we consider this expensive voyage which is undertaken in the search of knowledge, and how few there are who take in any considerable merchandize, how less frequent it is, to be able to turn what men have gained into profit; how hard is it, that the very small number who are distinguished with abilities to know how to vend their wares, and have the good fortune to bring them into port, should suffer being plundered by privateers under the very cannon that should protect them! The most eminent and useful author of the age we live in, after having laid out a princely revenue in works of charity and beneficence, as became the greatness of his mind, and the sanctity of his character, would have left the person in the world who was the dearest to him in a narrow condition, had not the sale of his immortal writings brought him in a sum

qualify themselves for being employed in business, or receiving preferments. In this case, you cut them off from all support, if you take from them the benefit that may arise from their writings. For my own part, I have brought myself to consider things in so unprejudiced a manner, that I esteem more a man who can live by the products of his understanding, than one who does it by the favour of great men.

The zeal of an author has transported me thus far, though I think myself as much concerned in the capacity of a reader. If this practice goes on, we must never expect to see again a beautiful edition of a book in Great Britain.

We have already seen the memoirs of sir William Temple, published in the same character and volume with the history of Tom Thumb, and the works of our greatest poets shrunk into penny books and garlands. For my own part, I expect to see my lucubrations printed on browner paper than they are at present, and, if the humour continues, must be forced to retrench my expensive way of living, and not smoke above two pipes a-day.

Mr. Charles Lillie, perfumer, at the corner of Beaufort-buildings, has informed me, that I am obliged to several of my customers for coming to his shop upon my recommendation and has also given me further assurances of his upright dealing with all who shall be so kind as to make use of my name to him. I acknowledge this favour, and have, for the service of my friends who frequent his shop, used the force of magical powers to add value to his wares. By my knowledge in the secret operations of nature, I have made his powders, perfumed and plain, have the same effect as love-powder, to all who are too much enamoured to do more than dress at their mistresses. His amber, orange-flower, musk, and civet-violet, put only into a handkerchief, shall have the same effect towards an honourable lover's wishes, as if he had been wrapped in his mother's smock. Wash-balls perfumed, camphired and plain, shall restore complexions to that degree, that a country fox-hunter, who uses them, shall, in a week's time, look with a equally and affable politeness without using

not having been advertised that privilege or protection would be allowed, have resolved forthwith to retire to their several and respective abodes in the country, hoping thereby to elude any commission of interment that may issue out against them; and being informed of such their fallacious designs, I do hereby give notice, as well for the good of the public, as for the great veneration I have for the before-mentioned useful society, that a process is gone out against them; and that, in case of contempt, they may be found, or heard of, at most coffee-houses in and about Westminster.

I must desire my readers to help me out from time to time in the correction of these my Essays; for, as a shaking hand does not always write legibly, the press sometimes prints one word for another; and when my paper is to be revised, I am perhaps so busy in observing the spots of the moon, that I have not time to find out the errata that are crept into my lucubrations.

No. 102.] *Saturday, December 3, 1709.*

From my own Apartment, December 2.

A CONTINUATION OF THE VISION.

THE male world were dismissed by the goddess of justice, and disappeared, when, on a sudden, the whole plain was covered with women. So charming a multitude filled my heart with unspeakable pleasure; and as the celestial light of the mirror shone upon their faces, several of them seemed rather persons that descended in the train of the goddess, than such who were brought before her to their trial. The clack of tongues, and confusion of voices, in this new assembly, were so very great, that the goddess was forced to command silence several times, and with some severity, before she could make them attentive to her edicts. They were all sensible that the most important affair among womankind was then to be settled, which every one knows to be the point of *place*. This had raised innumerable disputes among them, and put the whole sex into a tumult. Every one produced her claim, and pleaded her pretensions. *Birth, beauty, wit, or wealth*, were words that rung in my ears from all parts of the plain. Some boasted of the merit of their husbands; others of their own power in governing them. Some pleaded their unspotted virginity; others their numerous issue. Some valued themselves as they were the mothers, and others as they were the daughters, of considerable persons. There was not a single accomplishment unmentioned, or unpractised. The whole congregation was full of singing, dancing, tossing, ogling, squeaking, smiling, sighing, fanning, frowning, and all

those irresistible arts which women put in practice, to captivate the hearts of reasonable creatures. The goddess, to end this dispute, caused it to be proclaimed, 'that every one should take place according as she was more or less beautiful.' This declaration gave great satisfaction to the whole assembly, which immediately bridled up, and appeared in all its beauties. Such as believed themselves graceful in their motion found an occasion of falling back, advancing forward, or making a false step, that they might shew their persons in the most becoming air. Such as had fine necks and bosoms were wonderfully curious to look over the heads of the multitude, and observe the most distant parts of the assembly. Several clapt their hands on their foreheads, as helping their sight to look upon the glories that surrounded the goddess, but in reality to show fine hands and arms. The ladies were yet better pleased, when they heard 'that, in the decision of this great controversy, each of them should be her own judge, and take her place according to her own opinion of herself, when she consulted her looking-glass.'

The goddess then let down the mirror of truth in a golden chain, which appeared larger in proportion as it descended, and approached nearer to the eyes of the beholders. It was the particular property of this looking-glass, to banish all false appearances, and show people what they are. The whole woman was represented, without regard to the usual external features, which were made entirely conformable to their real characters. In short, the most accomplished, taking in the whole circle of female perfections, were the most beautiful; and the most defective, the most deformed. The goddess so varied the motion of the glass, and placed it in so many different lights, that each had an opportunity of seeing herself in it.

It is impossible to describe the rage, the pleasure, or astonishment, that appeared in each face upon its representation in the mirror; multitudes started at their own form, and would have broke the glass if they could have reached it. Many saw their blooming features wither as they looked upon them, and their self-admiration turned into a loathing and abhorrence. The lady who was thought so agreeable in her anger, and was so often celebrated for a woman of fire and spirit, was frightened at her own image, and fancied she saw a Fury in the glass. The interested mistress beheld a Harpy, and the subtle jilt a Sphinx. I was very much troubled in my own heart, to see such a destruction of fine faces; but, at the same time, had the pleasure of seeing several improved, which I had before looked upon as the greatest master-piece of nature. I observed, that some few were so humble as to be surprised at their own charms, and that many a-one, who had lived in the retirement

and severity of a vestal, shined forth in all the graces and attractions of a siren. I was ravished at the sight of a particular image in the mirror, which I think the most beautiful object that my eyes ever beheld. There was something more than human in her countenance: her eyes were so full of light, that they seemed to beautify every thing they looked upon. Her face was enlivened with such a florid bloom, as did not so properly seem the mark of health, as of immortality. Her shape, her stature, and her mien, were such as distinguished her even there, where the whole fair sex was assembled.

I was impatient to see the lady represented by so divine an image, whom I found to be the person that stood at my right hand, and in the same point of view with myself. This was a little old woman, who in her prime had been about five feet high, though at present shrunk to about three quarters of that measure. Her natural aspect was puckered up with wrinkles, and her head covered with gray hairs. I had observed all along an innocent cheerfulness in her face, which was now heightened into rapture, as she beheld herself in the glass. It was an odd circumstance in my dream, but I cannot forbear relating it, I conceived so great an inclination towards her that I had thoughts of discoursing her upon the point of marriage, when on a sudden she was carried from me; for the word was now given, that all who were pleased with their own images should separate, and place themselves at the head of their sex.

This detachment was afterwards divided into three bodies, consisting of maids, wives, and widows; the wives being placed in the middle, with the maids on the right, and widows on the left; though it was with difficulty that these two last bodies were hindered from falling into the centre. This separation of those who liked their real selves not having lessened the number of the main body so considerably as it might have been wished, the goddess, after having drawn up her mirror, thought fit to make new distinctions among those who did not like the figure which they saw in it. She made several wholesome edicts, which are

crime. Upon this edict, which was as soon executed as published, the noise of the assembly very considerably abated. It was a melancholy spectacle, to see so many who had the reputation of rigid virtue struck dumb. A lady who stood by me, and saw my concern, told me, 'she wondered how I could be concerned for such a pack of ——.' I found, by the shaking of her head, she was going to give me their characters; but, by her saying no more, I perceived she had lost the command of her tongue. This calamity fell very heavy upon that part of women who are distinguished by the name of Prudes, a courtly word for female hypocrites, who have a short way to being virtuous, by showing that others are vicious. The second sentence was then pronounced against the loose part of the sex, that all should immediately be pregnant, who, in any part of their lives, had run the hazard of it. This produced a very goodly appearance, and revealed so many misconducts, that made those who were lately struck dumb repine more than ever at their want of utterance; though, at the same time, as afflictions seldom come single, many of the mutes were also seized with this new calamity. The ladies were now in such a condition, that they would have wanted room, had not the plain been large enough to let them divide their ground, and extend their lines on all sides. It was a sensible affliction to me, to see such a multitude of fair ones, either dumb, or big-bellied. But I was something more at ease, when I found that they agreed upon several regulations to cover such misfortunes. Among others, that it should be an established maxim in all nations, that a woman's first child might come into the world within six months after her acquaintance with her husband; and that grief might retard the birth of her last until fourteen months after his decease.

This vision lasted until my usual hour of waking, which I did with some surprise, to find myself alone, after having been engaged almost a whole night in so prodigious a multitude. I could not but reflect with wonder at the partiality and extravagance of my vision; which, according to my thoughts, has not done

As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally. And, to consummate all,
Greatness of mind, and nobleness, their seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic plac'd.

No. 103.] Tuesday, December 6, 1709.

—*Hæ nage seria ducunt
In mala, derisum semel, exceptumque sinistra.
Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 452.*

These toys will once to serious mischief fall,
When he is laugh'd at, when he's jeer'd by all.
Creech.

From my own Apartment, December 5.

THERE is nothing gives a man a greater satisfaction, than the sense of having despatched a great deal of business, especially when it turns to the public emolument. I have much pleasure of this kind upon my spirits at present, occasioned by the fatigue of affairs which I went through last Saturday. It is some time since I set apart that day for examining the pretensions of several who had applied to me for canes, perspective-glasses, snuff-boxes, orange-flower waters, and the like ornaments of life. In order to adjust this matter, I had before directed Charles Lillie, of Beaufort-buildings, to prepare a great bundle of blank licences in the following words:

'You are hereby required to permit the bearer of this cane to pass and repass through the streets and suburbs of London, or any place within ten miles of it, without let or molestation, provided that he does not walk with it under his arm, brandish it in the air, or hang it on a button: in which case it shall be forfeited; and I hereby declare it forfeited to any one who shall think it safe to take it from him.
'ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.'

The same form, differing only in the provisos, will serve for a perspective, snuff-box, or perfumed handkerchief. I had placed myself in my elbow-chair at the upper-end of my great parlour, having ordered Charles Lillie to take his place upon a joint-stool, with a writing-desk before him. John Morpew also took his station at the door; I having, for his good and faithful services, appointed him my chamber-keeper upon court-days. He let me know, that there was a great number attending without. Upon which I ordered him to give notice, that I did not intend to sit upon snuff-boxes that day; but that those who appeared for canes might enter. The first presented me with the following petition, which I ordered Mr. Lillie to read.

'To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, Censor of Great Britain.

'The humble petition of Simon Trippit,

'Sheweth,

'That your petitioner having been bred up

to a cane from his youth, it is now become as necessary to him as any other of his limbs.

'That, a great part of his behaviour depending upon it, he should be reduced to the utmost necessities if he should lose the use of it.

'That the knocking of it upon his shoe, leaning one leg upon it, or whistling with it on his mouth, are such great reliefs to him in conversation, that he does not know how to be good company without it.

'That he is at present engaged in an amour, and must despair of success if it be taken from him.

'Your petitioner, therefore, hopes, that, the premises tenderly considered, your worship will not deprive him of so useful and so necessary a support.

'And your petitioner shall ever, &c.'

Upon the hearing of his case, I was touched with some compassion, and the more so, when, upon observing him nearer, I found he was a *Prig*. I bid him produce his cane in court, which he had left at the door. He did so, and I finding it to be very curiously clouded, with a transparent amber bead, and a blue ribband to hang upon his wrist, I immediately ordered my clerk, Lillie, to lay it up, and deliver out to him a plain joint, headed with walnut; and then, in order to wean him from it by degrees, permitted him to wear it three days in a week, and to abate proportionably until he found himself able to go alone.

The second who appeared came limping into the court: and setting forth in his petition many pretences for the use of a cane, I caused them to be examined one by one; but finding him in different stories, and confronting him with several witnesses who had seen him walk upright, I ordered Mr. Lillie to take in his cane, and rejected his petition as frivolous.

A third made his entry with great difficulty, leaning upon a slight stick, and in danger of falling every step he took. I saw the weakness of his hams; and hearing that he had married a young wife about a fortnight before, I bid him leave his cane, and gave him a new pair of crutches, with which he went off in great vigour and alacrity. This gentleman was succeeded by another, who seemed very much pleased while his petition was reading, in which he had represented, That he was extremely afflicted with the gout, and set his foot upon the ground with the caution and dignity which accompany that distemper. I suspected him for an impostor, and having ordered him to be searched, I committed him into the hands of doctor Thomas Smith in King-street, my own corn-cutter, who attended in an outward room, and wrought so speedy a cure upon him, that I thought fit to send him also away without his cane.

While I was thus dispensing justice, I heard

a noise in my outward room; and enquiring what was the occasion of it, my door-keeper told me, that they had taken up one in the very fact as he was passing by my door. They immediately brought in a lively fresh-coloured young man, who made great resistance with hand and foot, but did not offer to make use of his cane, which hung upon his fifth button. Upon examination, I found him to be an Oxford scholar, who was just entered at the Temple. He at first disputed the jurisdiction of the court; but being driven out of his little law and logic, he told me very pertly, 'that he looked upon such a perpendicular creature as man to make a very imperfect figure without a cane in his hand. It is well known,' says he, 'we ought, according to the natural situation of our bodies, to walk upon our hands and feet; and that the wisdom of the ancients had described man to be an animal of four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three at night; by which they intimated, that the cane might very properly become part of us in some period of life.' Upon which I asked him, 'whether he wore it at his breast to have it in readiness when that period should arrive?' My young lawyer immediately told me, he had a property in it, and a right to hang it where he pleased, and to make use of it as he thought fit, provided that he did not break the peace with it; and further said, 'that he never took it off his button, unless it were to lift it up at a coachman, hold it over the head of a drawer, point out the circumstances of a story, or for other services of the like nature, that are all within the laws of the land.' I did not care for discouraging a young man, who, I saw, would come to good; and, because his heart was set upon his new purchase, I only ordered him to wear it about his neck, instead of hanging it upon his button, and so dismissed him.

There were several appeared in court, whose pretensions I found to be very good, and, therefore, gave them their licences upon paying their fees; as many others had their licences renewed, who required more time for recovery of their lameness than I had before allowed them.

Having despatched this set of my petitioners, there came in a well-dressed man, with a glass tube in one hand, and his petition in the other. Upon his entering the room, he *threw back the right side of his wig*, put forward his right leg, and advancing the glass to his right eye, aimed it directly at me. In the mean while, to make my observations also, I put on my spectacles; in which posture we surveyed each other for some time. Upon the removal of our glasses, I desired him to read his petition, which he did very promptly and easily; though at the same time it set forth, 'that he could see nothing distinctly, and was within very few degrees of being utterly blind; concluding

with a prayer, that he might be permitted to strengthen and extend his sight by a glass.' In answer to this, I told him, 'he might sometimes extend it to his own destruction. As you are now,' said I, 'you are out of the reach of beauty; the shafts of the finest eyes lose their force before they can come at you; you cannot distinguish a toast from an orange-wench; you can see a whole circle of beauty without any interruption from an impertinent face to discompose you. In short, what are snares for others—' My petitioner would hear no more, but told me very seriously, 'Mr. Bickerstaff, you quite mistake your man; it is the joy, the pleasure, the employment of my life, to frequent public assemblies, and gaze upon the fair.' In a word, I found his use of a glass was occasioned by no other infirmity but his vanity, and was not so much designed to make him see, as to make him be seen and distinguished by others. I, therefore, refused him a licence for a perspective, but allowed him a pair of spectacles, with full permission to use them in any public assembly, as he should think fit. He was followed by so very few of this order of men, that I have reason to hope this sort of cheats is almost at an end.

The orange-flower-men appeared next with petitions, perfumed so strongly with musk, that I was almost overcome with the scent; and for my own sake was obliged forthwith to licence their handkerchiefs, especially when I found they had sweetened them at Charles Lillie's, and that some of their persons would not be altogether inoffensive without them. John Morphew, whom I have made the general of my dead men, acquainted me, 'that the petitioners were all of that order, and could produce certificates to prove it, if I required it.' I was so well pleased with this way of their embalming themselves, that I commanded the abovesaid Morphew to give it in orders to his whole army, that every one, who did not surrender himself up to be disposed of by the upholders, should use the same method to keep himself sweet during his present state of putrefaction.

I finished my session with great content of mind, reflecting upon the good I had done; for, however slightly men may regard these particulars, and little follies in dress and behaviour, they lead to greater evils. The bearing to be laughed at for such singularities, teaches us insensibly an impertinent fortitude, and enables us to bear public censure for things which more substantially deserve it. By this means they open a gate to folly, and oftentimes render a man so ridiculous, as to discredit his virtues and capacities, and unqualify them from doing any good in the world. Besides, the giving into uncommon habits of this nature, is a want of that humble deference which is due to mankind, and, what is worst of all, the

certain indication of some secret flaw in the mind of the person that commits them. When I was a young man, I remember a gentleman of great integrity and worth was very remarkable for wearing a broad belt and a hanger, instead of a fashionable sword, though in all other points a very well-bred man. I suspected him at first sight to have something wrong in him, but was not able for a long while to discover any collateral proofs of it. I watched him narrowly for six-and-thirty years, when at last, to the surprise of every body but myself who had long expected to see the folly break out, he married his own cook-maid.

No. 104.] Thursday, December 8, 1709.

—Garrit aniles

Ex re fabellas

Hor. li. Sat. vi. 78.

He tells an old wife's tale very pertinently.

From my own Apartment, December 5.

My brother Tranquillus being gone out of town for some days, my sister Jenny sent me word she would come and dine with me, and therefore desired me to have no other company. I took care accordingly, and was not a little pleased to see her enter the room with a decent and matron-like behaviour, which I thought very much became her. I saw she had a great deal to say to me, and easily discovered in her eyes, and the air of her countenance, that she had abundance of satisfaction in her heart, which she longed to communicate. However, I was resolved to let her break into her discourse her own way, and reduced her to a thousand little devices and intimations to bring me to the mention of her husband. But, finding I was resolved not to name him, she began of her own accord. 'My husband,' said she, 'gives his humble service to you,' to which I only answered, 'I hope he is well;' and, without waiting for a reply, fell into other subjects. She at last was out of all patience, and said, with a smile and manner that I thought had more beauty and spirit than I had ever observed before in her, 'I did not think, brother, you had been so ill-natured. You have seen, ever since I came in, that I had a mind to talk of my husband, and you will not be so kind as to give me an occasion.'—'I did not know,' said I, 'but it might be a disagreeable subject to you. You do not take me for so old-fashioned a fellow as to think of entertaining a young lady with the discourse of her husband. I know, nothing is more acceptable than to speak of one who is to be so, but to speak of one who is so! indeed, Jenny, I am a better bred man than you think me.' She showed a little dislike at my raillery; and, by her bridling up, I perceived she expected to be treated hereafter not as Jenny Distaff, but Mrs. Tranquillus. I was very well pleased with this change in her humour; and, upon talking

with her on several subjects, I could not but fancy that I saw a great deal of her husband's way and manner in her remarks, her phrases, the tone of her voice, and the very air of her countenance. This gave me an unspeakable satisfaction, not only because I had found her a husband, from whom she could learn many things that were laudable, but also because I looked upon her imitation of him as an infallible sign that she entirely loved him. This is an observation that I never knew fail, though I do not remember that any other has made it. The natural shyness of her sex hindered her from telling me the greatness of her own passion; but I easily collected it from the representation she gave me of his. 'I have every thing,' says she, 'in Tranquillus, that I can wish for; and enjoy in him, what indeed you have told me were to be met with in a good husband, the fondness of a lover, the tenderness of a parent, and the intimacy of a friend.' It transported me to see her eyes swimming in tears of affection when she spoke. 'And is there not, dear sister,' said I, 'more pleasure in the possession of such a man, than in all the little impertinencies of balls, assemblies, and equipage, which it cost me so much pains to make you contemn?' She answered, smiling, 'Tranquillus has made me a sincere convert in a few weeks, though I am afraid you could not have done it in your whole life. To tell you truly, I have only one fear hanging upon me, which is apt to give me trouble in the midst of all my satisfactions: I am afraid, you must know, that I shall not always make the same amiable appearance in his eye that I do at present. You know, brother Bickerstaff, that you have the reputation of a conjurer; and, if you have any one secret in your art to make your sister always beautiful, I should be happier than if I were mistress of all the worlds you have shown me in a starry night.'—'Jenny,' said I, 'without having recourse to magic, I shall give you one plain rule, that will not fail of making you always amiable to a man who has so great a passion for you, and is of so equal and reasonable a temper as Tranquillus. Endeavour to please, and you must please; be always in the same disposition as you are when you ask for this secret, and you may take my word, you will never want it. An inviolable fidelity, good humour, and complacency of temper, out-live all the charms of a fine face, and make the decays of it invisible.'

We discoursed very long upon this head, which was equally agreeable to us both; for, I must confess, as I tenderly love her, I take as much pleasure in giving her instructions for her welfare, as she herself does in receiving them. I proceeded, therefore, to inculcate these sentiments, by relating a very particular passage that happened within my own knowledge.

There were several of us making merry at a friend's house in a country village, when the sexton of the parish church entered the room in a sort of surprise, and told us, 'that as he was digging a grave in the chancel, a little blow of his pick-axe opened a decayed coffin, in which there were several written papers.' Our curiosity was immediately raised, so that we went to the place where the sexton had been at work, and found a great concourse of people about the grave. Among the rest, there was an old woman, who told us, the person buried there was a lady whose name I do not think fit to mention, though there is nothing in the story but what tends very much to her honour.* This lady lived several years an exemplary pattern of conjugal love, and, dying soon after her husband, who every way answered her character in virtue and affection, made it her death-bed request, 'that all the letters which she had received from him, both before and after her marriage, should be buried in the coffin with her.' These, I found upon examination, were the papers before us. Several of them had suffered so much by time, that I could only pick out a few words; as *my soul! lilies! roses! dearest angel!* and the like. One of them, which was legible throughout, ran thus.

'MADAM,

'If you would know the greatness of my love, consider that of your own beauty. That blooming countenance, that snowy bosom, that graceful person, return every moment to my imagination: the brightness of your eyes hath hindered me from closing mine since I last saw you. You may still add to your beauties by a smile. A frown will make me the most wretched of men, as I am the most passionate of lovers.'

It filled the whole company with a deep melancholy, to compare the description of the letter with the person that occasioned it, who was now reduced to a few crumbling bones, and a little mouldering heap of earth. With much ado I decyphered another letter, which began with, 'My dear, dear wife.' This gave me a curiosity to see how the style of one written in marriage differed from one written in courtship. To my surprise, I found the fondness rather augmented than lessened, though the panegyric turned upon a different accomplishment. The words were as follow:

'Before this short absence from you, I did not know that I loved you so much as I really do; though, at the same time, I thought I loved you as much as possible. I am under great apprehension, lest you should have any

uneasiness whilst I am defrauded of my share in it, and cannot think of tasting any pleasures that you do not partake with me. Pray, my dear, be careful of your health, if for no other reason, but because you know I could not outlive you. It is natural in absence to make professions of an inviolable constancy; but towards so much merit, it is scarce a virtue, especially when it is but a bare return to that of which you have given me such continued proofs ever since our first acquaintance. I am, &c.'

It happened that the daughter of these two excellent persons was by when I was reading this letter. At the sight of the coffin, in which was the body of her mother, near that of her father, she melted into a flood of tears. As I had heard a great character of her virtue, and observed in her this instance of filial piety, I could not resist my natural inclination of giving advice to young people, and therefore addressed myself to her. 'Young lady,' said I, 'you see how short is the possession of that beauty, in which nature has been so liberal to you. You find the melancholy sight before you is a contradiction to the first letter that you heard on that subject; whereas, you may observe, the second letter, which celebrates your mother's constancy, is itself, being found in this place, an argument of it. But, madam, I ought to caution you, not to think the bodies that lie before you your father and your mother. Know, their constancy is rewarded by a nobler union than by this mingling of their ashes, in a state where there is no danger or possibility of a second separation.'

No. 105.] Saturday, December 10, 1709.

Sheer-lane December 9.

As soon as my midnight studies are finished I take but a very short repose, and am again up at an exercise of another kind; that is to say, my fencing. Thus my life passes away in a restless pursuit of fame, and a preparation to defend myself against such an attack it. This anxiety, in the point of reputation, is the peculiar distress of fine spirits, and makes them liable to a thousand inquietudes, from which men of grosser understandings are exempt; so that nothing is more common, than to see one part of mankind live at perfect ease under such circumstances as would make another part of them entirely miserable.

This may serve for a preface to the history of poor Will Rosin, the fiddler of Wapping, who is a man as much made for happiness and a quiet life, as any one breathing; but has been lately entangled in so many intricate and unreasonable distresses, as would have made him, had he been a man of too nice honour, the most wretched of all mortals. I came to the

* A son of sir Thomas Chicheley, one of king William's admirals, assured the very respectable communicator of this note, that the lady here alluded to was his mother, and that the letters were genuine.

knowledge of his affairs by mere accident. Several of the narrow end of our lane having made an appointment to visit some friends beyond Saint Katharine's, where there was to be a merry-meeting, they would needs take with them the old gentleman, as they are pleased to call me. I, who value my company by their good-will, which naturally has the same effect as good-breeding, was not too stately, or too wise, to accept of the invitation. Our design was to be spectators of a sea-ball; to which I readily consented, provided I might be incognito, being naturally pleased with the survey of human life in all its degrees and circumstances. In order to this merriment, Will Rosin, who is the Corelli of the Wapping side, as Tom Scrape is the Bononcini,* was immediately sent for; but, to our utter disappointment, poor Will was under an arrest, and desired the assistance of all his kind masters and mistresses, or he must go to jail. The whole company received his message with great humanity, and very generously threw in their *halfpence a-piece* in a great dish, which purchased his redemption out of the hands of the bailiffs. During the negotiation for his enlargement, I had an opportunity of acquainting myself with his history.

Mr. William Rosin, of the parish of Saint Katharine, is somewhat stricken in years, and married to a young widow, who has very much the ascendant over him; this degenerate age being so perverted in all things, that, even in the state of matrimony, the young pretend to govern their elders. The musician is extremely fond of her; but is often obliged to lay by his fiddle, to hear louder notes of hers, when she is pleased to be angry with him: for, you are to know, Will is not of consequence enough to enjoy her conversation but when she chides him, or makes use of him to carry on her amours: for she is a woman of stratagem; and even in that part of the world, where one would expect but very little gallantry, by the force of natural genius, she can be sullen, sick, out of humour, splenetic, want new clothes, and more money, as well as if she had been bred in Cheapside, or Cornhill. She was lately under a secret discontent, upon account of a lover she was like to lose by his marriage; for her gallant, Mr. Ezekiel Boniface, had been twice

matrimony with Mrs. Winifred Dimple, spinster, of the same parish. Hereupon Mrs. Rosin was far gone in that distemper which well-governed husbands know by the description of, 'I am I know not how;' and Will soon understood, that it was his part to enquire into the occasion of her melancholy, or suffer as the cause of it himself. After much importunity, all he could get out of her was, 'that she was the most unhappy and the most wicked of all women, and had no friend in the world to tell her grief to.' Upon this, Will doubled his importunities; but she said, 'that she should break her poor heart, if he did not take a solemn oath upon a book, that he would not be angry; and that he would expose the person who had wronged her to all the world, for the ease of her mind, which was no way else to be quieted.' The fiddler was so melted, that he immediately kissed her, and afterwards the book. When his oath was taken, she began to lament herself, and revealed to him, 'that, miserable woman as she was, she had been false to his bed.' Will was glad to hear it was no worse; but, before he could reply, 'nay,' said she, 'I will make you all the atonement I can, and take shame upon me, by proclaiming it to all the world, which is the only thing that can remove my present terrors of mind.' This was, indeed, too true, for her design was to prevent Mr. Boniface's marriage, which was all she apprehended. Will was thoroughly angry, and began to curse and swear, the ordinary expressions of passion in persons of his condition. Upon which his wife—'Ah, William! how well you mind the oath you have taken, and the distress of your poor wife, who can keep nothing from you! I hope you will not be such a perjured wretch as to forswear yourself.' The fiddler answered, 'that his oath obliged him only not to be angry at what was passed; but I find you intend to make me laughed at all over Wapping.'—'No, no,' replied Mrs. Rosin, 'I see well enough what you would be at, you poor-spirited cuckold! You are afraid to expose Boniface, who has abused your poor wife, and would fain persuade me still to suffer the stings of conscience; but I assure you sirrah, I will not go to the devil for you.' Poor Will was not made for contention, and, beseeching her to be pacified, desired 'she would

to very much mirth; especially when Will, finding he had friends to stand by him, proclaimed himself a cuckold, by way of insult over the family of the Bonifaces. Here is a man of tranquillity without reading Seneca! What work had such an incident made among persons of distinction? The brothers and kindred of each side must have been drawn out, and hereditary hatred entailed on the families as long as their very names remained in the world. Who would believe that Herod, Othello, and Will Rosin, were of the same species?

There are quite different sentiments which reign in the parlour and the kitchen; and it is by the point of honour, when justly regulated, and inviolably observed, that some men are superior to others, as much as mankind in general are to brutes. This puts me in mind of a passage in the admirable poem called 'The Dispensary,' where the nature of true honour is artfully described in an ironical dispraise of it:

'But ere we once engage in honour's cause,
First know what honour is and whence it was.
Scorn'd by the base, 'tis courted by the brave,
The hero's tyrant, and the coward's slave.
Born in the noisy camp, it lives on air;
And both exists by hope, and by despair.
Angry whene'er a moment's ease we gain,
And reconcil'd at our returns of pain.
It lives when in death's arms the hero lies,
But when his safety he consults, it dies.
Bigoted to this idol, we disclaim
Rest, health, and ease, for nothing but a name.'

A very odd fellow visited me to-day at my lodgings, and desired encouragement and recommendation from me for a new invention of knockers to doors, which he told me he had made, and professed to teach rustic servants the use of them. I desired him to show me an experiment of this invention; upon which he fixed one of his knockers to my parlour-door. He then gave me a complete set of knocks, from the solitary rap of the dun and beggar, to the thunderings of the saucy footman of quality, with several flourishes and rattlings never yet performed. He likewise played over some private notes, distinguishing the familiar friend or relation from the most modish visitor; and directing when the reserve candles are to be lighted. He has several other curiosities in this art. He waits only to receive my approbation of the main design. He is now ready to practise to such as shall apply themselves to him; but I have put off his public licence until next court-day.

N. B. He teaches under-ground.

No. 106.] Tuesday, December 13, 1709.

—Invenies disjecti membra poetæ.—Hor. Sat. iv. 62.
You will find the limbs of a dismember'd poet.

* Dr. Garth's 'Dispensary.'

Will's Coffee-house, December 12.

I WAS this evening sitting at the side-table and reading one of my own papers with great satisfaction, not knowing that I was observed by any in the room. I had not long enjoyed this secret pleasure of an author, when a gentleman, some of whose works I have been highly entertained with,* accosted me after the following manner. 'Mr. Bickerstaff, you know I have for some years devoted myself wholly to the muses, and, perhaps, you will be surprised when I tell you I am resolved to take up, and apply myself to business. I shall therefore beg you will stand my friend, and recommend a customer to me for several goods that I have now upon my hands.'—'I desired him to let me have a particular, and I would do my utmost to serve him.'—'I have first of all,' says he, 'the progress of an amour digested into sonnets, beginning with a poem to the unknown fair, and ending with an *epithalium*. I have celebrated in it her cruelty, her pity, her face, her shape, her wit, her good humour, her dancing, her singing'—I could not forbear interrupting him; 'This is a most accomplished lady,' said I; 'but has she really, with all these perfections, a fine voice?'—'Pugh,' says he, 'you do not believe there is such a person in nature. This was only my employment in solitude last summer, when I had neither friends nor books to divert me.'—'I was going,' said I, 'to ask her name, but I find it is only an imaginary mistress.'—'That's true,' replied my friend, 'but her name is Flavia. I have,' continued he, 'in the second place, a collection of lampoons, calculated either for the Bath, Tunbridge, or any place where they drink waters, with blank spaces for the names of such person or persons as may be inserted in them on occasion. Thus much I have told only of what I have by me, proceeding from love and malice. I have also at this time the sketch of a heroic poem upon the next peace: several, indeed, of the verses are either too long or too short, it being a rough draught of my thoughts upon that subject.' I thereupon told him, 'That, as it was, it might probably pass for a very good Pindaric, and I believe I knew one who would be willing to deal with him for it upon that foot.† I must tell you also,' said he, 'I have made a dedication to it, which is about four sides close written, that may serve any one that is tall, and understands Latin. I have further about fifty similes, that were never yet applied, besides three-and-twenty descriptions of the sun rising,

* Perhaps the person here alluded to was Peter Anthony Motteux, a Frenchman, who translated Don Quixote, and was a writer of songs, prologues, epilogues, &c. who about this time became a seller of china, fans, &c.

† The author probably alludes here to Mr. Thomas Tickell, who seems to have been the person mentioned under the name of Toan Spindle, in Tatler, No. 47.

that might be of great use to an epic poet. These are my more bulky commodities; besides which, I have several small wares that I would part with at easy rates; as, observations upon life, and moral sentences, reduced into several couplets, very proper to close up acts of plays, and may be easily introduced by two or three lines of prose, either in tragedy or comedy. If I could find a purchaser curious in Latin poetry, I could accommodate him with two dozen of epigrams, which, by reason of a few false quantities, should come for little, or nothing.'

I heard the gentleman with much attention, and asked him, 'Whether he would break bulk, and sell his goods by retail, or designed they should all go in a lump?' He told me, 'That he should be very loath to part them, unless it was to oblige a man of quality, or any person for whom I had a particular friendship.'—'My reason for asking,' said I, 'is, only because I know a young gentleman who intends to appear next spring in a new *jingling* chariot, with the figures of the nine muses on each side of it; and, I believe, would be glad to come into the world in verse.' We could not go on in our treaty, by reason of two or three critics that joined us. They had been talking, it seems, of the two letters which were found in the coffin, and mentioned in one of my late lucubrations, and came with a request to me, that I would communicate any others of them that were legible. One of the gentlemen was pleased to say 'that it was a very proper instance of a widow's constancy; and said, 'he wished I had subjoined, as a foil to it, the following passage in Hamlet.' The young prince was not yet acquainted with all the guilt of his mother, but turns his thoughts on her sudden forgetfulness of his father, and the indecency of her hasty marriage:

—That it should come to this!
But two months dead I nay, not so much, not two!
So excellent a king! that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother:
That he might not let e'en the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? Why she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: and yet, within a month!
Let me not think on't—Frailty, thy name is Woman!
A little month! or ere those shoes were old,
With which she followed my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears, why she, even she,
O heaven! that would discuss of reason

thoughts of a son into distraction. His father's tenderness for his mother, expressed in so delicate a particular: his mother's fondness for his father, no less exquisitely described: the great and amiable figure of his dead parent drawn by a true filial piety: his disdain of so unworthy a successor to his bed; but, above all, the shortness of the time between his father's death and his mother's second marriage, brought together with so much disorder, make up as noble a part as any in that celebrated tragedy. The circumstance of time, I never could enough admire. The widowhood had lasted two months. This is his first reflection; but, as his indignation rises, he sinks to scarce two months: afterwards, into a month; and at last into a little month: but all this so naturally, that the reader accompanies him in the violence of his passion, and finds the time lessen insensibly, according to the different workings of his disdain. I have not mentioned the incest of her marriage, which is so obvious a provocation; but cannot forbear taking notice, that when his fury is at its height, he cries, 'Frailty, thy name is Woman!' as railing at the sex in general, rather than giving himself leave to think his mother worse than others—*Desiderantur multa*.

Whereas, Mr. Jeffery Groggram has surrendered himself, by his letter bearing date December 7th, and has sent an acknowledgment that he is dead, praying an order to the company of upholders for interment at such a reasonable rate as may not impoverish his heirs: the said Groggram having been dead ever since he was born, and added nothing to his small patrimony; Mr. Bickerstaff has taken the premises into consideration; and, being sensible of the ingenuous and singular behaviour of this petitioner, pronounces the said Jeffery Groggram a live man, and will not suffer that he should bury himself out of modesty; but requires him to remain among the living, as an example to those obstinate dead men, who will neither labour for life, nor go to their grave.

N. B. Mr. Groggram is the first person that has come in upon Mr. Bickerstaff's dead warrant.

Florinda demands, by her letter of this day,

Unhappy youth! doth she surprise?
And have her flames possess'd
Thy burning breast?
Thou did'st deserve a dart from kinder eyes.

Creech.

Sheer-lane, December 14.

ABOUT four this afternoon, which is the hour I usually put myself in a readiness to receive company, there entered a gentleman, who I believed at first came upon some ordinary question: but, as he approached nearer to me, I saw in his countenance a deep sorrow, mixed with a certain ingenuous complacency, that gave me sudden good-will towards him. He stared, and betrayed an absence of thought, as he was going to communicate his business to me. But at last, recovering himself, he said with an air of great respect, 'Sir, it would be an injury to your knowledge in the occult sciences, to tell you what is my distress; I dare say you read it in my countenance: I therefore beg your advice to the most unhappy of all men.' Much experience has made me particularly sagacious in the discovery of distempers, and I soon saw that his was love. I then turned to my commonplace-book, and found his case under the word *Coquette*; and reading over the catalogue which I have collected out of this great city, of all under that character, I saw, at the name of *Cynthia*, his fit came upon him. I repeated the name thrice after a musing manner, and immediately perceived his pulse quicken two thirds; when his eyes, instead of the wildness with which they appeared at his entrance, looked with all the gentleness imaginable upon me, not without tears. 'Oh! sir,' said he, 'you know not the unworthy usage I have met with from the woman my soul doats on. I could gaze at her to the end of my being: yet when I have done so, for some time past, I have found her eyes fixed on another. She is now two-and-twenty, in the full tyranny of her charms, which she once acknowledged she rejoiced in, only as they made her choice of me, out of a crowd of admirers, the more obliging. But, in the midst of this happiness, so it is, Mr. Bickerstaff, that young Quickset, who is just come to town, without any other recommendation than that of being tolerably handsome, and excessively rich, has won her heart in so shameless a manner, that she dies for him. In a word, I would consult you, how to cure myself of this passion for an ungrateful woman, who triumphs in her falsehood, and can make no man happy, because her own satisfaction consists chiefly in being capable of giving distress. I know Quickset is at present considerable with her, for no other reason but that he can be without her, and feel no pain in the loss. Let me therefore desire you, sir, to fortify my reason against the levity of an inconstant, who ought only to be treated with neglect.'

All this time I was looking over my receipts,

and asked him, 'if he had any good winter boots'—'Boots, sir!' said my patient—I went on; 'You may easily reach Harwich in a day, so as to be there when the packet goes off.'—'Sir,' said the lover, 'I find you design me for travelling; but, alas! *I have no language*, it will be the same thing to me as solitude, to be in a strange country. I have,' continued he, sighing, 'been many years in love with this creature, and have almost lost even my English, at least to speak such as any body else does. I asked a tenant of ours, who came up to town the other day with rent, whether the flowery mead near my father's house in the country had any shepherd in it? I have called a cave a grotto these three years, and must keep ordinary company, and frequent busy people for some time, before I can recover my common words.' I smiled at his rillery upon himself, though I well saw it came from a heavy heart. 'You are,' said I, 'acquainted, to be sure, with some of the general officers: suppose you made a campaign?'—'If I did,' said he, 'I should venture more than any man there, for I should be in danger of starving; my father is such an untoward old gentleman, that he would tell me he found it hard enough to pay his taxes towards the war, without making it more expensive by an allowance to me. With all this, he is as fond as he is rugged, and I am his only son.'

I looked upon the young gentleman with much tenderness, and not like a physician, but a friend; for, I talked to him so largely, that if I had parcelled my discourse into distinct prescriptions, I am confident, I gave him two hundred pounds worth of advice. He heard me with great attention, bowing, smiling, and showing all other instances of that natural good breeding which ingenuous tempers pay to those who are elder and wiser than themselves. I entertained him to the following purpose: 'I am sorry, sir, that your passion is of so long a date, for evils are much more curable in their beginnings; but, at the same time, must allow, that you are not to be blamed, since your youth and merit has been abused by one of the most charming, but the most unworthy sort of women, the *Coquettes*. A *Coquette* is a chaste jilt, and differs only from a common one, as a soldier, who is perfect in exercise, does from one that is actually in service. This grief, like all others, is to be cured only by time; and, although you are convinced this moment, as much as you will be ten years hence, that she ought to be scorned and neglected, you see you must not expect your remedy from the force of reason. The cure, then, is only in time, and the hastening of the cure, only in the manner of employing that time. You have answered me as to travel and a campaign, so that we have only Great Britain to avoid her in. Be then yourself, and listen to the following rules.

which only can be of use to you in this unaccountable distemper, wherein the patient is often averse even to his recovery. It has been of benefit to some to apply themselves to business; but as that may not lie in your way, go down to your estate, mind your fox-hounds, and venture the life you are weary of, over every hedge and ditch in the country. These are wholesome remedies; but if you can have resolution enough, rather stay in town, and recover yourself even in the town where she inhabits. Take particular care to avoid all places where you may possibly meet her, and shun the sight of every thing which may bring her to your remembrance; there is an infection in all that relates to her: you will find her house, her chariot, her domestics, and her very lap-dog, are so many instruments of torment. Tell me, seriously, do you think you could bear the sight of her fan? He shook his head at the question, and said, 'Ah! Mr. Bickerstaff, you must have been a patient, or you could not have been so good a physician.'—'To tell you truly,' said I, 'about the thirtieth year of my age, I received a wound that has still left a scar in my mind, never to be quite worn out by time or philosophy.'

'The means which I found the most effectual for my cure, were, reflections upon the ill usage I had received from the woman I love, and the pleasure I saw her take in my sufferings.'

'I considered the distress she brought upon me the greatest that could befall a human creature, at the same time that she did not inflict this upon one who was her enemy, one that had done her an injury, one that had wished her ill; but on the man who loved her more than any else loved her, and more than it was possible for him to love any other person.'

'In the next place, I took pains to consider her in all her imperfections; and, that I might be sure to hear of them constantly, kept company with those, her female friends, who were her dearest and most intimate acquaintance.'

'Among her highest imperfections, I still dwelt upon her baseness of mind and ingratitude, that made her triumph in the pain and

the age I am now of, who, in his thirtieth year, had been tortured with that passion in its violence. For my part,' said he, 'I can neither eat, drink, nor sleep in it; nor keep company with any body but two or three friends who are in the same condition.'

'There,' answered I, 'you are to blame; for as you ought to avoid nothing more than keeping company with yourself, so you ought to be particularly cautious of keeping company with men like yourself. As long as you do this you do but indulge your distemper.'

'I must not dismiss you without further instructions. If possible, transfer your passion from the woman you are now in love with to another; or, if you cannot do that, change the passion itself into some other passion, that is, to speak more plainly, find out some other agreeable woman: or, if you cannot do this, grow covetous, ambitious, litigious; turn your love of woman into that of profit, preferment, reputation; and for a time give up yourself entirely to the pursuit.'

'This is a method we sometimes take in physic, when we turn a desperate disease into one we can more easily cure.'

He made little answer to all this, but crying out, 'Ah, sir!' for his passion reduced his discourse to interjections.

'There is one thing,' added I, 'which is present death to a man in your condition, and, therefore, to be avoided with the greatest care and caution: that is, in a word, to think of your mistress and rival together, whether walking, discoursing, dallying'—'The devil!' he cried out, 'who can bear it?' To compose him, for I pitied him very much; 'The time will come,' said I, 'when you shall not only bear it, but laugh at it. As a preparation to it, ride every morning, an hour at least, with the wind full in your face. Upon your return, recollect the several precepts which I have now given you, and drink upon them a bottle of Spa-water. Repeat this every day for a month successively, and let me see you at the end of it.' He was taking his leave, with many thanks, and some expressions of consolation in his countenance.

Sheer-lane, December 16.

IT is not to be imagined how great an effect well-disposed lights, with proper forms and orders in assemblies, have upon some tempers. I am sure I feel it in so extraordinary a manner that I cannot in a day or two get out of my imagination any very beautiful or disagreeable impression which I receive on such occasions. For this reason I frequently look in at the play-house in order to enlarge my thoughts, and warm my mind with some new ideas, that may be serviceable to me in my lucubrations.

In this disposition I entered the theatre the other day, and placed myself in a corner of it very convenient for seeing, without being myself observed. I found the audience hushed in a very deep attention, and did not question but some noble tragedy was just then in its crisis, or that an incident was to be unravelled which would determine the fate of a hero. While I was in this suspense, expecting every moment to see my old friend Mr. Betterton appear in all the majesty of distress, to my unspeakable amazement there came up a monster with a face between his feet; and, as I was looking on, he raised himself on one leg in such a perpendicular posture, that the other grew in a direct line above his head. It afterwards twisted itself into the motions and wreathings of several different animals, and, after a great variety of shapes and transformations, went off the stage in the figure of a human creature. The admiration, the applause, the satisfaction of the audience, during this strange entertainment, is not to be expressed. I was very much out of countenance for my dear countrymen, and looked about with some apprehension, for fear any foreigner should be present. Is it possible, thought I, that human nature can rejoice in its disgrace, and take pleasure in seeing its own figure turned to ridicule, and distorted into forms that raise horror and aversion? There is something disingenuous and immoral in the being able to bear such a sight. Men of elegant and noble minds are shocked at seeing the characters of persons who deserve esteem for their virtue, knowledge, or services to their country, placed in wrong lights, and by misrepresentation made the subject of buffoonery. Such a nice abhorrence is not indeed to be found among the vulgar; but, methinks, it is wonderful, that those who have nothing but the outward figure to distinguish them as men, should delight in seeing humanity abused, vilified, and disgraced.

I must confess, there is nothing that more pleases me, in all that I read in books, or see among mankind, than such passages as represent human nature in its proper dignity. As man is a creature made up of different extremes, he has something in him very great and very mean. A skilful artist may draw an excellent picture of him in either of these

views. The finest authors of antiquity have taken him on the more advantageous side. They cultivate the natural grandeur of the soul, raise in her a generous ambition, feed her with hopes of immortality and perfection, and do all they can to widen the partition between the virtuous and the vicious, by making the difference betwixt them as great as between gods and brutes. In short, it is impossible to read a page in Plato, Tully, and a thousand other ancient moralists, without being a greater and a better man for it. On the contrary, I could never read any of our modish French authors, or those of our own country, who are the imitators and admirers of that trifling nation, without being for some time out of humour with myself, and at every thing about me. Their business is, to depreciate human nature, and consider it under its worst appearances. They give mean interpretations and base motives to the worthiest actions; they resolve virtue and vice into constitution. In short, they endeavour to make no distinction between man and man, or between the species of men and that of brutes. As an instance of this kind of authors, among many others, let any one examine the celebrated Rochefoucault, who is the great philosopher for administering of consolation to the idle, the envious, and worthless part of mankind.

I remember a young gentleman of moderate understanding, but great vivacity, who, by dipping into many authors of this nature, had got a little smattering of knowledge, just enough to make an atheist or a free-thinker, but not a philosopher or a man of sense. With these accomplishments, he went to visit his father in the country, who was a plain, rough, honest man, and wise, though not learned. The son, who took all opportunities to show his learning, began to establish a new religion in the family, and to enlarge the narrowness of their country notions; in which he succeeded so well, that he had seduced the butler by his table-talk, and staggered his eldest sister. The old gentleman began to be alarmed at the schisms that arose among his children, but did not yet believe his son's doctrine to be so pernicious as it really was, until one day talking of his setting dog, the son said, 'he did not question but Tray was as immortal as any one of the family;' and in the heat of the argument told his father, 'that, for his own part, he expected to die like a dog.' Upon which the old man, starting up in a very great passion, cried out, 'Then, sirrah, you shall live like one;' and taking his cane in his hand, cudgelled him out of his system. This had so good an effect upon him, that he took up from that day, fell to reading good books, and is now a benchman in the Middle Temple.

I do not mention this cudgelling part of the story with a design to engage the secular arm

in matters of this nature; but certainly, if it ever exerts itself in affairs of opinion and speculation, it ought to do it on such shallow and despicable pretenders to knowledge, who endeavour to give man dark and uncomfortable prospects of his being, and destroy those principles which are the support, happiness, and glory of all public societies, as well as private persons.

I think it is one of Pythagoras's golden sayings, 'That a man should take care above all things to have a due respect for himself.' And it is certain, that this licentious sort of authors, who are for depreciating mankind, endeavour to disappoint and undo what the most refined spirits have been labouring to advance since the beginning of the world. The very design of dress, good-breeding, outward ornaments, and ceremony, were to lift up human nature, and set it off to an advantage. Architecture, painting, and statuary, were invented with the same design: as, indeed, every art and science contributes to the embellishment of life, and to the wearing off and throwing into shades the mean and low parts of our nature. Poetry carries on this great end more than all the rest, as may be seen in the following passage, taken out of sir Francis Bacon's 'Advancement of Learning,' which gives a truer and better account of this art than all the volumes that were ever written upon it.

'Poetry, especially heroical, seems to be raised altogether from a noble foundation, which makes much for the dignity of man's nature. For seeing this sensible world is in dignity inferior to the soul of man, poesy seems to endow human nature with that which history denies; and to give satisfaction to the mind, with at least the shadow of things, where the substance cannot be had. For, if the matter be thoroughly considered, a strong argument may be drawn from poesy, that a more stately greatness of things, a more perfect order, and a more beautiful variety, delights the soul of man, that any way can be found in nature since the fall. Wherefore, seeing the acts and events which are the subjects of true history, are not of that amplitude as to content the mind of man, poetry is ready at hand to feign acts more heroical. Because true history reports the successes of business not proportionable to the merit of virtues and vices, poesy corrects it, and presents events and fortunes according to desert, and according to the law of providence: because true history, through the frequent satiety and similitude of things, works a distaste and misprision in the mind of man; poesy cheereth and refresheth the soul, chaunting things rare and various, and full of vicissitudes. So as poesy serveth and conferreth to delectation, magnanimity, and morality; and, therefore, it may seem deservedly to have some participation of divineness, be-

cause it doth raise the mind, and exalt the spirit with high raptures, by proportioning the shows of things to the desires of the mind, and not submitting the mind to things, as reason and history do. And by these allurements and congruities, whereby it cherisheth the soul of man, joined also with consort of music, whereby it may more sweetly insinuate itself, it hath won such access, that it hath been in estimation even in rude times and barbarous nations, when other learning stood excluded.'

But there is nothing which favours and falls in with this natural greatness and dignity of human nature so much as religion, which does not only promise the entire refinement of the mind, but the glorifying of the body, and the immortality of both.

No. 109.] Tuesday, December 20, 1709.

Perduntur hæc inter miseria lux

Hor. 2. Sat. vl. 59.

——— in this giddy, busy maze,
I lose the sun-shine of my days.

Francis.

Sheer-lane, December 19.

THERE has not some years been such a tumult in our neighbourhood as this evening about six. At the lower end of the lane the word was given, that there was a great funeral coming by. The next moment came forward, and in a very hasty, instead of a solemn manner, a long train of lights, when at last a footman, in very high youth and health, with all his force, ran through the whole art of beating the door of the house next to me, and ended his rattle with the true finishing rap. This did not only bring one to the door at which he knocked, but to that of every one in the lane in an instant. Among the rest, my country maid took the alarm, and immediately running to me, told me, 'there was a fine, fine lady, who had three men with burial torches making way before her, carried by two men upon poles, with looking-glasses on each side of her, and one glass also before, she herself appearing the prettiest that ever was.' The girl was going on in her story, when the lady was come to my door in her chair, having mistaken the house. As soon as she entered I saw she was Mr. Isaac's scholar, by her speaking air, and the becoming *stop* she made when she began her apology. 'You will be surprised, sir,' said she, 'that I take this liberty, who am utterly a stranger to you; besides that it may be thought an indecorum that I visit a man. She made here a pretty hesitation, and held her fan to her face; then, as if recovering her resolution, she proceeded—'But I think you have said, that men of your age are of no sex; therefore, I may be as free with you as one of my own.' The lady did me the honour to consult me on some particular matters, which I am not at liberty to report. But, be-

fore she took her leave, she produced a long list of names, which she looked upon, to know whither she was to go next. I must confess, I could hardly forbear discovering to her, immediately, that I secretly laughed at the fantastical regularity she observed in throwing away her time; but I seemed to indulge her in it, out of a curiosity to hear her own sense of her way of life. 'Mr. Bickerstaff,' said she, 'you cannot imagine how much you are obliged to me, in staying thus long with you, having so many visits to make; and, indeed, if I had not hopes that a third part of those I am going to will be abroad, I should be unable to despatch them this evening.' 'Madam,' said I, 'are you in all this haste and perplexity, and only going to such as you have not a mind to see?'—'Yes, sir,' said she, 'I have several now with whom I keep a constant correspondence, and return visit for visit punctually every week, and yet we have not seen each other since last November was twelvemonth.'

She went on with a very good air, and fixing her eyes on her list, told me, 'she was obliged to ride about three miles and a half before she arrived at her own house.' I asked 'after what manner this list was taken, whether the persons writ their names to her, and desired that favour, or how she knew she was not cheated in her muster-roll?'—'The method we take,' says she, 'is, that the porter or servant who comes to the door, writes down all the names who come to see us, and all such are entitled to a return of their visit.'—'But,' said I, 'madam, I presume those who are searching for each other, and know one another by messages, may be understood as candidates only for each other's favour; and that, after so many how-do-ye-does, you proceed to visit or not, as you like the run of each other's reputation or fortune.'—'You understand it aright,' said she; 'and we become friends, as soon as we are convinced that our dislike to each other may be of any consequence: for, to tell you truly,' said she, 'for it is in vain to hide any thing from a man of your penetration, general visits are not made out of good-will, but for fear of ill-will. Punctuality in this case is often a suspicious circumstance; and there is nothing so common as to have a lady say, "I hope she has heard nothing of what I said of her, that she grows so great with me!" But, indeed, my porter is so dull and negligent, that I fear he has not put down half the people I owe visits to.'—'Madam,' said I, 'methinks it would be very proper if your gentleman-usher or groom of the chamber were always to keep an account, by way of debtor and creditor. I know a city lady who uses that method, which I think very laudable; for though you may possibly, at the court end of the town, receive at the door, and light up better than within Temple-bar, yet I must do that justice to my friends,

the ladies within the walls, to own, that they are much more exact in their correspondence. The lady I was going to mention as an example has always the second apprentice out of the counting-house for her own use on her visiting-day, and he sets down very methodically all the visits which are made her. I remember very well, that on the first of January last, when she made up her account for the year 1708, it stood thus:

Mrs. Courtwood—		Per Contra—Creditor.
Debtor.		
To seventeen hundred and four visits received.	} 1704	By eleven hundred and nine paid.
		Due to balance 595
		1704

'This gentlewoman is a woman of great economy, and was not afraid to go to the bottom of her affairs; and, therefore, ordered her apprentice to give her credit for my lady Easy's impertinent visits upon wrong days, and deduct only twelve per cent. He had orders also to subtract one and a half from the whole of such as she had denied herself to before she kept a day; and after taking those proper articles of credit on her side, she was in arrear but five hundred. She ordered her husband to buy in a couple of fresh coach-horses; and with no other loss than the death of two footmen, and a church-yard cough brought upon her coachman, she was clear in the world on the tenth of February last, and keeps so before-hand, that she pays every body their own, and yet makes daily new acquaintances.'

I know not whether this agreeable visitant was fired with the example of the lady I told her of, but she immediately vanished out of my sight, it being, it seems, as necessary a point of good-breeding, to go off as if you stole something out of the house, as it is to enter as if you came to fire it. I do not know one thing that contributes so much to the lessening the esteem men of sense have to the fair sex, as this article of visits. A young lady cannot be married, but all impertinents in town must be beating the tattoo from one quarter of the town to the other, to show they know what passes. If a man of honour should once in an age marry a woman of merit for her intrinsic value, the envious things are all in motion in an instant to make it known to the sisterhood as an indiscretion, and publish to the town how many pounds he might have had to have been troubled with one of them. After they are tired with that, the next thing is, to make their compliments to the married couple and their relations. They are equally busy at a funeral, and the death of a person of quality is

always attended with the murder of several sets of coach-horses and chairmen. In both cases, the visitants are wholly unaffected, either with joy or sorrow; for which reason, their congratulations and condolences are equally words of course; and one would be thought wonderfully ill-bred, that should build upon such expressions as encouragements to expect from them any instance of friendship.

Thus are the true causes of living, and the solid pleasures in life, lost in show, imposture, and impertinence. As for my part, I think most of the misfortunes in families arise from the trifling way the women have in spending their time, and gratifying only their eyes and ears, instead of their reason and understanding.

A fine young woman, bred under a visiting mother, knows all that is possible for her to be acquainted with by report, and sees the virtuous and the vicious used so indifferently, that the fears she is born with are abated, and desires indulged, in proportion to her love of that light and trifling conversation. I know I talk like an old man; but I must go on to say, that I think the general reception of mixed company, and the pretty fellows that are admitted at those assemblies, give a young woman so false an idea of life, that she is generally bred up with a scorn of that sort of merit in a man, which only can make her happy in marriage; and the wretch, to whose lot she falls, very often receives in his arms a coquette, with the refuse of a heart long before given away to a coxcomb.

Having received from the society of upholders sundry complaints of the obstinate and refractory behaviour of several dead persons, who have been guilty of very great outrages and disorders, and by that means elapsed the proper time of their interment; and having, on the other hand, received many appeals from the aforesaid dead persons, wherein they desire to be heard before such their interment; I have set apart Wednesday, the twenty-first instant, as an extraordinary court-day for the hearing of both parties. If, therefore, any one can allege why they, or any of their acquaintance, should or should not be buried, I desire they may be ready with their witnesses at that time, or that they will for ever after hold their tongues.

N. B. This is the last hearing on this subject.

No. 110.] Thursday, December 22, 1709.

— *Quæ locis miseris tam dira captido*

Virg. En. vi. 721.

Goris! can the wretches long for life again? *Pitt.*

Sheer-lune, December 21.

As soon as I had placed myself in my chair of judicature, I ordered my clerk, Mr. Lillie, to read to the assembly, who were gathered

together according to notice, a certain declaration, by way of charge, to open the purpose of my session, which tended only to this explanation, that as other courts were often called to demand the execution of persons dead in law; so this was held to give the last orders relating to those who are dead in reason. The solicitor of the new company of upholders near the Hay-market appeared in behalf of that useful society, and brought in an accusation of a young woman, who herself stood at the bar before me. Mr. Lillie read her indictment, which was in substance, 'That, whereas, Mrs. Rebecca Pindust, of the parish of Saint Martin-in-the-Fields, had, by the use of one instrument called a looking-glass, and by the further use of certain attire, made either of cambric, muslin, or other linen wares, upon her head, attained to such an evil art and magical force in the motion of her eyes and turn of her countenance, that she, the said Rebecca, had put to death several young men of the said parish; and that the said young men had acknowledged in certain papers, commonly called love-letters, which were produced in court, gilded on the edges, and sealed *with a particular wax*, with certain amorous and enchanting words wrought upon the said seals, that they died for the said Rebecca: and, whereas the said Rebecca persisted in the said evil practice; this way of life the said society construed to be, according to former edicts, a state of death, and demanded an order for the interment of the said Rebecca.'

I looked upon the maid with great humanity, and desired her to make answer to what was said against her. She said, 'It was indeed true, that she had practised all the arts and means she could, to dispose of herself happily in marriage, but thought she did not come under the censure expressed in my writings for the same; and humbly hoped I would not condemn her for the ignorance of her accusers, who, according to their own words, had rather represented her killing, than dead.' She further alleged, 'That the expressions mentioned in the papers written to her were become mere words, and that she had been always ready to marry any of those who said they died for her; but that they made their escape as soon as they found themselves pitied or believed.' She ended her discourse, by desiring I would for the future settle the meaning of the words 'I die,' in letters of love.

Mrs. Pindust behaved herself with such an air of innocence, that she easily gained credit, and was acquitted. Upon which occasion, I gave it as a standing rule, 'that any person, who, in any letter, billet, or discourse, should tell a woman he died for her, should, if she pleased, be obliged to live with her, or be immediately interred upon such their own confession, without bail or mainprize.'

It happened, that the very next who was brought before me was one of her admirers, who was indicted upon that very head. A letter, which he acknowledged to be his own hand, was read, in which were the following words: 'Cruel creature, I die for you.' It was observable that he took snuff all the time his accusation was reading. I asked him, 'how he came to use these words, if he were not a dead man?' He told me, 'he was in love with the lady, and did not know any other way of telling her so; and that all his acquaintance took the same method.' Though I was moved with compassion towards him, by reason of the weakness of his parts, yet for example-sake I was forced to answer, 'Your sentence shall be a warning to all the rest of your companions, not to tell lies for want of wit.' Upon this, he began to beat his snuff-box with a very saucy air; and opening it again, 'Faith, Isaac,' said he, 'thou art a very unaccountable old fellow.—Pr'ythee, who gave thee power of life and death? What a-pox hast thou to do with ladies and lovers? I suppose thou wouldst have a man be in company with his mistress, and say nothing to her. Dost thou call breaking a jest, telling a lie? Ha! is that thy wisdom, old stiff-rump, ha?' He was going on with this insipid common-place mirth, sometimes opening his box, sometimes shutting it, then viewing the picture on the lid, and then the workmanship of the hinge, when, in the midst of his eloquence, I ordered his box to be taken from him; upon which he was immediately struck speechless, and carried off stone dead.

The next who appeared was a hale old fellow of sixty. He was brought in by his relations, who desired leave to bury him. Upon requiring a distinct account of the prisoner, a credible witness deposed, 'that he always rose at ten of the clock, played with his cat until twelve, smoked tobacco until one, was at dinner until two, then took another pipe, played at back-gammon until six, talked of one madam Frances, an old mistress of his, until eight, repeated the same account at the tavern until ten, then returned home, took the other pipe, and then to bed.' I asked him, 'what he had to say for himself?'—'As to what,' said he, 'they mention concerning Madam Frances—'

I did not care for hearing the Canterbury tale, and, therefore, thought myself seasonably interrupted by a young gentleman, who appeared in the behalf of the old man, and prayed an arrest of judgment; 'for that he, the said young man, held certain lands by his, the said old man's, life.' Upon this, the solicitor of the upholders took an occasion to demand him also, and thereupon produced several evidences that witnessed to his life and conversation. It appeared, that each of them divided their hours in matters of equal moment and importance to themselves and to the public.

They rose at the same hour: while the old man was playing with his cat, the young one was looking out of his window; while the old man was smoking his pipe, the young man was rubbing his teeth; while one was at dinner, the other was dressing; while one was at back-gammon, the other was at dinner; while the old fellow was talking of madam Frances, the young one was either at play, or toasting women whom he never conversed with. The only difference was, that the young man had never been good for any thing; the old man, a man of worth before he knew madam Frances. Upon the whole, I ordered them to be both interred together, with inscriptions proper to their characters, signifying, that the old man died in the year 1689, and was buried in the year 1709; and over the young one it was said, that he departed this world in the twenty-fifth year of his death.

The next class of criminals were authors in prose and verse. Those of them who had produced any still-born work were immediately dismissed to their burial, and were followed by others, who, notwithstanding some sprightly issue in their life-time, had given proofs of their death by some posthumous children that bore no resemblance to their elder brethren. As for those who were the fathers of a mixed progeny, provided always they could prove the last to be a live child, they escaped with life, but not without loss of limbs; for, in this case, I was satisfied with amputation of the parts which were mortified.

These were followed by a great crowd of superannuated benchers of the inns of court, senior fellows of colleges, and defunct statesmen; all whom I ordered to be decimated indifferently, allowing the rest a reprieve for one year, with a promise of a free pardon in case of resuscitation.

There were still great multitudes to be examined; but, finding it very late, I adjourned the court, not without the secret pleasure that I had done my duty, and furnished out a handsome execution.

Going out of the court, I received a letter, informing me, 'that, in pursuance of the edict of justice in one of my late visions, all those of the fair sex began to appear pregnant who had run any hazard of it; as was manifest by a particular swelling in the petticoats of several ladies in and about this great city.' I must confess, I do not attribute the rising of this part of the dress to this occasion, yet must own, that I am very much disposed to be offended with such a new and unaccountable fashion. I shall, however, pronounce nothing upon it, until I have examined all that can be said for and against it. And, in the mean time, think fit to give this notice to the fair ladies who are now making up their winter suits, that they may abstain from all dresses of that kind,

until they shall find what judgment will be passed upon them; for it would very much trouble me, that they should put themselves to an unnecessary expense; and I could not but think myself to blame, if I should hereafter forbid them the wearing of such garments, when they have laid out money upon them, without having given them any previous admonition.

N. B. A letter of the sixteenth instant about one of the fifth, will be answered according to the desire of the party, which he will see in a few days.

No. 111.] *Saturday, December 24, 1709*

— Procal, O! Procal, este profani!
Hence, ye profane! far hence be gone!

Sheer-lane, December 23.

THE watchman, who does me particular honours, as being the chief man in the lane, gave so very great a thump at my door last night, that I awakened at the knock, and heard myself complimented with the usual salutation of, 'Good-morrow, Mr. Bickerstaff; good-morrow, my masters all.' The silence and darkness of the night disposed me to be more than ordinarily serious; and, as my attention was not drawn out among exterior objects by the avocations of sense, my thoughts naturally fell upon myself. I was considering, amidst the stillness of the night, what was the proper employment of a thinking being? what were the perfections it should propose to itself? and, what the end it should aim at? My mind is of such a particular cast, that the falling of a shower of rain, or the whistling of wind, at such a time, is apt to fill my thoughts with something awful and solemn. I was in this disposition, when our bellman began his midnight homily, which he has been repeating to us every winter night for these twenty years, with the usual exordium;

'Oh! mortal man, thou that art born in sin!'

Sentiments of this nature, which are in themselves just and reasonable, however debased by the circumstances that accompany them, do not fail to produce their natural effect in a mind that is not perverted and depraved by wrong notions of gallantry, politeness, and ridicule. The temper which I now found myself in, as well as the time of the year, put me in mind of those lines in Shakspeare, wherein, according to his agreeable wildness of imagination, he has wrought a country tradition into a beautiful piece of poetry. In the tragedy of Hamlet, where the ghost vanishes upon the cock's crowing,* he takes occasion

to mention its crowing all hours of the night about Christmas time, and to insinuate a kind of religious veneration for that season.

'It failed on the crowing of the cock.

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long.
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad:
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes; no witch hath power to charm;
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.'

This admirable author, as well as the best and greatest men of all ages, and of all nations, seems to have had his mind thoroughly seasoned with religion, as is evident by many passages in his plays, that would not be suffered by a modern audience; and are, therefore, certain instances that the age he lived in had a much greater sense of virtue than the present.

It is, indeed, a melancholy reflection to consider, that the British nation, which is now at a greater height of glory for its councils and conquests than it ever was before, should distinguish itself by a certain looseness of principles, and a falling-off from those schemes of thinking, which conduce to the happiness and perfection of human nature. This evil comes upon us from the works of a few solemn block-heads, that meet together, with the zeal and seriousness of apostles, to extirpate common sense, and propagate infidelity. These are the wretches, who, without any show of wit, learning, or reason, publish their crude conceptions with an ambition of appearing more wise than the rest of mankind, upon no other pretence than that of dissenting from them. One gets by heart a catalogue of title-pages and editions; and, immediately, to become conspicuous, declares that he is an unbeliever. Another knows how to write a receipt, or cut up a dog, and forthwith argues against the immortality of the soul. I have known many a little wit, in the ostentation of his parts, rally the truth of the scripture, who was not able to read a chapter in it. These poor wretches talk blasphemy for want of discourse, and are rather the objects of scorn or pity, than of our indignation; but the grave disputant,* that reads and writes, and spends all his time in convincing himself and the world that he is no better than a brute, ought to be whipped out of government, as a blot to civil society, and a defamer of mankind. I love to consider an infidel, whether distinguished by the title of deist, atheist, or free-thinker, in three different lights, in his solitudes, his afflictions, and his last moments.

A wise man that lives up to the principles of reason and virtue, if one considers him in his

* This is a very ancient superstition. Philostratus, giving an account of the apparition of Achilles's shade to Apollonius Tyanensis, says, that it vanished with a little glimmer as soon as the cock crowed.

* Perhaps the author here alludes to Toland, for we are told, by a contemporary writer, that 'He was once the buff of the Tatler.'

solitude, as in taking in the system of the universe, observing the mutual dependence and harmony, by which the whole frame of it hangs together, beating down his passions, or swelling his thoughts with magnificent ideas of Providence, makes a nobler figure in the eye of an intelligent being, than the greatest conqueror amidst all the pomps and solemnities of a triumph. On the contrary, there is not a more ridiculous animal than an atheist in his retirement. His mind is incapable of rapture or elevation. He can only consider himself as an insignificant figure in a landscape, and wandering up and down in a field or a meadow, under the same terms as the meanest animals about him, and as subject to as total a mortality as they; with this aggravation, that he is the only one amongst them, who lies under the apprehension of it.

In distresses, he must be of all creatures the most helpless and forlorn; he feels the whole pressure of a present calamity, without being relieved by the memory of any thing that is past or the prospect of any thing that is to come. Annihilation is the greatest blessing that he proposes to himself, and a halter or a pistol the only refuge he can fly to. But if you would behold one of these gloomy miscreants in his poorest figure, you must consider him under the terrors, or at the approach, of death.

About thirty years ago I was a shipboard with one of these vermin, when there arose a brisk gale, which could frighten nobody but himself. Upon the rolling of the ship, he fell upon his knees, and confessed to the chaplain, 'that he had been a vile atheist, and had denied a Supreme Being ever since he came to his estate.' The good man was astonished, and a report immediately ran through the ship, 'that there was an atheist upon the upper deck.' Several of the common seamen, who had never heard the word before, thought it had been some strange fish; but they were more surprised when they saw it was a man, and heard out of his own mouth, that he never believed until that day that there was a God. As he lay in the agonies of confession, one of the honest tars whispered to the boatswain, 'that it would be a good deed to heave him overboard.' But we were now within sight of port, when of a sudden the wind fell, and the penitent relapsed, begging all of us that were present, 'as we were gentlemen, not to say any thing of what had passed.'

He had not been ashore above two days, when one of the company began to rally him upon his devotion on shipboard, which the other denied in so high terms, that it produced the lie on both sides, and ended in a duel. The atheist was run through the body, and after some loss of blood, became as good a Christian as he was at sea, until he found that

his wound was not mortal. He is at present one of the free-thinkers of the age, and now writing a pamphlet against several received opinions concerning the existence of fairies.

As I have taken upon me to censure the faults of the age and country in which I live, I should have thought myself inexcusable to have passed over this crying one, which is the subject of my present discourse. I shall, therefore, from time to time, give my countrymen particular cautions against this distemper of the mind, that is almost become fashionable, and by that means more likely to spread. I have somewhere either read or heard a very memorable sentence, 'that a man would be a most insupportable monster, should he have the faults that are incident to his years, constitution, profession, family, religion, age, and country;' and yet every man is in danger of them all. For this reason, as I am an old man, I take particular care to avoid being covetous, and telling long stories. As I am choleric, I forbear not only swearing, but all interjections of fretting, as pugh! or pish! and the like. As I am a layman, I resolve not to conceive an aversion for a wise and a good man, because his coat is of a different colour from mine. As I am descended of the ancient family of the Bickerstaffs, I never call a man of merit an upstart. As a protestant, I do not suffer my zeal so far to transport me, as to name the pope and the devil together. As I am fallen into this degenerate age, I guard myself particularly against the folly I have been now speaking of. And, as I am an Englishman, I am very cautious not to hate a stranger, or despise a poor Palatine.

No. 112.] Tuesday, December 27, 1709.

Accedat sanxitas quædam oportet sermonum, atque morum, haudquaquam mediocriter condimentum amicitiis: tristitia autem, et in omni re severitas abest. Habet illa quidem gravitatem, sed amicitia remissior esse debet, et liberior, et dulcior, et ad omnem comitatem facilitatemque proclivior. Cic. De Amicitia.

There should be added a certain sweetness of discourse and manners, which is no inconsiderable sauce to friendship. But by all means throw out sadness and severity in every thing. There is something of gravity indeed in it; but friendship requires a greater remissness, freedom, and pleasantness, and an inclination to good temper and affability.

Sheer-lane, December 26.

As I was looking over my letters this morning, I chanced to cast my eye upon the following one, which came to my hands about two months ago from an old friend of mine, who, as I have since learned, was the person that writ the agreeable epistle inserted in my paper of the third of the last month. It is of the same turn with the other, and may be looked upon as a specimen of right country letters.

'SIR,

'This sets out to you from my summer-house

upon the terrace, where I am enjoying a few hours sunshine, the scanty sweet remains of a fine autumn. The year is almost at the lowest; so that, in all appearance, the rest of my letters between this and spring will be dated from my parlour fire, where the little fond prattle of a wife and children will so often break in upon the connexion of my thoughts, that you will easily discover it in my style. If this winter should prove as severe as the last, I can tell you beforehand, that I am likely to be a very miserable man, through the perverse temper of my eldest boy. When the frost was in its extremity, you must know that most of the blackbirds, robins, and finches of the parish, whose music had entertained me in the summer, took refuge under my roof. Upon this, my care was, to rise every morning before day, to set open my windows for the reception of the cold and the hungry, whom, at the same time, I relieved with a very plentiful alms, by strewing corn and seeds upon the floors and shelves. But Dicky, without any regard to the laws of hospitality, considered the casements as so many traps, and used every bird as a prisoner at discretion. Never did tyrant exercise more various cruelties. Some of the poor creatures he chased to death about the room; others he drove into the jaws of a blood-thirsty cat; and even in his greatest acts of mercy, either clipped the wings, or singed the tails, of his innocent captives. You will laugh, when I tell you I sympathized with every bird in its misfortunes; but I believe you will think me in the right for bemoaning the child's unlucky humour. On the other hand, I am extremely pleased to see his younger brother carry a universal benevolence towards every thing that has life. When he was between four and five years old, I caught him weeping over a beautiful butterfly, which he chanced to kill as he was playing with it; and I am informed, that this morning he has given his brother three-halfpence, which was his whole estate, to spare the life of a tom-tit. These are at present the matters of greatest moment within my observation, and I know are too trifling to be communicated to any but so wise a man as yourself, and from one who the happiness to be

Your most faithful,

'and most obedient servant.'

celebrates the friendship of Scipio and Lælius, who were the greatest as well as the politest men of their age, represents it as a beautiful passage in their retirement, that they used to gather up shells on the sea-shore, and amuse themselves with the variety of shape and colour which they met with in those little unregarded works of nature. The great Agesi-laus could be a companion to his own children, and was surprised by the ambassadors of Sparta, as he was riding among them upon a hobby-horse. Augustus, indeed, had no play-fellows of his own begetting; but is said to have passed many of his hours with little Moorish boys at a game of marbles, not unlike our modern *law*. There is, methinks, a pleasure in seeing great men thus fall into the rank of mankind, and entertain themselves with diversions and amusements that are agreeable to the very weakest of their species. I must frankly confess, that it is to me a beauty in Cato's character, that he would drink a cheerful bottle with his friend; and I cannot but own, that I have seen with great delight one of the most celebrated authors of the last age feeding the ducks in St. James's Park. By instances of this nature, the heroes, the statesmen, the philosophers, become, as it were, familiar with us, and grow the more amiable, the less they endeavour to appear awful. A man who always acts in the severity of wisdom, or the haughtiness of quality, seems to move in a personated part. It looks too constrained and theatrical, for a man to be always in that character which distinguishes him from others; besides that the slackening and unbending our minds on some occasions makes them exert themselves with greater vigour and alacrity, when they return to their proper and natural state.

As this innocent way of passing a leisure hour is not only consistent with a great character, but very graceful in it; so there are two sorts of people to whom I would most earnestly recommend it. The first are those who are uneasy out of want of thought; the second are those who are so out of a turbulence of spirit. The first are the impertinent, and the second the dangerous part of mankind.

It grieves me to the very heart, when I see several young gentlemen, descended of honest parents, run up and down, hurrying from one end of the town to the other, calling in at every place of resort, without being able to fix

two or three hours at a game of push-pin. But these busy, idle animals are only their own tormentors. The turbulent and dangerous are for embroiling councils, stirring up seditions, and subverting constitutions, out of a mere restlessness of temper, and an insensibility of all the pleasures of life that are calm and innocent. It is impossible for a man to be so much employed in any scene of action, as to have great and good affairs enough to fill up his whole time; there will still be chasms and empty spaces, in which a working mind will employ itself to, its own prejudice, or that of others, unless it can be at ease in the exercise of such actions as are in themselves indifferent. How often have I wished, for the good of the nation, that several famous politicians could take any pleasure in feeding ducks! I look upon an able statesman out of business, like a huge whale, that will endeavour to overturn the ship, unless he has an empty cask to play with.

But to return to my good friend and correspondent: I am afraid we shall both be laughed at, when I confess, that we have often gone out into the field to look upon a bird's nest; and have more than once taken an evening's walk together, on purpose to see the sun set. I shall conclude with my answer to his foregoing letter:—

‘DEAR SIR,

‘I thank you for your obliging letter, and your kindness to the distressed, who will doubtless express their gratitude to you themselves the next spring. As for Dick, the tyrant, I must desire you will put a stop to his proceedings; and, at the same time, take care that his little brother be no loser by his mercy to the tom-tit. For my own part, I am excluded all conversation with animals that delight only in a country life, and am therefore forced to entertain myself as well as I can with my little dog and cat. They both of them sit by my fire every night, expecting my coming home with impatience; and, at my entrance, never fail of running up to me, and bidding me welcome, each of them in his proper language. As they have been bred up together from their infancy, and seen no other company, they have learned each other's manners, so that the dog often gives himself the airs of a cat, and the cat, in several of her motions and gestures, affects the behaviour of the little dog. When

No. 113.] *Thursday, December 29, 1709.*

—Eccē iterum Crispinus!

Juv.

Once more Crispinus comes upon the stage.

Hay-market, December 23.

WHEREAS, the gentleman that behaved himself in a very disobedient and obstinate manner at his late trial in Sheer-lane, on the twentieth instant, and was carried off dead upon taking away of his snuff-box, remains still unburied; the company of upholders, not knowing otherwise how they should be paid, have taken his goods in execution, to defray the charge of his funeral. His said effects are to be exposed to sale by auction, at their office in the Hay-market, on the fourth of January next, and are as follows

A very rich tweezer-case, containing twelve instruments for the use of each hour in the day.

Four pounds of scented snuff, with three gilt snuff-boxes; one of them with an invisible hinge, and a looking-glass in the lid.

Two more of ivory, with the portraits of on their lids of two ladies of the town; the originals to be seen every night in the side-boxes of the playhouse.

A sword, with a steel diamond hilt, never drawn but once at May-fair.

Six clean packs of cards, a quart of orange-flower-water, a pair of French scissors, a tooth-pick-case, and an eye-brow brush.

A large glass-case, containing the linen and cloaths of the deceased; among which are, two embroidered suits, a pocket perspective, a dozen pair of *red-heeled shoes*, three pair of *red silk stockings*, and an amber-headed cane.

The strong box of the deceased, wherein were found, five billet-doux, a Bath shilling, a crooked sixpence, a silk garter, a lock of hair, and three broken fans.

A press for books; containing, on the upper shelf,

Three bottles of diet-drink.

Two boxes of pills.

A syringe, and other mathematical instruments.

On the second shelf are several miscellaneous works; as,

Lampoons.

Plays.

Tailors' bills.

And an almanack for the year seventeen hundred.

On the third shelf,

A bundle of letters unopened, indorsed in

A French grammar.

A mourning hatband; and half a bottle of usquebaugh.

There will be added to these goods, to make a complete auction, a collection of gold snuff-boxes and clouded canes, which are to continue in fashion for three months after the sale.

The whole are to be set up and prized by Charles Bubbleboy, who is to open the auction with a speech.

I find I am so very unhappy, that, while I am busy in correcting the folly and vice of one sex, several exorbitances break out in the other. I have not thoroughly examined their new fashioned petticoats, but shall set aside one day in the next week for that purpose. The following petition on this subject was presented to me this morning:

'The humble petition of William Jingle, Coach-maker and Chair-maker, of the liberty of Westminster;

'To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, Censor of Great Britain:

'Showeth,—That upon the late invention of Mrs. Catharine Cross-stich, mantua-maker, the petticoats of ladies were too wide for entering into any coach or chair which was in use before the said invention.

'That, for the service of the said ladies, your petitioner has built a round chair, in the form of a lantern, six yards and a half in circumference, with a stool in the centre of it; the said vehicle being so contrived, as to receive the passenger by opening in two in the middle, and closing mathematically when she is seated.

'That your petitioner has also invented a coach for the reception of one lady only, who is to be let in at the top.

'That the said coach has been tried by a lady's woman in one of these full petticoats, who was let down from a balcony, and drawn up again by pulleys, to the great satisfaction of her lady, and all who beheld her.

'Your petitioner, therefore, most humbly prays, that, for the encouragement of ingenuity and useful inventions, he may be heard before you pass sentence upon the petticoats aforesaid.

'And your petitioner, &c.'

I have likewise received a female petition, signed by several thousands, praying that I would not any longer defer giving judgment in the case of the petticoat, many of them having put off the making new cloaths, until such time as they know what verdict will pass upon it. I do therefore, hereby certify to all whom it may concern, that I do design to set apart Tuesday next for the final determination of that matter, having already ordered a jury of matrons to be impannelled, for the clearing up of any difficult points that may arise in the trial.

Being informed that several dead men, in and about this city, do keep out of the way and abscond, for fear of being buried; and, being willing to respite their interment, in consideration of their families, and in hopes of their amendment, I shall allow them certain privileged places, where they may appear to one another, without causing any let or molestation to the living, or receiving any, in their own persons, from the company of upholders. Between the hours of seven and nine in the morning, they may appear in safety at St. James's coffee-house, or at White's, if they do not keep their beds, which is more proper for men in their condition. From nine to eleven, I allow them to walk from Story's to Rosamond's pond* in the Park, or in any other public walks which are not frequented by the living at that time. Between eleven and three, they are to vanish, and keep out of sight until three in the afternoon, at which time they may go to the Exchange until five; and then, if they please, divert themselves at the Hay-market, or Drury-lane, until the play begins. It is further granted in favour of these persons, that they may be received at any table where there are more present than seven in number: provided that they do not take upon them to talk, judge, commend, or find fault with any speech, action, or behaviour of the living. In which case, it shall be lawful to seize their persons at any place or hour whatsoever, and to convey their bodies to the next undertaker's; any thing in this advertisement to the contrary notwithstanding.

No. 114.] *Saturday, December 31, 1709.*

Ut in vita, sic in studiis, policherrimum et humanissimum existimo, severitatem comitateque miscere, ne lila in tristitiam, hæc in petulantiam procedat. *Plin. Epist.*

As in a man's life, so in his studies, I think it the most beautiful and humane thing in the world, so to mingle gravity with pleasantry, that the one may not sink into melancholy, nor the other rise up into wantonness.

Sheer-lane, December 30.

I was walking about my chamber this morning in a very gay humour, when I saw a coach stop at my door, and a youth about fifteen alighting out of it, whom I perceived to be the eldest son of my bosom friend that I gave some account of in my paper of the seventeenth of the last month. I felt a sensible pleasure rising in me at the sight of him, my acquaintance having begun with his father when he was just such a stripling, and about that very age. When he came up to me, he took me by the hand, and burst out in tears. I was extremely moved, and immediately said, 'Child, how does your father do?' He began to reply, 'My mother——' But

* Story's Gate at one end of the Birdcage-walk, still retains its name; but Rosamond's-pond, at the other end, has been filled up within these few years.

could not go on for weeping. I went down with him into the coach, and gathered out of him, 'that his mother was then dying, and that, while the holy man was doing the last offices to her, he had taken that time to come and call me to his father, who, he said, would certainly break his heart, if I did not go and comfort him.' The child's discretion in coming to me of his own head, and the tenderness he showed for his parents, would have quite overpowered me, had I not resolved to fortify myself for the seasonable performances of those duties which I owed to my friend. As we were going, I could not but reflect upon the character of that excellent woman, and the greatness of his grief for the loss of one who has ever been the support of him under all other afflictions. How, thought I, will he be able to bear the hour of her death, that could not, when I was lately with him, speak of a sickness, which was then past, without sorrow! We were now got pretty far into Westminster, and arrived at my friend's house. At the door of it I met Favonius, not without a secret satisfaction to find he had been there. I had formerly conversed with him at this house; and as he abounds with that sort of virtue and knowledge which makes religion beautiful, and never leads the conversation into the violence and rage of party-disputes. I listened to him with great pleasure. Our discourse chanced to be upon the subject of death, which he treated with such a strength of reason, and greatness of soul, that, instead of being terrible, it appeared to a mind rightly cultivated, altogether to be contemned, or rather to be desired. As I met him at the door, I saw in his face a certain glowing of grief and humanity, heightened with an air of fortitude and resolution, which, as I afterwards found, had such an irresistible force, as to suspend the pains of the dying, and the lamentation of the nearest friends who attended her. I went up directly to the room where she lay, and was met at the entrance by my friend, who, notwithstanding his thoughts had been composed a little before, at the sight of me

racter. My heart was torn in pieces, to see the husband on one side suppressing and keeping down the swellings of his grief, for fear of disturbing her in her last moments; and the wife, even at that time, concealing the pains she endured, for fear of increasing his affliction. She kept her eyes upon him for some moments after she grew speechless, and soon after closed them for ever. In the moment of her departure, my friend, who had thus far commanded himself, gave a deep groan, and fell into a swoon by her bed side. The distraction of the children, who thought they saw both their parents expiring together, and now lying dead before them, would have melted the hardest heart; but they soon perceived their father recover, whom I helped to remove into another room, with a resolution to accompany him until the first pangs of his affliction were abated. I knew consolation would now be impertinent; and therefore contented myself to sit by him, and condole with him in silence. For I shall here use the method of an ancient author, who, in one of his epistles, relating the virtues and death of Macrinus's wife, expresses himself thus: 'I shall suspend my advice to this best of friends, until he is made capable of receiving it by those three great remedies, the necessity of submission, length of time, and satiety of grief.'

In the mean time, I cannot but consider, with much commiseration, the melancholy state of one who has had such a part of himself torn from him, and which he misses in every circumstance of life. His condition is like that of one who has lately lost his right arm, and is every moment offering to help himself with it. He does not appear to himself the same person in his house, at his table, in company, or in retirement; and loses the relish of all the pleasures and diversions that were before entertaining to him by her participation of them. The most agreeable objects recall the sorrow for her with whom he used to enjoy them. This additional satisfaction, from the taste of pleasures in the society of one we love,

With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glist'ring with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.*

The variety of images in this passage is infinitely pleasing, and the recapitulation of each particular image, with a little varying of the expression, makes one of the finest turns of words that I have ever seen; which I rather mention, because Mr. Dryden has said, in his preface to *Juvenal*, that he could meet with no turn of words in Milton.

It may be further observed, that though the sweetness of these verses has something in it of a pastoral, yet it excels the ordinary kind, as much as the scene of it is above an ordinary field or meadow. I might here, since I am accidentally led into this subject, show several passages in Milton that have as excellent turns of this nature as any of our English poets whatsoever; but shall only mention that which follows, in which he describes the fallen angels engaged in the intricate disputes of predestination, free-will, and fore-knowledge; and, to humour the perplexity, makes a kind of labyrinth in the very words that describe it.

'Others apart sat on a hill reclin'd,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of providence, fore-knowledge will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute,
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.'

No. 115.] Tuesday, January 3, 1709-10.

— Novum intervenit vitium et calamitas,
Ut neque spectari, neque cognosci poterit:
Ita populus stolidus stupidus in sinuabelo
Animus occupatur. Trr. Proel. de Hecyra.
A tumult so uncommon interven'd,
As neither could be seen, nor understood
So taken were the people, so engag'd
With a rope-dancer! Coleman.

Sheer-lane January, 3.

I WENT on Friday last to the opera, and was surprised to find a thin house at so noble an entertainment, until I heard that the tumbler was not to make his appearance that night. For my own part, I was fully satisfied with the sight of an actor, who, by the grace and propriety of his action and gesture, does honour to a human figure, as much as the other vilifies and degrades it. Every one will easily imagine I mean signior Nicolini, who sets off the character he bears in an opera by his action, as much as he does the words of it by his voice. Every limb, and every finger, contributes to the part he acts, insomuch that a deaf man might go along with him in the sense of it. There is scarce a beautiful posture in an old statue which he does not plant himself in, as the different circumstances of the story give

occasion for it. He performs the most ordinary action in a manner suitable to the greatness of his character, and shows the prince even in the giving of a letter, or despatching of a message. Our best actors are somewhat at a loss to support themselves with proper gesture, as they move from any considerable distance to the front of the stage; but I have seen the person of whom I am now speaking enter alone at the remotest part of it, and advance from it, with such greatness of air and mien, as seemed to fill the stage, and, at the same time, commanded the attention of the audience with the majesty of his appearance. But, notwithstanding the dignity and elegance of this entertainment, I find for some nights past, that Punchinello has robbed this gentleman of the greater part of his female spectators. The truth of it is, I find it so very hard a task to keep that sex under any manner of government, that I have often resolved to give them over entirely, and leave them to their own inventions. I was in hopes that I had brought them to some order, and was employing my thoughts on the reformation of their petticoats, when, on a sudden, I received information from all parts, that they run gadding after a puppet-show. I know very well, that what I here say will be thought by some malicious persons to flow from envy to Mr. Powell; for which reason I shall set the late dispute between us in a true light. Mr. Powell and I had some difference about four months ago, which we managed by way of letter, as learned men ought to do; and I was very well contented to bear such sarcasms as he was pleased to throw upon me, and answered them with the same freedom. In the midst of this our misunderstanding and correspondence, I happened to give the world an account of the order of Esquires; upon which Mr. Powell was so disingenuous, as to make one of his puppets, I wish I knew which of them it was, declare, by way of prologue, 'that one Isaac Bickerstaff, a pretended esquire, had written a scurrilous piece, to 'the dishonour of that rank of men;' and then, with more art than honesty, concluded, 'that all the esquires in the pit were abused by his antagonist as much as he was.' This public accusation made all the esquires of that county, and several of other parts, my professed enemies. I do not in the least question but that he will proceed in his hostilities; and I am informed, that part of his design in coming to town, was to carry the war into my own quarters. I do therefore solemnly declare, notwithstanding that I am a great lover of art and ingenuity, that if I hear he opens any of his people's mouths against me, I shall not fail to write a critique upon his whole performance; for I must confess, that I have naturally so strong a desire of praise, that I cannot bear reproach, though from a piece of timber. As

* Paradise Lost, book II. ver. 55*

for Punch, who takes all opportunities of bespattering me, I know very well his original, and have been assured by the joiner who put him together, 'that he was in long dispute with himself, whether he should turn him into several pegs and utensils, or make him the man he is.' The same person confessed to me, 'that he had once actually laid aside his head for a nutcracker.' As for his scolding wife, however she may value herself at present, it is very well known, that she is but a piece of crab-tree. This artificer further whispered in my ear, 'that all his courtiers and nobles were taken out of a quickset hedge not far from Islington; and that doctor Faustus himself, who is now so great a conjurer, is supposed to have learned his whole art from an old woman in that neighbourhood, whom he long served in the figure of a broom-staff.'

But, perhaps, it may look trivial to insist so much upon men's persons; I shall, therefore, turn my thoughts rather to examine their behaviour, and consider, whether the several parts are written up to that character which Mr. Powell piques himself upon, of an able and judicious dramatist. I have for this purpose provided myself with the works of above twenty French critics, and shall examine, by the rules which they have laid down upon the art of the stage, whether the unity of time, place, and action, be rightly observed in any one of this celebrated author's productions; as also, whether in the parts of his several actors, and that of Punch in particular, there is not sometimes an impropriety of sentiments, and an impurity of diction.

White's Chocolate-house, January 2.

I came in here to-day at an hour when only the dead appear in places of resort and gallantry, and saw *hung up the escutcheon* of sir Hannibal, a gentleman who used to frequent this place, and was taken up and interred by the company of upholders, as having been seen here at an unlicensed hour. The coat of the deceased is, three bowls and a jack in a green field; the crest, a dice-box, with the king of clubs and pam for supporters. Some days ago

discourse bold and intrepid; and as every one has an excellence, as well as a failing, which distinguishes him from other men, eloquence was his predominant quality, which he had to so great perfection, that it was easier to him to speak, than to hold his tongue. This sometimes exposed him to the derision of men who had much less parts than himself; and, indeed, his great volubility, and inimitable manner of speaking, as well as the great courage he showed on those occasions, did sometimes betray him into that figure of speech which is commonly distinguished by the name of Gasconade. To mention no other, he professed in this very place, some days before he died, 'that he would be one of the six that would undertake to assault me;' for which reason I have had his figure upon my wall until the hour of his death: and am resolved for the future to bury every one forthwith who I hear has an intention to kill me.

Since I am upon the subject of my adversaries, I shall here publish a short letter, which I have received from a well-wisher, and is as follows:

'SAGE SIR,

'You cannot but know, there are many scribblers, and others, who revile you and your writings. It is wondered that you do not exert yourself, and crush them at once. I am, Sir, with great respect,

'Your most humble admirer and disciple.'

In answer to this, I shall act like my predecessor *Æsop*, and give him a fable instead of a reply.

It happened one day, as a stout and honest mastiff, that guarded the village where he lived against thieves and robbers, was very gravely walking, with one of his puppies by his side, all the little dogs in the street gathered about him, and barked at him. The little puppy was so offended at this affront done to his sire, that he asked him why he would not fall upon them, and tear them to pieces? To which the sire answered, with great composure of mind, 'If there were no curs, I should be no mastiff.'

large for the entrance of my house, though I had ordered both the folding-doors to be thrown open for its reception. Upon this, I desired the jury of matrons, who stood at my right hand, to inform themselves of her condition, and know whether there were any private reasons why she might not make her appearance separate from her petticoat. This was managed with great discretion, and had such an effect, that upon the return of the verdict from the bench of matrons, I issued out an order forthwith, 'that the criminal should be stripped of her encumbrances, until she became little enough to enter my house.' I had before given directions for an engine of several legs, that could contract or open itself like the top of an umbrella, in order to place the petticoat upon it, by which means I might take a leisurely survey of it, as it should appear in its proper dimensions. This was all done accordingly; and, forthwith, upon the closing of the engine, the petticoat was brought into court. I then directed the machine to be set upon the table, and dilated in such a manner as to show the garment in its utmost circumference; but my great hall was too narrow for the experiment; for, before it was half unfolded, it described so immoderate a circle, that the lower part of it brushed upon my face as I sat in my chair of judicature. I then enquired for the person that belonged to the petticoat; and, to my great surprise, was directed to a very beautiful young damsel, with so pretty a face and shape, that I bid her come out of the crowd, and seated her upon a little *crack* at my left hand. 'My pretty maid,' said I, 'do you own yourself to have been the inhabitant of the garment before us?' The girl I found, had good sense, and told me, with a smile, that, 'notwithstanding it was her own petticoat, she should be very glad to see an example made of it; and that she wore it for no other reason, but that she had a mind to look as big and burly as other persons of her quality; that she had kept out of it as long as she could, and until she began to appear little in the eyes of her acquaintance; that, if she laid it aside, people would think she was not made like other women.' I always give great allowances to the fair sex upon account of the fashion, and, therefore was not displeased with the defence of my pretty criminal. I then ordered the vest which stood before us to be drawn up by a pulley to the top of my great hall, and afterwards to be spread open by the engine it was placed upon, in such a manner, that it formed a very splendid and ample canopy over our heads, and covered the whole court of judicature with a kind of silken rotunda, in its form not unlike the eupola of Saint Paul's. I entered upon the whole cause with great satisfaction as I sat under the shadow of it.

The counsel for the petticoat were now called

in, and ordered to produce what they had to say against the popular cry which was raised against it. They answered the objections with great strength and solidity of argument, and expatiated in very florid harangues, which they did not fail to set off and furbelow, if I may be allowed the metaphor, with many periodical sentences and turns of oratory. The chief arguments for their client were taken, first, from the great benefit that might arise to our woollen manufactory from this invention, which was calculated as follows. The common petticoat has not above four yards in the circumference; whereas this over our heads had more in the semi-diameter; so that, by allowing it twenty-four yards in the circumference, the five millions of woollen petticoats which, according to sir William Petty, supposing what ought to be supposed in a well-governed state, that all petticoats are made of that stuff, would amount to thirty millions of those of the ancient mode. A prodigious improvement of the woollen trade! and what could not fail to sink the power of France in a few years.

To introduce the second argument, they begged leave to read a petition of the ropemakers, wherein it was represented, 'that the demand for cords, and the price of them, were much risen since this fashion came up.' At this, all the company who were present lifted up their eyes into the vault; and, I must confess, we did discover many traces of cordage, which were interwoven in the stiffening of the drapery.

A third argument was founded upon a petition of the Greenland trade, which likewise represented the great consumption of whalebone which would be occasioned by the present fashion, and the benefit which would thereby accrue to that branch of the British trade.

To conclude, they gently touched upon the weight and unwieldiness of the garment, which, they insinuated, might be of great use to preserve the honour of families.

These arguments would have wrought very much upon me, as I then told the company in a long and elaborate discourse, had I not considered the great and additional expense which such fashions would bring upon fathers and husbands; and, therefore, by no means to be thought of until some years after a peace. I further urged, that it would be a prejudice to the ladies themselves, who could never expect to have any money in the pocket, if they laid out so much on the petticoat. To this I added, the great temptation it might give to virgins, of acting in security like married women, and by that means give a check to matrimony, an institution always encouraged by wise societies.

At the same time, in answer to the several petitions produced on that side, I showed one subscribed by the women of several persons of quality, humbly setting forth, 'that, since the

introduction of this mode, their respective ladies had, instead of bestowing on them their cast gowns, cut them into shreads, and mixed them with the cordage and buckram, to complete the stiffening of their under petticoats. For which, and sundry other reasons, I pronounced the petticoat a forfeiture: but, to show that I did not make that judgment for the sake of *filthy lucre*, I ordered it to be folded up, and sent it as a present to a widow-gentlewoman, who has five daughters; desiring she would make each of them a petticoat out of it, and send me back the remainder, which I design to cut into stomachers, caps, facings of my waistcoat-sleeves, and other garnitures suitable to my age and quality.

I would not be understood, that, while I discard this monstrous invention, I am an enemy to the proper ornaments of the fair sex. On the contrary, as the hand of nature has poured on them such a profusion of charms and graces, and sent them into the world more amiable and finished than the rest of her works; so I would have them bestow upon themselves all the additional beauties that art can supply them with, provided it does not interfere with, disguise, or pervert those of nature.

I consider woman as a beautiful romantic animal, that may be adorned with furs and feathers, pearls and diamonds, ores and silks. The lynx shall cast its skin at her feet to make her a tippet; the peacock, parrot, and swan shall *pay contributions* to her muff; the sea shall be searched for shells, and the rocks for gems; and every part of nature furnish out its share towards the embellishment of a creature that is the most consummate work of it. All this I shall indulge them in; but as for the petticoat I have been speaking of, I neither can nor will allow it.

No. 117.] *Saturday, January 7, 1709-10.*

Durate, et vosmet rebus servate secundis.

Virg. Æn. l. 211.

Endure the hardships of your present state,
Live, and reserve yourselves for better fate. *Dryden.*

Sheer-lane, January 6.

WHEN I look into the frame and constitution of my own mind, there is no part of it which I observe with greater satisfaction, than that tenderness and concern which it bears for the good and happiness of mankind. My own circumstances are indeed so narrow and scanty, that I should taste but very little pleasure, could I receive it only from those enjoyments which are in my own possession; but by this great tincture of humanity, which I find in all my thoughts and reflections, I am happier than any single person can be, with all the wealth, strength, beauty, and success, that can be conferred upon a mortal, if he only relishes

such a proportion of these blessings as is vested in himself, and in his own private property. By this means, every man that does himself any real service does me a kindness. I come in for my share in all the good that happens to a man of merit and virtue, and partake of many gifts of fortune and power that I was never born to. There is nothing in particular in which I so much rejoice as the deliverance of good and generous spirits out of dangers, difficulties, and distresses. And because the world does not supply instances of this kind to furnish out sufficient entertainments for such a humanity and benevolence of temper, I have ever delighted in reading the history of ages past, which draws together into a narrow compass the great occurrences and events that are but thinly sown in those tracts of time, which lie within our own knowledge and observation. When I see the life of a great man, who has deserved well of his country, after having struggled through all the oppositions of prejudice and envy, breaking out with lustre, and shining forth in all the splendour of success, I close my book, and am a happy man for a whole evening.

But since, in history, events are of a mixed nature, and often happen alike to the worthless and the deserving, insomuch, that we frequently see a virtuous man dying in the midst of disappointments and calamities, and the vicious ending their days in prosperity and peace, I love to amuse myself with the accounts I meet with in fabulous histories and fictions; for in this kind of writing we have always the pleasure of seeing vice punished, and virtue rewarded. Indeed, were we able to view a man in the whole circle of his existence, we should have the satisfaction of seeing it close with happiness or misery, according to his proper merit: but though our view of him is interrupted by death before the finishing of his adventures, if I may so speak, we may be sure that the conclusion and catastrophe is altogether suitable to his behaviour. On the contrary, the whole being of a man, considered as a hero or a knight-errant, is comprehended within the limits of a poem or romance, and, therefore, always ends to our satisfaction; so that inventions of this kind are like food and exercise to a good-natured disposition, which they please and gratify at the same time that they nourish and strengthen. The greater the affliction is in which we see our favourites in these relations engaged, the greater is the pleasure we take in seeing them relieved.

Among the many feigned histories which I have met with in my reading, there is none in which the hero's perplexity is greater, and the winding out of it more difficult, than that in a French author whose name I have forgot. It so happens, that the hero's mistress was the sister of his most intimate friend, who for cer-

tain reasons was given out to be dead, while he was preparing to leave his country in quest of adventures. The hero having heard of his friend's death, immediately repaired to his mistress, to condole with her, and comfort her. Upon his arrival in her garden, he discovered at a distance a man clasped in her arms, and embraced with the most endearing tenderness. What should he do? It did not consist with the gentleness of a knight-errant either to kill his mistress, or the man whom she was pleased to favour. At the same time, it would have spoiled a romance, should he have laid violent hands on himself. In short, he immediately entered upon his adventures; and, after a long series of exploits, found out by degrees that the person he saw in his mistress's arms was her own brother, taking leave of her before he left his country, and the embrace she gave him nothing else but the affectionate farewell of a sister: so that he had at once the two greatest satisfactions that could enter into the heart of man, in finding his friend alive, whom he thought dead; and his mistress faithful, whom he had believed inconstant.

There are indeed some disasters so very fatal, that it is impossible for any accidents to rectify them. Of this kind was that of poor Lucretia; and yet we see Ovid has found an expedient even in this case. He describes a beautiful and royal virgin walking on the sea shore, where she was discovered by Neptune, and violated after a long and unsuccessful importunity. To mitigate her sorrow, he offers her whatever she could wish for. Never certainly was the wit of woman more puzzled in finding out a stratagem to retrieve her honour. Had she desired to be changed into a stock or stone, a beast, fish, or fowl, she would have been a loser by it: or, had she desired to have been made a sea-nymph, or a goddess, her immortality would but have perpetuated her disgrace. 'Give me, therefore,' said she, 'such a shape as may make me incapable of suffering again the like calamity, or of being reproached for what I have already suffered.' To be short, she was turned into a man, and, by that only means, avoided the danger and imputation she so much dreaded.

I was once myself in agonies of grief that was unutterable, and in so great a distraction of mind that I thought myself even out of the possibility of receiving comfort. The occasion was as follows. When I was a youth in a part of the army which was then quartered at Dover, I fell in love with an agreeable young woman, of a good family in those parts, and had the satisfaction of seeing my addresses kindly received, which occasioned the perplexity I am going to relate.

We were in a calm evening diverting ourselves upon the top of the cliff with the prospect of the sea, and trifling away the time in such little fondnesses as are most ridiculous to people in business, and most agreeable to those in love.

In the midst of these our innocent endearments, she snatched a paper of verses out of my hand, and ran away with them. I was following her, when on a sudden the ground, though at a considerable distance from the verge of the precipice, sunk under her, and threw her down from so prodigious a height upon such a range of rocks, as would have dashed her into ten thousand pieces, had her body been made of adamant. It is much easier for my reader to imagine my state of mind upon such an occasion, than for me to express it. I said to myself, it is not in the power of heaven to relieve me! when I awaked, equally transported and astonished, to see myself drawn out of an affliction which the very moment before appeared to me altogether inextricable.

The impressions of grief and horror were so lively on this occasion, that while they lasted they made me more miserable than I was at the real death of this beloved person, which happened a few months after, at a time when the match between us was concluded; inasmuch as the imaginary death was untimely, and I myself in a sort an accessory; whereas her real decease had at least these alleviations, of being natural and inevitable.

The memory of the dream I have related still dwells so strongly upon me, that I can never read the description of Dover-cliff in Shakspeare's tragedy of King Lear, without a fresh sense of my escape. The prospect from that place is drawn with such proper incidents; that whoever can read it without growing giddy must have a good head, or a very bad one.

Come on, sir, here's the place: stand still! how fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and *choughs* that wing the midway air,
Show scarce as gross as beetles. Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire—Dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice, and yon tall anchoring bark
Diminish'd to her boat; her boat! a bony
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,
That on th' unnumber'd *idle pebbles* beats,
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn.

No. 118] Tuesday, January 10, 1709-10.

Luxuri satias, crisi satias, atque bibisti,
Tempus aubre tibi—— Hor. 2. Ep. 4. 214.

Already gladdened with a farce of age,
'Tis time for thee to quit the wanton stage.
Francis.

From my own Apartment, January 8.

I THOUGHT to have given over my prosecution of the dead for this season, having by me many other projects for the reformation of mankind; but I have received so many complaints from such different hands, that I shall disoblige multitudes of my correspondents, if I do not take notice of them. Some of the deceased, who, I thought, had been laid quietly in their graves, are such hobgoblins in public

assemblies, that I must be forced to deal with them as Evander did with his triple-lived adversary; who, according to Virgil, was forced to kill him thrice over, before he could despatch him.

Ter letbo sternendus erat.—

—Thrice I sent him to the Stygian shore.

I am likewise informed, that several wives of my dead men have, since the decease of their husbands, been seen in many public places, without mourning or regard to common decency.

I am further advised, that several of the defunct, contrary to the woollen act, presume to dress themselves in lace, embroidery, silks, muslins, and other ornaments forbidden to persons in their condition. These and other the like informations moving me thereunto, I must desire, for distinction sake, and to conclude this subject for ever, that when any of these posthumous persons appear, or are spoken of, that their wives may be called *widows*; their houses, *sepulchres*; their chariots, *hearses*; and their garments, *flannel*: on which condition, they shall be allowed all the conveniences that dead men can in reason desire.

As I was writing this morning on this subject, I received the following letter:

‘MR. BICKERSTAFF, From the banks of Styx.

‘I must confess, I treated you very scurrilously when you first sent me hither; but you have despatched such multitudes after me to keep me in countenance, that I am very well reconciled both to you and my condition. We live very lovingly together; for, as death makes us all equal, it makes us very much delight in one another’s company. Our time passes away much after the same manner as it did when we were among you: eating, drinking, and sleeping, are our chief diversions. Our *Quidnuncs* between whiles go to a coffee-house, where they have several warm liquors, made of the waters of Lethe, with very good poppy-tea. We that are the sprightly geniuses of the place refresh ourselves frequently with a bottle of mum, and tell stories until we fall asleep. You would do well to send among us Mr. Dodwell’s book against the immortality of the soul, which would be of great consolation to our whole fraternity, who would be very glad to find that they are dead for good and all, and would, in particular, make me rest for ever

Yours,

JOHN PARTRIDGE.

‘P. S. Sir James is just arrived here in good health.’

The foregoing letter was the more pleasing to me, because I perceive some little symptoms in it of a resurrection; and having lately seen

the predictions of this author, which are written in a true protestant spirit of prophecy, and a particular zeal against the French king, I have some thoughts of sending for him from the banks of Styx, and reinstating him in his own house, at the sign of the Globe in Salisbury-street. For the encouragement of him and others, I shall offer to their consideration a letter, which gives me an account of the revival of one of their brethren.

‘SIR,

December 31.

‘I have perused your Tatler of this day, and have wept over it with great pleasure; I wish you would be more frequent in your family-pieces. For, as I consider you under the notion of a great designer, I think these are not your least valuable performances. I am glad to find you have given over your face-painting for some time, because I think you have employed yourself more in grotesque figures than in beauties; for which reason I would rather see you work upon history-pieces, than on single portraits. Your several draughts of dead men appear to me as pictures of still-life, and have done great good in the place where I live. The esquire of a neighbouring village, who had been a long time in the number of non-entities, is entirely recovered by them. For these several years past, there was not a hare in the county that could be at rest for him; and I think, the greatest exploit he ever boasted of was, that when he was high-sheriff of the county, he hunted a fox so far, that he could not follow him any farther by the laws of the land. All the hours he spent at home, were in *swelling** himself with October, and rehearsing the wonders he did in the field. Upon reading your papers, he has sold his dogs, shook off his dead companions, looked into his estate, got the multiplication-table by heart, paid his tithes, and intends to take upon him the office of church-warden next year. I wish the same success with your other patients, and am, &c.’

Ditto, January 9.

When I came home this evening, a very tight middle-aged woman presented to me the following petition:

‘To the worshipful Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, Censor of Great-Britain.

‘The humble petition of Penelope Prim, widow;

‘Showeth,

‘That your petitioner was bred a clear-starcher and sempstress, and for many years worked to the Exchange, and to several aldermen’s wives, lawyers’ clerks, and merchants’ apprentices.

‘That through the scarcity caused by re-

grators of bread corn, of which starch is made, and the gentry's immoderate frequenting the operas, the ladies, to save charges, have their heads washed at home, and the beaux put out their linen to common laundresses. So that your petitioner has little or no work at her trade: for want of which, she is reduced to such necessity, that she and her seven fatherless children must inevitably perish, unless relieved by your worship.

'That your petitioner is informed, that in contempt of your judgment pronounced on Tuesday the third instant against the new-fashioned petticoat, or *old-fashioned fardingal*, the ladies design to go on in that dress. And since it is presumed your worship will not suppress them by force, your petitioner humbly desires you would order, that *ruffs* may be added to the dress; and that she may be heard by her counsel, who has assured your petitioner, he has such cogent reasons to offer to your court, that ruffs and fardingals are inseparable, that he questions not but two-thirds of the greatest beauties about town will have cambric collars on their necks before the end of Easter term next. He further says, that the design of our great-grandmothers in this petticoat, was to appear much bigger than the life; for which reason they had false shoulder-blades, like wings, and the ruff above-mentioned, to make the upper and lower parts of their bodies appear proportionable; whereas the figure of a woman in the present dress bears, as he calls it, the figure of a cone, which, as he advises, is the same with that of an extinguisher, with a little knob at the upper end, and widening downward, until it ends in a basis of a most enormous circumference.

'Your petitioner, therefore, most humbly prays, that you would restore the ruff to the fardingal, which in their nature ought to be as inseparable as the two Hungarian twins.'

'And your petitioner shall ever pray.'

I have examined into the allegations of this petition, and find, by several ancient pictures of my own predecessors, particularly that of dame Deborah Bickerstaff, my great grandmother, that the ruff and fardingal are made use of as absolutely necessary to preserve the

above her instep. This convinces me of the reasonableness of Mrs. Prim's demand; and, therefore, I shall not allow the reviving of any one part of that ancient mode, except the whole is complied with. Mrs. Prim is therefore hereby empowered to carry home ruffs to such as she shall see in the above-mentioned petticoats, and require payment on demand.

* * Mr. Bickerstaff has under consideration the offer from the corporation of Colchester of four hundred pounds per annum, to be paid quarterly, provided that all his dead persons shall be obliged to wear the baize of that place.

No. 119.] Thursday, January 12, 1709-10.

In tana labor— Virg. Georg. lib. iv. 6.

In wisdom hast thou made them all! Psalm civ. 24.

Sheer-lane, January 11.

I HAVE lately applied myself with much satisfaction to the curious discoveries that have been made by the help of microscopes, as they are related by authors of our own and other nations. There is a great deal of pleasure in prying into this world of wonders, which nature has laid out of sight, and seems industrious to conceal from us. Philosophy had ranged over all the visible creation, and began to want objects for her enquiries, when the present age, by the invention of glasses, opened a new and inexhaustible magazine of rarities, more wonderful and amazing than any of those which astonished our forefathers. I was yesterday amusing myself with speculations of this kind, and reflecting upon myriads of animals that swim in those little seas of juices that are contained in the several vessels of a human body. While my mind was thus filled with that secret wonder and delight, I could not but look upon myself as in an act of devotion, and am very well pleased with the thought of the great heathen anatomist,* who calls his description of the parts of a human body, 'An hymn to the Supreme Being.' The reading of the day produced in my imagination an agreeable morning's dream, if I may call it such; for I am still in doubt whether it passed in my sleeping or waking thoughts. However it was, I

and adapt it to the bulk of objects, which, with all these helps, are by infinite degrees too minute for your perception. We who are un-bodied spirits can sharpen our sight to what degree we think fit, and make the least work of the creation distinct and visible. This gives us such ideas as cannot possibly enter into your present conceptions. There is not the least particle of matter which may not furnish one of us sufficient employment for a whole eternity. We can still divide it, and still open it, and still discover new wonders of providence, as we look into the different texture of its parts, and meet with beds of vegetables, minerals, and metallic mixtures, and several kinds of animals that lie hid, and, as it were, lost in such an endless fund of matter. I find you are surprised at this discourse; but as your reason tells you there are infinite parts in the smallest portion of matter, it will likewise convince you, that there is as great a variety of secrets, and as much room for discoveries, in a particle no bigger than the point of a pin, as in the globe of the whole earth. Your microscopes bring to sight shoals of living creatures in a spoonful of vinegar; but we who can distinguish them in their different magnitudes, see among them several huge leviathans that terrify the little fry of animals about them, and take their pastime as in an ocean, or the great deep. I could not but smile at this part of his relation, and told him, 'I doubted not but he could give me the history of several invisible giants, accompanied with their respective dwarfs, in case that any of these little beings are of a human shape.' 'You may assure yourself,' said he, 'that we see in these little animals different natures, instincts, and modes of life, which correspond to what you observe in creatures of bigger dimensions. We descrie millions of species subsisting on a green leaf, which your glasses represent only in crowds and swarms. What appears to your eye but as hair or down rising on the surface of it, we find to be woods and forests, inhabited by beasts of prey, that are as dreadful in those their little haunts, as lions and tigers in the deserts of Lybia.' I was much delighted with his discourse, and could not forbear telling him, 'that I should be wonderfully pleased to see a natural history of imperceptibles, containing a true account of such vegetables and animals as grow and live out of sight.' 'Such disquisitions,' answered he, 'are very suitable to reasonable creatures; and, you may be sure, there are many curious spirits among us who employ themselves in such amusements. For, as our hands and all our senses may be formed to what degree of strength and delicacy we please, in the same manner as our sight, we can make what experiments we are inclined to, how small soever the matter be in which we make them. I have been present at the dissection of a mite, and have seen

the skeleton of a flea. I have been shown a forest of numberless trees, which has been picked out of an acorn. Your microscope can show you in it a complete oak in miniature; and could you suit all your organs as we do, you might pluck an acorn from this little oak, which contains another tree; and so proceed from tree to tree, as long as you would think fit to continue your disquisitions. It is almost impossible,' added he, 'to talk of things so remote from common life, and the ordinary notions which mankind receive from blunt and gross organs of sense, without appearing extravagant and ridiculous. You have often seen a dog opened, to observe the circulation of the blood, or make any other useful enquiry; and yet would be tempted to laugh if I should tell you, that a circle of much greater philosophers than any of the Royal Society, were present at the cutting up of one of those little animals which we find in the blue of a plum: that it was tied down alive before them; and that they observed the palpitations of the heart, the course of the blood, the working of the muscles, and the convulsions in the several limbs, with great accuracy and improvement.' 'I must confess,' said I, 'for my own part, I go along with you in all your discoveries with great pleasure: but it is certain, they are too fine for the gross of mankind, who are more struck with the description of every thing that is great and bulky. Accordingly we find the best judge of human nature setting forth his wisdom, not in the formation of these minute animals, though indeed no less wonderful than the other, but in that of the leviathan and behemoth,* the horse, and the crocodile.' 'Your observation,' said he, 'is very just; and I must acknowledge, for my own part, that although it is with much delight that I see the traces of providence in these instances, I still take greater pleasure in considering the works of the creation in their immensity, than in their minuteness. For this reason, I rejoice when I strengthen my sight so as to make it pierce into the most remote spaces, and take a view of those heavenly bodies which lie out of the reach of human eyes, though assisted by telescopes. What you look upon as one confused white in the milky way, appears to me a long track of heavens, distinguished by stars that are ranged in proper figures and constellations. While you are admiring the sky in a starry night, I am entertained with a variety of worlds and suns placed one above another, and rising up to such an immense distance, that no created eye can see an end of them.'

The latter part of his discourse struck me into such an astonishment, that he had been silent for some time before I took notice of

* See Job, chap. xxxix. xl. xli.

it; when on a sudden I started up and drew my curtains, to look if any one was near me, but saw nobody, and cannot tell to this moment whether it was my good genius or a dream that left me.

No. 120.] *Saturday, January 14, 1709—10.*

—Velut silvis, ubi passim
Palantes error certo de tramite petit;
Ille sinistrorsum, hic dextrorsum abit.

Hor. li. Sat. iii. 43.

When, in a wood, we leave the certain way,
One error fools us, though we various stray,
Some to the left, and some to t'other side.—*Francis.*

Sheer-lane, January 13.

INSTEAD of considering any particular passion or character in any one set of men, my thoughts were last night employed on the contemplation of human life in general; and truly it appears to me, that the whole species are hurried on by the same desires, and engaged in the same pursuits, according to the different stages and divisions of life. Youth is devoted to lust, middle age to ambition, old age to avarice. These are the three general motives and principles of action both in good and bad men; though it must be acknowledged, that they change their names, and refine their natures, according to the temper of the person whom they direct and animate. For, with the good, lust becomes virtuous love; ambition, true honour; and avarice, the care of posterity. This scheme of thought amused me very agreeably until I retired to rest, and afterwards formed itself into a pleasing and regular vision, which I shall describe in all its circumstances, as the objects presented themselves, whether in a serious or ridiculous manner.

I dreamed that I was in a wood, of so prodigious extent, and cut into such a variety of walks and alleys, that all mankind were lost and bewildered in it. After having wandered up and down some time, I came into the centre of it, which opened into a wide plain filled with multitudes of both sexes. I here discovered three great roads, very wide and long, that led into three different parts of the forest. On a sudden, the whole multitude broke into three parts, according to their different ages, and marched in their respective bodies into the three great roads that lay before them. As I had a mind to know how each of these roads terminated, and whither they would lead those who passed through them, I joined myself with the assembly that were in the flower and vigour of their age, and called themselves 'the band of lovers.' I found, to my great surprise, that several old men besides myself had intruded into this agreeable company; as I had before observed, there were some young men who had united themselves to 'the band of misers,' and were walking up the path of

avarice; though both made a very ridiculous figure, and were as much laughed at by those they joined, as by those they forsook. The walk which we marched up, for thickness of shades, embroidery of flowers, and melody of birds, with the distant purling of streams, and falls of water, was so wonderfully delightful, that it charmed our senses, and intoxicated our minds with pleasure. We had not been long here, before every man singled out some woman, to whom he offered his addresses, and professed himself a lover; when, on a sudden, we perceived this delicious walk to grow more narrow as we advanced in it, until it ended in many intricate thickets, mazes, and labyrinths, that were so mixed with roses and brambles, brakes and thorns and beds of flowers, rocky paths and pleasing grottos, that it was hard to say, whether it gave greater delight or perplexity to those who travelled in it.

It was here that the lovers began to be eager in their pursuits. Some of their mistresses, who only seemed to retire for the sake of form and decency, led them into plantations that were disposed into regular walks; where, after they had wheeled about in some turns and windings, they suffered themselves to be overtaken, and gave their hands to those who pursued them. Others withdrew from their followers into little wildernesses, where there were so many paths interwoven with each other in so much confusion and irregularity, that several of the lovers quitted the pursuit, or broke their hearts in the chase. It was sometimes very odd to see a man pursuing a fine woman that was following another, whose eye was fixed upon a fourth, that had her own game in view in some other quarter of the wilderness. I could not but observe two things in this place which I thought very particular. That several persons, who stood only at the end of the avenues, and cast a careless eye upon the nymphs during their whole flight, often caught them; when those who pressed them the most warmly, through all their turns and doubles, were wholly unsuccessful; and that some of my own age, who were at first looked upon with aversion and contempt, by being well acquainted with the wilderness, and by dodging their women in the particular corners and alleys of it, caught them in their arms, and took them from those whom they really loved and admired. There was a particular grove, which was called 'the labyrinth of coquettes,' where many were enticed to the chase, but few returned with purchase. It was pleasant enough to see a celebrated beauty, by smiling upon one, casting a glance upon another, beckoning to a third, and adapting her charms and graces to the several follies of those that admired her, drawing into the labyrinth a whole pack of lovers, that lost themselves in the maze, and never could find their way out of it. However, it was some

satisfaction to me, to see many of the fair-ones, who had thus deluded their followers, and left them among the intricacies of the labyrinth, obliged, when they came out of it, to surrender to the first partner that offered himself. I now had crossed over all the difficult and perplexed passages that seemed to bound our walk, when on the other side of them I saw the same great road running on a little way until it was terminated by two beautiful temples. I stood here for some time, and saw most of the multitude, who had been dispersed amongst the thickets, coming out two by two, and marching up in pairs towards the temples that stood before us. The structure on the right hand was, as I afterwards found, ~~consecrated to virtuous love~~, and could not be entered but by such as received a ring, or some other token, from a person who was placed as a guard at the gate of it. He wore a garland of roses and myrtles on his head, and on his shoulders a robe like an imperial mantle, white and unspotted all over, excepting only, that where it was clasped at his breast, there were two golden turtle-doves that buttoned it by their bills, which were wrought in rubies. He was called by the name of *Myrmex*, and was seated near the entrance of the temple, in a delicious bower, made up of several trees, that were embraced by woodbines, jasamines, and amaranths, which were as so many emblems of marriage, and ornaments to the trunks that supported them. As I was single and unaccompanied, I was not permitted to enter the temple, and for that reason am a stranger to all the mysteries that were performed in it. I had, however, the curiosity to observe how the several couples that entered were disposed of; which was after the following manner. There were two great gates on the backside of the edifice, at which the whole crowd was let out. At one of these gates were two women, extremely beautiful, though in a different kind, the one having a very careful and composed air, the other a sort of smile and ineffable sweetness in her countenance. The name of the first was *Discretion*, and of the other *Complacency*. All ~~who came out of this gate~~, and put themselves under the direction of these two sisters, were immediately conducted by them into gardens, groves, and meadows, which abounded in delights, and were furnished with every thing that could make them the proper seats of happiness. The second gate of this temple let out all the couples that were unhappily married, who came out linked together with chains, which each of them strove to break, but could not. Several of these were such as had never been acquainted with each other before they met in the great walk, or had been too well acquainted in the thicket. The entrance to this gate was possessed by three sisters, who joined themselves with these wretches, and

occasioned most of their miseries. The youngest of the sisters was known by the name of *Levity*, who, with the innocence of a virgin, ~~had the dress and behaviour of a harlot~~. The name of the second was *Contention*, who bore on her right arm a muff made of the skin of a porcupine; and on her left carried a little lap-dog, that barked and snapped at every one that passed by her.

The eldest of the sisters, who seemed to have a haughty and imperious air, was always accompanied with a tawny cupid, who generally marched before her with a little mace on his shoulder, the end of which was fashioned into the horns of a stag. Her garments were yellow, and her complexion pale. Her eyes were piercing, but had odd casts in them, and that particular distemper, which makes persons who are troubled with it, see objects double. Upon enquiry, I was informed that her name was *Jealousy*.

Having finished my observations upon this temple and its votaries, I repaired to that which stood on the left hand, and was called 'the temple of lust.' The front of it was raised on Corinthian pillars, with all the metreticious ornaments that accompanied that order; whereas that of the other was composed of the chaste and matron-like Ionic. The sides of it were adorned with several grotesque figures of goats, sparrows, heathen gods, satyrs, and monsters made up of half men half beast. The gates were unguarded, and open to all that had a mind to enter. Upon my going in, I found the windows were blinded, and let in only a kind of twilight, that served to discover a prodigious number of dark corners and apartments, into which the whole temple was divided. I was here stunned with a mixed noise of clamour and jollity. On one side of me I heard singing and dancing; on the other, brawls and clashing of swords. In short, I was so little pleased with the place, that I was going out of it; but found I could not return by the gate where I entered, which was barred against all that were come in, with bolts of iron, and locks of adamant. There was no going back from this temple through the paths of pleasure which led to it. All who passed through the ceremonies of the place, went out at an iron wicket, which was kept by a dreadful giant, called *Remorse*, that held a scourge of scorpions in his hand, and drove them into the only outlet from that temple. This was a passage so rugged, so uneven, and choked with so many thorns and briars, that it was a melancholy spectacle to behold the pains and difficulties which both sexes suffered who walked through it. The men, though in the prime of their youth, appeared weak and enfeebled with old age. The women wrung their hands and tore their hair; and several lost their limbs before they could extricate themselves out of

the perplexities of the path in which they were engaged. The remaining part of this vision, and the adventures I met with in the two great roads of Ambition and Avarice, must be the subject of another paper.

ADVERTISEMENT.

I have this morning received the following letter from the famous Mr. Thomas Dogget.

'SIR,

'On Monday next will be acted, for my benefit, the comedy of Love for Love. If you will do me the honour to appear there, I will publish on the bills, that it is to be performed at the request of Isaac Bickerstaff, esquire, and question not but it will bring me as great an audience, as ever was at the house, since the *Morocco Ambassador was there*.* I am, with the greatest respect, your most obedient and most humble servant,

'THOMAS DOGGET.'

Being naturally an encourager of wit, as well as bound to it in the quality of Censor, I returned the following answer:

'MR. DOGGET,

'I am very well pleased with the choice you have made of so excellent a play, and have always looked upon you as the best of comedians; I shall therefore come in between the first and second act, and remain in the right hand box over the pit until the end of the fourth; provided you take care that every thing be rightly prepared for my reception.'

No. 121.] Tuesday, January 17, 1709.

Similis tibi, Cynthia, vel tibi, cujus

Turbavit nitidos extinctus pueri ocellos.

Juv. Sat. vi. 7.

Like Cynthia, or the Lesbias of our years,
Who for a sparrow's death dissolve in tears.

From my own Apartment, January 16.

I was recollecting the remainder of my vision, when my maid came to me, and told me, 'there was a gentlewoman below who seemed to be in great trouble, and pressed very much to see me.' When it lay in my power to remove the distress of an unhappy person, I thought I should very ill employ my time in attending to matters of speculation, and there-

applied. These distinctions made me, without hesitation, though I had never seen her before, ask her, 'if her lady had any commands for me?' She then began to weep afresh, and with many broken sighs told me, 'that their family was in very great affliction.' I beseeched her 'to compose herself, for that I might possibly be capable of assisting them.' She then cast her eye upon my little dog, and was again transported with too much passion to proceed; but, with much ado, she at last gave me to understand, 'that Cupid, her lady's lap-dog, was dangerously ill, and in so bad a condition, that her lady neither saw company, nor went abroad, for which reason she did not come herself to consult me; that, as I had mentioned with great affection my own dog, (here she courted, and looking first at the cur and then on me, said, 'indeed I had reason, for he was very pretty) her lady sent to me rather than to any other doctor, and hoped I would not laugh at her sorrow, but send her my advice.' I must confess, I had some indignation to find myself treated like something below a farrier;* yet, well knowing that the best, as well as most tender way, of dealing with a woman, is to fall in with her humours, and by that means to let her see the absurdity of them, I proceeded accordingly. 'Pray, madam,' said I, 'can you give me any methodical account of this illness, and how Cupid was first taken?' 'Sir,' said she, 'we have a little ignorant country girl, who is kept to tend him; she was recommended to our family by one that my lady never saw but once, at a visit; and you know persons of quality are always inclined to strangers; for I could have helped her to a cousin of my own, but—' 'Good madam,' said I, 'you neglect the account of the sick body, while you are complaining of this girl.' 'No, no, sir,' said she, 'begging your pardon: but it is the general fault of physicians, they are so in haste that they never hear out the case. I say, this silly girl after washing Cupid, let him stand half an hour in the window without his collar, where he caught cold, and in an hour after, began to bark very hoarse. He had, however, a pretty good night, and we hoped the danger was over; but for these two nights last past, neither he nor my lady have slept a wink.' 'Has he,' said I, 'taken any thing?' 'No,' said she; 'but my lady says he shall

under something like a chin-cough, we are afraid it will end in a consumption.' I then asked her, 'if she had brought any of his water to show me.' Upon this, she stared me in the face, and said, 'I am afraid, Mr. Bickerstaff, you are not serious; but, if you have any receipt that is proper on this occasion, pray let us have it; for my mistress is not to be comforted.' Upon this, I paused a little without returning any answer, and after some short silence, I proceeded in the following manner:

I have considered the nature of the distemper, and the constitution of the patient; and, by the best observation that I can make on both I think it is safest to put him into a course of kitchen physic. In the mean time, to remove his hoarseness, it will be the most natural way to make Cupid his own druggist; for which reason, I shall prescribe to him, three mornings successively, as much powder as will lie on a groat, of that noble remedy which the apothecaries call *Album Græcum*. Upon hearing this advice, the young woman smiled, as if she knew how ridiculous an errand she had been employed in; and indeed I found by the sequel of her discourse, that she was an arch baggage, and of a character that is frequent enough in persons of her employment; who are so used to conform themselves in every thing to the humours and passions of their mistresses, that they sacrifice superiority of sense to superiority of condition, and are insensibly betrayed into the passions and prejudices of those whom they serve, without giving themselves leave to consider that they are extravagant and ridiculous. However, I thought it very natural, when her eyes were thus open, to see her give a new turn to her discourse, and, from sympathising with her mistress in her follies, to fall a-railing at her. 'You cannot imagine,' said she, 'Mr. Bickerstaff, what a life she makes us lead, for the sake of this little ugly cur. If he dies, we are the most unhappy family in town. She chanced to lose a parrot last year, which, to tell you truly, brought me into her service; for she turned off her woman upon it, who had lived with her ten years, because she neglected to give him water, though every one of the family says she was as innocent of the bird's death, as the babe that is unborn; nay, she told me this very morning, that if Cupid should die, she would send the poor innocent wench I was telling you of to Bridewell, and have the milk-woman tried for her life at the Old-Bailey, for putting water into his milk. In short, she talks like any distracted creature.'

'Since it is so, young woman,' said I, 'I will by no means let you offend her, by staying on this message longer than is absolutely necessary; and so forced her out.

While I am studying to cure those evils and distresses that are necessary or natural to hu-

man life, I find my task growing upon me, since, by these accidental cares, and acquired calamities, if I may so call them, my patients contract distempers to which their constitution is of itself a stranger. But this is an evil I have for many years remarked in the fair sex; and as they are by nature very much formed for affection and dalliance, I have observed, that when by too obstinate a cruelty, or any other means, they have disappointed themselves of the proper objects of love, as husbands, or children, such virgins have, exactly at such a year, grown fond of lap-dogs, parrots, or other animals. I know at this time a celebrated toast, whom I allow to be one of the most agreeable of her sex, that, in the presence of her admirers, will give a torrent of kisses to her cat, any one of which a Christian would be glad of. I do not at the same time deny, but there are as great enormities of this kind committed by our sex as theirs. A Roman emperor had so very great an esteem for a horse of his, that he had thoughts of making him a consul; and several moderns of that rank of men whom we call country esquires, would not scruple to kiss their hounds before all the world, and declare in the presence of their wives, that they had rather salute a favourite of the pack, than the finest woman in England. These voluntary friendships, between animals of different species, seem to arise from instinct; for which reason, I have always looked upon the mutual good-will between the esquire and the hound, to be of the same nature with that between the lion and the jackal.

The only extravagance of this kind which appears to me excusable, is one that grew out of an excess of gratitude, which I have somewhere met with in the life of a Turkish emperor. His horse had brought him safe out of a field of battle, and from the pursuit of a victorious enemy. As a reward for such his good and faithful service, his master built him a stable of marble, shod him with gold, fed him in an ivory manger, and made him a rack of silver. He annexed to the stable several fields and meadows, lakes and running streams. At the same time he provided for him a seraglio of mares, the most beautiful that could be found in the whole Ottoman empire. To these were added a suitable train of domestics, consisting of grooms, farriers, rubbers, &c. accommodated with proper liveries and pensions. In short, nothing was omitted that could contribute to the ease and happiness of his life, who had preserved the emperor's.

. By reason of the extreme cold, and the changeableness of the weather, I have been prevailed upon to allow the free use of the *fardingal*, until the twentieth of February next ensuing.

No. 122.] *Thursday, January, 19. 1709-10.*

Cur in theatrum, Cato severo, venisti? *Mart.*

*Why to the theatre did Cato come,
With all his boasted gravity?* *R. Wynne.*

From my own Apartment, January 18.

I FIND it is thought necessary, that I, who have taken upon me to censure the irregularities of the age, should give an account of my own actions, when they appear doubtful, or subject to misconstruction. My appearing at the play on Monday* last is looked upon as a step in my conduct, which I ought to explain, that others may not be misled by my example. It is true, in matter of fact, I was present at the ingenious entertainment of that day, and placed myself in a box which was prepared for me with great civility and distinction. It is said of Virgil, when he entered a Roman theatre, where there were many thousands of spectators present, that the whole assembly rose up to do him honour; a respect which was never before paid to any but the emperor. I must confess, that universal clap, and other testimonies of applause, with which I was received at my first appearance in the theatre of Great Britain, gave me as sensible a delight, as the above-mentioned reception could give to that immortal poet. I should be ungrateful, at the same time, if I did not take this opportunity of acknowledging the great civilities that were shown me by Mr. Thomas Dogget, who made his compliments to me between the acts after a most ingenious and discreet manner; and at the same time communicated to me, 'that the company of Upholders desired to receive me at their door at the end of the Hay-market, and to light me home to my lodgings.' That part of the ceremony I forbade, and took particular care during the whole play to observe the conduct of the drama, and give no offence by my own behaviour. Here I think it will not be foreign to my character, to lay down the proper duties of an audience, and what is incumbent upon each individual spectator in public diversions of this nature. Every one should, on these occasions, show his attention, understanding, and virtue. I would undertake to find out all the persons of sense and breeding by the effect of a single sentence, and to distinguish a gentleman as much by his laugh, as his bow. When we see the footman

of honour, religion, or morality. When, therefore, we see any thing divert an audience, either in tragedy or comedy, that strikes at the duties of civil life, or exposes what the best men in all ages have looked upon as sacred and inviolable; it is the certain sign of a profligate race of men, who are fallen from the virtue of their forefathers, and will be contemptible in the eyes of their posterity. For this reason, I took great delight in seeing the generous and disinterested passion of the lovers in this comedy, which stood so many trials, and was proved by such a variety of diverting incidents, received with a universal approbation. This brings to my mind a passage in Cicero, which I could never read without being in love with the virtue of a Roman audience. He there describes the shouts and applauses which the people gave to the persons who acted the parts of Pylades and Orestes, in the noblest occasion that a poet could invent to show friendship in perfection. One of them had forfeited his life by an action which he had committed; and as they stood in judgment before the tyrant, each of them strove who should be the criminal, that he might save the life of his friend. Amidst the vehemence of each asserting himself to be the offender, the Roman audience gave a thunder of applause, and by that means, as the author hints, approved in others what they would have done themselves on the like occasion. Methinks, a people of so much virtue were deservedly placed at the head of mankind: but, alas! pleasures of this nature are not frequently to be met with on the English stage.

The Athenians, at a time when they were the most polite, as well as the most powerful government in the world, made the care of the stage one of the chief parts of the administration: and I must confess, I am astonished at the spirit of virtue which appeared in that people, upon some expressions in a scene of a famous tragedy; an account of which we have in one of Seneca's Epistles. A covetous person is represented speaking the common sentiments of all who are possessed with that vice in the following soliloquy, which I have translated literally:

'Let me be called a base man, so I am called a rich one. If a man is rich, who asks if he is good? The question is, how much we have, not from whence. or by what means, we have

actor came to the close of it, they could bear no longer. In short, the whole assembly rose up at once in the greatest fury, with a design to pluck him off the stage, and brand the work itself with infamy. In the midst of the tumult, the author came out from behind the scenes, begging the audience to be composed for a little while, and they should see the tragical end which this wretch should come to immediately. The promise of punishment appeased the people, who sat with great attention and pleasure to see an example made of so odious a criminal. It is with shame and concern that I speak it; but I very much question, whether it is possible to make a speech so impious as to raise such a laudable horror and indignation in a modern audience. It is very natural for an author to make ostentation of his reading, as it is for an old man to tell stories; for which reason I must beg the reader will excuse me, if I for once indulge myself in both these inclinations. We see the attention, judgment, and virtue of a whole audience, in the foregoing instances. If we would imitate the behaviour of a single spectator, let us reflect upon that of Socrates, in a particular which gives me as great an idea of that extraordinary man, as any circumstance of his life, or, what is more, of his death. This venerable person often frequented the theatre, which brought a great many thither, out of a desire to see him. On which occasion, it is recorded of him, that he sometimes stood, to make himself the more conspicuous, and to satisfy the curiosity of the beholders. He was one day present at the first representation of a tragedy of Euripides, who was his intimate friend, and whom he is said to have assisted in several of his plays. In the midst of the tragedy, which had met with very great success, there chanced to be a line that seemed to encourage vice and immorality.

This was no sooner spoken, but Socrates rose from his seat, and, without any regard to his affection for his friend, or to the success of the play, showed himself displeased at what was said, and walked out of the assembly. I question not but the reader will be curious to know, what the line was that gave this divine heathen so much offence. If my memory fails me not, it was in the part of Hippolitus, who, when he is pressed by an oath, which he had taken to keep silence, returned for answer, that he had taken the oath with his tongue, but not with his heart. Had a person of a vicious character made such a speech, it might have been allowed as a proper representation of the baseness of his thoughts: but such an expression, out of the mouth of the virtuous Hippolitus, was giving a sanction to falsehood, and establishing perjury by a maxim.

Having got over all interruptions, I have set apart to-morrow for the closing of my vision.

No. 123.] *Saturday, January 21, 1709.*

Audiré, atque togam jubeo componere, quisquis Ambulans malis, aut argenti pallet amore.

Hor. 2. Sat. iii. 77.

*Come all, whose breasts with bad ambition rise,
Or the pale passion, that for money dies,—
Compose your robes—*

Francis.

From my own Apartment, January 20.

A CONTINUATION OF THE VISION.

WITH much labour and difficulty I passed through the first part of my vision, and recovered the centre of the wood, from whence I had the prospect of the three great roads. I here joined myself to the middle-aged party of mankind, who marched behind the standard of Ambition. The great road lay in a direct line, and was terminated by the 'Temple of Virtue.' It was planted on each side with laurels, which were intermixed with marble trophies, carved pillars, and statues of law-givers, heroes, statesmen, philosophers, and poets. The persons who travelled up this great path were such whose thoughts were bent upon doing eminent services to mankind, or promoting the good of their country. On each side of this great road were several paths, that were also laid out in straight lines, and ran parallel with it. These were most of them covered walks, and received into them men of retired virtue, who proposed to themselves the same end of their journey, though they chose to make it in shade and obscurity. The edifices at the extremity of the walk were so contrived, that we could not see the 'Temple of Honour' by reason of the 'Temple of Virtue,' which stood before it. At the gates of this temple we were met by the goddess of it, who conducted us into that of Honour, which was joined to the other edifice by a beautiful triumphal arch, and had no other entrance into it. When the deity of the inner structure had received us, she presented us in a body to a figure that was placed over the high-altar, and was the emblem of Eternity. She sat on a globe in the midst of a golden zodiac, holding the figure of a sun in one hand, and a moon in the other. Her head was veiled, and her feet covered. Our hearts glowed within us, as we stood amidst the sphere of light which this image cast on every side of it.

Having seen all that happened to this band of adventurers, I repaired to another pile of building that stood within view of the 'Temple of Honour,' and was raised in imitation of it, upon the very same model; but, at my approach to it, I found that the stones were laid together without mortar, and that the whole fabric stood upon so weak a foundation, that it shook with every wind that blew. This was called the 'Temple of Vanity.' The goddess of it sat in the midst of a great many tapers, that burned day and night, and made her a

pear much better than she would have done in open day-light. Her whole art was, to show herself more beautiful and majestic than she really was. For which reason she had painted her face, and wore a cluster of false jewels upon her breast: but what I more particularly observed was, the breadth of her petticoat, which was made altogether in the fashion of a modern sardingal. This place was filled with hypocrites, pedants, free-thinkers, and prating politicians; with a rabble of those who have only titles to make them great men. Female votaries crowded the temple, choked up the avenues of it, and were more in number than the sand upon the sea shore. I made it my business, in my return towards that part of the wood from whence I first set out, to observe the walk which led to this temple; for I met in it several who had begun their journey with the band of virtuous persons, and travelled some time in their company: but, upon examination, I found that there were several paths which led out of the great road into the sides of the wood, and ran into so many crooked turns and windings, that those who travelled through them, often turned their backs upon the 'Temple of Virtue;' then crossed the straight road, and sometimes marched in it for a little space, until the crooked path which they were engaged in, again led them into the wood. The several alleys of these wanderers had their particular ornaments. One of them I could not but take notice of in the walk of the mischievous pretenders to politics, which had at every turn the figure of a person, whom by the inscription I found to be *Machiavel*,* pointing out the way with an extended finger, like a Mercury.

I was now returned in the same manner as before; with a design to observe carefully every thing that passed in the region of Avarice, and the occurrences in that assembly, which was made up of persons of my own age. This body of travellers had not gone far in the third great road, before it led them insensibly into a deep valley, in which they journeyed several days

stream, which had such a particular quality in it, that though it refreshed them for a time, it rather inflamed than quenched their thirst. On each side of the river was a range of hills full of precious ore; for, where the rains had washed off the earth, one might see in several parts of them long veins of gold, and rocks that looked like pure silver. We were told, that the deity of the place had forbidden any of his votaries to dig into the bowels of these hills, or convert the treasures they contained to any use, under pain of starving. At the end of the valley stood the 'Temple of Avarice,' made after the manner of a fortification, and surrounded with a thousand triple-headed dogs, that were placed there to keep off beggars. At our approach, they all fell a-barking, and would have very much terrified us, had not an old woman who called herself by the forged name of Competency, offered herself for our guide. She carried, under her garment, a golden bough, which she no sooner held up in her hand, but the dogs lay down, and the gates flew open for our reception. We were led through a hundred iron doors before we entered the temple. At the upper end of it sat the god of Avarice, with a long filthy beard, and a meagre starved countenance, inclosed with heaps of ingots, and pyramids of money, but half naked and shivering with cold. On his right hand was a fiend called Rapine; and, on his left, a particular favourite, to whom he had given the title of Parsimony. The first was his collector, and the other his cashier.

There were several long tables placed on each side of the temple, with respective officers attending behind them. Some of these I inquired into. At the first table was kept the 'Office of Corruption.' Seeing a solicitor extremely busy, and whispering every body that passed by; I kept my eye upon him very attentively, and saw him often going up to a person that had a pen in his hand, with a multiplication table and an almanack before him, which, as I afterwards heard, was all the learning he was master of. The solicitor would often

volaries that attended in this temple. There were many old men panting and breathless, reposing their heads on bags of money; nay, many of them actually dying, whose very pangs and convulsions, which rendered their purses useless to them, only made them grasp them the faster. There were some tearing with one hand all things, even to the garments and flesh of many miserable persons who stood before them; and, with the other hand, throwing away what they had seized, to harlots, flatterers, and panders, that stood behind them.

On a sudden, the whole assembly fell a-trembling; and upon enquiry, I found that the great room we were in was haunted with a spectre, that many times a day appeared to them, and terrified them to distraction.

In the midst of their terror and amazement, the apparition entered, which I immediately knew to be Poverty. Whether it were by my acquaintance with this phantom, which had rendered the sight of her more familiar to me, or however it was, she did not make so indigent or frightful a figure in my eye, as the god of this loathsome temple. The miserable volaries of this place were, I found, of another mind. Every one fancied himself threatened by the apparition as she stalked about the room, and began to lock their coffers, and tie their bags with the utmost fear and trembling.

I must confess, I look upon the passion which I saw in this unhappy people, to be of the same nature with those unaccountable antipathies which some persons are born with, or rather as a kind of phrenzy, not unlike that which throws a man into terrors and agonies, at the sight of so useful and innocent a thing as water. The whole assembly was surprised, when, instead of paying my devotions to the deity whom they all adored, they saw me address myself to the phantom.

'Oh Poverty!' said I, 'my first petition to thee is, that thou wouldest never appear to me hereafter; but, if thou wilt not grant me this, that then thou wouldest not bear a form more terrible than that in which thou appearest to me at present. Let not thy threats and menaces betray me to any thing that is ungrateful, or unjust. Let me not shut my ears to the cries of the needy. Let me not forget the person that has deserved well of me. Let me not, for any fear of thee, desert my friend, my principles, or my honour. If Wealth is to visit me, and to

No. 124.] Tuesday, January 24, 1709.

—Ex humili summa ad fastigia rerum
Extollit, quoties voluit Fortuna Jocar.

Juv. Sat. III. 39.

Fortune can, for her pleasure, fools advance,
And toss them on the wheels of Chance.—Dryden.

From my own Apartment, January 23.

I WENT on Saturday last to make a visit in the city; and, as I passed through Cheapside, I saw crowds of people turning down towards the Bank, and struggling who should first get their money into the *new-erected lottery*.^{*} It gave me a great notion of the credit of our present government and administration, to find people press as eagerly to pay money, as they would to receive it; and, at the same time, a due respect for that body of men who have found out so pleasing an expedient for carrying on the common cause, that they have turned a tax into a diversion. The cheerfulness of spirit, and the hopes of success, which this project has occasioned in this great city, lightens the burden of the war, and puts me in mind of some games which, they say, were invented by wise men, who were lovers of their country, to make their fellow-citizens undergo the tediousness and fatigues of a long siege. I think their is a kind of homage due to fortune, if I may call it so, and that I should be wanting to myself, if I did not lay in my pretences to her favour, and pay my compliments to her by recommending a ticket to her disposal. For this reason, upon my return to my lodgings, I sold off a couple of globes and a telescope, which, with the cash I had by me, raised the sum that was requisite, for that purpose. I find by my calculations, that it is but a *hundred and fifty thousand to one*, against my being worth a thousand pounds *per annum* for thirty-two years; and if any *plumb* in the city will lay me a hundred and fifty thousand pounds to twenty shillings, which is an even bet, that I am not this fortunate man, I will take the wager, and shall look upon him as a man of singular courage and fair dealing; having given orders to Mr. Morpew to subscribe such a policy in my behalf, if any person accepts of the offer. I must confess, I have had such private intimations from the twinkling of a certain star in some of my astronomical observations, that I should be unwilling to take fifty pounds a-year for my chance, unless it were to oblige a particular friend. My chief business at present is, to pre-

much richer man than I shall be with this addition to my present income, says, *Munera ista Fortune putatis? Insidie sunt.* 'What we look upon as gifts and presents of fortune, are traps and snares which she lays for the unwary.' I am arming myself against her favours with all my philosophy; and, that I may not lose myself in such a redundancy of unnecessary and superfluous wealth, I have determined to settle an annual pension out of it upon a family of Palatines, and by that means give these unhappy strangers a taste of British property. At the same time, as I have an excellent servant-maid, whose diligence in attending me has increased in proportion to my infirmities, I shall settle upon her the revenue arising out of the ten pounds, and amounting to *fourteen shillings per annum*; with which she may retire into Wales, where she was born a gentlewoman, and pass the remaining part of her days in a condition suitable to her birth and quality. It was impossible for me to make an inspection into my own fortune on this occasion, without seeing, at the same time, the fate of others who are embarked in the same adventure. And indeed it was a great pleasure to me to observe, that the war, which generally impoverishes those who furnish out the expense of it, will, by this means, give estates to some, without making others the poorer for it. I have lately seen several in liveries, who will give as good of their own very suddenly; and took a particular satisfaction in the sight of a young country-wench, whom I this morning passed by as she was whirling her mop, with her petticoats tucked up very agreeably, who, if there is any truth in my art, is within ten months of being the handsomest great fortune in town. I must confess, I was so struck with the foresight of what she is to be, that I treated her accordingly, and said to her, 'Pray, young lady, permit me to pass by.' I would for this reason advise all masters and mistresses, to carry it with great moderation and condescension towards their servants until next Michaelmas, lest the superiority at that time should be in-

into the lottery, and that neither of them had drawn the thousand pounds. Hereupon this unlucky person took occasion to enumerate the misfortunes of his life, and concluded with telling me, 'that he never was successful in any of his undertakings.' I was forced to comfort him with the common reflection upon such occasions, 'that men of the greatest merit are not always men of the greatest success, and that persons of his character, must not expect to be as happy as fools.' I shall proceed in the like manner with my rivals and competitors for the thousand pounds a-year, which we are now in pursuit of; and, that I may give general content to the whole body of candidates, I shall allow all that draw prizes to be *fortunate*, and all that miss them to be *wise*.

I must not here omit to acknowledge, that I have received several letters upon this subject, but find one common error running through them all, which is, that the writers of them believe their fate in these cases depends upon the astrologer, and not upon the stars; as in the following letter from one, who I fear, flatters himself with hopes of success which are altogether groundless, since he does not seem to me so great a fool as he takes himself to be.

'SIR,

'Coming to town, and finding my friend Mr. Partridge dead and buried, and you the only conjurer in repute, I am under a necessity of applying myself to you for a favour, which, nevertheless, I confess it would better become a friend to ask, than one who is, as I am, altogether a stranger to you; but poverty, you know, is impudent; and as that gives me the occasion, so that alone could give me the confidence to be thus importunate.

'I am, sir, very poor, and very desirous to be otherwise: I have got ten pounds, which I design to venture in the lottery now on foot. What I desire of you is, that by your art, you will choose such a ticket for me as shall arise a benefit sufficient to maintain me. I must beg leave to inform you that I am good for

more recommend myself to your favour, and bid you adieu!

I cannot forbear publishing another letter which I have received, because it redounds to my own credit, as well as to that of a very honest footman.

'MR. BICKERSTAFF, Jan. 23. 1709-10.

'I am bound in justice to acquaint you, that I put an advertisement into your last paper about a watch which was lost, and was brought to me on the very day your paper came out, by a footman; who told me, that he would have brought it, if he had not read your discourse of that day against avarice; but that since he had read it, he scorned to take a reward for doing what in justice he ought to do.

'I am, Sir,

'Your most humble servant,

'JOHN HAMMOND.'

No. 125.] Thursday, January 26, 1709-10.

Quem mala stultitia, et quæcumque inscitia ver
Cæcum agit, insanum Chrysippi portitica, et grex
Antemat; hæc populas, hæc magnos formula reges,
Excepit sapiente, tenet. — Flor. 2. Sat. lib. 43.

Whom vicious passions, or whom falsehood, blind,
Are by the Stoics held of the mad kind.

All but the wise are by this process bound,
The subject nations, and the monarch crown'd.

Francis.

From my own Apartment, January 25.

THERE is a sect of ancient philosophers, who, I think, have left more volumes behind them, and those better written, than any other of the fraternities in philosophy. It was a maxim of this sect, that all those who do not live up to the principles of reason and virtue are madmen. Every one who governs himself by these rules, is allowed the title of wise, and reputed to be in his senses: and every one, in proportion as he deviates from them, is pronounced frantic and distracted. Cicero having chosen this maxim for his theme, takes occasion to argue from it very agreeably with Clodius, his implacable adversary, who had procured his banishment. 'A city,' says he, 'is an assembly distinguished into bodies of men, who are in possession of their respective rights and privileges, cast under proper subordinations, and in all its parts obedient to the rules of law and equity.' He then represents the government from whence he was banished, at a time when the consul, senate, and laws had lost their authority, as a commonwealth of unatics. For this reason, he regards his expulsion from Rome, as a man would, being turned out of Bedlam, if the inhabitants of it should drive him out of their walls as a person unfit for their community. We are, therefore, to look upon every man's brain to be touched, however he may appear in the general conduct

of his life, if he has an unjustifiable singularity in any part of his conversation or behaviour or if he swerves from right reason, however common his kind of madness may be, we shall not excuse him for its being epidemical; it being our present design to clap up all such as have the marks of madness upon them, who are now permitted to go about the streets for no other reason but because they do no mischief in their fits. Abundance of imaginary great men are put in straw to bring them to a right sense of themselves. And is it not altogether as reasonable, that an insignificant man, who has an immoderate opinion of his merits, and a quite different notion of his own abilities from what the rest of the world entertain, should have the same care taken of him as a beggar who fancies himself a duke or a prince? Or why should a man, who starves in the midst of plenty, be trusted with himself, more than he who fancies he is an emperor in the midst of poverty? I have several women of quality in my thoughts, who set so exorbitant a value upon themselves, that I have often most heartily pitied them, and wished them for their recovery under the same discipline with the *peewee's wife*. I find, by several hints in ancient authors, that when the Romans were in the height of power and luxury, they assigned out of their vast dominions an island called Anticyra, as an habitation for madmen. This was the Bedlam of the Roman empire, whither all persons who had lost their wits used to resort from all parts of the world in quest of them. Several of the Roman emperors were advised to repair to this island; but most of them, instead of listening to such sober counsels, gave way to their distraction, until the people knocked them on the head as despairing of their cure. In short, it was as usual for men of distempered brains to take a voyage to Anticyra in those days, as it is in ours for persons who have a disorder in their lungs to go to Montpellier.

The prodigious crops of bellebore with which this whole island abounded, did not only furnish them with incomparable tea, snuff, and Hungary-water; but impregnated the air of the country with such sober and salutiferous steams, as very much comforted the heads, and refreshed the senses of all that breathed in it. A discarded statesman, that, at his first landing appeared stark-staring mad, would become calm in a week's time; and, upon his return home, live easy and satisfied in his retirement. A moping lover would grow a pleasant fellow by that time he had rid thrice about the island; and a hair-brained rake, after a short stay in the country, go home again a composed, grave, worthy gentleman.

I have premised these particulars before I enter on the main design of this paper, because I would not be thought altogether *notional* in

what I have to say, and pass only for a projector in morality. I could quote Horace, and Seneca, and some other ancient writers of good repute, upon the same occasion; and make out by their testimony, that our streets are filled with distracted persons; that our shops and taverns, private and public houses, swarm with them; and that it is very hard to make up a tolerable assembly without a majority of them. But what I have already said is, I hope, sufficient to justify the ensuing project, which I shall therefore give some account of without any further preface.

1. It is humbly proposed, that a proper receptacle, or habitation, be forthwith erected for all such persons as due, upon trial and examination, shall appear to be out of their wits.

2. That, to serve the present exigency, the college in Moorfields be very much extended at both ends; and that it be converted into a square, by adding three other sides to it.

3. That nobody be admitted into these three additional sides, but such whose frenzy can lay no claim to an apartment in that row of building which is already erected.

4. That the architect, physician, apothecary, surgeon, keepers, nurses, and porters, be all and each of them cracked; provided that their frenzy does not lie in the profession or employment to which they shall severally and respectively be assigned.

N. B. It is thought fit to give the foregoing notice, that none may present himself here for any post of honour or profit, who is not duly qualified.

5. That over all the gates of the additional buildings, there be figures placed in the same manner as over the entrance of the edifice already erected;* provided they represent such distractions only as are proper for those additional buildings; as of an envious man gnawing his own flesh; a gamester pulling himself by the ears, and knocking his head against a marble pillar, a covetous man warming himself over a heap of gold; a coward flying from his own shadow, and the like.

Having laid down this general scheme of my design, I do hereby invite all persons who are willing to encourage so public-spirited a project, to bring in their contributions as soon as possible; and to apprehend forthwith any politician whom they shall catch raving in a coffee-house, or any free-thinker whom the shall find publishing his deliriums, or any other person who shall give the like manifest signs of a crazed imagination: and I do at the same time give this public notice to all the madmen about this great city, that they may return to their senses with all imaginable expedition,

lest, if they should come into my hands, I should put them into a regimen which they would not like: for if I find any one of them persist in his frantic behaviour, I will make him in a month's time as famous as ever Oliver's porter was.

No. 126.] *Saturday, January 28, 1709-10.*

Anguillam caudi tenes.

T. D'Urfey.

You have got an eel by the tail.

From my own Apartment, January 27.

THERE is no sort of company so agreeable as that of women who have good sense without affectation, and can converse with men without any private design of imposing chains and fetters. Belvidera, whom I visited this evening, is one of these. There is an invincible prejudice in favour of all she says, from her being a beautiful woman; because she does not consider herself as such when she talks to you. This amiable temper gives a certain tincture to all her discourse, and made it very agreeable to me until we were interrupted by Lydia, a creature who has all the charms that can adorn a woman. Her attractions would indeed be irresistible, but that she thinks them so, and is always employing them in stratagems and conquests. When I turned my eye upon her as she sat down, I saw she was a person of that character, which, for the further information of my country correspondents, I had long wanted an opportunity of explaining. Lydia is a finished coquette, which is a sect among women of all others the most mischievous, and makes the greatest havoc and disorder in society. I went on in the discourse I was in with Belvidera, without showing that I had observed any thing extraordinary in Lydia: upon which, I immediately saw her look me over as some very ill-bred fellow; and, casting a scornful glance on my dress, give a shrug at Belvidera. But, as much as she despised me, she wanted my admiration, and made twenty offers to bring my eyes her way; but I reduced her to a restlessness in her seat, and impertinent playing of her fan, and many other motions and gestures, before I took the least notice of her. At last I looked at her with a kind of surprise, as if she had before been unobserved by reason of an ill light where she sat. It is not to be expressed what a sudden joy I saw arise in her countenance, even at the approbation of such a very old fellow; but she did not long enjoy her triumph without a rival; for there immediately entered Castabella, a lady of a quite contrary character, that is to say, as eminent a prude as Lydia is a coquette. Belvidera gave me a glance, which, methought, intimated that they were both curiosities in their kind, and worth remarking. As soon as we were again seated, I stole looks at each

* The beautiful statutes by Cibber.

lady, as if I was comparing their perfections. Belvidera observed it, and began to lead me into a discourse of them both to their faces, which is to be done easily enough; for one woman is generally so intent upon the faults of another, that she has not reflection enough to observe when her own are represented. 'I have taken notice, Mr. Bickerstaff,' said Belvidera, 'that you have, in some parts of your writings, drawn characters of our sex, in which you have not, to my apprehension, been clear enough and distinct; particularly in those of a Prude and a Coquette.' Upon the mention of this, Lydia was roused with the expectation of seeing Castabella's picture, and Castabella, with the hopes of that of Lydia. 'Madam,' said I to Belvidera, 'when we consider nature, we shall often find very contrary effects flow from the same cause. The prude and coquette, as different as they appear in their behaviour, are in reality the same kind of women. The motive of action in both is the affectation of pleasing men. They are sisters of the same blood and constitution; only one chooses a grave, and the other a light dress. The prude appears more virtuous, the coquette more vicious, than she really is. The distant behaviour of the prude tends to the same purpose as the advances of the coquette; and you have as little reason to fall into despair from the severity of the one, as to conceive hopes from the familiarity of the other. What leads you into a clear sense of their character is, that you may observe each of them has the distinction of sex in all her thoughts, words, and actions. You can never mention any assembly you were lately in, but one asks you with a rigid, the other with a sprightly air, "Pray, what men were there?" As for prudes, it must be confessed, that there are several of them, who, like hypocrites, by long practice of a false part, become sincere; or at least delude themselves into a belief that they are so.'

For the benefit of the society of ladies, I shall propose one rule to them as a test of their virtue. I find in a very celebrated modern author, that the great foundress of Pietists, madam de Bourignon, who was no less famous for the sanctity of her life than for the singularity of some of her opinions, used to boast that she had not only the spirit of continency in herself, but that she had also the power of communicating it to all who beheld her. This the scoffers of those days called, 'The gift of infrigidation,' and took occasion from it to rally her face, rather than admire her virtue. I would therefore advise the prude, who has a mind to know the integrity of her own heart, to lay her hand seriously upon it, and to examine herself, whether she could sincerely rejoice in such a gift of conveying chaste thoughts to all her male beholders. If she has any aversion to the power of inspiring so great a

virtue, whatever notion she may have of her perfection, she deceives her own heart, and is still in the state of prudery. Some, perhaps, will look upon the boast of madam de Bourignon, as the utmost ostentation of a prude.

If you would see the humour of a coquette pushed to the last excess, you may find an instance of it in the following story; which I will set down at length, because it pleased me when I read it, though I cannot recollect in what author.*

A young coquette widow in France having been followed by a Gascon of quality, who had boasted among his companions of some favours which he had never received, to be revenged of him, sent for him one evening, and told him, 'it was in his power to do her a very particular service.' The Gascon, with much profession of his readiness to obey her commands, begged to hear in what manner she designed to employ him. 'You know,' said the widow, 'my friend Belinda; and must often have heard of the jealousy of that impotent wretch her husband. Now it is absolutely necessary, for the carrying on a certain affair, that his wife and I should be together a whole night. What I have to ask of you is, to dress yourself in her night-cloaths, and lie by him a whole night in her place, that he may not miss her while she is with me.' The Gascon, though of a very lively and undertaking complexion, began to startle at the proposal. 'Nay,' says the widow, 'if you have not the courage to go through what I ask of you, I must employ somebody else that will.' 'Madam,' says the Gascon, 'I will kill him for you if you please; but for lying with him!—How is it possible to do it without being discovered?' 'If you do not discover yourself,' says the widow, 'you will lie safe enough, for he is past all curiosity. He comes in at night while she is asleep, and goes out in a morning before she awakes; and is in pain for nothing, so he knows she is there.' 'Madam,' replied the Gascon, 'how can you reward me for passing a night with this old fellow?' The widow answered with a laugh, 'Perhaps by admitting you to pass a night with one you think more agreeable.' He took the hint; put on his night-cloaths; and had not been a-bed above an hour before he heard a knocking at the door, and the treading of one who approached the other side of the bed, and who he did not question was the good man of the house. I do not know, whether the story would be better by telling you in this place, or at the end of it, that the person who went to bed to him was our young coquette widow. The Gascon was in a terrible fright every time she moved in the bed, or turned towards him; and did not fail to shrink from her, until he had conveyed himself to the very ridge of the

* Perhaps in Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy.'

bed. I will not dwell upon the perplexity he was in the whole night, which was augmented, when he observed that it was now broad day, and that the husband did not yet offer to get up and go about his business. All that the Gascon had for it, was to keep his face turned from him, and to feign himself asleep, when, to his utter confusion, the widow at last puts out her arm, and pulls the bell at her bed's head. In came her friend, and two or three companions to whom the Gascon had boasted of her favours. The widow jumped into a wrapping gown, and joined with the rest in laughing at this man of intrigue.

No. 127.] Tuesday, January 31, 1709-10.

Nimium insanus paucis videtur, et quod
Maxima pars hominum morbo Jeotatur eodem.
Hor. 2. Sat. lii. 190.

By few, forsooth, a madman he is thought,
For half mankind the same disease have caught.
Farquhar.

From my own Apartment, January 30.

THERE is no affection of the mind so much blended in human nature, and wrought into our very constitution, as pride. It appears under a multitude of disguises, and breaks out in ten thousand different symptoms. Every one feels it in himself, and yet wonders to see it in his neighbour. I must confess, I met with an instance of it the other day, where I should very little have expected it. Who would believe the proud person I am going to speak of is a cobbler upon Ludgate-hill? This artist being naturally a lover of respect, and considering that his circumstances are such that no man living will give it him, has contrived the figure of a beau, in wood; who stands before him in a bending posture, with his hat under his left arm, and his right hand extended in such a manner as to hold a thread, a piece of wax, or an awl, according to the particular service in which his master thinks fit to employ him. When I saw him, he held a candle in this obsequious posture. I was very well pleased with the cobbler's invention, that had so ingeniously contrived an inferior, and stood a little while contemplating this inverted idolatry, wherein the image did homage to the man. When we meet with such a fantastic vanity in one of this order, it is no

motive he may seem to have for pride; but is the same proportion as the one rises, the other sinks, it being the chief office of wisdom to discover to us our weaknesses and imperfections.

As folly is the foundation of pride, the natural superstructure of it is madness. If there was an occasion for the experiment, I would not question to make a proud man a lunatic in three weeks' time; provided I had it in my power to ripen his frenzy with proper applications. It is an admirable reflection in Terence, where it is said of a parasite, *Hic homines ex stultis facit insanos*. 'This fellow,' says he, 'has an art of converting fools into madmen.' When I was in France, the region of complaisance and vanity, I have often observed, that a great man who has entered a levee of flatterers humble and temperate, has grown so insensibly heated by the court which was paid him on all sides, that he has been quite distracted before he could get into his coach.

If we consult the collegiates of Moor-fields, we shall find most of them are beholden to their pride for their introduction into that magnificent palace. I had, some years ago, the curiosity to enquire into the particular circumstances of these whimsical freeholders; and learned from their own mouths the condition and character of each of them. Indeed, I found that all I spoke to were persons of quality. There were at that time five dutchesses, three earls, two heathen gods, an emperor, and a prophet. There were also a great number of such as were locked up from their estates, and others who concealed their titles. A leather-seller of Taunton whispered me in the ear, that he was 'the duke of Monmouth;' but begged me not to betray him. At a little distance from him sat a tailor's wife, who asked me, as I went, if I had seen the sword-bearer: upon which I presumed to ask her, who she was? and was answered, 'my lady mayoress.'

I was very sensibly touched with compassion towards these miserable people; and, indeed, extremely mortified to see human nature capable of being thus disfigured. However, I reaped this benefit from it, that I was resolved to guard myself against a passion which makes such havoc in the brain, and produces so much disorder in the imagination. For this reason I have endeavoured to keep down the

disturbance arises from pride, and whom I shall use all possible diligence to cure, are such as are hidden in the appearance of quite contrary habits and dispositions. Among such, I shall, in the first place, take care of one who is under the most subtle species of pride that I have observed in my whole experience.

This patient is a person for whom I have a great respect, as being an old courtier, and a friend of mine in my youth. The man has but a bare subsistence, just enough to pay his reckoning with us at the *Trumpet*: but, by having spent the beginning of his life in the hearing of great men and persons of power, he is always promising to do good offices to introduce every man he converses with into the world; will desire one of ten times his subsistence to let him see him sometimes, and hints to him, that he does not forget him. He answers to matters of no consequence with great circumspection; but, however, maintains a general civility in his words and actions, and an insolent benevolence to all whom he has to do with. This he practises with a grave tone and air; and though I am his senior by twelve years, and richer by forty pounds per annum, he had yesterday the impudence to commend me to my face, and tell me, 'he should be always ready to encourage me.' In a word, he is a very insignificant fellow, but exceeding gracious. The best return I can make him for his favours is, to carry him myself to Bedlam, and see him well taken care of.

The next person I shall provide for is of a quite contrary character, that has in him all the stiffness and insolence of quality, without a grain of sense or good-nature, to make it either respected or beloved. His pride has infected every muscle of his face; and yet, after all his endeavours to show mankind that he contemns them, he is only neglected by all that see him, as not of consequence enough to be hated.

For the cure of this particular sort of madness, it will be necessary to break through all forms with him, and familiarize his carriage by the use of a good cudgel. It may likewise be of great benefit to make him jump over a stick half a dozen times every morning.

A third, whom I have in my eye, is a young fellow, whose lunacy is such that he boasts of nothing but what he ought to be ashamed of. He is vain of being rotten, and talks publicly of having committed crimes which he ought to be hanged for by the laws of his country.

There are several others whose brains are hurt with pride, and whom I may hereafter attempt to recover; but shall conclude my present list with an old woman, who is just dropping into her grave, that talks of nothing but her birth. Though she has not a tooth in her head, she expects to be valued for the blood in her veins; which she fancies is much better

than that which glows in the cheeks of Belinda and sets half the town on fire.

No. 128.] Thursday, February 2, 1709-10.

— Venimus & dote sagittam. *Juv. Sat. vi. 136.*

— The Dowry shot the darts.

Now artful Cupid takes his stand
Upon a window's jointure-land,
For he in all his am'rous battles
No 'dvantage finds like goods and chattels.

Hudibras, Part I. Canto III. l. 311.

From my own Apartment, February 1.

This morning I received a letter from a fortune-hunter, which, being better in its kind than men of that character usually write, I have thought fit to communicate to the public.

' To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire.

SIR,

' I take the boldness to recommend to your care the inclosed letter, not knowing how to communicate it, but by your means, to the agreeable country-maid you mention with so much honour in your discourse concerning the lottery.

' I should be ashamed to give you this trouble without offering at some small requital: I shall therefore direct a *new pair of globes, and a telescope* of the best maker, to be left for you at Mr. Morphew's, as a testimony of the great respect with which I am

' Your most humble servant, &c.

' To Mopsa in Sheer-lane.

' FAIREST UNKNOWN, Jan. 27. 1709-10.

' It being discovered by the stars, that about three months hence you will run the hazard of being persecuted by many worthless pretenders to your person, unless timely prevented; I now offer my service for your security against the persecution that threatens you. This is, therefore, to let you know, that I have conceived a most extraordinary passion for you; and that for several days I have been perpetually haunted with the vision of a person I have never yet seen. To satisfy you that I am in my senses, and that I do not mistake you for any one of higher rank, I assure you, that in your daily employment you appear to my imagination more agreeable in a short scanty petticoat, than the finest woman of quality in her spreading fardingal; and that the dexterous twirl of your mop has more pative charms, than the studied airs of a lady's fan. In a word, I am captivated with your menial qualifications: the domestic virtues adorn you like attendant cupids; cleanliness and healthful industry wait on all your motions; and dust and cobwebs fly your approach.

' Now, to give you an honest account of myself, and that you may see my designs are honourable, I am an esquire of an ancient

family, born to about fifteen hundred pounds a-year; half of which I have spent in discovering myself to be a fool, and with the rest I am resolved to retire with some plain honest partner, and study to be wiser. I had my education in a laced coat, and a French dancing-school; and, by my travel into foreign parts, have just as much breeding to spare, as you may think you want, which I intend to exchange as fast as I can for old English honesty and good sense. I will not impose on you by a false recommendation of my person, which, to show you my sincerity, is none of the handsomest, being of a figure somewhat short; but what I want in length, I make out in breadth. But, in amends for that and all other defects, if you can like me when you see me, I shall continue to you, whether I find you fair, black, or brown,

'The most constant of Lovers.'

This letter seems to be written by a wag, and for that reason I am not much concerned for what reception Mopss shall think fit to give it; but the following certainly proceeds from a poor heart, that languishes under the most deplorable misfortune that possibly can befall a woman. A man that is treacherously dealt with in love, may have recourse to many consolations. He may gracefully break through all opposition to his mistress, or explain with his rival; urge his own constancy, or aggravate the falsehood by which it is repaid. But a woman that is ill-treated, has no refuge in her griefs but in silence and secrecy. The world is so unjust, that a female heart which has been once touched, is thought for ever blemished. The very grief in this case is looked upon as a reproach, and a complaint, almost a breach of chastity. For these reasons we see treachery and falsehood are become, as it were, male vices, and are seldom found, never acknowledged, in the other sex. This may serve to introduce Statira's letter; which, without any turn of art, has something so pathetic and moving in it, that I verily believe it to be true, and therefore heartily pity the injured creature that writ it.

'To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire.

'SIR,

for these two long years, but the happy life we should lead together, and the means I should use to make myself still dearer to him. My fortune was indeed much beyond his; and as I was always in the company of my relations, he was forced to discover his inclinations, and declare himself to me by stories of other persons, kind looks, and many ways, which he knew too well that I understood. Oh! Mr Bickerstaff, it is impossible to tell you, how industrious I have been to make him appear lovely in my thoughts. I made it a point of conscience to think well of him, and of no man else: but he has since had an estate fallen to him, and makes love to another of a greater fortune than mine. I could not believe the report of this at first; but, about a fortnight ago, I was convinced of the truth of it by his own behaviour. He came to make our family a formal visit, when, as there were several in company, and many things talked of, the discourse fell upon some unhappy woman, who was in my own circumstances. It was said by one in the room, that they could not believe the story could be true, because they did not believe any man could be so false. Upon which, I stole a look upon him with an anguish not to be expressed. He saw my eyes full of tears, yet had the cruelty to say, that he could see no falsehood in alterations of this nature, where there had been no contracts or vows interchanged. Pray, do not make a jest of misery, but tell me seriously your opinion of his behaviour; and if you can have any pity for my condition, publish this in your next paper; that being the only way I have of complaining of his unkindness, and showing him the injustice he has done me.

I am,

'Your humble servant, the unfortunate

'STATIRA.

The name my correspondent gives herself, puts me in mind of my old reading in romances, and brings into my thoughts a speech of the renowned Don Bellianis, who, upon a complaint made to him of a discourteous knight, that had left his injured paramour in the same manner, dries up her tears with a promise of relief. 'Disconsolate daisel,' quoth he, 'a foul disgrace it were to all right-worthy pro

No. 129.] *Saturday, February 4, 1709-10.**Ingenio manus est et cervix cæca.*—*Juv. Sat. x. 120.**His wit's rewarded with the fatal loss
Of hand and head.*— *R. Wynn.**From my own Apartment, February 3.*

WHEN my paper for to-morrow was prepared for the press, there came in this morning a mail from Holland, which brought me several advices from foreign parts, and took my thoughts off domestic affairs. Among others, I have a letter from a burgher of Amsterdam, who makes me his compliments, and tells me he has sent me several draughts of humorous and satirical pictures by the best hands of the Dutch nation. They are a trading people, and in their very minds mechanics. They express their wit in manufacture, as we do in manuscript. He informs me, that a very witty hand has lately represented the present posture of public affairs in a landscape, or rather a sea-piece, wherein the potentates of the alliance are figured as their interests correspond with, or affect each other, under the appearance of commanders of ships. These vessels carry the colours of the respective nations concerned in the present war. The whole design seems to tend to one point, which is, that several squadrons of British and Dutch ships are battering a French man-of-war, in order to make her deliver up a long-boat with Spanish colours. My correspondent informs me, that a man must understand the compass perfectly well, to be able to comprehend the beauty and invention of this piece; which is so skillfully drawn, that the particular views of every prince in Europe are seen according as the ships lie to the main figure in the picture, and as that figure may help or retard their sailing. It seems this curiosity is now on board a ship bound for England, and, with other rarities, made a present to me. As soon as it arrives, I design to expose it to public view at my secretary, Mr. Lillie's, who shall have an explication of all the terms of art; and I doubt not but it will give as good content as the moving picture in Fleet-street.

But, above all the honours I have received from the learned world abroad, I am most delighted with the following epistle from Rome.

'Pasquin of Rome to Isaac Bickerstaff of Great Britain, Greeting.

'SIR,

'Your reputation has passed the Alps, and would have come to my ears by this time, if I had any. In short, sir, you are looked upon here as a northern droll, and the greatest virtuoso among the Tramontanes. Some, indeed, say, that Mr. Bickerstaff and Pasquin are only names invented to father compositions which the natural parent does not care for owning.

But, however that is, all agree, that there are several persons, who, if they durst attack you, would endeavour to leave you no more limbs than I have. I need not tell you that my adversaries have joined in a confederacy with time to demolish me, and that, if I were not a very great wit, I should make the worst figure in Europe, being abridged of my legs, arms, nose, and ears. If you think fit to accept of the correspondence of so facetious a cripple, I shall from time to time send you an account of what happens at Rome. You have only heard of it from Latin and Greek authors; nay, perhaps, have read no accounts from hence, but of a triumph, ovation, or apotheosis, and will, doubtless, be surprised to see the description of a procession, jubilee, or canonization. I shall, however, send you what the place affords, in return to what I shall receive from you. If you will acquaint me with your next promotion of general officers, I will send you an account of our next advancement of saints. If you will let me know who is reckoned the bravest warrior in Great Britain, I will tell you who is the best fiddler in Rome. If you will favour me with an inventory of the riches that were brought into your nation by admiral Wager,* I will not fail giving you an account of a pot of medals that has been lately dug up here, and are now under the examination of our ministers of state.

*'There is one thing, in which I desire you would be very particular. What I mean is an exact list of all the religions in Great Britain, as likewise the habits, which are said here to be the great points of conscience in England; whether they are made of serge or broad-cloth, of silk or linen. I should be glad to see a model of the most conscientious dress among you, and desire you will send me a hat of each religion; as likewise, if it be not too much trouble, a cravat. It would also be very acceptable here to receive an account of those two religious orders, which are lately sprung up amongst you, the Whigs and the Tories, with the points of doctrine, severities in discipline, penances, mortifications, and good works, by which they differ one from another. It would be no less kind, if you would explain to us a word, which they do not understand even at our English monastery, *Toasts*, and let us know whether the ladies so called are nuns or lay-sisters. In return, I will send you the secret history of several cardinals, which I have by me in manuscript, with the gallantries, amours, politics, and intrigues, by which they made their way to the holy purple.*

'But, when I propose a correspondence, I

* Charles Wager, Esq; a man of great skill in his profession, was first made a captain at the battle of La Hogue by admiral Russel, who recommended him on the most important services.

must not tell you what I intend to advise you of hereafter, and neglect to give you what I have at present. The pope has been sick for this fortnight of a violent tooth-ach, which has very much raised the French faction, and put the conclave into a great ferment. Every one of the pretenders to the succession is grown twenty years older than he was a fortnight ago. Each candidate tries who shall cough and stoop most; for these are at present the great gifts that recommend to the apostolical seat; which he stands the fairest for, who is likely to resign it the soonest. I have known the time when it used to rain Louis d'ors on such occasions; but, whatever is the matter, there are very few of them to be seen at present at Rome, inasmuch, that it is thought a man might purchase infallibility at a very reasonable rate. It is nevertheless hoped, that his holiness may recover, and bury these his imaginary successors.

'There has lately been found a human tooth in a catacomb, which has engaged a couple of convents in a law-suit; each of them pretending, that it belonged to the jaw-bone of a saint, who was of their order. The college have sat upon it thrice; and I find there is a disposition among them to take it out of the possession of both the contending parties, by reason of a speech, which was made by one of the cardinals, who, by reason of its being found out of the company of any other bones, asserted that it might be one of the teeth which was coughed out by Ælia, an old woman, whose loss is recorded in Martial.*

'I have nothing remarkable to communicate to you of state affairs, excepting only, that the pope has lately received a horse from the German ambassador, as an acknowledgement for the kingdom of Naples, which is a fief of the church. His holiness refused this horse from the Germans ever since the duke of Anjou has been possessed of Spain; but, as they lately took care to accompany it with a body of ten thousand more, they have at last overcome his holiness's modesty, and prevailed upon him to accept the present. I am, Sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

'PASQUIN.

'P. S. Marforio is very much yours.'

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No. 130.] Tuesday, February 7, 1709-10.

~~~~~Tamen me  
Cum magnis visibus invita sublebitur usque
Invidiis~~~~~ Hor. 2. Sat. 1. 75.
~~~~~  
Rites of herself with these words profess

glory, speak with a certain noble vanity of the brightness and splendour of the age in which they lived. Pliny often compliments his emperor Trajan upon this head; and when he would animate him to any thing great, or dissuade him from any thing that was improper, he insinuates that it is befitting or unbecoming the *claritas et nitore seculi*, that period of time which was made illustrious by his reign. When we cast our eyes back on the history of mankind, and trace them through their several successions to their first original, we sometimes see them breaking out in great and memorable actions, and towering up to the utmost heights of virtue and knowledge; when, perhaps, if we carry our observations to a little distance, we see them sunk into sloth and ignorance, and altogether lost in darkness and obscurity. Sometimes the whole species is asleep for two or three generations, and then again awakens into action; flourishes in heroes, philosophers, and poets; who do honour to human nature, and leave such tracks of glory behind them, as distinguish the years, in which they acted their part, from the ordinary course of time.

Methinks a man cannot, without a secret satisfaction, consider the glory of the present age, which will shine as bright as any other in the history of mankind. It is still big with great events, and has already produced changes and revolutions, which will be as much admired by posterity, as any that have happened in 'the days of our fathers, or in the old times before them.' We have seen kingdoms divided and united, monarchs erected and deposed, nations transferred from one sovereign to another; conquerors raised to such a greatness, as has given a terror to Europe, and thrown down by such a fall as has moved their pity.

But it is still a more pleasing view to an Englishman, to see his own country give the chief influence to so illustrious an age, and stand in the strongest point of light amidst the diffused glory that surrounds it.

If we begin with learned men, we may observe, to the honour of our country, that those who make the greatest figure in most arts and sciences, are universally allowed to be of the British nation; and, what is more remarkable, that men of the greatest learning, are among the men of the greatest quality.

A nation may indeed abound with persons of such uncommon parts and worth, as may make them rather a misfortune than a blessing to the public. Those, who singly might

tus, endeavoured to recommend themselves at the same time to the admiration of their contemporaries. Mankind was not able to provide for so many extraordinary persons at once, or find out posts suitable to their ambition and abilities. For this reason, they were all as miserable in their deaths, as they were famous in their lives, and occasioned not only the ruin of each other, but also that of the commonwealth.

It is therefore a particular happiness to a people, when the men of superior genius and character are so justly disposed in the high places of honour, that each of them moves in a sphere which is proper to him, and requires those particular qualities in which he excels.

If I see a general commanding the forces of his country, whose victories are not to be paralleled in story, and who is as famous for his negotiations as his victories;\* and, at the same time, see the management of a nation's treasury in the hands of one, who has always distinguished himself by a generous contempt of his own private wealth, and an exact frugality of that which belongs to the public;† I cannot but think a people under such an administration may promise themselves conquests abroad, and plenty at home. If I were to wish for a proper person to preside over the public councils, it should certainly be one as much admired for his universal knowledge of men and things, as for his eloquence, courage, and integrity, in the exerting of such extraordinary talents.‡

Who is not pleased to see a person in the highest station in the law, who was the most eminent in his profession, and the most accomplished orator at the bar?§ Or at the head of the fleet a commander, under whose conduct the common enemy received such a blow, as he has never been able to recover?||

Were we to form to ourselves the idea of one whom we should think proper to govern a distant kingdom, consisting chiefly of those who differ from us in religion, and are influenced by foreign politics; would it not be such a one as had signalized himself by a uniform and unshaken zeal for the protestant interest, and by his dexterity in defeating the skill and artifice of its enemies?¶ In short, if we find

a great man popular for his honesty and humanity, as well as famed for his learning and great skill in all the languages of Europe; or a person eminent for those qualifications, which make men shine in public assemblies, or for that steadiness, constancy, and good sense, which carry a man to the desired point through all the opposition of tumult and prejudice, we have the happiness to behold them in all posts suitable to their characters.

Such a constellation of great persons, if I may so speak, while they shine out in their own distinct capacities, reflect a lustre upon each other, but in a more particular manner on their sovereign, who has placed them in those proper situations, by which their virtues become so beneficial to all her subjects. It is the anniversary of the birth-day of this glorious Queen, which naturally led me into this field of contemplation, and, instead of joining in the public exultations that are made on such occasions, to entertain my thoughts with the more serious pleasure of ruminating upon the glories of her reign.

While I behold her surrounded with triumphs, and adorned with all the prosperity and success which heaven ever shed on a mortal, and still considering herself as such; though the person appears to me exceeding great, that has these just honours paid to her, yet I must confess, she appears much greater in that she receives them with such a glorious humility, and shows she has no further regard for them, than as they arise from these great events, which have made her subjects happy. For my own part, I must confess, when I see private virtues in so high a degree of perfection, I am not astonished at any extraordinary success that attends them, but look upon public triumphs as the natural consequences of religious retirements.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

Finding some persons have mistaken Pasquiu, who was mentioned in my last, for one who has been pilloried at Rome, I must here advertise them, that it is only a maimed statue so called, on which the private scandal of that city is generally pasted. Marforio is a person of the same quality, who is usually made to answer whatever is published by the other wits of that place, like too many of our own country, taking pleasure in setting innocent people together by the ears. The mentioning of this person, who is a great wit, and a great cripple, put me in mind of Mr. Estcourt, who is under the same circumstances. He was formerly my apothecary, and being at present disabled by the gout and stone, I must recommend him to the public on Thursday next; that admirable play of Ben Jonson's, called *The Silent Woman*, being appointed to be acted for his benefit. It would be indecent for me to appear twice in a season at these

\* Steele takes occasion here to pay his compliments to some of the principal people in the higher departments of the state; and first to the duke of Marlborough, commander in chief of her majesty's forces.

† Sidney lord Godolphin was then lord high-treasurer of England.

‡ The great lord Somers was at this time lord president of the council.

§ Lord chancellor Cowper is here alluded to.

|| Edward Russell, earl of Orford, first lord commissioner of the admiralty.

¶ Thomas earl of Wharton had recently been honoured with the title of lord lieutenant of Ireland. Addison was his secretary.

audacious diversions; but as I always give my man and my maid one day in the year, I shall allow them this, and am promised by Mr. Estcourt, my ingenious apothecary, that they shall have a place kept for them in the first row of the middle gallery.

No. 131.] Thursday, February 9, 1709-10.

*Socles est Jugulare Falernum,  
Et dare Campano toxica sœva mero.* Mart. l. 19.

How great the crime, how flagrant the abuse!  
To adulterate generous wine, with noxious Juice.  
R. Wynne.

*Sheer-lane, February 8.*

THERE is in this city a certain fraternity of chemical operators, who work under ground in holes, caverns, and dark retirements, to conceal their mysteries from the eyes and observation of mankind. These subterraneous philosophers are daily employed in the transmutation of liquors, and, by the power of magical drugs and incantations, raising under the streets of London the choicest products of the hills and valleys of France. They can squeeze Bourdeaux out of the sloe, and draw Champagne from an apple. Virgil, in that remarkable prophecy,

*Juculitque rubens pendebit sentibus uva.*  
*Virg. Ecl. iv. 99.*

The ripening grape shall hang on every thorn.

seems to have hinted at this art, which can turn a plantation of northern hedges into a vineyard. These adepts are known among one another by the name of Wine-brewers; and, I am afraid, do great injury, not only to her majesty's customs, but to the bodies of many of her good subjects.

Having received sundry complaints against these invisible workmen, I ordered the proper officer of my court to ferret them out of their respective caves, and bring them before me, which was yesterday executed accordingly.

The person, who appeared against them, was a merchant, who had by him a great magazine of wines, that he had laid in before the war; but these gentlemen, as he said, had so vitiated the nation's palate, that no man could believe his to be French, because it did not taste like what they sold for such. As a man never pleads better than where his own personal interest is concerned, he exhibited to the court, with great eloquence, 'that this new corporation of druggists had inflamed the bills of mortality, and puzzled the college of physicians with diseases, for which they neither knew a name or cure.' He accused some of giving all their customers colics and megrims; and mentioned one who had boasted, he had a tun of claret by him, that in a fortnight's time should give the gout to a dozen of the healthfulest men in the city, provided that their constitu-

tions were prepared for it by wealth and idleness. He then enlarged, with a great show of reason, upon the prejudice, which these mixtures and compositions had done to the brains of the English nation; as is too visible, said he, from many late pamphlets, speeches, and sermons, as well as from the ordinary conversations of the youth of this age. He then quoted an ingenious person, who would undertake to know by a man's writings the wine he most delighted in; and, on that occasion, named a certain satirist, whom he had discovered to be the author of a lampoon, by a manifest taste of the sloe, which showed itself in it, by much roughness, and little spirit.

In the last place, he ascribed to the unnatural tumults and fermentations which these mixtures raise in our blood, the divisions, heats, and animosities, that reign among us; and, in particular, asserted most of the modern enthusiasms and agitations to be nothing else but the effects of adulterated Port.

The counsel for the brewers had a face so extremely inflamed, and illuminated with carbuncles, that I did not wonder to see him an advocate for these sophistications. His rhetoric was likewise such as I should have expected from the common draught, which I found he often drank to a great excess. Indeed, I was so surprised at his figure and parts, that I ordered him to give me a taste of his usual liquor; which I had no sooner drunk, but I found a pimple rising in my forehead; and felt such a sensible decay in my understanding, that I would not proceed in the trial until the fume of it was entirely dissipated.

This notable advocate had little to say in the defence of his clients, but that they were under a necessity of making claret, if they would keep open their doors; it being the nature of mankind to love every thing that is prohibited. He further pretended to reason, that it might be as profitable to the nation to make French wine as French hats; and concluded with the great advantage that this practice had already brought to part of the kingdom. Upon which he informed the court, that the lands in Herefordshire were raised two years purchase since the beginning of the war.

When I had sent out my summons to these people, I gave, at the same time, orders to each of them to bring the several ingredients he made use of in distinct phials, which they had done accordingly, and ranged them into two rows on each side of the court. The workmen were drawn up in ranks behind them. The merchant informed me, 'that in one row of phials were the several colours they dealt in, and in the other, the tastes.' He then showed me, on the right hand, one who, went by the name of Tom Tintoret, who, as he told me, 'was the greatest master in his colouring of any vintner in London.' To give me a proof

of his art, he took a glass of fair water; and, by the infusion of three drops out of one of his phials, converted it into a most beautiful pale Burgundy. Two more of the same kind heightened it into a perfect Languedoc: from whence it passed into a florid Hermitage: and after having gone through two or three other changes, by the addition of a single drop, ended in a very deep Pontac. This ingenious virtuoso, seeing me very much surprised at his art, told me, that he had not an opportunity of showing it in perfection, having only made use of water for the ground-work of his colouring: but that, if I were to see an operation upon liquors of stronger bodies, the art would appear to a much greater advantage. He added, that he doubted not but it would please my curiosity to see the cyder of one apple take only a vermilion, when another, with a less quantity of the same infusion, would rise into a dark purple, according to the different texture of parts in the liquor. He informed me also, that he could hit the different shades and degrees of red, as they appear in the pink and the rose, the clove and the carnation, as he had Rhenish or Moselle, Perry or White Port, to work in.

I was so satisfied with the ingenuity of this virtuoso, that, after having advised him to quit so dishonest a profession, I promised him, in consideration of his great genius, to recommend him as a partner to a friend of mine, who has heaped up great riches, and is a scarlet-dyer.

The artists on my other hand were ordered, in the second place, to make some experiments of their skill before me: upon which the famous Harry Sippet stepped out, and asked me, 'what I would be pleased to drink?' At the same time he filled out three or four white liquors in a glass, and told me, 'that it should be what I pleased to call for;' adding, very learnedly, 'That the liquor before him was as the naked substance, or first matter of his compound, to which he and his friend, who stood over-against him, could give what accidents, or form they pleased.' Finding him so great a philosopher, I desired he would convey into it the qualities and essence of right Bourdeaux. 'Coming, coming, sir,' said he, with the air of a drawer; and after having cast his eye on the several tastes and flavours that stood before him, he took up a little cruet that was filled with a kind of inky juice, and pouring some of it out into the glass of white wine, presented it to me; and told me, 'this was the wine over which most of the business of the last term had been despatched.' I must confess, I looked upon that sooty drug, which he held up in his cruet, as the quintessence of English Bourdeaux; and therefore desired him to give me a glass of it by itself, which he did with great unwillingness. My cat at that time sat by me upon the elbow of my chair; and as I did not care for making the experiment upon myself,

I reached it to her to sip of it, which had like to have cost her her life; for, notwithstanding it flung her at first into freakish tricks, quite contrary to her usual gravity, in less than a quarter of an hour she fell into convulsions; and, had it not been a creature more tenacious of life than any other, would certainly have died under the operation.

I was so incensed by the tortures of my innocent domestic, and the unworthy dealings of these men, that I told them, if each of them had as many lives as the injured creature before them, they deserved to forfeit them for the pernicious arts which they used for their profit. I therefore bid them look upon themselves as no better than as a kind of assassins and murderers within the law. However, since they had dealt so clearly with me, and laid before me their whole practice, I dismissed them for that time; with a particular request, that they would not poison any of my friends and acquaintance, and take to some honest livelihood without loss of time.

For my own part, I have resolved hereafter to be very careful in my liquors; and have agreed with a friend of mine in the army, upon their next march, to secure me two hogsheads of the best stomach-wine in the cellars of Versailles, for the good of my lucubrations, and the comfort of my old age.

No. 132.] *Saturday, February 11, 1709-10.*

*Mabeo senectuti magnam gratiam, quæ mihi sermone aviditatem auxit, potiois et cibi instulat. Twil. de Sen.*

I am much beholden to old age, which has increased my eagerness for conversation, in proportion as it has lessened my appetites of hunger and thirst.

*Sheer-lane, February 10.*

AFTER having applied my mind with more than ordinary attention to my studies, it is my usual custom to relax and unbend it in the conversation of such as are rather easy than shining companions. This I find particularly necessary for me before I retire to rest, in order to draw my slumbers upon me by degrees, and fall asleep insensibly. This is the particular use I make of a set of heavy honest men, with whom I have passed many hours with much indolence, though not with great pleasure. Their conversation is a kind of preparative for sleep: it takes the mind down from its abstractions, leads it into the familiar traces of thought, and lulls it into that state of tranquillity, which is the condition of a thinking man, when he is but half awake. After this, my reader will not be surprised to hear the account which I am about to give of a club of my own contemporaries, among whom I pass two or three hours every evening. This I look upon as taking my first nap before I go to bed. The truth of it is, I should think myself unjust to posterity, as well as to the society at the

*Trumpet*,\* of which I am a member, did not I in some part of my writings give an account of the persons among whom I have passed almost a sixth part of my time for these last forty years. Our club consisted originally of fifteen; but, partly by the severity of the law in arbitrary times, and partly by the natural effects of old age, we are at present reduced to a third part of that number; in which, however, we have this consolation, that the best company is said to consist of five persons. I must confess, besides the aforementioned benefit which I meet with in the conversation of this select society, I am not the less pleased with the company, in that I find myself the greatest wit among them, and am heard as their oracle in all points of learning and difficulty.

Sir Jeoffery Notch, who is the oldest of the club, has been in possession of the right-hand chair time out of mind, and is the only man among us that has the liberty of stirring the fire. This, our foreman, is a gentleman of an ancient family, that came to a great estate some years before he had discretion, and run it out in hounds, horses, and cock-fighting; for which reason he looks upon himself as an honest, worthy gentleman, who has had misfortunes in the world, and calls every thriving man a pitiful upstart.

Major Matchlock is the next senior, who served in the last civil wars, and has all the battles by heart. He does not think any action in Europe worth talking of since the fight of Marston Moor;† and every night tells us of his having been knocked off his horse at the rising of the London apprentices;‡ for which he is in great esteem among us.

Honest old Dick Reptile is the third of our society. He is a good-natured indolent man, who speaks little himself, but laughs at our jokes; and brings his young nephew along with him, a youth of eighteen years old, to show him good company, and give him a taste of the world. This young fellow sits generally silent; but whenever he opens his mouth, or

leaves the club until he has applied them all. If any modern wit be mentioned, or any town-frolic spoken of, he shakes his head at the dullness of the present age, and tells us a story of Jack Ogle.

For my own part, I am esteemed among them, because they see I am something respected by others; though at the same time I understand by their behaviour, that I am considered by them as a man of a great deal of learning, but no knowledge of the world; inasmuch, that the major sometimes, in the height of his military pride, calls me the Philosopher: and sir Jeoffery, no longer ago than last night, upon a dispute what day of the month it was then in Holland, pulled his pipe out of his mouth, and cried, 'What does the scholar say to it?'

Our club meets precisely at *six o'clock in the evening*; but I did not come last night until half an hour after seven, by which means I escaped the battle of Naseby, which the major usually begins at about three quarters after six: I found also, that my good friend the benchman had already spent three of his distichs; and only waited an opportunity to bear a sermon spoken of, that he might introduce the couplet where 'a stick' rhymes to 'ecclesiastic.' At my entrance into the room, they were wearing a red petticoat and a cloak, by which I found that the benchman had been diverting them with a story of Jack Ogle.\*

I had no sooner taken my seat, but sir Jeoffery, to show his good-will towards me, gave me a pipe of his own tobacco, and stirred up the fire. I look upon it as a point of morality, to be obliged by those who endeavour to oblige me; and therefore, in requital for his kindness, and to set the conversation a-going, I took the best occasion I could to put him upon telling us the story of old Gantlett, which he always does with very particular concern. He traced up his descent on both sides for several generations, describing his diet and manner of life, with his several battles, and particularly that in which he fell. This Gantlett was a game

until about ten of the clock, when my maid came with a lantern to light me home. I could not but reflect with myself, as I was going out, upon the talkative humour of old men, and the little figure which that part of life makes in one who cannot employ his natural propensity in discourses which would make him venerable. I must own, it makes me very melancholy in company, when I hear a young man begin a story; and have often observed, that one of a quarter of an hour long in a man of five-and-twenty, gathers circumstances every time he tells it, until it grows into a long Canterbury tale of two hours by that time he is threescore.

The only way of avoiding such a trifling and frivolous old age is, to lay up in our way to it such stores of knowledge and observation, as may make us useful and agreeable in our declining years. The mind of man in a long life will become a magazine of wisdom or folly, and will consequently discharge itself in something impertinent or improving. For which reason, as there is nothing more ridiculous than an old trifling story-teller, so there is nothing more venerable, than one who has turned his experience to the entertainment and advantage of mankind.

In short, we, who are in the last stage of life, and are apt to indulge ourselves in talk, ought to consider, if what we speak be worth being heard, and endeavour to make our discourse like that of Nestor, which Homer compares to the flowing of honey for its sweetness.

I am afraid I shall be thought guilty of this excess I am speaking of, when I cannot conclude without observing, that Milton certainly thought of this passage in Homer, when, in his description of an eloquent spirit, he says,

'His tongue dropped manna.'

No. 133.] *Tuesday, February 14, 1709.*

*Dum tacet, clamant.*

*Talk.*

Their silence pleads aloud.

*Sheer-lane, February 13.*

SILENCE is some times more significant and sublime, than the most noble and most expressive eloquence, and is on many occasions the indication of a great mind. Several authors have treated of silence, as a part of duty and discretion; but none of them have considered it in this light. Homer compares the noise and clamour of the Trojans advancing towards the enemy, to the cackling of cranes, when they invade an army of pigmies. On the contrary, he makes his countrymen and favourites, the Greeks, move forward in a regular and determined march, and in the depth of silence. I find in the accounts, which are given us of some of the more eastern nations, where the inhabitants are disposed by their constitutions and climates to higher strains of thought, and more elevated raptures than what we feel in

the northern regions of the world, that silence is a religious exercise among them. For when their public devotions are in the greatest fervour, and their hearts lifted up as high as words can raise them, there are certain suspensions of sound and motion for a time, in which the mind is left to itself, and supposed to swell with such secret conceptions as are too big for utterance. I have myself been wonderfully delighted with a master-piece of music, when in the very tumult and ferment of their harmony, all the voices and instruments have stopped short on a sudden; and, after a little pause, recovered themselves again, as it were, and renewed the concert in all its parts. This short interval of silence has had more music in it, than any the same space of time before or after it. There are two instances of silence in the two greatest poets that ever wrote, which have something in them as sublime as any of the speeches in their whole works. The first is that of Ajax, in the eleventh book of the *Odyssey*. Ulysses, who had been the rival of this great man in his life, as well as the occasion of his death, upon meeting his shade in the region of departed heroes, makes his submission to him with a humility next to adoration, which the other passes over with dumb, sullen majesty, and such a silence, as, to use the words of Longinus, had more greatness in it than any thing he could have spoken.

The next instance I shall mention is in Virgil, where the poet doubtless imitates this silence of Ajax in that of Dido; though I do not know that any of his commentators have taken notice of it. *Aeneas*, finding among the shades of despairing lovers the ghost of her who had lately died for him, with the wound still fresh upon her, addresses himself to her with expanded arms, floods of tears, and the most passionate professions of his own innocence, as to what had happened; all which Dido receives with the dignity and disdain of a resenting lover, and an injured queen; and is so far from vouchsafing him an answer, that she does not give him a single look. The poet represents her as turning away her face from him while he spoke to her; and, after having kept her eyes some time upon the ground, as one that heard and contemned his protestations, flying from him into the grove of myrtle, and into the arms of another, whose fidelity had deserved her love.\*

I have often thought our writers of tragedy have been very defective in this particular, and that they might have given great beauty to their works, by certain stops and pauses in the representation of such passions as it is not in the power of language to express. There is something like this in the last act of '*Venice Preserved*,' where Pierre is brought to an infamous execution, and begs of his friend, as a



reparation for past injuries, and the only favour he could do him, to rescue him from the ignominy of the wheel by stabbing him. As he is going to make this dreadful request, he is not able to communicate it; but withdraws his face from his friend's ear, and bursts into tears. The melancholy silence that follows hereupon, and continues until he has recovered himself enough to reveal his mind to his friend, raises in the spectators a grief that is inexpressible, and an idea of such a complicated distress in the actor, as words cannot utter. It would look as ridiculous to many readers, to give rules and directions for proper silences, as for 'penning a whisper:' but it is certain, that in the extremity of most passions, particularly surprise, admiration, astonishment, nay, rage itself, there is nothing more graceful than to see the play stand still for a few moments, and the audience fixed in an agreeable suspense, during the silence of a skilful actor.

But silence never shows itself to so great an advantage, as when it is made the reply to calumny and defamation, provided that we give no just occasion for them. We might produce an example of it in the behaviour of one, in whom it appeared in all its majesty, and one, whose silence, as well as his person, was altogether *divine*. When one considers this subject only in its sublimity, this great instance could not but occur to me; and since I only make use of it to show the highest example of it, I hope I do not offend in it. To forbear replying to an unjust reproach, and overlook it with a generous, or, if possible, with an entire neglect of it, is one of the most heroic acts of a great mind: and, I must confess, when I reflect upon the behaviour of some of the greatest men in antiquity, I do not so much admire them, that they deserved the praise of the whole age they lived in, as because they contemned the envy and detraction of it.

All that is incumbent on a man of worth, who suffers under so ill a treatment, is to lie by for some time in silence and obscurity, until the prejudice of the times be over, and his reputation cleared. I have often read, with a great deal of pleasure, a legacy of the famous lord Bacon, one of the greatest geniuses that our own or any country has produced. After having bequeathed his soul, body, and estate, in the usual form, he adds, 'My name and memory I leave to foreign nations, and to my countrymen after some time be passed over.'

At the same time, that I recommend this philosophy to others, I must confess, I am so poor a proficient in it myself, that if in the course of my lucubrations it happens, as it has done more than once, that my paper is duller than in conscience it ought to be, I think the time an age until I have an opportunity of putting out another, and growing famous again for two days.

I must not close my discourse upon silence without informing my reader, that I have by me an elaborate treatise on the *apocriphesis* called an *et cætera*; it being a figure much used by some learned authors, and particularly by the great Littleton, who, as my lord chief justice Coke observes, had a most admirable talent at an &c.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

To oblige the pretty fellows, and my fair readers, I have thought fit to insert the whole passage above-mentioned relating to Dido, as it is translated by Mr. Dryden.\*

Not far from thence, the mournful fields appear;  
So call'd from lovers that inhabit there.  
The souls, whom that unhappy flame invades,  
In secret solitude, and myrtle shades,  
Make endless moans; and, pining with desire,  
Lament too late their unextinguish'd fire.  
Here Procris, Eriphyle here, he found  
Baring her breast, yet bleeding with the wound  
Made by her son. He saw Pasiphae there,  
With Phædra's ghost, a foul incestuous pair:  
There Laodamia with Evadne moves:  
Unhappy both; but loyal in their loves.  
Coenene, a woman once, and once a man;  
But ending in the sex she first began.  
Not far from these Phenician Dido stood;  
Fresh from her wound, her bosom bath'd in blood:  
Whom, when the Trojan hero hardly knew,  
Obscure in shades, and with a doubtful view,  
(Doubtful as he who runs thro' dusky night,  
Or thinks he sees the moon's uncertain light),  
With tears he first approach'd the sullen shade  
And, as his love inspir'd him, thus he said:  
'Unhappy queen! then is the common breath  
Of rumour true, in your reported death?  
And I, alas, the cause! by heav'n I vow,  
And all the powers that rule the realms below,  
Unwilling I forsook your friendly state  
Commanded by the gods, and forc'd by fate;  
Those gods, that fate, whose unrelated might  
Have sent me to these regions void of light,  
Through the vast empire of eternal night.  
Nor dar'd I to presume, that, press'd with grief,  
My flight should urge you to this dire relief.  
Stay, stay your steps, and listen to my woes;  
'Tis the last interview that fate allows!'  
In vain he thus attempts her mind to move,  
With tears and prayers, and late repenting love.  
Disdainfully she look'd; then turning round,  
But fix'd her eyes unmov'd upon the ground;  
And what he says, and swears, regards no more  
Than the deaf rocks, when the loud billows roar;  
But whirl'd away, to shun his hateful sight,  
Hid in the forest, and the shades of night:  
Then sought Sicheus through the shady grove,  
Who answer'd all her cares, and equal'd all her love.

No. 134.] Thursday, February 16, 1709.

Quis talis fando  
Myrmikionum, Dolopumve, aut duri miles Ulyssæ,  
Temperat à lacrymis? Virg. Æn. li. 8.

Such woes  
Not even the hardest of our foes could bear,  
Nor stern Ulysses tell without a tear. Dryden

Sheer-lane, February 15.

I WAS awakened very early this morning by the distant crowing of a cock, which I thought

had the finest pipe I ever heard. He seemed to me to strain his voice more than ordinary, as if he designed to make himself heard to the remotest corner of this lane. Having entertained myself a little before I went to bed with a discourse on the transmigration of men into other animals, I could not but fancy that this was the soul of some drowsy bell-man who used to sleep upon his post, for which he was condemned to do penance in feathers, and distinguish the several watches of the night under the outside of a cock. While I was thinking of the condition of this poor bell-man in masquerade, I heard a great knocking at my door, and was soon after told by my maid, that my worthy friend, the tall black gentleman, who frequents the coffee-houses hereabouts, desired to speak with me. This ancient *Pythagorean*, who has as much honesty as any man living, but good nature to an excess, brought me the following petition; which I am apt to believe he penned himself, the petitioner not being able to express his mind on paper under his present form, however famous he might have been for writing verses when he was in his original shape.

*'To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, Censor of Great Britain.*

*'The humble petition of Job Chanticleer, in behalf of himself, and many other poor sufferers in the same condition;*

*From my Coop in Clare-market,  
Feb. 13, 1709.*

*'SHEWETH,*

*'That whereas your petitioner is truly descended of the ancient family of the Chanticleers, at Cock-hall near Rumford in Essex, it has been his misfortune to come into the mercenary hands of a certain ill-disposed person, commonly called a biggler, who, under the close confinement of a pannier, has conveyed him and many others up to London; but hearing by chance of your worship's great humanity towards robin-red-breasts and tom-tits, he is emboldened to beseech you to take his deplorable condition into your tender consideration, who otherwise must suffer, with many thousands more as innocent as himself, that inhuman barbarity of a Shrove-Tuesday per-*

*requent than to see a dervise lay out a whole year's income in the redemption of larks or linnets that had unhappily fallen into the hands of bird-catchers; that it was also usual to run between a dog and a bull to keep them from hurting one another, or to lose the use of a limb in parting a couple of furious mastiffs. He then insisted upon the ingratitude and *disingenuity*\* of treating in this manner a necessary and domestic animal, that has made the whole house keep good hours, and called up the cook-maid for five years together. 'What would a Turk† say,' continued he, 'should he hear, that it is a common entertainment in a nation, which pretends to be one of the most civilised of Europe, to tie an innocent animal to a stake, and put him to an ignominious death, who has perhaps been the guardian and provisor of a poor family, as long as he was able to get *eggs* for his mistress?'*

*I thought what this gentleman said was very reasonable; and have often wondered, that we do not lay aside a custom, which makes us appear barbarous to nations much more rude and unpolished than ourselves. Some French writers have represented this diversion of the common people much to our disadvantage, and imputed it to natural fierceness and cruelty of temper; as they do some other entertainments peculiar to our nation: I mean those elegant diversions of bull-bating and prize-fighting, with the like ingenious recreations of the Bear-garden. I wish I knew how to answer this reproach which is cast upon us, and excuse the death of so many innocent cocks, bulls, dogs, and bears, as have been set together by the ears, or died untimely deaths, only to make us sport.*

*It will be said, that these are the entertainments of common people. It is true; but they are the entertainments of no other common people. Besides, I am afraid, there is a tincture of the same savage spirit in the diversions of those of higher rank, and more refined relish. Rapiu observes, that the English theatre very much delights in bloodshed, which he likewise represents as an indication of our tempers. I must own, there is something very horrid in the public executions of an English*

with daggers, impaled alive, calling his executioners, with a dying voice, 'cruel dogs and villains!' and all this to please his judicious spectators, who were wonderfully delighted with seeing a man in torment so well acted. The truth of it is, the politeness of our English stage, in regard to decorum, is very extraordinary. We act murders, to show our intrepidity; and adulteries, to show our gallantry: both of them are frequent in our most taking plays, with this difference only, that the former are done in the sight of the audience, and the latter wrought up to such a height upon the stage, that they are almost put in execution before the actors can get behind the scenes.

I would not have it thought, that there is just ground for those consequences which our enemies draw against us from these practices; but methinks one would be sorry for any manner of occasion for such misrepresentations of us. The virtues of tenderness, compassion, and humanity, are those by which men are distinguished from brutes, as much as by reason itself; and it would be the greatest reproach to a nation, to distinguish itself from all others by any defect in these particular virtues. For which reasons, I hope that my dear countrymen will no longer expose themselves by an effusion of blood, whether it be of theatrical heroes, cocks, or any other innocent animals, which we are not obliged to slaughter for our safety, convenience, or nourishment. When any of these ends are not served in the destruction of a living creature, I cannot but pronounce it a great piece of cruelty, if not a kind of murder.

No. 135.] *Saturday, February 18, 1709-10.*

Quod si in hoc erro, quod animos hominum immortales esse credam, libenter erro; nec mihi hunc errorem, quod detector, dum vivo, extorquei volo: sin mortuus, at quidam minuti philosophi cessant, nihil sentiam; non vereor, ne hunc errorem meum mortui philosophi irrideant.

Cicero, De Senect. cap. ult. Ed. Verburgii, Vol. X. p. 378B.

But if I err in believing that the souls of men are immortal, I willingly err; nor while I live would I wish to have this delightful error extorted from me: and if after death I shall feel nothing, as some minute philosophers think, I am not afraid lest dead philosophers should laugh at me for the error.

*Sheer-lane, February 1<sup>st</sup>.*

SEVERAL letters, which I have lately received, give me information, that some well-disposed persons have taken offence at my using the word *Free-Thinker* as a term of reproach. To set, therefore, this matter in a clear light, I must declare, that no one can have a greater veneration than myself for the *Free-thinkers* of antiquity; who acted the same part in those times, as the great men of the reformation did in several nations of Europe, by exerting themselves against the idolatry and superstition of the times in which they lived. It was by this noble impulse that Socrates and

his disciples, as well as all the philosophers of note in Greece, and Cicero, Seneca, with all the learned men of Rome, endeavoured to enlighten their contemporaries amidst the darkness and ignorance in which the world was then sunk and buried.

The great points which these free-thinkers endeavoured to establish and inculcate into the minds of men, were, the formation of the universe, the superintendency of providence, the perfection of the Divine Nature, the immortality of the soul, and the future state of rewards and punishments. They all complied with the religion of their country, as much as possible, in such particulars as did not contradict and pervert these great and fundamental doctrines of mankind. On the contrary, the persons who now set up for free-thinkers, are such as endeavour, by a little trash of words and sophistry, to weaken and destroy those very principles, for the vindication of which, freedom of thought at first became laudable and heroic. These apostates from reason and good sense, can look at the glorious frame of nature, without paying an adoration to Him that raised it; can consider the great revolutions in the universe, without lifting up their minds to that superior power which hath the direction of it; can presume to censure the Deity in his ways towards men; can level mankind with the beasts that perish; can extinguish in their own minds all the pleasing hopes of a future state, and lull themselves into a stupid security against the terrors of it. If one were to take the word *priestcraft* out of the mouths of these shallow monsters, they would be immediately struck dumb. It is by the help of this single term that they endeavour to disappoint the good works of the most learned and venerable order of men, and harden the hearts of the ignorant against the very light of nature, and the common-received notions of mankind. We ought not to treat such miscreants as these upon the foot of fair disputants; but to pour out contempt upon them, and speak of them with scorn and infamy, as the pests of society, the revilers of human nature, and the blasphemers of a Being, whom a good man would rather die than bear dishonoured. Cicero, after having mentioned the great heroes of knowledge that recommended this divine doctrine of the immortality of the soul, calls those small pretenders to wisdom, who declared against it, certain *minute philosophers*, using a diminutive even of the word *little*, to express the despicable opinion he had of them. The contempt he throws upon them in another passage is yet more remarkable; where, to show the mean thoughts he entertains of them, he declares 'he would rather be in the wrong with Plato, than in the right with such company.' There is, indeed, nothing in the world so ridiculous as one of these grave philosophical

free-thinkers, that hath neither passions nor appetites to gratify, no heats of blood, nor vigour of constitution, that can turn his systems of infidelity to his advantage, or raise pleasures out of them which are inconsistent with the belief of a hereafter. One that has neither wit, gallantry, mirth, or youth, to indulge by these notions, but only a poor, joyless, uncomfortable vanity of distinguishing himself from the rest of mankind, is rather to be regarded as a mischievous lunatic, than a mistaken philosopher. A chaste infidel, a speculative libertine, is an animal that I should not believe to be in nature, did I not sometimes meet with this species of men, that plead for the indulgence of their passions in the midst of a severe studious life, and talk against the immortality of the soul over a dish of coffee.

I would fain ask a minute philosopher, what good he proposes to mankind by the publishing of his doctrines? Will they make a man a better citizen, or father of a family; a more endearing husband, friend, or son? will they enlarge his public or private virtues, or correct any of his frailties or vices? What is there either joyful or glorious in such opinions? do they either refresh or enlarge our thoughts? do they contribute to the happiness, or raise the dignity, of human nature? The only good that I have ever heard pretended to, is, that they banish terrors, and set the mind at ease. But whose terrors do they banish? It is certain, if there were any strength in their arguments, they would give great disturbance to minds that are influenced by virtue, honour, and morality, and take from us the only comforts and supports of affliction, sickness, and old age. The minds, therefore, which they set at ease, are only those of impenitent criminals and malefactors, and which, not the good of mankind, should be in perpetual terror and alarm.

I must confess, nothing is more usual than for a free-thinker, in proportion as the insolence of scepticism is abated in him by years and knowledge, or humbled and beaten down by sorrow or sickness, to reconcile himself to the general conceptions of reasonable creatures;

might not run away with it; and, to do further justice upon himself, desired them to tie a halter about his neck, as a mark of that ignominious punishment, which, in his own thoughts, he had so justly deserved.

I would not have persecution so far disgraced, as to wish these vermin might be animadverted on by any legal penalties; though I think it would be highly reasonable, that those few of them who die in the professions of their infidelity, should have such tokens of infamy fixed upon them, as might distinguish those bodies which are given up by the owners to oblivion and putrefaction, from those which rest in hope, and shall rise in glory. But at the same time that I am against doing them the honour of the notice of our laws, which ought not to suppose there are such criminals in being, I have often wondered, how they can be tolerated in any mixed conversations, while they are venting these absurd opinions; and should think, that if, on any such occasions, half a dozen of the most robust Christians in the company would lead one of those gentlemen to a pump, or convey him into a blanket, they would do very good service both to church and state. I do not know how the laws stand in this particular; but I hope, whatever knocks, bangs, or thumps, might be given with such an honest intention, would not be construed as a breach of the peace. I dare say; they would not be returned by the person who receives them; for whatever these fools may say in the vanity of their hearts, they are too wise to risk their lives upon the uncertainty of their opinions.

When I was a young man about this town, I frequented the ordinary of the Black-horse in Holborn, where the person that usually presided at the table was a rough old-fashioned gentleman, who, according to the customs of those times, had been the major and preacher of a regiment. It happened one day that a noisy young officer, bred in France, was venting some new-fangled notions, and speaking, in the gayety of his humour, against the dispensations of Providence. The major, at first, only

thee as such.' In short, the quarrel ran so high, that the major was desired to walk out. Upon their coming into *the garden*, the old fellow advised his antagonist to consider the place into which one pass might drive him; but, finding him grow upon him to a degree of scurrility, as believing the advice proceeded from fear; 'Sirrah,' says he, 'if a thunderbolt does not strike thee dead before I come at thee, I shall not fail to chastise thee for thy profaneness to thy Maker, and thy sauciness to his servant.' Upon this he drew his sword, and cried out with a loud voice, 'The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!' which so terrified his antagonist, that he was immediately disarmed, and thrown upon his knees. In this posture he begged his life; but the major refused to grant it, before he had asked pardon for his offence in a short extemporary prayer, which the old gentleman dictated to him upon the spot, and which his proselyte repeated after him in the presence of the whole ordinary, that were now gathered about him in the garden.

No. 136.] Tuesday, February 21, 1709-10.

Deprendi miseram est : Fabio vel Judice vincam.

*Hor. l. 1. Sat. ii. ver. ult.*

To be surpris'd, is sure a wretched tale,  
And for the truth to Fabius I appeal. *Francis.*

*White's Chocolate-house, February 18.*

THE HISTORY OF TOM VARNISH.

BECAUSE I have a professed aversion to long beginnings of stories, I will go into this at once, by telling you, that there dwells near the Royal Exchange as happy a couple as ever entered into wedlock. These live in that mutual confidence of each other, which renders the satisfaction of marriage even greater than those of friendship, and makes wife and husband the dearest appellations of human life. Mr. Balance is a merchant of good consideration, and understands the world, not from speculation, but practice. His wife is the daughter

merchant's wife. He no sooner thought of this adventure, but he began it by an amorous epistle to the lady, and a faithful promise to wait upon her at a certain hour the next evening, when he knew her husband was to be absent.

The letter was no sooner received, but it was communicated to the husband, and produced no other effect in him, than that he joined with his wife to raise all the mirth they could out of this fantastical piece of gallantry. They were so little concerned at this dangerous man of mode, that they plotted ways to perplex him without hurting him. Varnish comes exactly at his hour; and the lady's well-acted confusion at his entrance gave him opportunity to repeat some couplets very fit for the occasion with very much grace and spirit. His theatrical manner of making love was interrupted by an alarm of the husband's coming; and the wife, in a personated terror, beseeched him, 'if he had any value for the honour of a woman that loved him, he would jump out of the window.' He did so, and fell upon featherbeds placed on purpose to receive him.

It is not to be conceived how great the joy of an amorous man is when he has suffered for his mistress, and is never the worse for it. Varnish the next day writ a most elegant billet, wherein he said all that imagination could form upon the occasion. He violently protested, 'going out of the window was no way terrible, but as it was going from her;' with several other kind expressions, which procured him a second assignation. Upon his second visit, he was conveyed by a faithful maid into her bed-chamber, and left there to expect the arrival of her mistress. But the wench, according to her instructions, ran in again to him, and locked the door after her to keep out her master. She had just time enough to convey the lover into a chest before she admitted the husband and his wife into the room.

You may be sure that trunk was absolutely necessary to be opened; but upon her husband's ordering it, she assured him, 'she had taken

his passenger perplexity. But, to consummate all, he delivered the chest, with strict charge, in case they were in danger of being taken, to throw it overboard, for there were letters in it, the matter of which might be of great service to the enemy.'

N. B. It is not thought advisable to proceed further in this account; Mr. Varnish being just returned from his travels, and willing to conceal the occasion of his first applying himself to the languages.

*St. James's Coffee-house, February 20.*

This day came in a mail from Holland, with a confirmation of our late advices, that a treaty of peace would very suddenly be set on foot, and that yachts were appointed by the States to convey the ministers of France from Moerdike to Gertruydenburgh, which is appointed for the place wherein this important negotiation is to be transacted. It is said, this affair has been in agitation ever since the close of the last campaign; Mons. Pettecum having been appointed to receive from time to time the overtures of the enemy. During the whole winter, the ministers of France have used their utmost skill in forming such answers as might amuse the allies, in hopes of a favourable event either in the north, or some other part of Europe, which might affect some part of the alliance too nearly to leave it in a capacity of adhering firmly to the interest of the whole. In all this transaction, the French king's own name has been as little made use of as possible: but the season of the year, advancing too fast to admit of much longer delays in the present condition of France, Mons. Torey, in the name of the king, sent a letter to Mons. Pettecum, wherein he says, 'That the king is willing all the preliminary articles shall rest as they are during the treaty for the 37th.

*Sheer-lane, February 20.*

I have been earnestly solicited for a further term, for wearing the *fardingal* by several of the fair sex, but more especially by the following petitioners.

'The humble petition of Deborah Hark, Sarah Threadpaper, and Rachel Thimble, spinners and single women, commonly called waiting-maids, in behalf of themselves and their sisterhood;

'SHEWETH,

'That your worship has been pleased to order and command, that no person or persons shall presume to wear quilted petticoats, on forfeiture of the said petticoats, or penalty of wearing ruffs, after the seventeenth instant now expired.

'That your petitioners have, time out of mind, been entitled to wear their ladies' cloathes, or to sell the same.

'That the sale of the said cloaths is spoiled by your worship's said prohibition.

'Your petitioners therefore most humbly pray, that your worship will please to allow, that all gentlewomen's gentlewomen may be allowed to wear the said dress, or to repair the loss of such a perquisite in such manner as your worship shall think fit.

'And your petitioners, &c.'

I do allow the allegations of this petition to be just; and forbid all persons, but the petitioners, or those who shall purchase them, to wear the said garment after the date hereof.

No. 137.] *Thursday, February 23, 1709-10.*

Ter centum tonat ore Deos, Erebusque, Chædæque,  
Tergeminam que Hecaten——— *Virg. Æn. iv. 510.*

He thrice invokes th' infernal powers profound  
Of Erebus and Chaos; thrice he calls  
On Hecate's triple form——— *R. Wynn.*

*Sheer-lane, February 22.*

DICK REPTILE and I sat this evening later than the rest of the club: and as some men are better company when only with one friend, others when there is a larger number, I found Dick to be of the former kind. He was bewailing to me, in very just terms, the offences which he frequently met with in the abuse of speech: some use ten times more words than they need; some put in words quite foreign to their purpose; and others adorn their discourses with oaths and blasphemies, by way of tropes and figures. What my good friend started dwelt upon me after I came home this evening, and led me into an enquiry with myself, whence should arise such strange excrescences in discourse? whereas it must be obvious to all reasonable beings, that the sooner a man speaks his mind, the more complaisant he is to the man with whom he talks: but, upon mature deliberation, I am come to this resolution, that for one man who speaks to be understood, there are ten who talk only to be admired.

The ancient Greeks had little independent syllables called expletives, which they brought into their discourses both in verse and prose, for no other purpose but for the better grace and sound of their sentences and periods. I know no example but this, which can authorise the use of more words than are necessary. But whether it be from this freedom taken by that wise nation, or however it arises, Dick Reptile hit upon a very just and common cause of offence in the generality of people of all orders. We have one here in our lane, who speaks nothing without quoting an authority; for it is always with him, so and so, 'as the man said.' He asked me this morning, how I did, 'as the man said?' and hoped I would come now and then to see him, 'as the man

said. I am acquainted with another, who never delivers himself upon any subject, but he cries, 'he only speaks his poor judgment; this is his humble opinion; as for his part, if he might presume to offer any thing on that subject.'—But of all the persons who add elegances and superfluities to their discourses, those who deserve the foremost rank are the swearers; and the lump of these may, I think, be very aptly divided into the common distinction of high and low. Dulness and barrenness of thought is the original of it in both these sects, and they differ only in constitution: The *low* is generally a phlegmatic, and the *high* a choleric coxcomb. The man of phlegm is sensible of the emptiness of his discourse, and will tell you, that, 'I'fackins,' such a thing is true; or, if you warm him a little, he may run into passion, and cry, 'Odsbodikins, you do not say right.' But the *high* affects a sublimity in dulness, and invokes 'hell and damnation' at the breaking of a glass, or the slowness of a drawer.

I was the other day trudging along Fleet-street on foot, and an old army-friend came up with me. We were both going towards Westminster; and, finding the streets were so crowded that we could not keep together, we resolved to club for a coach. This gentleman I knew to be the first of the order of the choleric. I must confess, were there no crime in it, nothing could be more diverting than the impertinence of the *high* juror: for, whether there is remedy or not against what offends him, still he is to show he is offended; and he must, sure, not omit to be magnificently passionate, by falling on all things in his way. We were stopped by a train of coaches at Temple-bar. 'What the devil!' says my companion, 'cannot you drive on, coachman? D—n you all, for a set of sons of whores; you will stop here to be paid by the hour! There is not such a set of confounded dogs as the coachmen, unbugged! But these rascally cits—'Ounds, why should not there be a tax to make these dogs widen their gates? Oh! but the bell-hounds move at last.' 'Ay,' said I, 'I knew you would make them whip on, if once they heard you'—'No,' says he, 'but would it not fret a man to the devil, to pay for being carried slower than he can walk? Look ye! there is

mity; and made me conclude, that it is ever want of sense makes a man guilty in this kind. It was excellently well said, 'that this folly had no temptation to excuse it, no man being born of a swearing constitution.' In a word, a few rumbling words and consonants clapped together without any sense, will make an accomplished swearer. It is needless to dwell long upon this blustering impertinence, which is already banished out of the society of well-bred men, and can be useful only to bullies and ill tragic writers, who would have sound and noise pass for courage and sense.

*St. James's Coffee-house, February 22.*

There arrived a messenger last night from Harwich, who left that place just as the duke of Marlborough was going on board. The character of this important general going out by the command of his queen, and at the request of his country, puts me in mind of that noble figure which Shakspeare gives Harry the Fifth upon his expedition against France. The poet wishes for abilities to represent so great a hero:

'Oh for a mnæ of fire!

'Then should the warlike Harry like himself,  
Assume the port of Mars, and at his heels,  
Leash'd in, like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,  
Crouch for employments.'

A conqueror drawn like the god of battle, with such a dreadful leash of bell-hounds at his command, makes a picture of as much majesty and terror, as is to be met with in any poet.

Shakspeare understood the force of this particular allegory so well, that he had it in his thoughts in another passage, which is altogether as daring and sublime as the former. What I mean is in the tragedy of Julius Cæsar, where Antony, after having foretold the bloodshed and destruction that should be brought upon the earth by the death of that great man, to fill up the horror of his description, adds the following verses:

'And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,  
With Ate by his side, come hot from hell,  
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,  
Cry Havock; and let slip the dogs of war.'

I do not question but these quotations will

*Clandentur belli portæ, Furor impius intus  
Sevæ sedens super armis, et centum vinculus æneis  
Post tergum nodis, fremitu horridus ore cruento.*  
*Virg. Æn. l. 398.*

Janus himself before his face shall wait,  
And keep the dreadful issues of his gate,  
With bolts and iron bars. Within remains  
Imprison'd Fury bound in brazen chains;  
High on a trophy rais'd of useless arms,  
He sits, and threats the world with vain alarms  
*Dryden.*

## ADVERTISEMENT.

The tickets which were delivered out for the benefit of Signor Nicolini Grimaldi on the twenty-fourth instant will be taken on Thursday the second of March, his benefit being deferred until that day.

N. B. In all operas for the future, where it thunders and lightens in proper time and in tune, the matter of the said lightning is to be of the finest rosin; and, for the sake of harmony, the same which is used to the best Cremona fiddles.

Note also, that the true perfumed lightning is only prepared and sold by Mr. Charles Lillie, at the corner of Beaufort-buildings.

\*.\* The lady who has chosen Mr. Bickerstaff for her Valentine, and is at a loss what to present him with, is desired to make him, with her own hands, a warm nightcap.

No. 138.] Saturday, February 25, 1709-10.

*Secretæque pios, his dantem Jura Catonem.*  
*Virg. Æn. viii. 670.*

Apart from these, the happy souls he draws,  
And Cato's pious ghost dispensing laws. *Dryden.*

*Sheer-lane, February 24.*

It is an argument of a clear and worthy spirit in a man to be able to disengage himself from the opinions of others, so far as not to let the deference due to the sense of mankind ensnare him to act against the dictates of his own reason. But the generality of the world are so far from walking by any such maxim, that it is almost a standing rule to do as others do, or be ridiculous. I have heard my old friend, Mr. Hart, speak it as an observation among the players, 'that it is impossible to act with grace, except the actor has forgot that he is before an audience.' Until he is arrived at that, his motion, his air, his every step and gesture, has something in them which discovers he is under a restraint, for fear of being ill received; or if he considers himself as in the presence of those who approve his behaviour, you see an affectation of that pleasure run through his whole carriage. It is as common in life, as upon the stage, to behold a man in the most indifferent action betray a sense he has of doing what he is about gracefully. Some have such an immoderate relish for applause, that they expect it

for things, which in themselves are so frivolous, that it is impossible, without this affectation, to make them appear worthy either of blame or praise. There is Will Glare, so passionately intent upon being admired, that when you see him in public places, every muscle of his face discovers, his thoughts are fixed upon the consideration of what figure he makes. He will often fall into a musing posture, to attract observation; and is then obtruding himself upon the company, when he pretends to be withdrawn from it. Such little arts are the certain and infallible tokens of a superficial mind, as the avoiding observation is the sign of a great and sublime one. It is therefore extremely difficult for a man to judge even of his own actions, without forming to himself an idea of what he should act, were it in his power to execute all his desires without the observation of the rest of the world. There is an allegorical fable in Plato, which seems to admonish us, that we are very little acquainted with ourselves, while we know our actions are to pass the censures of others; but, had we the power to accomplish all our wishes unobserved, we should then easily inform ourselves how far we are possessed of real and intrinsic virtue. The fable I was going to mention is that of Gyges, who is said to have had an enchanted ring, which had in it a miraculous quality, making him who wore it visible or invisible, as he turned it to or from his body. The use Gyges made of his occasional invisibility was, by the advantage of it, to violate a queen, and murder a king. Tully takes notice of this allegory, and says very handsomely, 'that a man of honour who had such a ring would act just in the same manner as he would without it.' It is indeed no small pitch of virtue, under the temptation of impunity, and the hopes of accomplishing all a man desires, not to transgress the rules of justice and virtue; but this is rather not being an ill man, than being positively a good one; and it seems wonderful, that so great a soul as that of Tully should not form to himself a thousand worthy actions, which a virtuous mind would be prompted to by the possession of such a secret. There are certainly some part of mankind who are guardian-beings to the other. Sallust could say of Cato, 'That he had rather be, than appear, good,' but, indeed, this eulogium rose no higher than, as I just now hinted, to an inoffensiveness, rather than an active virtue. Had it occurred to the noble orator to represent, in his language, the glorious pleasures of a man secretly employed in beneficence and generosity, it would certainly have made a more charming page than any he has left behind him. How might a man, furnished with Gyges's secret, employ it in bringing together distant friends; laying snares for creating good-will in the room of groundless hatred;



in removing the pangs of an unjust jealousy, the slowness of an imperfect reconciliation, and the tremor of an awful love! Such a one could give confidence to bashful merit, and confusion to overbearing impudence.

Certain it is, that secret kindnesses done to mankind are as beautiful as secret injuries are detestable. To be invisibly good, is as godlike, as to be invisibly ill, diabolical. As degenerate as we are apt to say the age we live in is, there are still amongst us men of illustrious minds, who enjoy all the pleasures of good actions, except that of being commended for them. There happens, among other very worthy instances of a public spirit, one which I am obliged to discover, because I know not otherwise how to obey the commands of the benefactor. A citizen of London has given directions to Mr. Rayner, the writing-master of St. Paul's-school, to educate at his charge ten boys, who shall be nominated by me, in writing and accounts, until they shall be fit for any trade; I desire, therefore, such as know any proper objects for receiving this bounty, to give notice thereof to Mr. Morphew, or Mr. Lillie; and they shall, if properly qualified, have instructions accordingly.

Actions of this kind have in them something so transcendent, that it is an injury to applaud them, and a diminution of that merit which consists in shunning our approbation. We shall therefore leave them to enjoy that glorious obscurity; and silently admire their virtue who can contemn the most delicious of human pleasures, that of receiving due praise. Such celestial dispositions very justly suspend the discovery of their benefactions, until they come where their actions cannot be misinterpreted, and receive their first congratulations in the company of angels.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas Mr. Bickerstaff, by a letter bearing date this twenty-fourth of February, has received information, that there are in and about the Royal-Exchange a sort of people commonly known by the name of Whettors, who drink

produce a certificate of the same from Mr. Tintoret, or some other credible *wine-painter*.

Whereas the model of the intended Bedlam is now finished, and the edifice itself will be very suddenly begun; it is desired, that all such as have relations, whom they would recommend to our care, would bring in their proofs with all speed: none being to be admitted, of course, but lovers, who are put into an immediate regimen. Young politicians also are received without fees or examination.

No 139.] Tuesday, February 28. 1709-10.

— Nihil est quod credere de se  
Non possit, cum laudatur Dile æqua potestas.  
Juv. Sat. iv. 70.

Nothing so monstrous can be said or sign'd,  
But with belief and joy is entertain'd,  
When to her face a giddy girl is prais'd.  
By ill-judge'd flattery to an angel rais'd. Dryden.

Sheer-lane, February 27.

WHEN I reflect upon the many nights I have sat up for some months last past, in the greatest anxiety for the good of my neighbours and contemporaries, it is no small discouragement to me, to see how slow a progress I make in the reformation of the world. But indeed I must do my female readers the justice to own, that their tender hearts are much more susceptible of good impressions, than the minds of the other sex. Business and ambition take up men's thoughts too much to leave room for philosophy: but if you speak to women in a style and manner proper to approach them, they never fail to improve by your counsels. I shall, therefore, for the future, turn my thoughts more particularly to their service; and study the best methods to adorn their persons, and inform their minds in the justest methods to make them what nature designed them, the most beautiful objects of our eyes, and the most agreeable companions of our lives. But when I say this, I must not omit, at the same time, to look into their errors and mistakes, that being the readiest way to the

first minute that he casts his eye upon her with desire, he conceives a doubt in his mind, what heavenly power gave so unexpected a blow to a heart that was ever before untouched. But who can resist fate and destiny, which are lodged in Mrs. Alice's eyes? after which he desires orders accordingly, whether he is to live or die; the smile or frown of his goddess is the only thing that can now either save or destroy him. By this means, the well-humoured girl, that would have romped with him before she had received this declaration, assumes a state suitable to the majesty he has given her, and treats him as the vassal he calls himself. The girl's head is immediately turned by having the power of life and death, and takes care to suit every motion and air to her new sovereignty. After he has placed himself at this distance, he must never hope to recover his former familiarity, until she has had the addresses of another, and found them less sincere.

If the application to women were justly turned, the address of flattery, though it implied at the same time an admonition, would be much more likely to succeed. Should a captivated lover, in a billet, let his mistress know, that her piety to her parents, her gentleness of behaviour, her prudent economy with respect to her own little affairs in a virgin condition, had improved the passion which her beauty had inspired him with, into so settled an esteem for her, that of all women breathing he wished her his wife; though his commending her for qualities she knew she had as a virgin, would make her believe he expected from her an answerable conduct in the character of a matron; I will answer for it, his suit would be carried on with less perplexity.

Instead of this, the generality of our young women, taking all their notions of life from gay writings, or letters of love, consider themselves as goddesses, nymphs, and shepherdesses.

By this romantic sense of things, all the natural relations and duties of life are forgotten; and our female part of mankind are bred and treated, as if they were designed to inhabit the happy fields of Arcadia, rather than be wives and mothers in Old England. It is, indeed, long since I had the happiness to converse familiarly with this sex, and therefore have been fearful of falling into the error which reclude men are very subject to, that of giving false representations of the world, from which they have retired, by imaginary schemes drawn from their own reflections. An old man cannot easily gain admittance into the dressing-room of ladies; I therefore thought it time well spent, to turn over Agrippa, and use all my occult art, to give my *old Cornelian ring* the same force with that of Gyges, which I have lately spoken of. By the help of this I went unobserved to a friend's house of mine, and

followed the *chamber-maid* invisibly about twelve of the clock into the bed-chamber of the beautiful Flavia his fine daughter, just before she got up.

I drew the curtains; and being wrapped up in the safety of my old age, could with much pleasure, without passion, behold her sleeping, with Waller's poems, and a letter fixed in that part of him where every woman thinks herself described. The light flashing upon her face, awakened her: she opened her eyes, and her lips too, repeating that piece of false wit in that admired poet,

Such Helen was; and who can blame the boy,  
That in so bright a flame consum'd his Troy! *Waller.*

This she pronounced with a most bewitching sweetness; but after it, fetched a sigh, that, methought, had more desire than languishment: then took out her letter; and read aloud, for the pleasure, I suppose, of hearing soft words in praise of herself, the following epistle:

MADAM,

'I sat near you at the opera last night; but knew no entertainment from the vain show and noise about me, while I waited wholly intent upon the motion of your bright eyes, in hopes of a glance that might restore me to the pleasures of sight and hearing in the midst of beauty and harmony. It is said, the hell of the accursed in the next life arises from an incapacity to partake the joys of the blessed, though they were to be admitted to them. Such, I am sure, was my condition all that evening; and if you, my deity, cannot have so much mercy, as to make me by your influence capable of tasting the satisfactions of life, my being is ended, which consisted only in your favour.'

The letter was hardly read over, when she rushed out of bed in her wrapping gown, and consulted her glass for the truth of his passion. She raised her head, and turned it to a profile, repeating the last line, 'My being is ended, which consisted only in your favour.' The goddess immediately called her maid, and fell to dressing that mischievous face of hers, without any manner of consideration for the mortal who had offered up his petition. Nay, it was so far otherwise, that the whole time of her woman's combing her hair was spent in discourse of the impertinence of his passion, and ended in declaring a resolution, 'if she ever had him, to make him wait.' She also frankly told the favourite gipsy that was prating to her, 'that her passionate lover had put it out of her power to be civil to him, if she were inclined to it; for' said she, 'if I am thus celestial to my lover, he will certainly so far think himself disappointed, as I grow into the familiarity and form of a mortal woman.'

I came away as I went in, without staying for other remarks than what confirmed me in

the opinion, that it is from the notions the men inspire them with, that the women are so fantastical in the value of themselves. This imaginary pre-eminence which is given to the fair sex, is not only formed from the addresses of people of condition; but it is the fashion and humour of all orders to go regularly out of their wits, as soon as they begin to make love. I know at this time three goddesses in the New Exchange; and there are two shepherdesses that sell gloves in Westminster-hall.

No. 140.] *Thursday, March 2, 1709-10.*

—Magna negotia confundunt  
Pec caput, et circa salubritatis—

*Hor. c. Sat. iv. 33.*

A hundred men's affairs confound  
My senses, and besiege me round. *Francis.*

*Sheer-lane, March 2.*

HAVING the honour to be, by my great grandmother, a Welshman, I have been among some choice spirits of that part of Great Britain, where we solaced ourselves in celebration of the day of St. David. I am, I confess, elevated above that state of mind which is proper for incubration: but I am the less concerned at this, because I have for this day or two last past observed, that we novelists have been condemned wholly to the pastry-cooks, the eyes of the nation being turned upon greater matters.\* This, therefore, being a time when none but my immediate correspondents will read me, I shall speak to them chiefly at this present writing. It is the fate of us who pretend to joke, to be frequently understood to be only upon the droll when we are speaking the most seriously, as appears by the following letter to Charles Lillie.

\* MR. LILLIE, *London, Feb. 23, 1709 10.*

'I being possessed by Esquire Bickerstaff, that his intention is to expose the vices and follies of the age, and to promote virtue and good-will amongst mankind; it must be a comfort for a person labouring under great straits and difficulties, to read any thing that has the appearance of succour. I should be glad to know, therefore, whether the intelligence given in his Tatler of Saturday last, of the intended charity of a certain citizen of London, to maintain the education of ten boys

when he thinks fit, whether his nomination of ten boys be disposed, or whether there be room for two boys to be recommended to him; and that he will permit the writer of this to present him with two boys, who, it is humbly presumed, will be judged to be very remarkable objects of such charity. 'Sir,  
'Your most humble servant.'

I am to tell this gentleman in sober sadness, and without jest, that there really is so good and charitable a man as the benefactor enquired for in his letter, and that there are but two boys yet named. The father of one of them was killed at Blenheim, the father of the other at Almanza. I do not here give the names of the children, because I should take it to be an insolence in me to publish them, in a charity which I have only the direction of as a servant to that worthy and generous spirit, who bestows upon them this bounty without laying the bondage of an obligation. What I have to do is to tell them, they are beholden only to their Maker, to kill in them, as they grow up, the false shame of poverty; and let them know, that their present fortune, which is come upon them by the loss of their poor fathers on so glorious occasions, is much more honourable than the inheritance of the most ample ill-gotten wealth.

The next letter which lies before me is from a man of sense, who strengthens his own authority with that of Tully, in persuading me to what he very justly believes one cannot be averse.

\* MR. BICKERSTAFF, *London, Feb. 27, 1709.*

'I am so confident of your inclination to promote any thing that is for the advancement of liberal arts, that I lay before you the following translation of a paragraph in Cicero's oration in defence of Archias the poet, as an incentive to the agreeable and instructive reading of the writings of the Augustan age. Most vices and follies proceed from a man's incapacity of entertaining himself, and we are generally fools in company, because we dare not be wise alone. I hope, on some future occasions, you will find this no barren hint. Tully, after having said very handsome things of his client, commends the arts of which he was master, as follows:

'If so much profit be not reaped in the study

The following epistle seems to want the quickest despatch, because a lady is every moment offended until it is answered; which is best done by letting the offender see in her own letter how tender she is of calling him so.

'SIR,

'This comes from a relation of yours, though unknown to you, who, besides the tie of consanguinity, has some value for you on the account of your lucubrations, those being designed to refine our conversation, as well as cultivate our minds. I humbly beg the favour of you, in one of your Tatlers, after what manner you please, to correct a particular friend of mine, for an indecorum he is guilty of in discourse, of calling his acquaintance, when he speaks to them, Madam: as for example, my cousin Jenny Distaff, Madam Distaff; which, I am sure you are sensible, is very unpolite, and it is what makes me often uneasy for him, though I cannot tell him of it myself, which makes me guilty of this presumption, that I depend upon your goodness to excuse; and I do assure you, the gentleman will mind your reprehension, for he is, as I am, Sir,

'Your most humble servant and cousin,

'DOROTHY DRUMSTICK.

'I write this in a thin under-petticoat, and never did or will wear a fardingal.'

I had no sooner read the just complaint of Mrs. Drumstick, but I received an urgent one from another of the fair sex, upon faults of more pernicious consequence.

'MR. BICKERSTAFF,

'Observing that you are entered into a correspondence with Pasquin, who is, I suppose, a Roman catholic, I beg of you to forbear giving him any account of our religion or manners, until you have rooted out certain misdeemeanours even in our churches. Among others, that of bowing, saluting, taking snuff,\* and other gestures. Lady Autumn made me a very low courtesy the other day from the next pew, and, with the most courtly air imaginable, called herself *wretched sinner*. Her niece, soon after, saying, *Forgive us our trespasses*, courted with a glouting look at my brother. He returned it, opening his snuff-box, and repeating yet a more solemn expression. I beg of you, good Mr. Censor, not to tell Pasquin any thing of this kind, and to believe this does not come from one of a morose temper, mean birth, rigid education, narrow fortune, or bigotry in opinion, or from one in whom time has worn out all taste of pleasure. I assure you, it is far otherwise, for I am possessed of all the contrary advantages; and, I hope, wealth, good

humour, and good breeding, may be best employed in the service of religion and virtue; and desire you would, as soon as possible, remark upon the above-mentioned indecorums, that we may not long transgress against the latter, to preserve our reputation in the former.

'Your humble servant,

'LYDIA.'

The last letter I shall insert is what follows. This is written by a very inquisitive lady; and, I think, such interrogative gentlewomen are to be answered no other way than by interrogation. Her billet is this:

'DEAR MR. BICKERSTAFF,

'Are you quite as good as you seem to be?

'CHLOE.'

To which I can only answer:

'DEAR CHLOE,

'Are you quite as ignorant as you seem to be?

I. B.'

No. 141.] Saturday, March 4, 1709-10.

Sheer-lane, March 3.

WHILE the attention of the town is drawn aside from reading us writers of news, we all save ourselves against it is at more leisure. As for my own part, I shall still let the labouring oar be managed by my correspondents, and fill my paper with their sentiments, rather than my own, until I find my readers more disengaged than they are at present. When I came home this evening, I found several letters and petitions, which I shall insert with no other order, than as I accidentally opened them, as follows:

'SIR,

March 1, 1709-10.

'Having a daughter about nine years of age, I would endeavour she might have education. I mean such as may be useful, as working well, and a good deportment. In order to it, I am persuaded to place her at some boarding-school, situate in a good air. My wife opposes it, and gives for her greatest reason, that she is too much a woman, and understands the formalities of visiting and a tea-table so very nicely, that none, though much older, can exceed her; and, with all these perfections, the girl can scarce thread a needle: but, however, after several arguments, we have agreed to be decided by your judgment: and, knowing your abilities, shall manage our daughter exactly as you shall please to direct. I am serious in my request, and hope you will be so in your answer, which will lay a deep obligation upon, Sir, your humble servant,

'T. T.

\* At St. Mary's, among the papers of the university of Cambridge, there is a letter of James I. against the use of tobacco.

'Sir, pray answer it in your Tatler, that it may be sent back to the

[I am as serious on this subject as my correspondent can be; and am of opinion, that the great happiness or misfortune of mankind depends upon the manner of educating and treating that sex. I have lately said, I design to turn my thoughts more particularly to them, and their service: I beg therefore a little time to give my opinion on so important a subject, and desire the young lady may fill tea one week longer, until I have considered whether she shall be removed or not.]

‘Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

Chancery-lane,  
Feb. 27, 1709.

‘Your notice in the advertisement in your Tatler of Saturday last about Whetters in and about the Royal Exchange, is mightily taken notice of by gentlemen who use the coffee-houses near the Chancery-office in Chancery-lane. And there being a particular certain set of both young and old gentlemen that belong to and near adjoining to the Chancery-office, both in Chancery-lane and Bell-yard, that are not only Whetters all the morning long, but very musically given about twelve at night the same days, and mightily taken with the union of the dulcimer, violin, and song; at which recreation they rejoice together with perfect harmony, however their clients disagree: You are humbly desired by several gentlemen to give some regulation concerning them; in which you will contribute to the repose of us, who are your very humble servants,

‘L. T. N. F. T. W.’

These Whetters are a people I have considered with much pains; and find them to differ from a sect I have hitherto spoken of, called *snuff-takers*, only in the expedition they take in destroying their brains: the Whetter is obliged to refresh himself every moment with a liquor, as the *snuff-taker* with a powder. As for their harmony in the evening, I have nothing to object; provided they remove to Wapping, or the Bridge-foot, where it is not to be supposed that their vociferations will annoy the studious, the busy, or the contemplative. I once had lodgings in Gray’s-lun, where we had two hard students, who learned to play upon the hautboy; and I had a couple of chamber-fellows over my head not less diligent in the practice of back-sword and single-rapier. I remember these gentlemen were assigned by the benchers the two houses at the end of the terrace-walk, as the only place fit for their meditations. Such students as will let none improve but themselves, ought, indeed, to have their proper distances from societies.

The gentlemen of loud mirth above-mentioned I take to be, in the quality of their crime, the same as *caves-droppers*; for they who will be in your company whether you will or no, are to as great a degree offenders, as they who hearken to what passes without being of your company at all. The ancient punish-

ment for the latter, when I first came to this town, was the blanket, which, I humbly conceive, may be as justly applied to him that bawls, as to him that listens. It is therefore provided for the future, that, except in the long vacation, no retainers to the law with dulcimer, violin, or any other instrument in any tavern within a furlong of an inn a court, shall sing any tune, or pretended tune whatsoever, upon pain of the blanket, to be administered according to the discretion of all such peaceable people as shall be within the annoyance. And it is further directed, that all clerks who shall offend in this kind, shall forfeit their indentures, and be turned over as assistants to the clerks of parishes within the bills of mortality, who are hereby empowered to demand them accordingly.

I am not to omit the receipt of the following letter, with a night-cap from my Valentine; which night-cap, I find, was finished in the year 1588, and is too finely wrought to be of any modern stitching. Its antiquity will better appear by my Valentine’s own words:

‘SIR,

‘Since you are pleased to accept of so mean a present as a night-cap from your Valentine, I have sent you one, which I do assure you has been very much esteemed of in our family; for my great-grandmother’s daughter, who worked it, was maid of honour to queen Elizabeth, and had the misfortune to lose her life by pricking her finger in the making of it, of which she bled to death, as her tomb now at Westminster\* will show. For which reason, neither myself, nor any of the family, have loved work ever since; otherwise you should have one, as you desired, made by the hands of, Sir,

‘Your affectionate  
‘VALENTINE.’

‘To the right worshipful Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, Censor of Great Britain, and Governor of the Hospital erected, or to be erected in Moor-fields;

‘The petition of the inhabitants of the parish of Gotham, in the county of Middlesex;

‘HUMBLY SHEWETH,

‘That whereas it is the undoubted right of your said petitioners to repair on every Lord’s day to a chapel of ease in the said parish, there to be instructed in their duties in the known or vulgar tongue; yet so it is, may it please your worship, that the preacher of the said chapel has of late given himself wholly up to matters of controversy, in nowise tending to the edification of your said petitioners; and in handling, as he calls it, the same, has used divers hard and crabbed words; such as, among

\* A banner on the life story to this day repeated by the man who shows the tomb.

many others, *orthodox* and *heterodox*, which are in no sort understood by your said petitioners; and it is with grief of heart, that your petitioners beg leave to represent to you, that, mentioning the aforesaid words or names, the latter of which, as we have reason to believe, is his deadly enemy, he will fall into ravings and foamings, ill becoming the meekness of his office, and tending to give offence and scandal to all good people.

Your petitioners further say, that they are ready to prove the aforesaid allegations; and therefore humbly hope, that from a true sense of their condition, you will please to receive the said preacher into the hospital, until he shall recover a right use of his senses.

'And your petitioners, &c.'

No. 142.] *Tuesday, March 7, 1709-10.*

*Sheer-lane, March 6.*

ALL persons who employ themselves in public, are still interrupted in the course of their affairs; and, it seems, the admired cavalier Nicolini himself is commanded by the ladies, who at present employ their time with great assiduity in the care of the nation, to put off his day until he shall receive their commands, and notice that they are at leisure for diversions. In the mean time it is not to be expressed, how many cold chickens the fair-ones have eaten since this day sevennight for the good of their country. This great occasion has given birth to many discoveries of high moment for the conduct of life. There is a toast of my acquaintance who told me, 'she had now found out, that it was day before nine in the morning;' and I am very confident, if the affair hold many days longer, the ancient hours of eating will be revived among us, many having by it been made acquainted with the luxury of hunger and thirst.

There appears, methinks, something very venerable in all assemblies: and I must confess, I envied all who had youth and health enough to make their appearance there, that they had the happiness of being a whole day in the best company in the world. During the adjournments of that awful court, a neighbour

me no small inquietude, it being an accusation of partiality, and disregard to merit, in the person of a virtuoso, who is the most eloquent of all men upon small occasions, and is the more to be admired for his prodigious fertility of invention, which never appears but upon subjects which others would have thought barren. But in consideration of his uncommon talents, I am contented to let him be the hero of my next two days, by inserting his friend's recommendation of him at large.

'DEAR, COUSIN, Nando's,\* Feb. 28, 1709.

'I am just come out of the country, and upon perusing your late lucubrations, I find Charles Lillie to be the darling of your affections; that you have given him a place, and taken no small pains to establish him in the world; and, at the same time, have passed by his name-sake† at this end of the town, as if he was a citizen defunct, and one of no use in a commonwealth. I must own, his circumstances are so good, and so well known, that he does not stand in need of having his fame published to the world; but, being of an ambitious spirit, and an aspiring soul, he would be rather proud of the honour, than desirous of the profit, which might result from your recommendation. He is a person of a particular genius, the first that brought toys in fashion, and bawbles to perfection. He is admirably well versed in screws, springs, and hinges, and deeply read in knives, combs, or scissars, buttons, or buckles. He is a perfect master of words, which, uttered with a smooth voluble tongue, flow into a most persuasive eloquence; insomuch, that I have known a gentleman of distinction find several ingenious faults with a toy of his, and show his utmost dislike to it, as being either useless or ill-contrived; but when the orator, behind the counter, had harangued upon it for an hour and a half, displayed its hidden beauties, and revealed its secret perfections, he has wondered how he had been able to spend so great a part of his life without so important a utensil. I will not pretend to furnish out an inventory of all the valuable commodities that are to be found at his shop.

'I shall content myself with giving an account of what I think most curious. Imprimis,

and of great use to encourage young gentlemen to write a good hand. Ned Puzzle-pot has been ill used by his writing-master, and writ a sort of a Chinese, or downright *scrawlian*; however, upon his buying a seal of my friend, he is so much improved by continual writing, that it is believed in a short time one may be able to read his letters, and find out his meaning, without guessing. His pistols and fuses are so very good, that they are fit to be laid up among the finest china. Then his tweezer-cases are incomparable: you shall have one not much bigger than your finger, with seventeen several instruments in it, all necessary every hour of the day, during the whole course of a man's life. But if this virtuoso excels in one thing more than another, it is in canes. He has spent his most select hours in the knowledge of them; and is arrived at that perfection, that he is able to hold forth upon canes longer than upon any one subject in the world. Indeed, his canes are so finely clouded, and so well made up, either with gold or amber heads, that I am of the opinion it is impossible for a gentleman to walk, talk, sit, or stand, as he should do, without one of them. He knows the value of a cane, by knowing the value of the buyer's estate. Sir Timothy Shallow has two thousand pounds per annum, and Tom Empty, one. They both at several times bought a cane of Charles: sir Timothy's cost ten guineas, and Tom Empty's five. Upon comparing them, they were perfectly alike. Sir Timothy, surprised there should be no difference in the canes, and so much in the price, comes to Charles: "Damn it, Charles," says he, "you have sold me a cane here for ten pieces, and the very same to Tom Empty for five." "Lord! sir Timothy," says Charles, "I am concerned that you, whom I took to understand canes better than any baronet in town, should be so overseen!" "Why, sir Timothy, yours is a true Jambee, and esquire Empty's only a plain Dragon."

'This virtuoso has a parcel of Jambees now growing in the East-Indies, where he keeps a

only one in fashion until after Easter. The gentleman that gave fifty pounds for the box set with diamonds, may show it until Sunday night, provided he goes to church; but not after that time, there being one to be published on Monday, which will cost fourscore guineas.

No. 143.] Thursday, March 9, 1709.

*Sheer-lane, March 8.*

I WAS this afternoon surprized with a visit from my sister Jenny, after an absence of some time. She had, methought, in her manner and air, something that was a little below that of women of the first breeding and quality, but, at the same time, above the simplicity and familiarity of her usual deportment. As soon as she was seated, she began to talk to me of the odd place I lived in, and begged of me to remove out of the lane where I have been so long acquainted; 'for,' said she, 'it does so spoil one's horses, that I must beg your pardon if you see me much seldomer, when I am to make so great a journey with a single pair, and make visits, and get home the same night.' I understood her pretty well, but would not; therefore desired her, 'to pay off her coach, for I had a great deal to talk to her.' She very pertly told me, 'she came in her own chariot.' 'Why,' said I, 'is your husband in town? and has he set up an equipage?' 'No,' answered she, 'but I have received five hundred pounds by his order; and his letters, which came at the same time, bade me want for nothing that was necessary.'

I was heartily concerned at her folly, whose affairs render her but just able to bear such an expense. However, I considered, that, according to the British custom of treating women, there is no other method to be used, in removing any of their faults and errors, but conducting their minds from one humour to another, with as much ceremony as we lead their persons from one place to another. I therefore dissembled my concern; and, in compliance

make in an equipage, which she has set up in your absence. I beg of you not to indulge her in this vanity; and desire you to consider, the world is so whimsical, that though it will value you for being happy, it will hate you for appearing so. The possession of wisdom and virtue, the only solid distinctions of life, is allowed much more easily than that of wealth and quality. Besides which, I must entreat you to weigh with yourself, what it is that people aim at in setting themselves out to show in gay equipages and moderate fortunes? You are not by this means a better man than your neighbour is; but your horses are better than his are. And will you suffer care and inquietude, to have it said, as you pass by, 'Those are very pretty punch nags?' Nay, when you have arrived at this, there are a hundred worthless fellows who are still four horses happier than you are. Remember, dear brother, there is a certain modesty in the enjoyment of moderate wealth, which, to transgress, exposes men to the utmost derision; and, as there is nothing but meanness of spirit can move a man to value himself upon what can be purchased with money, so he that shows an ambition that way, and cannot arrive at it, is more emphatically guilty of that meanness. I give you only my first thoughts on this occasion; but shall, as I am a Censor, entertain you in my next with my sentiments in general upon the subject of equipage; and show, that though there are no sumptuary laws amongst us, reason and good sense are equally binding, and will ever prevail in appointing approbation or dislike in all matters of an indifferent nature, when they are pursued with earnestness.

'I am, Sir &c.'

ADVERTISEMENTS.

*To all Gentlemen, Ladies, and others,  
that delight in soft lines.*

These are to give notice, that the proper time of the year for writing Pastorals now drawing near, there is a stage coach settled from the One-bell in the Strand to Dorchester, which sets out twice a week, and passes through Basingstoke, Sutton, Stockbridge, Salisbury, Blandford, and so to Dorchester. over the finest

N. B. The nymphs and swains are further given to understand, that, in those happy climes, they are so far from being troubled with wolves, that, for want of even foxes, a considerable pack of hounds have been lately forced to eat sheep.

Whereas, on the sixth instant at midnight, several persons of light honour and lower mirth, having taken upon them in the shape of men, but with the voice of the players belonging to Mr. Powell's company, to call up surgeons at midnight, and send physicians to persons in sound sleep, and perfect health: This is to certify, that Mr. Powell had locked up the legs of his company for fear of mischief that night; and that Mr. Powell will not pay for any damages done by the said persons. It is also further advised, that there were no midwives wanted when those persons called them up in the several parts of Westminster; but that those gentlewomen who were in the company of the said impostors, may take care to call such useful persons on the sixth of December next.

The Censor having observed, that there are fine wrought ladies' shoes and slippers put out to view at a great shoemaker's shop towards Saint James's end of Pall-mall, which create irregular thoughts and desires in the youth of this nation; the said shop-keeper is required to take in those eye-sores, or show cause the next court-day why he continues to expose the same; and he is required to be prepared particularly to answer to the slippers with green lace, and blue heels.

It is impossible for me to return the obliging things Mr. Joshua Barnes has said to me, upon the account of our mutual friend Homer. He and I have read him now forty years with some understanding, and great admiration. A work to be produced by one who has enjoyed so great an intimacy with an author, is certainly to be valued more than any comment made by persons of yesterday. Therefore, according to my friend Joshua's request, I recommend his work; and, having used a little magic in the case, I give this recommendation by way of 'Amulet



No. 144.] *Saturday, March 11, 1709-10.*

*Sheer-lane, March 10.*

IN a nation of liberty, there is hardly a person in the whole mass of the people more absolutely necessary than a Censor. It is allowed, that I have no authority for assuming this important appellation, and that I am censor of these nations just as one is chosen king at the game of 'Questions and Commands': but if, in the execution of this fantastical dignity, I observe upon things which do not fall within the cognizance of real authority, I hope it will be granted, that an idle man could not be more usefully employed. Among all the irregularities of which I have taken notice, I know none so proper to be presented to the world by a censor, as that of the general expense and affectation in equipage. I have lately hinted, that this extravagance must necessarily get footing where we have no sumptuary laws, and where every man may be dressed, attended, and carried, in what manner he pleases. But my tenderness to my fellow-subjects will not permit me to let this enormity go unobserved.

As the matter now stands, every man takes it in his head, that he has a liberty to spend his money as he pleases. Thus, in spite of all order, justice, and decorum, we, the greater number of the queen's loyal subjects, for no reason in the world but because we want money, do not share alike in the division of her majesty's high road. The horses and slaves of the rich take up the whole street; while we peripatetics are very glad to watch an opportunity to whisk cross a passage, very thankful that we are not run over for interrupting the machine that carries in it a person neither more handsome, wise, or valiant, than the meanest of us. For this reason, were I to propose a tax, it should certainly be upon coaches and chairs; for no man living can assign a reason, why one man should have half a street to carry him at his ease, and perhaps only in pursuit of pleasures, when as good a man as himself wants room for his own person to pass upon the most necessary and urgent occasion. Until such an acknowledgement is made to the public, I shall take upon me to vest certain rights in the scavengers of the cities of London and Westminster, to take the horses and servants of all

they may be as well taught as they are fed. It is to me most miraculous, so unreasonable a usurpation as this I am speaking of, should so long have been tolerated. We hang a poor fellow for taking any trifle from us on the road, and bear with the rich for rubbing us of the road itself. Such a tax as this would be of great satisfaction to us who walk on foot; and, since the distinction of riding in a coach is not to be appointed according to a man's merit or service to his country, nor that liberty given as a reward for some eminent virtue, we should be highly contented to see them pay something for the insult they do us, in the state they take upon them while they are *drawn by us*.

Until they have made us some reparation of this kind, we, the peripatetics of Great Britain, cannot think ourselves well treated, while every one that is able is allowed to set up an equipage.

As for my part, I cannot but admire how persons, conscious to themselves of no manner of superiority above others, can, out of mere pride or laziness, expose themselves at this rate to public view, and put us all upon pronouncing those three terrible syllables, 'Who is that?' When it comes to that question, our method is, to consider the mein and air of the passenger, and comfort ourselves for being dirty to the ancles, by laughing at his figure and appearance who overlooks us. I must confess, were it not for the solid injustice of the thing, there is nothing could afford a discerning eye greater occasion for mirth, than this licentious huddle of qualities and characters in the equipages about this town. The overseers of the highways and constables have so little skill or power to rectify this matter, that you may often see the equipage of a fellow, whom all the town knows to deserve hanging, make a stop that shall interrupt the lord-high-chancellor and all the judges in their way to Westminster.

For the better understanding of things and persons in this general confusion, I have given directions to all the coach-makers and coach-painters in town, to bring me in lists of their several customers; and doubt not, but with comparing the orders of each man, in the placing his arms on the door of his chariot, as well as the words *deducit* and *subducit* to the

of the several pretenders to show amongst us are known by their equipages in ordinary life. The young bridegroom with his gilded cupids and winged angels, has some excuse in the joy of his heart to launch out into something that may be significant of his present happiness. But to see men, for *no reason upon earth* but that they are rich, ascend triumphant chariots, and ride through the people, has *at the bottom* nothing else in it but an insolent transport, arising only from the distinction of fortune.

It is therefore high time that I call in such coaches as are, in their embellishments, improper for the character of their owners. But if I find I am not obeyed herein, and that I cannot pull down those equipages already erected, I shall take upon me to prevent the growth of this evil for the future, by enquiring into the pretensions of the persons, who shall hereafter attempt to make public entries with ornaments and decorations of their own appointment. If a man, who believed he had the handsomest leg in this kingdom, should take a fancy to adorn so deserving a limb with a blue garter, he would justly be punished for offending against the most noble order: and, I think, the general prostitution of equipage and retinue is as destructive to all distinction, as the impertinence of one man, if permitted, would certainly be to that illustrious fraternity.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

The censor having lately received intelligence, that the ancient simplicity in the dress and manners of that part of this island called Scotland begins to decay; and that there are at this time, in the good town of Edinburgh, beaux, fops, and cockcombs: his late correspondent from that place is desired to send up their names and characters with all expedition, that they may be proceeded against accordingly, and proper officers named to take in their canes, snuff-boxes, and all other useless necessities commonly worn by such offenders.

No. 145.] Tuesday, March 14, 1709-10.

Nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat agnos.  
Virg. Ecl. iii. 109.

Ah! what ill eyes bewitch my tender lambs?

White's Chocolate-house, March 13.

THIS evening was allotted for taking into consideration a late request of two indolent

who look with deep attention on one object at the playhouses, and are ever staring all round them in churches. It is urged by my correspondents, that they do all that is possible to keep their eyes off these ensnarers; but that, by what power they know not, both their diversions and devotions are interrupted by them in such a manner, as that they cannot attend to either, without stealing looks at the persons whose eyes are fixed upon them. By *this means*, my petitioners say, they find themselves grow insensibly less offended, and in time enamoured of these their enemies. What is required of me on this occasion is, that as I love and study to preserve the better part of mankind, the females, I would give them some account of this dangerous way of assault; against which there is so little defence, that it lays ambush for the sight itself, and makes them seeingly, knowingly, willingly, and forcibly, go on to their own captivity.

This representation of the present state of affairs between the two sexes gave me very much alarm; and I had no more to do, but to recollect what I had seen at any one assembly for some years last past, to be convinced of the truth and justice of this remonstrance. If there be not a stop put to this evil art, all the modes of address, and the elegant embellishments of life, which arise out of the noble passion of love, will of necessity decay. Who would be at the trouble of rhetoric, or study the *bon mien*, when his introduction is so much easier obtained by a sudden reverence in a downcast look at the meeting the eye of a fair lady, and beginning again to ogle her as soon as she glances another way? I remember very well, when I was last at an opera, I could perceive the eyes of the whole audience cast into particular cross angles one upon another, without any manner of regard to the stage, though king Latinus was himself present when I made that observation. It was then very pleasant to look into the hearts of the whole company; for the balls of sight are so formed, that one man's eyes are spectacles to another to read his heart with. The most ordinary beholder can take notice of any violent agitation in the mind, any pleasing transport, or any inward grief, in the person he looks at; but one of these ogles can see a studied indifference, a concealed love, or a smothered resentment, in the very glances that are made to hide those dispositions of thought. The naturalists tell us, that the rattle-snake will fix

drops into the jaws of the animal, which it knew gazed at it for no other reason but to ruin it. I did not believe this piece of philosophy until that night I was just now speaking of; but I then saw the same thing pass between an ogler and a coquette. Mirtillo, the most learned of the former, had for some time discontinued to visit Flavia, no less eminent among the latter. They industriously avoided all places where they might probably meet, but chance brought them together to the play-house, and seated them in a direct line over-against each other, she in a front box, he in the *pit* next the stage. As soon as Flavia had received the looks of the whole crowd below her with that air of insensibility, which is necessary at the first entrance, she began to look round her, and saw the vagabond Mirtillo, who had so long absented himself from her circle; and when she first discovered him, she looked upon him with that glance, which, in the language of oglers, is called the *scornful*, but immediately turned her observation another way, and returned upon him with the *indifferent*. This gave Mirtillo no small resentment; but he used her accordingly. He took care to be ready for her next glance. She found his eyes full in the indolent, with his lips crumpled up, in the posture of one whistling. Her anger at this usage immediately appeared in every muscle of her face; and after many emotions, which glistened in her eyes, she cast them round the whole house, and gave them softnesses in the face of every man she had ever seen before. After she thought she had reduced all she saw to her obedience, the play began, and ended their dialogue. As soon as the first act was over, she stood up with a visage full of dissembled alacrity and pleasure, with which she overlooked the audience, and at last came to him; he was then placed in a side way, with his hat slouched over his eyes, and gazing at a wench in the side-box, as talking of that gipsy to the gentleman who sat by him. But, as she fixed upon him, he turned suddenly with a full face upon her, and, with all the respect ima-

chantment, which is lodged in the optic nerves of the persons concerned in these dialogues, *ie*, I must confess, too nice a subject for one who is not an adept in these speculations; but I shall, for the good and safety of the fair sex, call my learned friend sir William Read to my assistance, and, by the help of his observations on this organ, acquaint them when the eye is to be believed, and when distrusted. On the contrary, I shall conceal the true meaning of the looks of ladies, and indulge in them all the art they can acquire in the management of their glances: all which is but too little against creatures who triumph in falsehood, and begin to forswear with their eyes, when their tongues can be no longer believed.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

A very clean well-behaved young gentleman, who is in a very good way in Cornhill, has writ to me the following lines; and seems in some passages of his letter, which I omit, to lay it very much to heart, that I have not spoken of a supernatural beauty whom he sighs for, and complains to in most elaborate language. Alas! What can a monitor do? All mankind live in romance.

Royal Exchange,  
March 11.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

'Some time since, you were pleased to mention the beauties in the New Exchange and Westminster-hall, and, in my judgment, were not very impartial; for if you were pleased to allow there was one *goddess* in the New-Exchange and two *shepherdesses* in Westminster-hall, you very well might say, there was and is at present one *angel* in the Royal Exchange; and I humbly beg the favour of you to let justice be done her, by inserting this in your next Tatler; which will make her my good *angel*, and me your most humble servant,

'A. B.'

No. 146.] Thursday, March 16, 1709-10.

Permittas ipse expendere numibus, quid  
Convulsat nobis, rebusque sit acie mentis.

eases from all parts of Great Britain, there are none who are more importunate with me, and whom I am more inclined to answer, than the Complainers. One of them dates his letter to me from the banks of a purling stream, where he used to ruminate in solitude upon the divine Clarissa, and where he is now looking about for a convenient leap, which he tells me he is resolved to take, unless I support him under the loss of that charming perjured woman. Poor Lavinia presses as much for consolation on the other side, and is reduced to such an extremity of despair by the inconstancy of Philander that she tells me she writes her letter with her pen in one hand, and her garter in the other. A gentleman of an ancient family in Norfolk is almost out of his wits upon the account of a greyhound, that, after having been his inseparable companion for ten years, is at last run mad. Another, who I believe is serious, complains to me, in a very moving manner, of the loss of a wife; and another, in terms still more moving, of a purse of money that was taken from him on Bagsbot-heath, and which, he tells me, would not have troubled him, if he had given it to the poor. In short, there is scarce a calamity in human life that has not produced me a letter.

It is indeed wonderful to consider, how men are able to raise affliction to themselves out of every thing. Lands and houses, sheep and oxen, can convey happiness and misery into the hearts of reasonable creatures. Nay, I have known a muff, a scarf, or a tippet, become a solid blessing or misfortune. A lap-dog has broke the hearts of thousands. Flavia, who had buried five children and two husbands, was never able to get over the loss of her parrot. How often has a divine creature been thrown into a fit by a neglect at a ball or an assembly? Mopsa has kept her chamber ever since the last masquerade, and is in greater danger of her life upon being left out of it, than Clarinda from the violent cold which she caught at it. Nor are these dear creatures the only sufferers by such imaginary calamities. Many an author has been dejected at the censure of one whom he ever looked upon as an idiot: and many

chair, I took up Homer, and dipped into that famous speech of Achilles to Priam,\* in which he tells him, that Jupiter has by him two great vessels, the one filled with *blessings*, and the other *misfortunes*; out of which he mingles a composition for every man that comes into the world. This passage so exceedingly pleased me, that, as I fell insensibly into my afternoon's slumber, it wrought my imagination into the following dream.

When Jupiter took into his hands the government of the world, the several parts of nature with the presiding deities did homage to him. One presented him with a mountain of winds, another with a magazine of hail, and a third with a pile of thunder-bolts. The stars offered up their influences; ocean gave in his trident, earth her fruits, and the sun his seasons. Among the several deities who came to make their court on this occasion, the destinies advanced with two great tuns carried before them, one of which they fixed at the right-hand of Jupiter, as he sat upon his throne, and the other on his left. The first was filled with all the blessings, and the other with all the calamities of human life. Jupiter, in the beginning of his reign, finding the world much more innocent than it is in this iron age, poured very plentifully out of the the tun that stood at his right hand; but, as mankind degenerated, and became unworthy of his blessings, he set abroach the other vessel, that filled the world with pain and poverty, battles and distempers, jealousy and falsehood, intoxicating pleasures, and untimely deaths.

He was at length so very much incensed at the great deprivation of human nature, and the repeated provocations which he received from all parts of the earth, that, having resolved to destroy the whole species, except Deucalion and Pyrrha, he commanded the destinies to gather up the blessings which he had ~~thrown away upon~~ the sons of men, and lay them up until the world should be inhabited by a more virtuous and deserving race of mortals.

The ~~three sisters~~ immediately repaired to the earth, in search of the several blessings

uneasiness, and the like bitter ingredients of the left-hand vessel. Whereas, to their great surprise, they discovered content, cheerfulness, health, innocence, and other the most substantial blessings of life, in cottages, shades, and solitudes.

There was another circumstance no less unexpected than the former, and which gave them very great perplexity in the discharge of the trust which Jupiter had committed to them. They observed, that several blessings had degenerated into calamities and that several calamities had improved into blessings, according as they fell into the possession of wise or foolish men. They often found power, with so much insolence and impatience cleaving to it, that it became a misfortune to the person on whom it was conferred. Youth had often distempers growing about it, worse than the infirmities of old age. Wealth was often united to such a sordid avarice, as made it the most uncomfortable and painful kind of poverty. On the contrary, they often found pain made glorious by fortitude, poverty lost in content, deformity beautified with virtue. In a word, the blessings were often like good fruits planted in a bad soil, that by degrees fall off from their natural relish, into tastes altogether insipid or unwholesome; and the calamities, like harsh fruits, cultivated in a good soil, and enriched by proper grafts and inoculations, until they swell with generous and delightful juices.

There was still a third circumstance that occasioned as great a surprise to the *three sisters* as either of the foregoing, when they discovered several blessings and calamities which had never been in either of the tuns that stood by the throne of Jupiter, and were nevertheless as great occasions of happiness or misery as any there. These were that spurious crop of blessings and calamities which were never sown by the hand of the deity, but grow of themselves out of the fancies and dispositions of human creatures. Such are dress, titles, place, equipage, false shame, and groundless fear, with the like vain imaginations, that shoot up in trifling, weak, and irresolute minds.

beseech thee, that thou thyself wilt sort them out for the future, as in thy wisdom thou shalt think fit. For we acknowledge, that there is none besides thee that can judge what will occasion grief or joy in the heart of a human creature, and what will prove a blessing or a calamity to the person on whom it is bestowed.

No. 147.] Saturday, March 18, 1709-10.

— Ut amoris, amabilem esto.

Ovid.

— Be lovely, that you may be lov'd.

*From my own Apartment, March 17.*

READING is to the mind, what exercise is to the body. As by the one, health is preserved, strengthened, and invigorated; by the other, virtue, which is the health of the mind, is kept alive, cherished, and confirmed. But as exercise becomes tedious and painful, when we make use of it only as the means of health, so reading is apt to grow uneasy and burdensome, when we apply ourselves to it only for our improvement in virtue. For this reason, the virtue which we gather from a fable, or an allegory, is like the health we get by hunting; as we are engaged in an agreeable pursuit that draws us on with pleasure, and makes us insensible of the fatigues that accompany it.

After this preface, I shall set down a very beautiful allegorical fable of the great poet whom I mentioned in my last paper, and whom it is very difficult to lay aside when one is engaged in the reading of him. And this I particularly design for the use of several of my fair correspondents, who, in their letters, have complained to me, that they have lost the affections of their husbands, and desire my advice how to recover them.

Juno, says Homer, seeing her Jupiter seated on the top of mount Ida, and knowing that he had conceived an aversion to her, began to study how she should regain his affections, and make herself amiable to him.\* With this thought she immediately retired into her chamber, where she bathed herself in *ambrosia*; which

a particular favour, that she would lend her for a while those charms with which she subdued the hearts both of gods and men. 'For,' says the goddess, 'I would make use of them to reconcile the two deities, who took care of me in my infancy, and who at present are at so great a variance, that they are estranged from each other's bed.' Venus was proud of an opportunity of obliging so great a goddess, and therefore made her a present of the *cestus* which she used to wear about her own waist, with advice to hide it in her bosom until she had accomplished her intention. This *cestus* was a fine party-coloured girdle, which, as Homer tells us, had all the attractions of the sex wrought into it. The four principal figures in the embroidery were love, desire, fondness of speech, and conversation, filled with that sweetness and complacency, which, says the poet, insensibly steal away the hearts of the wisest men.

Juno, after having made these necessary preparations, came, as by accident, into the presence of Jupiter, who is said to have been as much inflamed with her beauty, as when he first stole to her embraces without the consent of their parents. Juno, to cover her real thoughts, told him, as she had told Venus, that she was going to make a visit to Oceanus and Tethys. He prevailed upon her to stay with him, protesting to her, that she appeared more amiable in his eye, than ever any mortal, goddess, or even herself, had appeared to him until that day. The poet then represents him in so great an ardour, that, without going up to the house which had been built by the hands of Vulcan according to Juno's direction, he threw a golden cloud over their heads as they sat upon the top of mount Ida, while the earth beneath them sprung up in lotuses, saffrons, hyacinths, and a bed of the softest flowers for their repose.

This close translation of one of the finest passages in Homer, may suggest abundance of instruction to a woman, who has a mind to preserve, or recall the affection of her husband. The care of the person, and the dress, with the particular blandishments woven in the *cestus*, are so plainly recommended by this fable, and so indispensably necessary in every female who desires to please, that they need no further explanation. The discretion likewise in covering all matrimonial quarrels from the know-

ledge of others, is taught in the pretended visit to Tethys, in the speech where Juno addresses herself to Venus; as the chaste and prudent management of a wife's charms is intimated by the same pretence for her appearing before Jupiter, and by the concealment of the *cestus* in her bosom.

I shall leave this tale to the consideration of such good housewives who are never well dressed but when they are abroad, and think it necessary to appear more agreeable to all men living than their husbands: as also to those prudent ladies, who, to avoid the appearance of being overfond, entertain their husbands with indifference, aversion, sullen silence, or exasperating language.

*Sheer-lane, March 17.*

Upon my coming home last night, I found a very handsome present of wine left for me, as a taste of two hundred and sixteen hogsheads, which are to be put to sale at twenty pounds a hoghead, at Garraway's coffee-house in Exchange-alley, on the twenty-second instant, at three in the afternoon, and to be tasted in major Long's vault's from the twentieth instant until the time of sale.' This having been sent to me with a desire that I would give my judgment upon it, I immediately empanelled a jury of men of nice palates, and strong heads, who, being all of them very scrupulous, and unwilling to proceed rashly in a matter of so great importance, refused to bring in their verdict until three in the morning; at which time the foreman pronounced, as well as he was able, 'Extra-ordinary French claret.' For my own part, as I love to consult my pillow in all points of moment, I slept upon it before I would give my sentence, and this morning confirmed the verdict.

Having mentioned this tribute of wine, I must give notice to my correspondents for the future, who shall apply to me on this occasion, that, as I shall decide nothing unadvisedly in matters of this nature, I cannot pretend to give judgment of a right good liquor, without examining at least three dozen bottles of it. I must, at the same time, do myself the justice to let the world know, that I have resisted great temptations in this kind; as it is well known to a butcher in Clare-market, who endeavoured to corrupt me with a dozen and a half of marrow-bones. I had likewise a bribe sent me by a fishmonger, consisting of a collar of brawn, and a jole of salmon; but not finding them excellent in their kinds, I had the integrity to eat them both up, without speaking one word of them. However, for the future, I shall have an eye to the diet of this great city, and will recommend the best and most wholesome food to them, if I receive these proper and respectful notices from the sellers; that it

\* ——— with awe divine the queen of Love  
Obey'd the sister and the wife of Jove:  
And from her fragrant heap the zone unbrac'd,  
With various skill, and high embroidery grac'd.  
In this was every art, and every charm,  
To win the wisest, and the coldest warm:  
Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,  
The kind deceit, the still reviving fire,  
Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,  
Science that spoke, and eloquence of eyes.

*Pope's Hom. II. xiv. ver. 143.*

may not be said hereafter, that my readers were better taught than fed.

No. 148.] Tuesday, March 21, 1709-10.

—Gustus elementa per omnia querunt,  
Nonquam animo pretiis obstantibus—  
Juv. Sat. xi. 14.

They ransack ev'ry element for choice  
O ev'ry fish and fowl, at any price. *Congress.*

*From my own Apartment, March 20.*

HAVING intimated in my last paper, that I design to take under my inspection the diet of this great city, I shall begin with a very earnest and serious exhortation to all my well-disposed readers, that they would return to the food of their forefathers, and reconcile themselves to beef and mutton. This was the diet which bred that hardy race of mortals who won the fields of Cressy and Agincourt. I need not go up so high as the history of Guy earl of Warwick, who is well known to have eaten up a *dam cow* of his own killing. The renowned king Arthur is generally looked upon as the first who ever sat down to a whole roasted ox, which was certainly the best way to preserve the gravy; and it is further added, that he and his knights sat about it at his round table, and usually consumed it to the very bones before they would enter upon any debate of moment. The Black Prince was a professed lover of the brisket; not to mention the history of the surloin, or the institution of the order of Beef-eaters; which are all so many evident and undeniable marks of the great respect, which our warlike predecessors have paid to this excellent food. The tables of the ancient gentry of this nation were covered thrice a-day with hot roast beef; and I am credibly informed, by an antiquary who has searched the registers in which the bills of fare of the court are recorded, that instead of tea and bread and butter, which have prevailed of late years, the maids of honour in queen Elizabeth's time were allowed three rumps of beef for their breakfast. Mutton

ple of this kingdom do still keep up the taste of their ancestors; and it is to this that we, in a great measure, owe the unparalleled victories that have been gained in this reign: for I would desire my reader to consider, what work our countrymen would have made at Blenheim and Ramilies, if they had been fed with fricassees and ragouts.

For this reason, we at present see the florid complexion, the strong limb, and the hale constitution, are to be found chiefly among the meaner sort of people, or in the wild gentry who have been educated among the woods or mountains. Whereas many great families are insensibly fallen off from the athletic constitution of their progenitors, and are dwindled away into a pale, sickly, spindle-legged generation of valetudinarians.

I may perhaps be thought extravagant in my notion; but, I must confess, I am apt to impute the dishonours that sometimes happen in great families, to the inflaming kind of diet which is so much in fashion. Many dishes can excite desire without giving strength, and heat the body without nourishing it; as physicians observe, that the poorest and most dispirited blood is most subject to fevers. I look upon a French ragout to be as pernicious to the stomach as a glass of spirits; and when I have seen a young lady swallow all the instigations of high soups, seasoned sauces, and forced meats, I have wondered at the despair or tedious sighing of her lovers.

The rules among these false delicacies are to be as contradictory as they can be to nature.

Without expecting the return of hunger, they eat for an appetite, and prepare dishes, not to allay, but to excite it.

They admit of nothing at their tables in its natural form, or without some disguise.

They are to eat every thing before it comes in season, and to leave it off as soon as it is good to be eaten.

They are not to approve any thing that is agreeable to ordinary palates; and nothing is to gratify their senses, but what would offend

a pheasant, and therefore desired to be helped to a wing of it; but, to my great surprise, my friend told me it was a rabbit, which is a sort of meat I never cared for. At last I discovered, with some joy, a pig at the lower end of the table, and begged a gentleman that was near it to cut me a piece of it. Upon which the gentleman of the house said, with great civility, 'I am sure you will like the pig, for it was whipped to death.' I must confess, I heard him with horror, and could not eat of an animal that had died so tragical a death. I was now in great hunger and confusion, when methought I smelled the agreeable savour of roast beef; but could not tell from which dish it arose, though I did not question but it lay disguised in one of them. Upon turning my head, I saw a noble surloin on the side-table smoking in the most delicious manner. I had recourse to it more than once, and could not see without some indignation that substantial English dish banished in so ignominious a manner, to make way for French kickshaws.

The dessert was brought up at last, which in truth was as extraordinary as any thing that had come before it. The whole, when ranged in its proper order, looked like a very beautiful winter-piece. There were several pyramids of candied sweetmeats, that hung like icicles, with fruits scattered up and down, and hid in an artificial kind of frost. At the same time there were great quantities of cream beaten up into a snow, and near them little plates of sugar-plums, disposed like so many heaps of hail-stones, with a multitude of congelations in jellies of various colours. I was indeed so pleased with the several objects which lay before me, that I did not care for displacing any of them; and was half angry with the rest of the company, that, for the sake of a piece of lemon-peel, or a sugar-plum, would spoil so pleasing a picture. Indeed, I could not but smile to see several of them cooling their mouths with *lumps of ice*, which they had just before been burning with salts and peppers.

As soon as this show was over, I took my leave, that I might finish my dinner at my own

that there are still crowds of private tyrants, against whom there neither is any law now in being, nor can there be invented any by the wit of man. These cruel men are ill-natured husbands. The commerce in the conjugal state is so delicate, that it is impossible to prescribe rules for the conduct of it, so as to fit ten thousand nameless pleasures and inquietudes which arise to people in that condition. But it is in this as in some other nice cases, where touching upon the malady tenderly is half way to the cure; and there are some faults which need only to be observed, to be amended. I am put into this way of thinking by a late conversation, which I am going to give an account of.

I made a visit the other day to a family for which I have a great honour, and found the father, the mother, and two or three of the younger children drop off designedly to leave me alone with the eldest daughter; who was but a visitant there as well as myself, and is the wife of a gentleman of a very fair character in the world. As soon as we were alone, I saw her eyes full of tears, and methought she had much to say to me, for which she wanted encouragement. 'Madam,' said I, 'you know I wish you all as well as any friend you have: speak freely what I see you are oppressed with; and you may be sure, if I cannot relieve your distress, you may at least reap so much present advantage, as safely to give yourself the ease of uttering it.' She immediately assumed the most becoming composure of countenance, and spoke as follows: 'It is an aggravation of affliction in a married life, that there is a sort of guilt in communicating it: for which reason it is, that a lady of your and my acquaintance, instead of speaking to you herself, desired me, the next time I saw you, as you are a professed friend to our sex, to turn your thoughts upon the reciprocal complaisance which is the duty of a married state.'

'My friend was neither in birth, fortune, nor education below the gentleman whom she married. Her person, her age, and her character, are also such as he can make no ex-



and I know but one consolation in it, if that be a consolation, that the calamity is a pretty general one. There is nothing so common as for men to enter into marriage, without so much as expecting to be happy in it. They seem to propose to themselves a few holidays in the beginning of it; after which they are to return at best to the usual course of their life; and, for aught they know, to constant misery and uneasiness. From this false sense of the state they are going into, proceed the immediate coldness and indifference, or hatred and aversion, which attend ordinary marriages, or rather bargains to cohabit.' Our conversation was here interrupted by company which came in upon us.

The humour of affecting a superior carriage, generally rises from a false notion of the weakness of a female understanding in general, or an over-weening opinion that we have of our own; for when it proceeds from a natural ruggedness and brutality of temper, it is altogether incorrigible, and not to be amended by admonition. Sir Francis Bacon, as I remember, lays it down as a maxim, that no marriage can be happy in which the wife has no opinion of her husband's wisdom; but, without offence to so great an authority, I may venture to say, that a sullen wise man is as bad as a good-natured fool. Knowledge, softened with complacency and good-breeding, will make a man equally beloved and respected; but when joined with a severe, distant, and unsociable temper, it creates rather fear than love. I, who am a bachelor, have no other notions of conjugal tenderness but what I learn from books; and shall therefore produce three letters of Pliny, who was not only one of the greatest, but the most learned man in the whole Roman empire. At the same time I am very much ashamed, that on such occasions I am obliged to have recourse to heathen authors; and shall appeal to my readers, if they would not think it a mark of a narrow education in a man of quality, to write such passionate letters to any woman but a mistress. They were all three written at a time when she was at a distance from him. The first of them puts me in mind of a married friend of mine, who said, 'Sickness itself is pleasant to a man that is attended on it by one whom he dearly loves.

' *Pliny to Calpurnia.*

whom we passionately love. I am not only in pain for your absence, but also for your indisposition. I am afraid of every thing, fancy every thing, and, as it is the nature of man in fear, I fancy those things most, which I am most afraid of. Let me, therefore, earnestly desire you to favour me, under these my apprehensions, with one letter every day, or, if possible, with two; for I shall be a little at ease while I am reading your letters, and grow anxious again as soon as I have read them.'

#### SECOND LETTER.

'You tell me, that you are very much afflicted at my absence, and that you have no satisfaction in any thing but my writings, which you often lay by you upon my pillow. You oblige me very much in wishing to see me, and making me your comforter in my absence. In return, I must let you know, I am no less pleased with the letters which you *writ to me*, and read them over a thousand times with new pleasure. If your letters are capable of giving me so much pleasure, what would your conversation do? Let me beg of you to write to me often; though, at the same time, I must confess, your letters give me anguish whilst they give me pleasure.'

#### THIRD LETTER.

'It is impossible to conceive how much I languish for you in your absence; the tender love I bear you is the chief cause of my uneasiness; which is still the more insupportable, because absence is wholly a new thing to us. I lie awake most part of the night in thinking of you, and several times of the day go as naturally to your apartment as if you were there to receive me; but when I miss you, I come away dejected, out of humour, and like a man that had suffered a repulse. There is but one part of the day in which I am relieved from this anxiety, and that is when I am engaged in public affairs.

'You may guess at the uneasy condition of one who has no rest but in business, no consolation but in trouble.'

I shall conclude this paper with a beautiful passage out of Milton, and leave it as a lecture to those of my own sex, who have a mind to make their conversation agreeable, as well as instructive, to the fair partners who are fallen into their snare. *Ever having observed that*

Yet went she not, as not with such discourse  
 Delighted, or not capable her ear  
 Of what was high. Such pleasures she reserv'd,  
 Adam relating, she sole addressee;  
 Her husband the relater she preferr'd  
 Before the angel, and of him to ask  
 Chose rather. Ha, she knew, would intermix  
 Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute  
 With conjugal carresses; from his lip  
 Not words alone pleas'd her. O! when meet now  
 Such pairs, in love and mutual honour join'd!

No. 150.] Saturday, March 25, 1710.

*Hæc sunt Jovis illi canna, cibisque mali.* Ovid.

'Tis this that causes and foment the evil,  
 And gives us pleasure mixt with pain—

*R. Wynn.*

*From my own Apartment, March 24.*

I HAVE received the following letter upon the subject of my last paper. The writer of it tells me, I there spoke of marriage as one that knows it only by speculation, and for that reason be sends me his sense of it, as drawn from experience.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

'I have received your paper of this day, and think you have done the nuptial state a great deal of justice in the authority you give us of Pliny, whose letters to his wife you have there translated. But give me leave to tell you, that it is impossible for you that are a bachelor to have so just a notion of this way of life, as to touch the affections of your readers in a particular, wherein every man's own heart suggests more than the nicest observer can form to himself, without experience. I, therefore, who am an old married man, have sat down to give you an account of the matter from my own knowledge, and the observations which I have made upon the conduct of others in that most agreeable or wretched condition.

'It is very commonly observed, that the most smart pangs which we meet with, are in the beginning of wedlock, which proceed from ignorance of each other's humour, and want of prudence to make allowances for a change from the most careful respect, to the most unbounded familiarity. Hence it arises, that trifles are commonly occasions of the greatest anxiety; for contradiction being a thing wholly unusual between a new-married couple, the smallest instance of it is taken for the highest injury; and it very seldom happens, that the man is slow enough in assuming the character of a husband, or the woman quick enough in condescending to that of a wife. It immediately follows, that they think they have all the time of their courtship been talking in masks to each other, and therefore begin to act like disappointed people. Philander finds Delia ill-natured and impertinent, and Delia, Philander surly and inconstant.

'I have known a fond couple quarrel in the very honey-moon about cutting up a tart: nay,

I could name two, who, after having had seven children, fell out and parted beds upon the boiling of a leg of mutton. My very next neighbours have not spoke to one another these three days, because they differed in their opinions, whether the clock should stand by the window, or over the chimney. It may seem strange to you, who are not a married man, when I tell you how the least trifle can strike a woman dumb for a week together. But, if you ever enter into this state, you will find that the soft sex as often express their anger by an obstinate silence, as by an ungovernable clamour.

'Those indeed who begin this course of life without jars at their setting out, arrive within few months at a pitch of benevolence and affection, of which the most perfect friendship is but a faint resemblance. As in the unfortunate marriage, the most minute and indifferent things are objects of the sharpest resentment; so in a happy one, they are occasions of the most exquisite satisfaction. For, what does not oblige in one we love? What does not offend in one we dislike? For these reasons I take it for a rule, that in marriage, the chief business is to acquire a prepossession in favour of each other. They should consider one another's words and actions with a secret indulgence. There should be always an inward fondness pleading for each other, such as may add new beauties to every thing that is excellent, give charms to what is indifferent, and cover every thing that is defective. For want of this kind propensity and bias of mind, the married pair often take things ill of each other, which no one else would take notice of in either of them.

But the most unhappy circumstance of all is, where each party is always laying up fuel for dissension, and gathering together a magazine of provocations, to exasperate each other with when they are out of humour. These people, in common discourse, make no scruple to let those who are by know they are quarrelling with one another; and think they are discreet enough, if they conceal from the company the matters which they are hinting at. About a week ago, I was entertained for a whole dinner with a mysterious conversation of this nature: out of which I could learn no more, than that the husband and wife were angry at one another. We had no sooner sat down, but says the gentleman of the house, in order to raise discourse, "I thought *Margarita*" sung extremely well last night." Upon this, says the lady, looking as pale as ashes, "I suppose she had *cherry-coloured ribbands*"

\* *Francesca Margarita de l'Epine*, a native of Tuscany. This celebrated singer performed in many of the earlier Italian operas represented in England. She and Mrs. Tofts were rivals for the public favour, and it seems they divided pretty equally the applause of the town.

on." "No," answered the husband with a flush in his face, "but she had *laced shoes*." I look upon it, that a stander-by on such occasions has as much reason to be out of countenance as either of the combatants. To turn off my confusion, and seem regardless of what had passed, I desired the servant who attended, to give me the vinegar, which unluckily created a new dialogue of hints; for, as far I could gather by the subsequent discourse, they had dissented the day before about the preference of *elder* to wine vinegar. In the midst of their discourse, there appeared a dish of chicken and asparagus, when the husband seemed disposed to lay aside all disputes; and, looking upon her with a great deal of good nature, said, "Pray, my dear, will you help my friend to a wing of the fowl that lies next you, for I think it looks extremely well." The lady, instead of answering him, addressing herself to me, "Pray, sir," said she, "do you in Surry reckon the white or the black-legged fowls the best?" I found the husband changed colour at the question; and, before I could answer, asked me, "Whether we did not call hops broom in our country?" I quickly found they did not ask questions so much out of curiosity as anger: for which reason I thought fit to keep my opinion to myself, and, as an honest man ought when he sees two friends in warmth with each other, I took the first opportunity I could to leave them by themselves.

'You see, sir, I have laid before you only small incidents, which are seemingly frivolous: but take it from a man very well experienced in this state, they are principally evils of this nature which make marriages unhappy. At the same time, that I may do justice to this excellent institution, I must own to you, there are unspeakable pleasures which are as little regarded in the computation of the advantages of marriage, as the others are in the usual survey that is made of its misfortunes.

Love more and his wife live together in the happy possession of each other's hearts, and, by that means, have no indifferent moments, but their whole life is one continued scene of delight. Their passion for each other communicates a certain satisfaction, like that which they themselves are in, to all that approach them. When she enters the place where he is, you see a pleasure which he cannot

nions of their friends, in the just value they have for each other.'

No. 151.] Tuesday, March 28, 1710.

NI vis boni

In ipsa inestet forma, hæc formam extinguunt. Tbr.

These things would extinguish beauty, if there were not an innate pleasure-giving energy in beauty itself.

*From my own Apartment, March 27.*

WHEN artists would expose their diamonds to an advantage, they usually set them to show in little cases of black velvet. By this means the jewels appear in their true and genuine lustre, while there is no colour that can infect their brightness, or give a false cast to the water. When I was at the opera the other night, the assembly of ladies in mourning made me consider them in the same kind of view. A dress wherein there is so little variety shows the face in all its natural charms, and makes one differ from another only as it is more or less beautiful. Painters are ever careful of offending against a rule which is so essential in all just representations. The chief figure must have the strongest point of light, and not be injured by any gay colourings that may draw away the attention to any less considerable part of the picture. The present fashion obliges every body to be dressed with propriety, and makes the ladies' faces the principal objects of sight. Every beautiful person shines out in all the excellence with which nature has adorned her; gaudy ribbands and glaring colours being now out of use, the sex has no opportunity given them to disfigure themselves, which they seldom fail to do whenever it lies in their power. When a woman comes to her glass, she does not employ her time in making herself look more advantageously than what she really is; but endeavours to be as much another creature as she possibly can. Whether this happens because they stay so long, and attend their work so diligently, that they forget the faces and persons which they first sat down with, or, whatever it is, they seldom rise from the toilet the same women they appeared when they began to dress. What jewel can the charming Cleora place in her ears that can please her beholders

word for it (and as they dress to please men, they ought to consult our fancy rather than their own in this particular,) I can assure them, there is nothing touches our imagination so much as a beautiful woman in a plain dress. There might be more agreeable ornaments found in our own manufacture, than any that rise out of the looms of Persia.

This, I know, is a very harsh doctrine to womankind, who are carried away with every thing that is showy, and with what delights the eye, more than any other species of living creatures whatsoever. Were the minds of the sex laid open, we should find the chief idea in one to be a *tippet*, in another a muff, in a third a *fau*, and in a fourth a *fardingal*. The memory of an old visiting lady is so filled with gloves, silks, and *ribbands*, that I can look upon it as nothing else but a toy-shop. A matron of my acquaintance, complaining of her daughter's vanity, was observing, that she had all of a sudden held up her head higher than ordinary, and *taken an air* that showed a secret satisfaction in herself, mixed with a scorn of others. 'I did not know,' says my friend, 'what to make of the carriage of this fantastical girl, until I was informed by her eldest sister, that she had a pair of striped garters on.' This odd turn of mind often makes the sex unhappy, and disposes them to be struck with every thing that makes a show, however trifling and superficial.

Many a lady has fetched a sigh at the toss of a wig, and been ruined by the tapping of a snuff-box. It is impossible to describe all the execution that was done by the *shoulder-knot*, while that fashion prevailed, or to reckon up all the virgins that have fallen a sacrifice to a pair of *fringed gloves*. A sincere heart has not made half so many conquests as an *open waistcoat*; and I should be glad to see an able head make so good a figure in a woman's company as a pair of *red heels*. A Grecian hero, when he was asked whether he could play upon the lute, thought he had made a very good reply, when he answered, 'No; but I can make a great city of a little one.' Notwithstanding his boasted wisdom, I appeal to the heart of any *toast* in town, whether she would not think the *lutenist* preferable to the statesman? I do not speak this out of any aversion that I have to the sex; on the contrary, I have always had a tenderness for them; but, I must confess, it troubles me very much, to see the generality of them place their affections on improper objects, and give up all the pleasures of life for gewgaws and trifles.

Mrs. Margery Bickerstaff, my great aunt, had a thousand pounds to her portion, which our family was desirous of keeping among themselves, and therefore used all possible means to turn off her thoughts from marriage. The method they took was, in any time of dan-

ger, to throw a new gown or petticoat in her way. When she was about twenty-five years of age, she fell in love with a man of an agreeable temper and equal fortune, and would certainly have married him, had not my grandfather, sir Jacob, dressed her up in a suit of flowered satten; upon which she set so immoderate a value upon herself, that the lover was contemned and discarded. In the fortieth year of her age, she was again smitten; but very luckily transferred her passion to a *tippet*, which was presented to her by another relation who was in the plot. This, with a *white sarsenet hood*, kept her safe in the family until fifty. About sixty, which generally produces a kind of latter spring in amorous constitutions, my aunt Margery had again a colt's tooth in her head; and would certainly have eloped from the mansion-house, had not her brother Simon, who was a wise man and a scholar, advised to dress her in *cherry-coloured ribbands*, which was the only expedient that could have been found out by the wit of man to preserve the thousand pounds in our family, part of which I enjoy at this time.

This discourse puts me in mind of a humo-rist mentioned by Horace, called Eutrapelus, who, when he designed to do a man a mischief, made him a present of a gay suit; and brings to my memory another passage of the same author, when he describes the most ornamental dress that a woman can appear in, with two words, *simplex munditiis*, which I have quoted for the benefit of my female readers.

No. 152.] Thursday, March 30, 1710.

Dil, quibus imperium est animum, umbræque silentes,  
Et Chaos, et Phlegethon, loca nocte silentia late,  
Sit mihi fas audita loqui; sit namine vestro  
Pandere res altâ terrâ et caligine mersas.

Virg. Æn. vi. 864.

Internal gods, who rule the shades below,  
Chaos and Phlegethon, the realms of woe;  
Grant what I've heard I may to light expose,  
Secrets which earth, and night, and hell inclose! PHS.

From my own Apartment, March 29.

A MAN who confines his speculations to the time present, has but a very narrow province to employ his thoughts in. For this reason, persons of studious and contemplative natures often entertain themselves with the history of past ages, or raise schemes and conjectures upon futurity. For my own part, I love to range through that half of eternity which is still to come, rather than look on that which is already run out; because I know I have a real share and interest in the one, whereas all that was transacted in the other can be only matter of curiosity to me.

Upon this account, I have been always very much delighted with meditating on the soul's

immortality, and in reading the several notions which the wisest of men, both ancient and modern, have entertained on that subject. What the opinions of the greatest philosophers have been, I have several times hinted at, and shall give an account of them from time to time as occasion requires. It may likewise be worth while to consider, what men of the most exalted genius and elevated imagination have thought of this matter. Among these, Homer stands up as a prodigy of mankind, that looks down upon the rest of human creatures as a species beneath him. Since he is the most ancient heathen author, we may guess from his relation, what were the common opinions in his time concerning the state of the soul after death.

Ulysses, he tells us, made a voyage to the regions of the dead, in order to consult Tiresias how he should return to his own country, and recommend himself to the favour of the gods. The poet scarcely introduces a single person, who doth not suggest some useful precept to his reader, and designs his description of the dead for the amendment of the living.

Ulysses, after having made a very plenteous sacrifice, *sat him down* by the pool of holy blood, which attracted a prodigious assembly of ghosts of all ages and conditions, that hovered about the hero, and feasted upon the steams of his oblation. The first he knew was the shade of Elpenor, who, to show the activity of a spirit above that of body, is represented as arrived there long before Ulysses, notwithstanding the winds and seas had contributed all their force to hasten his voyage thither. This Elpenor, to inspire the reader with a detestation of drunkenness, and at the same time with a religious care of doing proper honours to the dead, describes himself as having broken his neck in a debauch of wine; and begs Ulysses, that for the repose of his soul, he would build a monument over him, and perform funeral rites to his memory. Ulysses, with great sorrow of heart, promises to fulfil his request, and is immediately diverted to an object much more moving than the former. The ghost of his own mother, Anticlea, whom he still thought living, appears to him among the multitudes of shades that surrounded him; and sits down at a small distance from him by the lake of blood, without speaking to him, or knowing who he was. Ulysses was exceedingly troubled at the sight, and could not forbear weeping as he looked upon her: but being all along set forth as a pattern of consummate wisdom, he makes his affection give way to prudence; and therefore, upon his seeing Tiresias, does not reveal himself to his mother, until he had consulted that great prophet, who was the occasion of this his descent into the empire of the dead. Tiresias having cautioned him to keep himself and his companions free from the guilt of sacrilege and to pay his

devotions to all the gods, promises him a safe return to his kingdom and family, and a happy old age in the enjoyment of them.

The poet, having thus with great art kept the curiosity of his reader in suspense, represents his wise man, after the despatch of his business with Tiresias, as yielding himself up to the calls of natural affection, and making himself known to his mother. Her eyes are no sooner opened, but she cries out in tears, 'Oh my son!' and enquires into the occasions that brought him thither, and the fortune that attended him.

Ulysses, on the other hand, desires to know what the sickness was that had sent her into those regions, and the condition in which she had left his father, his son, and more particularly his wife. She tells him, 'they were all three inconsolable for his absence. As for myself,' says she, 'that was the sickness of which I died. My impatience for your return, my anxiety for your welfare, and my fondness for my dear Ulysses, were the only distempers that preyed upon my life, and separated my soul from my body.' Ulysses was melted with these expressions of tenderness, and thrice endeavoured to catch the apparition in his arms, that he might hold his mother to his bosom, and weep over her.

This gives the poet occasion to describe the notion the heathens at that time had of an unbodied soul, in the excuse which the mother makes for seeming to withdraw herself from her son's embraces. 'The soul,' says she, 'is composed neither of bones, flesh, nor sinews; but leaves behind her all those encumbrances of mortality to be consumed on the funeral pile. As soon as she has thus cast her burden, she makes her escape, and flies away from it like a dream.'

When this melancholy conversation is at an end, the poet draws up to view as charming a vision as could enter into man's imagination. He describes the next who appeared to Ulysses, to have been the shades of the finest women that had ever lived upon the earth, and who had either been the daughters of kings, the mistresses of gods, or mothers of heroes; such as Antiope, Alcmena, Leda, Ariadne, Ipimedia, Eriphyle, and several others, of whom he gives a catalogue, with a short history of their adventures. The beautiful assembly of apparitions were all gathered together about the blood. 'Each of them,' says Ulysses, as a gentle satire upon female vanity, 'giving me an account of her birth and family.' This scene of extraordinary women, seems to have been designed by the poet as a lecture of mortality to the whole sex, and to put them in mind of what they must expect, notwithstanding the greatest perfections, and highest honours, they can arrive at.

The circle of beauties at length disappeared,

and was succeeded by the shades of several Grecian heroes, who had been engaged with Ulysses in the siege of Troy. The first that approached was Agamemnon, the generalissimo of that great expedition, who, at the appearance of his old friend, wept very bitterly, and, without saying any thing to him, endeavoured to grasp him by the hand. Ulysses, who was much moved at the sight, poured out a flood of tears, and asked him the occasion of his death, which Agamemnon related to him in all its tragical circumstances; how he was murdered at a banquet by the contrivance of his own wife, in confederacy with her adulterer: from whence he takes occasion to reproach the whole sex, after a manner which would be inexcusable in a man who had not been so great a sufferer by them. 'My wife,' says he, 'has disgraced all the women that shall ever be born into the world, even those who hereafter shall be innocent. Take care how you grow too fond of your wife. Never tell her all you know. If you reveal some things to her, be sure you keep others concealed from her. You, indeed, have nothing to fear from your Penelope, she will not use you as my wife has treated me; however, take care how you trust a woman.' The poet, in this and other instances, according to the system of many heathen as well as Christian philosophers, shows how anger, revenge, and other habits which the soul had contracted in the body, subsist, and grow in it under its state of separation.

I am extremely pleased with the companions which the poet in the next description assigns to Achilles. 'Achilles,' says the hero, 'came up to me with Patroclus and Antilochus.' By which we may see that it was Homer's opinion, and probably that of the age he lived in, that the friendships which are made among the living, will likewise continue among the dead. Achilles enquires after the welfare of his son, and of his father, with a fierceness of the same character that Homer has every where expressed in the actions of his life. The passage relating to his son is so extremely beautiful, that I must not omit it. Ulysses, after having described him as wise in council, and active in war, and mentioned the foes whom he had slain in battle, adds an observation that he himself had made of his behaviour, whilst he lay in the wooden horse. 'Most of the generals,' says he, 'that were with us, either wept or trembled; as for your son, I never saw him wipe a tear from his cheeks, or change his countenance. On the contrary, he would often lay his hand upon his sword, or grasp his spear, as impatient to employ them against the Trojans.' He then informs his father of the great honour and rewards which he had purchased before Troy, and of his return from it without a wound. 'The shade of Achilles,'

says the poet, 'was so pleased with the account he received of his son, that he enquired no further, but stalked away with more than ordinary majesty over the green meadow that lay before them.'

This last circumstance, of a deceased father's rejoicing in the behaviour of his son, is very finely contrived by Homer, as an incentive to virtue, and made use of by none that I know besides himself.

The description of Ajax, which follows, and his refusing to speak to Ulysses, who had won the armour of Achilles from him, and by that means occasioned his death, is admired by every one that reads it. When Ulysses relates the sullenness of his deportment, and considers the greatness of the hero, he expresses himself with generous and noble sentiments. 'Oh! that I had never gained a prize which cost the life of so brave a man as Ajax! who, for the beauty of his person, and greatness of his actions, was inferior to none but the divine Achilles.' The same noble condescension, which never dwells but in truly great minds, and such as Homer would represent that of Ulysses to have been, discovers itself likewise in the speech which he made to the ghost of Ajax on that occasion. 'Oh, Ajax!' says he, 'will you keep your resentments even after death? What destructions hath this fatal armour brought upon the Greeks, by robbing them of you, who were their bulwark and defence? Achilles is not more bitterly lamented among us than you. Impute not then your death to any one but Jupiter, who, out of his anger to the Greeks, took you away from among them: let me entreat you to approach me; restrain the fierceness of your wrath, and the greatness of your soul, and hear what I have to say to you.' Ajax, without making a reply, turned his back upon him, and retired into a crowd of ghosts.

Ulysses, after all these visions, took a view of those impious wretches who lay in tortures for the crimes they had committed upon the earth, whom he describes under all the varieties of pain, as so many marks of divine vengeance, to deter others from following their example. He then tells us, that notwithstanding he had a great curiosity to see the heroes that lived in the ages before him, the ghosts began to gather about him in such prodigious multitudes, and with such a confusion of voices, that his heart trembled as he saw himself amidst so great a scene of horrors. He adds, that he was afraid lest some hideous spectre should appear to him, that might terrify him to distraction; and therefore withdrew in time.

I question not but my reader will be pleased with this description of a future state, represented by such a noble and fruitful imagination, that had nothing to direct it besides the light of nature, and the opinions of a dark and ignorant age.

No. 153.] *Saturday, April 1, 1710.*

Bomballo, clangor, stridor, tarantata, murmur.

*Fern. Rhet.*

Read with tremendous sounds your ears assunder,  
With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbass, and thunder.

*Pope.*

*From my own Apartment, March 31.*

I HAVE heard of a very valuable picture, wherein all the painters of the age in which it was drawn, are represented sitting together in a circle, and joining in a *consort* of music. Each of them plays upon such a particular instrument as is the most suitable to his character, and expresses that style and manner of painting which is peculiar to him. The famous cupola-painter of those times, to show the grandeur and boldness of his figures, hath a horn in his mouth, which he seems to wind with great strength and force. On the contrary, an eminent artist, who wrought up his pictures with the greatest accuracy, and gave them all those delicate touches which are apt to please the nicest eye, is represented as tuning a theorbo. The same kind of *humour* runs through the whole piece.

I have often, from this hint, imagined to myself, that different talents in discourse might be shadowed out after the same manner by different kinds of music; and that the several conversable parts of mankind in this great city, might be cast into proper characters and divisions, as they resemble several instruments that are in use among the masters of harmony. Of these therefore in their order; and first, of the Drum.

Your Drums are the blusterers in conversation, that, with a loud laugh, unnatural mirth, and a torrent of noise, domineer in public assemblies; overbear men of sense; stun their companions; and fill the place they are in with a rattling sound, that hath seldom any wit, humour, or good breeding in it. The Drum notwithstanding, by this boisterous vivacity, is very proper to impose upon the ignorant; and in conversation with ladies who are not of the finest taste, often passes for a man of mirth and wit, and for wonderful pleasant company. I need not observe, that the emptiness of the Drum very much contributes to its noise.

The Lute is a character directly opposite to the Drum, that sounds very finely by itself, or in a very small *consort*. Its notes are exquisitely sweet, and very low, easily drowned in a multitude of instruments, and even lost among a few, unless you give a particular attention to it. A Lute is seldom heard in a company of more than five, whereas a Drum will show itself to advantage in an assembly of five hundred. The Lutenists therefore are men of a fine genius, uncommon reflexion, great affability, and esteemed chiefly by persons of a good taste, who are the only proper judges of so delightful and soft a melody.

The Trumpet is an instrument that has in it no compass of music, or variety of sound, but is notwithstanding very agreeable, so long as it keeps within its pitch. It has not above four or five notes, which are however very pleasing, and capable of exquisite turns and modulations. The gentlemen who fall under this denomination are your men of the most fashionable education, and refined breeding, who have learned a certain smoothness of discourse, and sprightliness of air, from the polite company they have kept; but, at the same time, have shallow parts, weak judgments, and a short reach of understanding. A playhouse, a drawing-room, a ball, a visiting-day, or a ring at Hyde-park, are the few notes they are masters of, which they touch upon in all conversations. The Trumpet, however, is a necessary instrument about a court, and a proper enlivener of a *consort*, though of no great harmony by itself.

Violins are the lively, forward, importunate wits, that distinguish themselves by the flourishes of imagination, sharpness of repartee, glances of satire, and bear away the upper part in every *consort*. I cannot however but observe, that when a man is not disposed to hear music, there is not a more disagreeable sound in harmony than that of a Violin.

There is another musical instrument, which is more frequent in this nation than any other; I mean your Bass-viol, which grumbles in the bottom of the *consort*, and with a surly masculine sound strengthens the harmony, and tempers the sweetness of the several instruments that play along with it. The Bass-viol is an instrument of a quite different nature to the Trumpet, and may signify men of rough sense and unpolished parts; who do not love to hear themselves talk, but sometimes break out with an agreeable bluntness, unexpected wit, and surly pleasantries, to the no small diversion of their friends and companions. In short, I look upon every sensible true-born Briton to be naturally a Bass-viol.

As for your rural wits, who talk with great eloquence and alacrity of foxes, hounds, horses, quickset hedges, and six-bar-gates, double ditches, and broken necks, I am in doubt, whether I should give them a place in the conversable world. However, if they will content themselves with being raised to the dignity of Hunting-horns, I shall desire for the future, that they may be known by that name.

I must not here omit the Bagpipe species, that will entertain you from morning to night with the repetition of a few notes, which are played over and over, with the perpetual humming of a drone running underneath them. These are your dull, heavy, tedious story-tellers, the load and burden of conversations, that set up for men of importance, by knowing secret history, and giving an account of trans-

actions, that, whether they ever passed in the world or not, doth not signify a halfpenny to its instruction, or its welfare. Some have observed, that the northern parts of this island are more particularly fruitful in Bagpipes.

There are so very few persons who are masters in every kind of conversation, and can talk on all subjects, that I do not know whether we should make a distinct species of them. Nevertheless, that my scheme may not be defective, for the sake of those few who are endowed with such extraordinary talents, I shall allow them to be Harpsichords, a kind of music which every one knows is a *consort* by itself.

As for your Passing-bells, who look upon mirth as criminal, and talk of nothing but what is melancholy in itself, and mortifying to human nature, I shall not mention them.

I shall likewise pass over in silence all the rabble of mankind, that crowd our streets, coffee-houses, feasts, and public tables. I cannot call their discourse conversation, but rather something that is practised in imitation of it. For which reason, if I would describe them by any musical instrument, it should be by those modern inventions of the bladder and string, tongs and key, marrow-bone and cleaver.

My reader will doubtless observe, that I have only touched here upon male instruments, having reserved my female *consort* to another occasion. If he has a mind to know where these several characters are to be met with, I could direct him to a whole club of Drums; not to mention another of Bagpipes, which I have before given some account of in my description of our nightly meetings in Sheer-lane. The Lutes may often be met with in couples upon the banks of a crystal stream, or in the retreats of shady woods, and flowery meadows; which, for different reasons, are likewise the great resort of your Hunting-horns. Bass-voles are frequently to be found over a glass of stale-beer, and a pipe of tobacco; whereas those who set up for Violins, seldom fail to make their appearance at Will's once every evening. You may meet with a Trumpet any where on the other side of Charing-cross.

That we may draw something for our advantage in life out of the foregoing discourse, I must entreat my reader to make a narrow search into his life and conversation, and, upon his leaving any company, to examine himself seriously whether he has behaved himself in it like a Drum or a Trumpet, a Violin or a Bass-viol; and accordingly endeavour to mend his music for the future. For my own part, I must confess, I was a Drum for many years; nay, and a very noisy one, until, having polished myself a little in good company, I threw as much of the Trumpet into my conversation, as was possible for a man of an impetuous temper, by which mixture of different musics I took upon myself, during the course of many years,

to have resembled a Tabor and Pipe. I have since very much endeavoured at the sweetness of the Lute; but, in spite of all my resolutions, I must confess, with great confusion, that I find myself daily degenerating into a Bagpipe; whether it be the effect of my old age, or of the company I keep, I know not. All that I can do, is to keep a watch over my conversation, and to silence the Drone as soon as I find it begin to hum in my discourse, being determined rather to hear the notes of others, than to play out of time, and encroach upon their parts in the *consort* by the noise of so tiresome an instrument.

I shall conclude this paper with a letter which I received last night from a friend of mine, who knows very well my notions upon this subject, and invites me to pass the evening at his house, with a select company of friends, in the following words:

'DEAR ISAAC,

'I intend to have a *consort* at my house this evening, having by great chance got a Harpsichord, which I am sure will entertain you very agreeably. There will be likewise two Lutes and a Trumpet: let me beg you to put yourself in tune and believe me

'Your very faithful servant,  
'NICHOLAS HUMDRUM.'

No. 154.] Tuesday, April 4, 1710.

*Obeuris vera involvens. Virg. En. vi. 100.*  
Involving truth in terms obscure.

*From my own Apartment, April 3.*

WE have already examined Homer's description of a future state, and the condition in which he hath placed the souls of the deceased. I shall, in this paper, make some observations on the account which Virgil hath given us of the same subject, who, besides a greatness of genius, had all the lights of philosophy and human learning to assist and guide him in his discoveries.

*Aeneas* is represented as descending into the empire of death, with a prophetic by his side, who instructs him in the secrets of those lower regions.

Upon the confines of the dead, and before the very gates of this infernal world, Virgil describes several inhabitants, whose natures are wonderfully suited to the situation of the place, as being either the occasions or resemblances of death. Of the first kind are the shadows of Sickness, Old Age, Fear, Famine, and Poverty; apparitions very terrible to behold, with several others, as Toil, War, Contention, and Discord, which contribute all of them to people this common receptacle of human souls. As this was likewise a very proper residence for every



thing that resembles death, the poet tells us, that Sleep, whom he represents as a near relation to death, has likewise his habitation in these quarters; and describes in them a huge gloomy elm-tree, which seems a very proper ornament for the place, and is possessed by an innumerable swarm of dreams, that hang in clusters under every leaf of it. He then gives us a list of imaginary persons, who very naturally lie within the shadow of the dream-tree, as being of the same kind of make in themselves, and the materials, or, to use Shakspeare's phrase, 'the stuff of which dreams are made.' Such are the shades of the giant with a hundred hands, and of his brother with three bodies; of the double-shaped Centaur and Scylla; the Gorgon with snaky hair; the Harpy with a woman's face and lion's talons; the seven-headed Hydra; and the Chimæra, which breathes forth a flame, and is a compound of three animals. These several mixed natures, the creatures of imagination, are not only introduced with great art after the dreams, but, as they are planted at the very entrance, and within the very gates of those regions, do probably denote the wild deliriums and extravagances of fancy, which the soul usually falls into when she is just upon the verge of death.

Thus far Æneas travels in an allegory. The rest of the description is drawn with great exactness, according to the religion of the heathens, and the opinions of the Platonic philosophy. I shall not trouble my reader with a common dull story, that gives an account why the heathens first of all supposed a ferryman in hell, and his name to be Charon; but must not pass over in silence the point of doctrine which Virgil hath very much insisted upon in this book. That the souls of those who are unburied, are not permitted to go over into their respective places of rest, until they have wandered a hundred years upon the banks of Styx. This was probably an invention of the heathen priesthood, to make the people extremely careful of performing proper rites and ceremonies to the memory of the dead. I shall not, however, with the infamous scribblers of the age, take an occasion from such a circumstance, to run into declamations against priesthood, but rather look upon it even in this *light* as a religious artifice, to raise in the minds of men an esteem for the memory of

initiated into our religion, that supposing they should be erroneous, they can do no hurt to the dead, and will *have a good effect* upon the living, in making them cautious of neglecting such necessary solemnities.

Charon is no sooner appeased, and the triple-headed dog laid asleep, but Æneas makes his entrance into the dominions of Pluto. There are three kinds of persons described, as being situate on the borders; and I can give no reason for their being stationed there in so particular a manner, but because none of them seem to have had a proper right to a place among the dead, as not having run out the whole thread of their days, and finished the term of life that had been allotted them upon earth. The first of these are the souls of infants, who are snatched away by untimely ends. The second are of those who are put to death wrongfully, and by an unjust sentence; and the third, of those who grew weary of their lives, and laid violent hands upon themselves. As for the second of these, Virgil adds with great beauty, that Minos, the judge of the dead, is employed in giving them a rehearing, and assigning them their several quarters suitable to the parts they acted in life. The poet, after having mentioned the souls of those unhappy men who destroyed themselves, breaks out into a fine exclamation. 'Oh! how gladly,' says he, 'would they now endure life with all its miseries! but the destinies forbid their return to earth, and the waters of Styx surround them with nine streams that are unpassable.' It is very remarkable, that Virgil, notwithstanding self-murder was so frequent among the heathens, and had been practised by some of the greatest men in the very age before him, hath here represented it as so heinous a crime. But in this particular he was guided by the doctrines of his great master Plato; who says on this subject, that a man is placed in his station of life, like a soldier in his proper post, which he is not to quit, whatever may happen, until he is called off by his commander who planted him in it.

There is another point in the Platonic philosophy, which Virgil has made the groundwork of the greatest part in the piece we are now examining; having with wonderful art and beauty materialized, if I may so call it, a scheme of abstracted notions, and clothed the most nice refined conceptions of philosophy in sensi-

of the soul, survive and gather strength in her after her dissolution : that the torments of a vicinious soul in a future state arise principally from those importunate passions which are not capable of being gratified without a body ; and that, on the contrary, the happiness of virtuous minds very much consists in their being employed in sublime speculations, innocent diversions, sociable affections, and all the ecstasies of passion and rapture which are agreeable to reasonable natures, and of which they gained a relish in this life.

Upon this foundation the poet raises that beautiful description of the secret haunts and walks, which, he tells us, are inhabited by deceased lovers.

Not far from hence, says he, lies a great waste of plains, that are called ' the Fields of Melancholy.' In these there grows a forest of myrtle, divided into many shady retirements and covered walks, and inhabited by the souls of those who pined away with love. The passion, says he, continues with them after death. He then gives a list of this languishing tribe, in which his own Dido makes the principal figure, and is described as living in this soft romantic scene with the shade of her first husband Sicheus.

The poet, in the next place, mentions another plain that was peopled with the ghosts of warriors, as still delighting in each other's company, and pleased with the exercise of arms. He there represents the Grecian generals and common soldiers who perished in the siege of Troy, as drawn up in squadrons, and terrified at the approach of Æneas, which renewed in them those impressions of fear they had before received in battle with the Trojans. He afterwards likewise, upon the same notions, gives a view of the Trojan heroes who lived in former ages, amidst a visionary scene of chariots and arms, flowery meadows, shining spears, and generous steeds, which he tells us were their pleasures upon earth, and now make up their happiness in Elysium. For the same reason also, he mentions others as singing Pæans, and songs of triumph, amidst a beautiful grove of laurel. The chief of the *consort* was the poet Musæus ; who stood inclosed with a circle of admirers, and rose by the head and shoulders above the throng of shades that surrounded him. The habitations of unhappy spirits, to show the duration of their torments, and the desperate condition they are in, are represented as guarded by a fury, moated round with a lake of fire, strengthened with towers of iron, encompassed with a triple wall, and fortified with pillars of adamant, which all the gods together are not able to heave from their foundations. The noise of stripes, the clank of chains, and the groans of the tortured, strike the pious Æneas with a kind of horror. The poet afterwards divides the criminals into two

classes. The first and blackest catalogue consists of such as were guilty of outrages against the gods ; and the next, of such who were convicted of injustice between man and man ; the greatest number of whom, says the poet, are those who followed the dictates of avarice.

It was an opinion of the Platonists, that the souls of men having contracted in the body great stains and pollutions of vice and ignorance, there were several purgations and cleansings necessary to be passed through, both here and hereafter, in order to refine and purify them.

Virgil, to give this thought likewise a clothing of poetry, describes some spirits as bleaching in the winds, others as cleansing under great falls of waters, and others as purging in fire, to recover the primitive beauty and purity of their natures.

It was likewise an opinion of the same sect of philosophers, that the souls of all men exist in a separate state, long before their union with their bodies ; and that, upon their immersion into flesh, they forget every thing which passed in the state of pre-existence ; so that what we here call knowledge, is nothing else but memory, or the recovery of those things which we knew before.

In pursuance of this scheme, Virgil gives us a view of several souls, who, to prepare themselves for living upon earth, flock about the banks of the river *Lethe*, and swallow themselves with the waters of oblivion.

The same scheme gives him an opportunity of making a noble compliment to his countrymen, where Anchises is represented taking a survey of the long train of heroes that are to descend from him, and giving his son Æneas an account of all the glories of his race.

I need not mention the revolution of the Platonic year, which is but just touched upon in this book ; and, as I have consulted no author's thoughts in this explication, shall be very well pleased, if it can make the noblest piece of the most accomplished poet more agreeable to my female readers, when they think fit to look into Dryden's translation of it.

No. 155.] Thursday, April 6, 1710.

— *Altera negotia curat,*  
Excusus propria. *Hor. 3. Sat. li. 19.*  
When he had lost all business of his own,  
He ran in quest of news thro' all the town.

*From my own Apartment, April 5.*

THERE lived some years since, within my neighbourhood, a very grave person, an upholsterer,\* who seemed a man of more than ordinary application to business. He was a very early riser, and was often abroad two of

\* Mr. Arne, an upholsterer in Covent Garden, was, it is said, the original of the politician exposed in this paper. He was the father of Dr. Thomas Augustine Arne, an eminent musician, and a dramatic writer, who died in 1778.

three hours before any of his neighbours. He had a particular carefulness in the knitting of his brows, and a kind of impatience in all his motions that plainly discovered he was always intent on matters of importance. Upon my enquiry into his life and conversation, I found him to be the greatest newsmonger in our quarter: that he rose before day to read the Post-man; and that he would take two or three turns to the other end of the town before his neighbours were up, to see if there were any Dutch mails come in. He had a wife and several children; but was much more inquisitive to know what passed in Poland than in his own family, and was in greater pain and anxiety of mind for king Augustus's welfare than that of his nearest relations. He looked extremely thin in a dearth of news, and never enjoyed himself in a westerly wind. This indefatigable kind of life was the ruin of his shop; for, about the time that his favourite prince left the crown of Poland, he broke and disappeared.

This man and his affairs had been long out of my mind, until about three days ago, as I was walking in St. James's park, I heard somebody at a distance hemming after me; and who should it be but my old neighbour the upholsterer? I saw he was reduced to extreme poverty, by certain shabby superfluities in his dress: for, notwithstanding that it was a very sultry day for the time of the year, he wore a loose great coat and a *muff*, with a *long cambray wig* out of curl; to which he had added the ornament of a pair of *black garters buckled under the knee*. Upon his coming up to me, I was going to enquire into his present circumstances; but was prevented by his asking me, with a whisper, 'Whether the last letters brought any accounts that one might rely upon from Bender?' I told him, 'None that I heard of;' and asked him, 'whether he had yet married his eldest daughter?' He told me, 'no. But pray,' says he, 'tell me sincerely, what are your thoughts of the king of Sweden?' For though his wife and children were starving, I found his chief concern at present was for this great monarch. I told him, 'that I looked upon him as one of the first heroes of the age.'

Post, and had been just now examining what the other papers say upon the same subject. The Daily Courant,' says he, 'has these words. "We have advices from very good hands, that a certain prince has some matters of great importance under consideration." This is very mysterious; but the Post-boy leaves us more in the dark; for he tells us, "That there are private intimations of measures taken by a certain prince, which time will bring to light." Now the Post-man,' says he, "who uses to be very clear, refers to the same news in these words: "The late conduct of a certain prince affords great matter of speculation." This certain prince,' says the upholsterer, 'whom they are all so cautious of naming, I take to be——' Upon which, though there was nobody near us, he whispered something in my ear, which I did not hear, or think worth my while to make him repeat.

We were now got to the upper end of the Mall, where were three or four very odd fellows sitting together upon the bench. These I found were all of them politicians, who used to sun themselves in that place every day about dinner-time. Observing them to be curiosities in their kind, and my friend's acquaintance, I sat down among them.

The chief politician of the bench was a great asserter of paradoxes. He told us, with a seeming concern, 'that, by some news he had lately read from Muscovy, it appeared to him that there was a storm gathering in the Black-sea, which might in time do hurt to the naval forces of this nation.' To this he added, 'that for his part, he could not wish to see the Turk driven out of Europe, which he believed could not but be prejudicial to our woollen manufacture.' He then told us, 'that he looked upon those extraordinary revolutions which had lately happened in those parts of the world, to have risen chiefly from two persons who were not much talked of; and those,' says he, 'are prince Menzikoff, and the dutchess of Mirandola.' He backed his assertions with so many broken hints, and such a show of depth and wisdom, that we gave ourselves up to his opinions.

The discourse at length fell upon a point

should drive the Protestants from these parts of Europe, when the worst came to the worst, it would be impossible to beat them out of Norway and Greenland, provided the northern crowns hold together, and the czar of Muscovy stand neuter.' He further told us, for our comfort, 'that there were vast tracks of lands about the pole, inhabited neither by Protestants nor Papists, and of greater extent than all the Roman-catholic dominions in Europe.'

When we had fully discussed this point, my friend the upholsterer began to exert himself upon the present negotiations of peace; in which he deposed princes, settled the bounds of kingdoms, and balanced the power of Europe, with great justice and impartiality.

I at length took my leave of the company, and was going away; but had not gone thirty yards, before the upholsterer hemmed again after me. Upon his advancing towards me with a whisper, I expected to hear some secret piece of news, which he had not thought fit to communicate to the bench; but, instead of that, he desired me in my ear to lend him half-a-crown. In compassion to so needy a statesman, and to dissipate the confusion I found he was in, I told him, 'if he pleased, I would give him five shillings, to receive five pounds of him when the great Turk was driven out of Constantinople;' which he very readily accepted, but not before he had laid down to me the impossibility of such an event, as the affairs of Europe now stand.

This paper I design for the particular benefit of those worthy citizens who live more in a coffee-house than in their shops, and whose thoughts are so taken up with the affairs of the allies, that they forget their customers.

No. 156.] Saturday, April 8, 1710.

— Sequiturque patrem non passibus æquis.  
Virg. Æn. li. 742.

— follows his father,  
But with steps not equal —

*From my own Apartment, April 7.*

We have already described out of Homer the voyage of Ulysses to the infernal shades, with the several adventures that attended it. If we look into the beautiful romance published not many years since by the archbishop of Cambray, we may see the son of Ulysses bound on the same expedition, and after the same manner making his discoveries among the regions of the dead. The story of Telemachus is formed altogether in the spirit of Homer, and will give an unlearned reader a notion of that great poet's manner of writing, more than any translation of him can possibly do. As it was written for the instruction of a young prince who may one day sit upon the throne of France, the author took care to suit

the several parts of his story, and particularly the description we are now entering upon, to the character and quality of his pupil. For which reason, he insists very much on the misery of bad, and the happiness of good kings, in the account he hath given of punishments and rewards in the other world.

We may however observe, notwithstanding the endeavours of this great and learned author, to copy after the style and sentiments of Homer, that there is a certain tincture of Christianity running through the whole relation. The prelate in several places mixes himself with the poet; so that his future state puts me in mind of Michael Angelo's 'Last Judgment;' where Charon and his boat are represented as bearing a part in the dreadful solemnities of that great day.

Telemachus, after having passed through the dark avenues of Death in the retinue of Mercury, who every day delivers up a certain tale of ghosts to the ferryman of Styx, is admitted to the infernal bark. Among the companions of his voyage is the shade of Nabopharzan, a king of Babelylon, and tyrant of all the East. Among the ceremonies and pomps of his funeral there were four slaves sacrificed, according to the custom of the country, in order to attend him among the shades. The author, having described this tyrant in the most odious colours of pride, insolence, and cruelty, tells us, that his four slaves, instead of serving him after death, were perpetually insulting him with reproaches and affronts for his past usage; that they spurned him as he lay upon the ground, and forced him to show his face, which he would fain have covered, as lying under all the confusion of guilt and infamy; and in short, that they kept him bound in a chain, in order to drag him before the tribunal of the dead.

Telemachus, upon looking out of the bark, sees all the strand covered with an innumerable multitude of shades, who, upon his jumping ashore, immediately vanished. He then pursues his course to the palace of Pluto, who is described as seated on his throne in terrible majesty, with Proserpine by his side. At the foot of his throne was the pale hideous spectre, who, by the ghastliness of his visage, and the nature of the apparitions that surround him, discovers himself to be Death. His attendants are, Melancholy, Distrust, Revenge, Hatred, Avarice, Despair, Ambition, Envy, Impiety, with frightful Dreams, and waking Cares, which are all drawn very naturally in proper actions and postures. The author, with great beauty, places near his frightful dreams an assembly of phantoms, which are often employed to terrify the living, by appearing in the shape and likeness of the dead.

The young hero, in the next place, takes a survey of the different kinds of criminals, that lay in torture among clouds of sulphur, and

torrents of fire. The first of these were such as had been guilty of impieties which every one hath a horror for: to which is added a catalogue of such offenders that scarce appear to be faulty in the eyes of the vulgar. Among these, says the author, are malicious critics, that have endeavoured to cast a blemish upon the perfections of others; with whom he likewise places such as have often hurt the reputation of the innocent, by passing a rash judgement on their actions, without knowing the occasion of them. These crimes, says he, are more severely punished after death, because they generally meet with impunity upon earth.

Telemachus, after having taken a survey of several other wretches in the same circumstances, arrives at that region of torments in which wicked kings are punished. There are very fine strokes of imagination in the description which he gives of this unhappy multitude. He tells us, that on one side of them there stood a revengful fury, thundering in their ears incessant repetitions of all the crimes they had committed upon earth, with the aggravations of ambition, vanity, hardness of heart, and all those secret affections of mind that enter into the composition of a tyrant. At the same time, she holds up to them a large mirror, in which every one sees himself represented in the natural horror and deformity of his character. On the other side of them stands another fury, that, with an insulting derision, repeats to them all the praises that their flatterers had bestowed upon them while they sat upon their respective thrones. She too, says the author, presents a mirror before their eyes, in which every one sees himself adorned with all those beauties and perfections, in which they had been drawn by the vanity of their own hearts, and the flattery of others. To punish them for the wantonness of the cruelty which they formerly exercised, they are now delivered up to be treated according to the fancy and caprice of several slaves, who have here an opportunity of tyrannizing in their turns.

The author, having given us a description of these ghastly spectres, who, says he, are always calling upon Death, and are placed under the distillation of that burning vengeance which falls upon them drop by drop, and is never to be exhausted, leads us into a pleasing

agreeable relation of the joys of Elysium, and the nature of its inhabitants. The residence of Sesostris among these happy shades, with his character and present employment, is drawn in a very lively manner, and with a great elevation of thought.

The description of that pure and gentle light, which overflows these happy regions, and clothes the spirits of these virtuous persons, hath something in it of that enthusiasm which this author was accused of by his enemies in the church of Rome; but, however it may look in religion, it makes a very beautiful figure in poetry.

The rays of the sun, says he, are darkness in comparison with this light, which rather deserves the name of glory, than that of light. It pierces the thickest bodies in the same manner as the sun-beams pass through crystal. It strengthens the sight instead of dazzling it; and nourishes, in the most inward recesses of the mind, a perpetual serenity that is not to be expressed. It enters and incorporates itself with the very substance of the soul: the spirits of the blessed feel it in all their senses, and in all their perceptions. It produces a certain source of peace and joy that arises in them, for ever running through all the faculties, and refreshing all the desires of the soul. External pleasures and delights, with all their charms and allurements, are regarded with the utmost indifference and neglect by these happy spirits, who have this great principle of pleasure within them, drawing the whole mind to itself, calling off their attention from the most delightful objects, and giving them all the transports of inebriation, without the confusion and the folly of it.

I have here only mentioned some master-touces of this admirable piece, because the original itself is understood by the greater part of my readers. I must confess, I take a particular delight in these prospects of futurity, whether grounded upon the probable suggestions of a fine imagination, or the more severe conclusions of philosophy; as a man loves to hear all the discoveries or conjectures relating to a foreign country which he is, at some time, to inhabit. Prospects of this nature lighten the burden of any present evil, and refresh us under the worst and lowest circumstances of mortality. They extinguish in us both the

*From my own Apartment, April 10.*

I WAS last night in an assembly of very fine women. How I came among them is of no great importance to the reader. I shall only let him know, that I was betrayed into so good company by the device of an old friend, who had promised to give some of his female acquaintance a sight of Mr. Bickerstaff. Upon seeing my name mentioned, a lady who sat by me, told me, they had brought together a female *consort* for my entertainment. 'You must know,' says she, 'that we all of us look upon ourselves to be musical instruments, though we do not yet know of what kind; which we hope to learn from you, if you will give us leave to play before you.' This was followed by a general laugh, which I always look upon as a necessary flourish in the opening of a female *consort*. They then struck up together, and played a whole hour upon two grounds; viz. the Trial\* and the Opera. I could not but observe, that several of their notes were more soft, and several more sharp, than any that I ever heard in a male *consort*; though I must confess, there was not any regard to time, nor any of those rests and pauses which are frequent in the harmony of the other sex: besides that the music was generally full, and no particular instrument permitted to play long by itself.

I seemed so very well pleased with what every one said, and smiled with so much complaisance at all their pretty fancies, that though I did not put one word into their discourse, I have the vanity to think, they looked upon me as very agreeable company. I then told them, 'that if I were to draw the picture of so many charming musicians, it should be like one I had seen of the muses, with their several instruments in their hands;' upon which the lady Kettle-drum tossed back her head, and cried, 'A very pretty simile!' The *consort* again revived; in which, with nods, smiles, and approbations, I bore the part rather of one who beats the time, than of a performer.

I was no sooner retired to my lodgings, but I ran over in my thoughts the several characters of this fair assembly; which I shall give some account of, because they are various in their kind, and may each of them stand as a sample of a whole species.

The person who pleased me most was a Flute, an instrument, that, without any great compass, hath something exquisitely sweet and soft in its sound: it lulls and soothes the ear, and fills it with such a gentle kind of melody, as keeps the mind awake without startling it, and raises a most agreeable passion between transport and indolence. In short, the music of the Flute is the conversation of a mild and

amiable woman, that has nothing in it very elevated, nor, at the same time, any thing mean or trivial.

I must here observe, that the Hautboy is the most perfect of the *Flute-species*, which, with all the sweetness of the sound, hath a great strength and variety of notes; though at the same time I must observe, that the Hautboy in one sex is as scarce as the Harpsichord in the other.

By the side of the Flute there sat a Flagelet; for so I must call a certain young lady, who, fancying herself a wit, despised the music of the Flute as low and insipid, and would be entertaining the company with tart ill-natured observations, pert fancies, and little turns, which she imagined to be full of life and spirit. The Flagelet therefore doth not differ from the Flute so much in the compass of its notes, as in the shrillness and sharpness of the sound. We must however take notice, that the Flagelets among their own sex are more valued and esteemed than the Flutes.

There chanced to be a Coquette in the *consort*, that, with a great many skittish notes, affected squeaks, and studied inconsistencies, distinguished herself from the rest of the company. She did not speak a word during the whole Trial; but I thought she would never have done upon the Opera. One while she would break out upon, 'That hideous king!' then upon 'The charming black-moor!' then, 'O that dear lion!' then would hum over two or three notes; then run to the window to see what coach was coming. The Coquette, therefore, I must distinguish by that musical instrument which is commonly known by the name of a Kit, that is more jiggish than the Fiddle itself, and never sounds but to dance.

The fourth person who bore a part in the conversation was a Prude, who stuck to the Trial, and was silent upon the whole Opera. The gravity of her censures, and composure of her voice, which were often attended with supercilious casts of the eye, and a seeming contempt for the lightness of the conversation, put me in mind of that ancient, serious, matron-like instrument, the Virginal.

I must not pass over in silence a Lancashire Hornpipe, by which I would signify a young country lady, who, with a great deal of mirth and innocence, diverted the company very agreeably; and, if I am not mistaken, by that time the wildness of her notes is a little softened, and the redundancy of her music restrained by conversation and good company, will be improved into one of the most amiable Flutes about the town. Your Romps and boarding-school girls fall likewise under this denomination.

On the right hand of the Hornpipe sat a Welch-Harp, an instrument which very much delights in the tunes of old historical ballads,

\* The 'Trial of Dr. Sacheverell,' was a principal topic of conversation at the time here referred to.

and in celebrating the renowned actions and exploits of ancient British heroes. By this instrument I therefore would describe a certain lady, who is one of those female historians that upon all occasions enters into pedigrees and descents, and finds herself related, by some offshoot or other, to almost every great family in England: for which reason, she jars and is out of tune very often in conversation, for the company's want of due attention and respect to her.

But the most sonorous part of our *consort* was a *She-drum*, or, as the vulgar call it, a *Kettle-drum*, who accompanied her discourse with motions of the body, tosses of the head, and brandishes of the fan. Her music was 'oud, bold, and masculine. Every thump she gave alarmed the company, and very often set somebody or other in it a-blushing.

The last I shall mention was a certain romantic instrument called a *Dulcimer*, who talked of nothing but shady woods, flowery meadows, purling streams, larks and nightingales, with all the beauties of the spring, and the pleasures of a country-life. This instrument bath a fine melancholy sweetness in it, and goes very well with the Flute.

I think most of the conversable part of womankind may be found under one of the foregoing divisions; but it must be confessed, that the generality of that sex, notwithstanding they have naturally a great genius for being talkative, are not mistresses of more than one note; with which, however, by frequent repetition, they make a greater sound than those who are possessed of the whole Gamut; as may be observed in your Larums or Household-scolds, and in your Castanets or impertinent Tittle-tattles, who have no other variety in their discourse but that of talking slower or faster.

Upon communicating this scheme of music to an old friend of mine, who was formerly a man of gallantry, and a rover, he told me, 'that he believed he had been in love with every instrument in my *consort*. The first that smit him was a Hornpipe, who lived near his father's house in the country; but upon his failing to meet her at an assize, according

further success. I must confess, says my friend, I have often considered her with a great deal of admiration; and I find her pleasure is so much in this first step of an amour, that her life will pass away in dream, solitude, and soliloquy, until her decay of charms makes her snatch at the worst man that ever pretended to her. In the next place, says my friend 'I fell in love with a Kit, who led me such a dance through all the varieties of a familiar, cold, fond, and indifferent behaviour, that the world began to grow censorious, though without any cause; for which reason, to recover our reputations, we parted by consent. To mend my baud, says he, I made my next application to a Virginal, who gave me great encouragement, after her cautious manner, until some malicious oompanion told her of my long passion for the Kit, which made her turn me off as a scandalous fellow. At length, in despair,' says he, 'I betook myself to a *Welsh*-harp, who rejected me with contempt, after having found that my great-grandmother was a brewer's daughter.'

I found by the sequel of my friend's discourse, that he had never aspired to a Hautboy; that he had been exasperated by a Flagelet; and that, to this very day, he pines away for a Flute.

Upon the whole, having thoroughly considered how absolutely necessary it is, that two instruments, which are to play together for life, should be exactly tuned, and go in perfect *consort* with each other; I would propose matches between the music of both sexes, according to the following 'Table of Marriage:'

1. Drum and *Kettle-drum*.
2. *Lute* and Flute.
3. Harpsichord and Hautboy.
4. Violin and Flagelet.
5. Bass-Viol and Kit.
6. Trumpet and *Welsh*-Harp.
7. Hunting-horn and Hornpipe.
8. Bagpipe and Castanet.
9. *Passing*-Bell and Virginal.

'Mr. Bickerstaff, in consideration of his ancient friendship and acquaintance with Mr. Betterton, and great esteem for his merit, summons all his disciples, whether dead or living, mad or tame, Toasts, Smarts, Dappers,

libraries of great men. There is not a sale of books begins until Tom Folio is seen at the door. There is not an auction where his name is not heard, and that too in the very nick of time, in the critical moment, before the last decisive stroke of the hammer. There is not a subscription goes forward in which Tom is not privy to the first rough draught of the proposals; nor a catalogue printed, that doth not come to him wet from the press. He is a universal scholar, so far as the title page of all authors: knows the manuscripts in which they were discovered, the editions through which they have passed, with the praises or censures which they have received from the several members of the learned world. He has a greater esteem for Aldus and Elzevir, than for Virgil and Horace. If you talk of Herodotus, he breaks out into a panegyric upon Harry Stephens. He thinks he gives you an account of an author, when he tells you the subject he treats of, the name of the editor, and the year in which it was printed. Or, if you draw him into further particulars, he cries up the goodness of the paper, extols the diligence of the corrector, and is transported with the beauty of the letter. This he looks upon to be sound learning, and substantial criticism. As for those who talk of the fineness of style, and the justness of thought, or describe the brightness of any particular passages; nay, though they themselves write in the genius and spirit of the author they admire; Tom looks upon them as men of superficial learning, and flashy parts.

I had yesterday morning a visit from this learned idiot, for that is the light in which I consider every pedant, when I discovered in him some little touches of the cockcomb, which I had not before observed. Being very full of the figure which he makes in the republic of letters, and wonderfully satisfied with his great stock of knowledge, he gave me broad intimations, that he did not believe in all points as his forefathers had done. He then communicated to me a thought of a certain author upon a passage of Virgil's account of the dead, which I made the subject of a late paper. This thought hath taken very much among men of Tom's pitch and understanding, though universally exploded by all that know how to con-

have another opinion of him, if you would read him in Daniel Heinsius's edition. I have perused him myself several times in that edition,' continued he; 'and after the strictest and most malicious examination, could find but two faults in him; one of them is in the *Æneids*, where there are two commas instead of a parenthesis; and another in the third *Georgic*, where you may find a semicolon turned upside down.' 'Perhaps,' said I, 'these were not Virgil's faults, but those of the transcriber.' 'I do not design it,' says Tom, 'as a reflection on Virgil; on the contrary, I know that all the manuscripts declaim against such a punctuation. Oh! Mr. Bickerstaff,' says he, 'what would a man give to see one simile of Virgil writ in his own hand?' I asked him which was the simile he meant; but was answered, any simile in Virgil. He then told me all the secret history in the commonwealth of learning; of modern pieces that had the names of ancient authors annexed to them; of all the books that were now writing or printing in the several parts of Europe; of many amendments which are made, and not yet published; and a thousand other particulars, which I would not have my memory burdened with for a Vatican.

At length being fully persuaded that I thoroughly admired him, and looked upon him as a prodigy of learning, he took his leave. I know several of Tom's class, who are professed admirers of Tasso, without understanding a word of Italian: and one in particular, that carries a Pastor Fido in his pocket, in which, I am sure, he is acquainted with no other beauty but the clearness of the character.

There is another kind of pedant, who, with all Tom Folio's impertinences, hath greater superstructures and embellishments of Greek and Latin; and is still more insupportable than the other, in the same degree as he is more learned. Of this kind very often are editors, commentators, interpreters, scholiasts, and critics; and, in short, all men of deep learning without common sense. These persons set a greater value on themselves for having found out the meaning of a passage in Greek, than upon the author for having written it; nay, will allow the passage itself not to have any beauty in it, at the same time that they would be considered as the greatest men of the age,



various readings of a lewd expression. All that can be said in excuse for them is, that their works sufficiently show they have no taste of their authors; and that what they do in this kind, is out of their great learning, and not out of any levity or lasciviousness of temper.

A pedant of this nature is wonderfully well described in six lines of Boileau, with which I shall conclude his character :

Un Pedant enivré de sa vaine science,  
Tout herissé de Grec, tout bouffi d'arrance.  
Et qui de mille auteurs retenus mot par mot,  
Dans sa tête entassez n'a souvent fait qu'un sot,  
Croit qu'un livre fait tout, et que sans Aristote  
La raison ne voit goutte, et le bon sens radote.  
Brim-full of learning see that pedant stride,  
Bristling with horrid Greek, and puff'd with pride !  
A thousand authors be in vain has read,  
And with their maxims stuff'd his empty head ;  
And thinks that, without Aristotle's rule,  
Reason is blind, and common sense a fool. *Wynne.*

No. 159.] *Saturday, April 15, 1710.*

Nitor in adversum ; nec me, qui cetera vincit  
Impetens.——— *Ovid, Met. lib. ii. ver. 72.*

I steer against their motions ; nor am I  
Borne back by all the current——— *Addison.*

*From my own Apartment, April 14.*

THE wits of this island, for above fifty years past, instead of correcting the vices of the age, have done all they could to inflame them. Marriage has been one of the common topics of ridicule that every stage scribbler hath found his account in ; for, whenever there is an occasion for a clap, an impertinent jest upon matrimony is sure to raise it. This hath been attended with very pernicious consequences. Many a country esquire, upon his setting up for a man of the town, has gone home in the gayety of his heart, and beat his wife. A kind husband hath been looked upon as a clown, and a good wife as a domestic animal unfit for the company or conversation of the *beau monde*. In short, separate beds, silent tables, and solitary homes, have been introduced by your men of wit and pleasure of the age.

As I shall always make it my business to stem the torrents of prejudice and vice, I shall take particular care to put an honest father of a family in countenance ; and endeavour to remove all the evils out of that state of life, which is either the most happy or most miserable that a man can be placed in. In order to this, let us, if you please, consider the wits and well-bred persons of former time. I have shown, in another paper, that Pliny, who was a man of the greatest genius, as well as of the first quality of his age, did not think it below him to be a kind husband, and to treat his wife as a friend, companion, and counsellor. I shall give the like instance of another, who in all respects was a much greater man than Pliny,

and hath writ a whole book of letters to his wife. They are not so full of turns as those translated out of the former author, who writes very much like a modern ; but are full of that beautiful simplicity which is altogether natural, and is the distinguishing character of the best ancient writers. The author I am speaking of, is Cicero ; who, in the following passages, which I have taken out of his letters, shows, that he did not think it inconsistent with the politeness of his manners, or the greatness of his wisdom, to stand upon record in his domestic character.

These letters were written in a time when he was banished from his country, by a faction that then prevailed at Rome.

*Cicero to Terentia.*

I.

' I learn from the letters of my friends, as well as from common report, that you give incredible proofs of virtue and fortitude, and that you are indefatigable in all kinds of good offices. How unhappy a man am I, that a woman of your virtue, constancy, honour, and good-nature, should fall into so great distresses upon my account ! and that my dear Tulliola should be so much afflicted for the sake of a father, with whom she had once so much reason to be pleased ! How can I mention little Cicero, whose first knowledge of things began with the sense of his misery ? If all this had happened by the decrees of fate, as you would kindly persuade me, I could have borne it : But, alas ! it is all befallen me by my own indiscretion, who thought I was beloved by those that envied me, and did not join with them who sought my friendship.—At present, since my friends bid me hope, I shall take care of my health, that I may enjoy the benefit of your affectionate services. Plancius hopes we may some time or other come together into Italy. If I ever live to see that day ; if I ever return to your dear embraces ; in short, if I ever again recover you and myself, I shall think our conjugal piety very well rewarded.—As for what you write to me about selling your estate, consider, my dear Terentia, consider, alas ! what would be the event of it. If our present fortune continues to oppress us, what will become of our poor boy ! My tears flow so fast, that I am not able to write any further ; and I would not willingly make you weep with me.—Let us take care not to undo the child that is already undone : if we can leave him any thing, a little virtue will keep him from want, and a little fortune raise him in the world. Mind your health, and let me know frequently what you are doing.—Remember me to Tulliola and Cicero,'

II.

' Do not fancy that I write longer letters to any one than to yourself, unless when I chance

to receive a longer letter from another, which I am indispensibly obliged to answer in every particular. The truth of it is, I have no subject for a letter at present; and, as my affairs now stand, there is nothing more painful to me than writing. As for you, and our dear Tulliola, I cannot write to you without abundance of tears; for I see both of you miserable, whom I always wished to be happy, and whom I ought to have made so.—I must acknowledge, you have done every thing for me with the utmost fortitude, and the utmost affection; nor indeed is it more than I expected from you; though, at the same time, it is a great aggravation of my ill fortune, that the afflictions I suffer can be relieved only by those which you undergo for my sake. For honest Valerius has written me a letter, which I could not read without weeping very bitterly; wherein he gives me an account of the public procession which you have made for me at Rome. Alas! my dearest life, must then Terentia, the darling of my soul, whose favour and recommendations have been so often sought by others; must my Terentia droop under the weight of sorrow, appear in the habit of a mourner, pour out floods of tears, and all this for my sake; for my sake, who have undone my family, by consulting the safety of others?—As for what you write about selling your house, I am very much afflicted, that what is laid out upon my account may any way reduce you to misery and want. If we can bring about our design, we may indeed recover every thing; but if fortune persists in persecuting us, how can I think of your sacrificing for me the poor remainder of your possessions? No, my dearest life, let me beg you to let those bear my expenses who are able, and perhaps willing to do it; and if you would show your love to me, do not injure your health, which is already too much impaired. You present yourself before my eyes day and night; I see you labour amidst innumerable difficulties; I am afraid lest you should sink under them; but I find in you all the qualifications that are necessary to support you: be sure therefore to cherish your health, that you may compass the end of your hopes and your endeavours.—Farewell, my Terentia, my heart's desire, farewell.'

## III.

'Aristocritus hath delivered to me three of your letters, which I have almost defaced with my tears. Oh! my Terentia, I am consumed with grief, and feel the weight of your sufferings more than of my own. I am more miserable than you are, notwithstanding you are very much so; and that for this reason, because, though our calamity is common, it is my fault that brought it upon us. I ought to have died rather than have been driven out of the city: I am therefore overwhelmed, not only

with grief, but with shame. I am ashamed that I did not do my utmost for the best of wives, and the dearest of children. You are ever present before my eyes, in your mourning, your affliction, and your sickness. Amidst all which, there scarce appears to me the least glimmering of hope.—However, as long as you hope, I will not despair—I will do what you advise me. I have returned my thanks to those friends whom you mentioned, and have let them know, that you have acquainted me with their good offices. I am sensible of Piso's extraordinary zeal and endeavours to serve me. Oh. would the gods grant that you and I might live together in the enjoyment of such a son-in-law, and of our dear children!—As for what you write of your coming to me, if I desire it, I would rather you should be where you are, because I know you are my principal agent at Rome. If you succeed, I shall come to you: if not—But I need say no more. Be careful of your health; and be assured, that nothing is, or ever was, so dear to me as yourself. Farewell, my Terentia! I fancy that I see you, and therefore cannot command my weakness so far as to refrain from tears.'

## IV.

'I do not write to you as often as I might; because, notwithstanding I am afflicted at all times, I am quite overcome with sorrow whilst I am writing to you, or reading any letters that I receive from you.—If these evils are not to be removed, I must desire to see you, my dearest life, as soon as possible, and to die in your embraces; since neither the gods, whom you always religiously worshipped, nor the men, whose good I always promoted, have rewarded us according to our deserts.—What a distressed wretch am I! Should I ask a weak woman, oppressed with cares and sickness, to come and live with me; or, shall I not ask her? Can I live without you? But I find I must. If there be any hopes of my return, help it forward, and promote it as much as you are able. But if all that is over, as I fear it is, find out some way or other of coming to me. This you may be sure of, that I shall not look upon myself as quite undone whilst you are with me. But what will become of Tulliola? You must look to that; I must confess, I am entirely at a loss about her. Whatever happens, we must take care of the reputation and marriage of that dear unfortunate girl. As for Cicero, he shall live in my bosom, and in my arms. I cannot write any further, my sorrows will not let me—Support yourself, my dear Terentia, as well as you are able. We have lived and flourished together amidst the greatest honours; it is not our crimes, but our virtues, that have distressed us.—Take more than ordinary care of your health; I am more afflicted with your sorrows than my own.—

Farewell, my Terentia, thou dearest, faithfullest, and best of wives."

Methinks it is a pleasure to see this great man in his family, who makes so different a figure in the *Forum*, or Senate of Rome. Every one admires the orator and the consul; but for my part, I esteem the husband and the father. His private character, with all the little weaknesses of humanity, is as amiable, as the figure he makes in public is awful and majestic. But at the same time that I love to surprise so great an author in his private walks, and to survey him in his most familiar lights, I think it would be barbarous to form to ourselves any idea of mean-spiritedness from these natural openings of his heart, and disburdening of his thoughts to a wife. He has written several other letters to the same person, but none with so great passion as these of which I have given the foregoing extracts.

It would be ill-nature not to acquaint the English reader, that his wife was successful in her solicitations for this great man; and saw her husband return to the honours of which he had been deprived, with all the pomp and acclamation that usually attended the greatest triumph.

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No. 160.] Tuesday, April 18, 1710.

*From my own Apartment, April 17.*

A COMMON civility to an impertinent fellow often draws upon one a great many unforeseen troubles; and, if one doth not take particular care, will be interpreted by him as an overture of friendship and intimacy. This I was very sensible of this morning. About two hours before day, I heard a great rapping at my door, which continued some time, until my maid could get herself ready to go down and see what was the occasion of it. She then brought me up word, that there was a gentleman who seemed very much in haste, and said he must needs speak with me. By the description she gave me of him, and by his

other town, which I found she had dropped by the way.

As much as I love to be informed of the success of my brave countrymen, I do not care for hearing of a victory before day; and was therefore very much out of humour at this unseasonable visit. I had no sooner recovered my temper, and was falling asleep, but I was immediately startled by a second rap; and upon my maid's opening the door, heard the same voice ask her, if her master was yet up? and at the same time bid her tell me, that he was come on purpose to talk with me about a piece of home news, which every body in town will be full of two hours hence. I ordered my maid, as soon as she came into the room, without hearing her message, to tell the gentleman, 'that whatever his news was, I would rather hear it two hours hence than now; and that I persisted in my resolution not to speak with any body that morning.' The wench delivered my answer presently, and shut the door. It was impossible for me to compose myself to sleep after two such unexpected alarms; for which reason, I put on my clothes in a very peevish humour. I took several turns about my chamber, reflecting with a great deal of anger and contempt on these volunteers in politics, that undergo all the pain, watchfulness, and disquiet of a first minister, without turning it to the advantage either of themselves or their country; and yet it is surprising to consider how numerous this species of men is. There is nothing more frequent than to find a tailor breaking his rest on the affairs of Europe, and to see a cluster of porters sitting upon the ministry. Our streets swarm with politicians, and there is scarce a shop which is not held by a statesman. As I was musing after this manner, I heard the upholsterer at the door delivering a letter to my maid, and begging her, in a very great hurry, to give it to her master as soon as ever he was awake; which I opened, and found as follows:

'MR BICKERSTAFF,

'I was to wait upon you about a week ago, to let you know that the honest gentlemen whom you conversed with upon the bench, at

you this morning, I would have told you in your ear another secret. I hope you will be recovered of your indisposition by to-morrow morning, when I will wait on you at the same hour as I did this; my private circumstances being such, that I cannot well appear in this quarter of the town after it is day.

I have been so taken up with the late good news from Holland, and expectation of further particulars, as well as with other transactions, of which I will tell you more to-morrow morning, that I have not slept a wink these three nights.

I have reason to believe that Picardy will soon follow the example of Artois, in case the enemy continue in their present resolution of flying away from us. I think I told you the last time we were together my opinion about the Deulle.

The honest gentlemen upon the bench bid me tell you, that he would be glad to see you often among them. We shall be there all the warm hours of the day during the present posture of affairs.

This happy opening of the campaign will, I hope, give us a very joyful summer; and I propose to take many a pleasant walk with you, if you will sometimes come into the Park; for that is the only place in which I can be free from the malice of my enemies. Farewell, until three of the clock to-morrow morning!

'I am, your most humble servant, &c.

'P. S. The king of Sweden is still at Bender.'

I should have fretted myself to death at this promise of a second visit, if I had not found in his letter an intimation of the good news which I have since heard at large. I have, however, ordered my maid to tie up the knocker of my door, in such a manner as she would do if I was really indisposed. By which means I hope to escape breaking my morning's rest.

Since I have given this letter to the public, I shall communicate one or two more, which I have lately received from others of my correspondents. The following is from a coquette, who is very angry at my having disposed of her in marriage to a Bass-viol..

'MR. BICKERSTAFF,

'I thought you would never have descended from the censor of Great Britain, to become a match-maker. But pray, why so severe upon the Kit? Had I been a Jew's-harp, that is nothing but tongue, you could not have used me worse. Of all things, a Bass-viol is my aversion. Had you married me to a Bag-pipe or a Passing-bell, I should have been better pleased. Dear father Isaac, either choose me a better husband, or I will live and die a Dulcimer. In hopes of receiving satisfaction from you, I am yours, whilst

'ISABELLA KIT.'

The pertness which this fair lady hath shown in this letter, was one occasion of my joining her to the Bass-viol, which is an instrument that wants to be quickened by these little vivacities; as the sprightliness of the Kit ought to be checked and curbed by the gravity of the Bass-viol.

My next letter is from Tom Folio, who, it seems, takes it amiss that I have published a character of him so much to his disadvantage.

'SIR,

'I suppose you mean Tom Fool, when you called me Tom Folio in a late trifling paper of yours; for I find, it is your design to run down all useful and solid learning. The tobacco-paper on which your own writings are usually printed, as well as the incorrectness of the press, and the scurvy letter, sufficiently show the extent of your knowledge. I question not but you look upon John Morphew to be as great a man as Elzevir; and Aldus to have been such another as Bernard Lintot. If you would give me my revenge, I would only desire of you to let me publish an account of your library, which, I dare say, would furnish out an extraordinary catalogue.

'TOM FOLIO.'

It hath always been my way to baffle reproach with silence; though I cannot but observe the disingenuous proceedings of this gentleman, who is not content to asperse my writings, but hath wounded, through my sides, those eminent and worthy citizens, Mr. John Morphew, and Mr. Bernard Lintot.

No. 161.] *Thursday, April 20, 1710*

— Nunquam libertas gratior exstat  
Quam sub rege pio.

Never does liberty appear more amiable than under the government of a pious and good prince.

*From my own Apartment, April 19.*

I was walking two or three days ago in a very pleasant retirement, and amusing myself with the reading of that ancient and beautiful allegory, called 'The Table of Cebes,' I was at last so tired with my walk, that I sat down to rest myself upon a bench that stood in the midst of an agreeable shade. The music of the birds, that filled all the trees about me, lulled me asleep before I was aware of it; which was followed by a dream, that I impute in some measure to the foregoing author, who had made an impression upon my imagination, and put me into his own way of thinking.

I fancied myself among the Alps, and, as it is natural in a dream, seemed every moment to bound from one summit to another, until at last, after having made this airy progress over the tops of several mountains, I arrived at the very centre of those broken rocks and precipices. I here, methought, saw a prodigious

circuit of hills, that reached above the clouds, and encompassed a large space of ground, which I had a great curiosity to look into. I thereupon continued my former way of travelling through a great variety of winter scenes, until I had gained the top of these white mountains, which seemed another Alps of snow. I looked down from hence into a spacious plain, which was surrounded on all sides by this mound of hills, and which presented me with the most agreeable prospect I had ever seen. There was a greater variety of colours in the embroidery of the meadows, a more lively green in the leaves and grass, a brighter crystal in the streams, than what I ever met with in any other region. The light itself had something more shining and glorious in it than that of which the day is made in other places. I was wonderfully astonished at the discovery of such a paradise amidst the wildness of those cold, hoary landscapes which lay about it; but found at length, that this happy region was inhabited by the goddess of Liberty; whose presence softened the rigours of the climate, enriched the barrenness of the soil, and more than supplied the absence of the sun. The place was covered with a wonderful profusion of flowers, that, without being disposed into regular borders and parterres, grew promiscuously; and had a greater beauty in their natural luxuriance and disorder, than they could have received from the checks and restraints of art. There was a river that arose out of the south side of the mountain, that, by an infinite number of turnings and windings, seemed to visit every plant, and cherish the several beauties of the spring, with which the fields abounded. After having run to and fro in a wonderful variety of meanders, as unwilling to leave so charming a place, it at last throws itself into the hollow of a mountain; from whence it passes under a long range of rocks, and at length rises in that part of the Alps where the inhabitants think to be the first source of the Rhône. This river, after having made its progress through those free nations, stagnates in a huge lake\* at the leaving of them; and no sooner enters into the regions of slavery, but it runs through them with an incredible rapidity, and takes its shortest way to the sea.

I descended into the happy fields that lay beneath me, and, in the midst of them, beheld the goddess sitting upon a throne. She had nothing to enclose her but the bounds of her own dominions, and nothing over her head but the heavens. Every glance of her eye cast a track of light where it fell, that revived the spring, and made all things smile about her. My heart grew cheerful at the sight of her; and, as she looked upon me, I found a certain

confidence growing in me, and such an inward resolution as I never felt before that time.

On the left hand of the goddess sat the genius of a commonwealth, with the cap of Liberty on her head, and, in her hand, a wand like that with which a Roman citizen used to give his slaves their freedom. There was something mean and vulgar, but at the same time exceeding bold and daring, in her air; her eyes were full of fire; but had in them such casts of fierceness and cruelty, as made her appear to me rather dreadful than amiable. On her shoulders she wore a mantle, on which there was wrought a great confusion of figures. As it flew in the wind, I could not discern the particular design of them, but saw wounds in the bodies of some, and agonies in the faces of others; and over one part of it could read in letters of blood, 'The Ides of March.'

On the right-hand of the goddess was the genius of monarchy. She was clothed in the whitest ermine, and wore a crown of the purest gold upon her head. In her hand, she held a sceptre like that which is born by the British monarchs. A couple of tame lions lay crouching at her feet. Her countenance had in it a very great majesty without any mixture of terror. Her voice was like the voice of an angel, filled with so much sweetness, accompanied with such an air of condescension, as tempered the awfulness of her appearance, and equally inspired love and veneration into the hearts of all that beheld her.

In the train of the goddess of Liberty were the several Arts and Sciences, who all of them flourished underneath her eye. One of them in particular made a greater figure than any of the rest, who held a thunderbolt in her hand, which had the power of melting, piercing, or breaking every thing that stood in its way. The name of this goddess was Eloquence.

There were two other dependant goddesses, who made a very conspicuous figure in this blissful region. The first of them was seated upon a hill, that had every plant growing out of it, which the soil was in its own nature capable of producing. The other was seated in a little island that was covered with groves of spices, olives, and orange-trees; and, in a word, with the products of every foreign clime. The name of the first was Plenty, of the second, Commerce. The first leaned her right arm upon a plough, and under her left held a huge horn, out of which she poured a whole autumn of fruits. The other wore a rostral crown upon her head, and kept her eyes fixed upon a compass.

I was wonderfully pleased in ranging through this delightful place, and the more so, because it was not incumbered with fences and inclosures; until at length, methought I sprung from the ground, and pitched upon the top of a hill, that presented several objects to my

\* The lake of Geneva.

sight which I had not before taken notice of. The winds that passed over this flowery plain, and through the tops of the trees, which were full of blossoms, blew upon me in such a continued breeze of sweets, that I was wonderfully charmed with my situation. I here saw all the *inner declivities* of that great circuit of mountains, whose outside was covered with snow, overgrown with huge forests of fir-trees, which indeed are very frequently found in other parts of the Alps. These trees were inhabited by storks, that came thither in great flights from very distant quarters of the world. *Methought* I was pleased in my dream to see what became of these birds, when, upon leaving the places to which they make an annual visit, they rise in great flocks so high *until* they are out of sight, and for that reason have been thought by some modern philosophers to take a flight to the moon. But my eyes were soon diverted from this prospect, when I observed two great gaps that led through this circuit of mountains, where guards and watches were posted day and night. Upon examination, I found that there were two formidable enemies encamped before each of these avenues, who kept the place in a perpetual alarm, and watched all opportunities of invading it.

Tyranny was at the head of one of these armies, dressed in an Eastern habit, and grasping in her hand an iron sceptre. Behind her was Barbarity, with the garb and complexion of an Ethiopian; Ignorance, with a turban upon her head; and Persecution holding up a bloody flag, embroidered with flower-de-luces. These were followed by Oppression, Poverty, Famine, Torture, and a dreadful train of appearances that made me tremble to behold them. Among the baggage of this army, I could discover racks, wheels, chains, and gibbets, with all the instruments art could invent to make human nature miserable.

Before the other avenue I saw Licentiousness, dressed in a garment not unlike the Polish cassock, and leading up a whole army of monsters, such as Clamour, with a hoarse voice and a hundred tongues; Confusion, with a mishapen body, and a thousand heads; Impudence, with a forehead of brass; and Rapine, with hands of iron. The tumult, noise, and uproar in this quarter, were so very great, that they disturbed my imagination more than is consistent with sleep, and by that means awaked me.

No. 162.] Saturday, April 22, 1710.

Tertius è cœlo cecidit Cato. Juv. Sat. li. 40.

See I a third Cato from the clouds is dropt.  
R. WYNN.

From my own Apartment, April 21.

In my younger years I used many endeavours to get a place at court, and indeed continued

my pursuits until I arrived at my grand climacteric. But at length, altogether despairing of success, whether it were for want of capacity, friends, or due application, I at last resolved to erect a new office, and, for my encouragement, to place myself in it. For this reason I took upon me the title and dignity of 'Censor of Great Britain,' reserving to myself all such perquisites, profits, and emoluments, as should arise out of the discharge of the said office. These in truth have not been inconsiderable; for, besides those *weekly contributions* which I receive from John Morphew,\* and those annual subscriptions which I propose to myself from the most elegant part of this great island, I daily live in a very comfortable affluence of wine, stale beer, Hungarian water, beef, books, and marrow-bones, which I receive from many well disposed citizens; not to mention the forfeitures, which accrue to me from the several offenders that appear before me on court-days.

Having now enjoyed this office for the space of a *twelvemonth*,† I shall do what all good officers ought to do, take a survey of my behaviour, and consider carefully, whether I have discharged my duty, and acted up to the character with which I am invested. For my direction in this particular, I have made a narrow search into the nature of the old Roman censors, whom I must always regard, not only as my predecessors, but as my patterns in this great employment; and have several times asked my own heart with great impartiality, whether Cato will not bear a more venerable figure among posterity than Bickerstaff?

I find the duty of the Roman censor was two-fold. The first part of it consisted in making frequent reviews of the people, in casting up their numbers, ranging them under their several tribes, disposing them into proper classes, and subdividing them into their respective centuries.

In compliance with this part of the office, I have taken many curious surveys of this great city. I have collected into particular bodies the Dappers and the Smarts, the *natural* and *affected* Rakes, the Pretty-fellows, and the *very* Pretty-fellows. I have likewise drawn out in several distinct parties, your Pedants and Men of Fire, your Gamblers and Politicians. I have separated Cits from Citizens, Free-thinkers from Philosophers, Wits from Snuff-takers, and Duellists from men of Honour. I have likewise made a calculation of Esquires; not only considering the several distinct swarms of them that are settled in the different parts of this town, but also that more rugged species

\* John Morphew, the printer, appears to have superintended the delivery, and received the prices of these papers on their first periodical publication, for which it seems he accounted to Steele weekly, and probably oftener.

† The first paper of the Tatler is dated April 12, 1709.

that inhabit the fields and woods, and are often found in pot-houses, and upon hay-cocks.

I shall pass the soft sex over in silence, having not yet reduced them into any tolerable order; as likewise the softer tribe of Lovers, which will cost me a great deal of time before I shall be able to cast them into their several centuries and subdivisions.

The second part of the Roman censor's office was to look into the manners of the people; and to check any growing luxury, whether in diet, dress, or building. This duty likewise I have endeavoured to discharge, by those wholesome precepts which I have given my countrymen in regard to beef and mutton, and the severe censures which I have passed upon ragouts and fricassees. There is not, as I am informed, a pair of *red heels* to be seen within ten miles of London; which I may likewise ascribe, without vanity, to the becoming zeal which I expressed in that particular. I must own, my success with the petticoat is not so great; but, as I have not yet done with it, I hope I shall in a little time put an effectual stop to that growing evil. As for the article of building, I intend hereafter to enlarge upon it; having lately observed several warehouses, nay, private shops, that stand upon *Corinthian pillars*, and whole rows of tin pots showing themselves, in order to their sale, through a *sash-window*.\*

I have likewise followed the example of the Roman censors, in punishing offences according to the quality of the offender. It was usual for them to expel a senator, who had been guilty of great immoralities, out of the senate-house, by omitting his name when they called over the list of his brethren. In the same manner, to remove effectually several worthless men who stand possessed of great honours, I have made frequent draughts of dead men out of the vicious part of the nobility, and given them up to the new society of upholders, with the necessary orders for their interment. As the Roman censors used to punish the knights or gentlemen of Rome, by taking away their horses from them, I have seized the canes of many criminals of figure, whom I had just reason to animadvert upon. As for the offenders among the common people of Rome, they were generally chastised by being thrown out of a higher tribe, and placed in one which was not so honourable. My reader cannot but think I have had an eye to this punishment.

mention whole packs of delinquents whom I have shut up in kennels, and the new hospital which I am at present erecting for the reception of those my countrymen, who give me but little hopes of their amendment, on the borders of Moor-fields. I shall only observe upon this last particular, that, since some late surveys I have taken of this island, I shall think it necessary to enlarge the plan of the buildings which I design in this quarter.

When my great predecessor, Cato the Elder, stood for the censorship of Rome, there were several other competitors who offered themselves; and, to get an interest amongst the people, gave them great promises of the mild and gentle treatment which they would use toward them in that office. Cato, on the contrary, told them, 'he presented himself as a candidate, because he knew the age was sunk in immorality and corruption; and that, if they would give him their votes, he would promise them to make use of such a strictness and severity of discipline, as should recover them out of it.' The Roman historians, upon this occasion, very much celebrated the public-spiritedness of that people, who chose Cato for their censor, notwithstanding his method of recommending himself. I may in some measure extol my own countrymen upon the same account; who, without any respect to party, or any application from myself, have made such *generous subscriptions*\* for the Censor of Great Britain, as will give a magnificence to my old age, and which I esteem more than I would any post in Europe of a hundred times the value. I shall only add, that upon looking into my *catalogue of subscribers*, which I intend to print alphabetically in the front of my lucubrations, I find the names of the greatest beauties and wits in the whole island of Great Britain; which I only mention for the benefit of any of them who have not yet subscribed, it being my design to close the subscription in a very short time.

No. 163.] *Tuesday, April 25, 1710.*

Idem infecto est infectior rure,  
Simul poenata attingi; neque idem unquam  
Equis est bonus, ac poema cum scribit:  
Tam gaudet in se, tamque se ipse miratur.  
Nimirum idem omnes fallitur; neque est quicquam  
Quem non in aliqua re videret Saffenus  
Possis——— *Catul. de Saffeno, xx. 14.*

Saffenus has no more wit than a mere clown when he

*Will's Coffee-house, April 24.*

I YESTERDAY came hither about two hours before the company generally make their appearance, with a design to read over all the newspapers; but, upon my sitting down, I was accosted by Ned Softly, who saw me from a corner in the other end of the room, where I found he had been writing something. 'Mr. Bickerstaff,' says he, 'I observe by a late paper of yours, that you and I are just of a humour; for you must know, of all impertinences, there is nothing which I so much hate as news. I never read a Gazette in my life; and never trouble my head about our armies, whether they win or lose, or in what part of the world they lie encamped.' Without giving me time to reply, he drew a paper of verses out of his pocket, telling me, 'that he had something which would entertain me more agreeably; and that he would desire my judgment upon every line, for that we had time enough before us until the company came in.'

Ned Softly is a very pretty poet, and a great admirer of easy lines. Waller is his favourite: and as that admirable writer has the best and worst verses of any among our great English poets, Ned Softly has got all the bad ones without book: which he repeats upon occasion, to show his reading, and garnish his conversation. Ned is indeed a true English reader, incapable of relishing the great and masterly strokes of this art: but wonderfully pleased with the little Gothic ornaments of epigrammatical conceits, turns, points, and quibbles; which are so frequent in the most admired of our English poets, and practised by those who want genius and strength to represent, after the manner of the ancients, simplicity in its natural beauty and perfection.

Finding myself unavoidably engaged in such a conversation, I was resolved to turn my pain into a pleasure, and to divert myself as well as I could with *so very odd* a fellow. 'You must understand,' says Ned, 'that the sonnet I am going to read to you was written upon a lady, who showed me some verses of her own making, and is, perhaps, the best *poet* of our age. But you shall hear it.'

Upon which he began to read as follows:

*To Mira, on her incomparable Poems.*

I.

When dress'd in laurel wreaths you shine,  
And tune your soft melodious notes,  
You seem a sister of the Nine,  
Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.

II.

I fancy, when your song you sing,  
(Your song you sing with so much art)  
Your pen was pluck'd from Cupid's wing;  
For, ah! it wounds me like his dart.

'Why' says I, 'this is a little nosegay of conceits, a very lump of salt: every verse has

something in it that piques; and then the *dart* in the last line is certainly as pretty a sting in the tail of an epigram, for so I think you critics call it, as ever entered into the thought of a poet.' 'Dear Mr. Bickerstaff,' says he, shaking me by the hand, 'every body knows you to be a judge of these things; and to tell you truly, I read over Roscommon's translation of 'Horace's Art of Poetry' three several times, before I sat down to write the sonnet which I have shown you. But you shall hear it again, and pray observe every line of it; for not one of them shall pass without your approbation.'

When dress'd in laurel wreaths you shine,

'That is,' says he, 'when you have your garland on; when you are writing verses.' To which I replied, 'I know your meaning; a metaphor?' 'The same,' said he, and went on.

And tune your soft melodious notes,

'Pray observe the gliding of that verse; there is scarce a consonant in it; I took care to make it run upon liquids. Give me your opinion of it.' 'Truly,' said I, 'I think it as good as the former.' 'I am very glad to hear you say so,' says he; 'but mind the next.'

You seem a sister of the Nine,

'That is,' says he, 'you seem a sister of the muses; for, if you look into ancient authors, you will find it was their opinion, that there were nine of them.' 'I remember it very well,' said I; 'but pray proceed.'

Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.

'Phœbus,' says he, 'was the god of poetry. These little instances, Mr. Bickerstaff, show a gentleman's reading. Then, to take off from the air of learning, which Phœbus and the muses had given to this first stanza, you may observe, how it falls all of a sudden into the familiar; "in petticoats!"'

Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.

'Let us now,' says I, 'enter upon the second stanza; I find the first line is still a continuation of the metaphor.'

I fancy, when your song you sing,

'It is very right,' says he; 'but pray observe the turn of words in those two lines. I was a whole hour in adjusting of them, and have still a doubt upon me, whether in the second line it should be "Your song you sing; or, You sing your song?" You shall hear them both.'

I fancy, when your song you sing,  
'Your song you sing with so much art)

OR,

I fancy, when your song you sing,  
(You sing your song with so much art)

'Truly,' said I, 'the turn is so natural either way, that you have made me almost giddy with it.' 'Dear, sir,' said he, grasping me by the hand, 'you have a great deal of patience; but pray what do you think of the next verse?'



Your pen was pluck'd from Cupid's wing ;

'Think!' says I; 'I think you have made Cupid look like a little goose.' 'That was my meaning,' says he: 'I think the ridicule is well enough hit off. But we come now to the last, which sums up the whole snatter.

For Ah! it wounds me like his dart.

'Pray how do you like that *Ah!* doth it not make a pretty figure in that place? *Ah!* —it looks as if I felt the dart, and cried out as being pricked with it.

For, *Ah!* it wounds me like his dart.

'My friend Dick Easy,' continued he, 'assured me, he would rather have written that *Ah!* than to have been the author of the *Æneid*. He indeed objected, that I made *Mira's* pen like a quill in one of the lines, and like a dart in the other. But as to that——' 'Oh! as to that,' says I, 'it is but supposing Cupid to be like a porcupine, and his quills and darts will be the same thing.' He was going to embrace me for the hint; but half a dozen critics coming into the room, whose faces he did not like, he conveyed the sonnet into his pocket, and whispered me in the ear, 'he would show it me again as soon as his man had written it over fair.'

No. 164.] Thursday, April 27, 1710.

— Qui promittit cives, urbem, sibi curæ,  
Imperium fore, et Italiam, et delubra decorum,  
Quo patre sit natus, num ignota matre inuolunt?  
Omnes mortales curare et querere cogit.

Hor. 1 Sat. vi. 34.

Whoever promises to guard the state,  
The gods, the temples, and imperial seat,  
Makes ev'ry mortal ask his father's name,  
Or if his mother was a slave-born dame? Francis.

From my own Apartment, April 26.

I HAVE lately been looking over the many packets of letters which I have received from all quarters of Great Britain, as well as from foreign countries, since my entering upon the office of Censor; and indeed am very much surprised to see so great a number of them, and pleased to think that I have so far increased the revenue of the post-office. As this collection will grow daily, I have digested it into several bundles, and made proper indorsements

I dwindle at the court-end of the town. Sometimes I sink in both these places at the same time; but, for my comfort, my name hath then been up in the districts of Wapping and Rotherhithe. Some of my correspondents desire me to be always serious, and others to be always merry. Some of them entreat me to go to bed and fall into a dream, and like me better when I am asleep than when I am awake: others advise me to sit all night upon the stars, and be more frequent in my astrological observations; for that a vision is not properly a lucubration. Some of my readers thank me for filling my paper with the flowers of antiquity, others desire news from Flanders. Some approve my criticisms on the dead, and others my censures on the living. For this reason, I once resolved, in the new edition of my works, to range my several papers under distinct heads, according as their principal design was to benefit and instruct the different capacities of my readers; and to follow the example of some very great authors, by writing at the head of each discourse, *Ad Aulam, Ad Academiam, Ad Populum, Ad Clerum*.

There is no particular in which my correspondents of all ages, conditions, sexes, and complexions, universally agree, except only in their thirst after scandal. It is impossible to conceive, how many have recommended their neighbours to me upon this account, or how unmercifully I have been abused by several unknown hands, for not publishing the secret histories of cuckoldom that I have received from almost every street in town.

It would indeed be very dangerous for me to read over the many praises and eulogiums, which come post to me from all the corners of the nation, were they not mixed with many checks, reprimands, scurrilities, and reproaches; which several of my good-natured countrymen cannot forbear sending me, though it often costs them *twopence* or a *groat* before they can convey them to my hands: so that sometimes when I am put into the best humour in the world, after having read a panegyric upon my performances, and looked upon myself as a benefactor to the British nation, the next letter, perhaps, I open, begins with, 'You old doting scoundrel!—Are not you a sad dog? — Sirrah, you deserve to have your nose slit;'

ing; and by that means engaged his thoughts upon his weakness and imperfections, as well as on the merits that advanced him to so great honours. The conqueror, however, was not the less esteemed for being a man in some particulars, because he appeared as a god in others.

There is another circumstance in which my countrymen have dealt very perversely with me; and that is, in searching not only into my life, but also into the lives of my ancestors. If there has been a blot in my family for these ten generations, it hath been discovered by some or other of my correspondents. In short, I find the ancient family of the Bickerstaffs has suffered very much through the malice and prejudice of my enemies. Some of them twit me in the teeth with the conduct of my aunt Margery. Nay, there are some who have been so disingenuous, as to throw Maud the milkmaid into my dish, notwithstanding I myself was the first who discovered that alliance. I reap however many benefits from the malice of these enemies, as they let me see my own faults, and give me a view of myself in the worst light; as they hinder me from being blown up by flattery and self-conceit; as they make me keep a watchful eye over my own actions; and at the same time make me cautious how I talk of others, and particularly of my friends and relations, or value myself upon the antiquity of my family.

But the most formidable part of my correspondents are those, whose letters are filled with threats and menaces. I have been treated so often after this manner, that, not thinking it sufficient to fence well, in which I am now arrived at the utmost perfection, and to carry pistols about me, which I have always tucked within my girdle; I several months since made my will, settled my estate, and took leave of my friends, looking upon myself as no better than a dead man. Nay, I went so far as to write a long letter to the most intimate acquaintance I have in the world, under the character of a departed person, giving him an account of what brought me to that untimely end, and of the fortitude with which I met it. This letter being too long for the present paper, I intend to print it by itself very suddenly; and, at the same time, I must confess I took my hint of it from the behaviour of an old soldier in the civil wars, who was corporal of a company in a regiment of foot, about the same time that I myself was a *cadet* in the king's army.

This gentleman was taken by the enemy;

wife's hands until Saturday, the day after execution, and being at that time more scrupulous than ordinary in speaking exact truth, he formed his letter rather according to the posture of his affairs when she should read it, than as they stood when he sent it: though, it must be confessed, there is a certain perplexity in the style of it, which the reader will easily pardon, considering his circumstances.

'DEAR WIFE,

'Hoping you are in good health, as I am at this present writing; this is to let you know, that yesterday, between the hours of eleven and twelve, I was *hanged, drawn, and quartered*. I died very penitently, and every body thought my case very hard. Remember me kindly to my poor fatherless children.

'Yours, until death,

'W. B.'

It so happened, that this honest fellow was relieved by a party of his friends, and had the satisfaction to see all the rebels banged who had been his enemies. I must not omit a circumstance which exposed him to railery his whole life after. Before the arrival of the next post, that would have set all things clear, his wife was married to a second husband, who lived in the peaceable possession of her; and the corporal, who was a man of plain understanding, did not care to stir in the matter, as knowing that she had the news of his death under his own hand, which she might have produced upon occasion.

No. 165.] *Saturday, April 29, 1710.*

*From my own Apartment, April 28.*

IT has always been my endeavour to distinguish between realities and appearances, and to separate true merit from the pretence to it. As it shall ever be my study to make discoveries of this nature in human life, and to settle the proper distinctions between the virtues and perfections of mankind, and those false colours and resemblances of them that shine alike in the eyes of the vulgar; so I shall be more particularly careful to search into the various merits and pretences of the learned world. This is the more necessary, because there seems to be a general combination among the pedants to extol one another's labours, and cry up one another's parts; while men of sense, either through that modesty\* which is natural to

them, or the scorn they have for such trifling commendations, enjoy their stock of knowledge, like a hidden treasure, with satisfaction and silence. Pedantry, indeed, in learning is like hypocrisy in religion, a form of knowledge without the power of it; that attracts the eyes of the common people; breaks out in noise and show; and finds its reward not from any inward pleasure that attends it, but from the praises and approbations which it receives from men.

Of this shallow species there is not a more importunate, empty, and conceited animal, than that which is generally known by the name of a Critic. This, in the common acceptance of the word, is one that, without entering into the sense and soul of an author, has a few general rules, which, like mechanical instruments, he applies to the works of every writer; and as they quadrate with them, pronounces the author perfect or defective. He is master of a certain set of words, as *Unity, Style, Fire, Phlegm, Easy, Natural, Turn, Sentiment*, and the like; which he varies, compounds, divides, and throws together, in every part of his discourse, without any thought or meaning. The marks you may know him by are, an elevated eye and dogmatical brow, a positive voice and a contempt for every thing that comes out, whether he has read it or not. He dwells altogether in generals. He praises or dispraises in the lump. He shakes his head very frequently at the pedantry of universities, and bursts into laughter when you mention an author that is *not known* at Will's. He hath formed his judgment upon Homer, Horace, and Virgil, not from their own works, but from those of Rapin and Bossu. He knows his own strength so well, that he never dares praise any thing in which he has not a French author for his voucher.

With these extraordinary talents and accomplishments, sir Timothy Tittle \* *puts men in vogue*, or condemns them to obscurity; and sits as judge of life and death upon every author that appears in public. It is impossible to represent the pangs, agonies, and convulsions, which sir Timothy expresses in every feature of his face, and muscle of his body, upon the reading of a bad poet.

About a week ago, I was engaged, at a friend's house of mine, in an agreeable conversation with his wife and daughters, when, in the height of our mirth, sir Timothy, who makes love to my friend's eldest daughter, came in amongst us, puffing and blowing as if he had been very much out of breath. He immediately called for a chair, and desired leave to sit down without any further ceremony. I asked him, where he had been? whether he was out of order? He only replied, that he was quite spent, and fell a cursing in soliloquy. I could hear him cry,

\* Henry Cromwell, Esq. is said, to have been the original of sir Timothy Tittle.

A wicked rogue—An execrable wretch—

Was there ever such a monster!" The young ladies upon this began to be affrighted, and asked, whether any one had hurt him? He answered nothing, but still talked to himself. 'To lay the first scene,' says he, 'in St. James's park, and the last in Northamptonshire!' 'Is that all,' said I? 'Then I suppose you have been at the rehearsal of a play this morning.' 'Been!' says he, 'I have been at Northampton, in the Park, in a lady's bed-chamber, in a dining-room, every where; the rogue has led me such a dance—' Though I could scarce forbear laughing at his discourse, I told him I was glad it was no worse, and that he was only metaphorically weary. 'In short, sir,' says he, 'the author has not observed a single unity in his whole play; the scene shifts in every dialogue; the villain has hurried me up and down at such a rate, that I am tired off my legs.' I could not but observe with some pleasure, that the young lady whom he made love to, conceived a very just aversion towards him, upon seeing him so very passionate in trifles. And as she had that natural sense which makes her a better judge than a thousand critics, she began to rally him upon this foolish humour. 'For my part,' says she, 'I never knew a play take that was written up to your rules, as you call them.' 'How, madam!' says he, 'is that your opinion? I am sure you have a better taste.' 'It is a pretty kind of magic,' says she, 'the poets have, to transport an audience from place to place without the help of a coach and horses; I could travel round the world at such a rate. It is such an entertainment as an enchantress finds when she fancies herself in a wood, or upon a mountain, at a feast, or a solemnity; though at the same time she has never stirred out of her cottage.' 'Your smile, madam,' says sir Timothy, 'is by no means just.' 'Pray,' says she, 'let my smiles pass without a criticism. I must confess,' continued she, '(for I found she was resolved to exasperate him) 'I laughed very heartily at the last new comedy which you found so much fault with.' 'But, madam,' says he, 'you ought not to have laughed; and I defy any one to show me a single rule that you could laugh by.' 'Ought not to laugh!' says she; 'pray who should hinder me?' 'Madam,' says he, 'there are such people in the world as Rapin, Dacier, and several others, that ought to have spoiled your mirth.' 'I have heard,' says the young lady, 'that your great critics are always very bad poets: I fancy there is as much difference between the works of the one and the other, as there is between the carriage of a dancing-master and a gentleman. I must confess,' continued she, 'I would not be troubled with so fine a judgment as yours is; for I find you feel more vexation in a bad comedy, than I do in a deep tragedy.' 'Madam,' says

sir Timothy, 'that is not my fault; they should learn the art of writing.' 'For my part,' says the young lady, 'I should think the greatest art in your writers of comedies is to please.' 'To please!' says sir Timothy; and immediately fell a-laughing. 'Truly,' says she, 'that is my opinion.' Upon this, he composed his countenance, looked upon his watch, and took his leave.

I hear that sir Timothy has not been at my friend's house since this notable conference, to the great satisfaction of the young lady, who by this means has got rid of a very impertinent fop.

I must confess, I could not but observe, with a great deal of surprise, how this gentleman, by his ill-nature, folly, and affectation, had made himself capable of suffering so many imaginary pains, and looking with such a senseless severity upon the common diversions of life.

No. 166.] Tuesday, May 2, 1710.

————— Dicenda, tacenda locutus.

Hor. Ep. vii. 72.

————— He said,

Or right, or wrong, what came into his head.

Francis.

#### *White's Chocolate-house, May 1.*

THE world is so overgrown with singularities in behaviour, and method of living, that I have no sooner laid before mankind the absurdity of one species of men, but there starts up to my view some new *sect* of impertinents that had before escaped notice. This afternoon, as I was talking with fine Mrs. Sprightly's porter, and desiring admittance upon an extraordinary occasion, it was my fate to be spied by Tom Modely, riding by in his chariot. He did me the honour to stop, and asked, 'what I did there on a Monday?' I answered, 'that I had business of importance, which I wanted to communicate to the lady of the house.' Tom is one of those fools, who look upon knowledge of the fashion to be the only liberal science; and was so rough as to tell me, 'that a well-bred man would as soon call upon a lady, who keeps a day, at midnight, as on any day but that which she professes being at home.' 'There are rules and decorums,' adds he, 'which are never to be transgressed by those who understand the world; and he who offends in that kind, ought not to take it ill if he is turned away, even when he sees the person look out at her window whom he enquires for. Nay,' said he, 'my lady Dimple is so positive in this rule, that she takes it for a piece of good breeding and distinction to deny herself with her own mouth. Mrs. Comma, the great scholar, insists upon it, and I myself have heard her assert, That a lord's porter, or a lady's woman, cannot be said to lie in that case, because they

act by instruction; and their words are no more their own, than those of a puppet.'

He was going on with his ribaldry, when on a sudden he looked on his watch, and said, 'he had twenty visits to make,' and drove away without further ceremony. I was then at leisure to reflect upon the tasteless manner of life, which a set of idle fellows lead in this town, and spend youth itself with less spirit, than other men do their old age. These expletives in human society, though they are in themselves wholly insignificant, become of some consideration when they are mixed with others. I am very much at a loss how to define, or under what character, distinction, or denomination, to place them; except you give me leave to call them the order of the *Inspids*. This order is in its extent like that of the *Jesuits*; and you see of them in every way of life, and in every profession. Tom Modely has long appeared to me at the head of this species. By being habitually in the best company, he knows perfectly well when a coat is well cut, or a *periwig well mounted*. As soon as you enter the place where he is, he tells the next man to him, who is your tailor, and judges of you more from the choice of your *periwig-maker* than of your friend. His business in this world is to be well dressed; and the greatest circumstance that is to be recorded in his annals is, that he wears *twenty shirts a week*. Thus, without ever speaking reason among the men, or passion among the women, he is every where well received; and, without any one man's esteem, he has every man's indulgence.

This order has produced great numbers of tolerable copiers in painting, good rhymers in poetry, and harmless projectors in politics. You may see them at first sight grow acquainted by sympathy; insomuch, that one who had not studied nature, and did not know the true cause of their sudden familiarities, would think that they had some secret intimation of each other, like the *Free-masons*. The other day at Will's I heard Modely, and a critic of the same order, show their equal talents with great delight. The *learned Inspid* was commending Racine's turns; the *genteel Inspid*, Devillier's *curls*.

These creatures, when they are not forced into any particular employment, for want of ideas in their own imaginations, are the constant plague of all they meet with, by enquiries for news and scandal, which makes them the heroes of visiting-days; where they help the design of the meeting, which is to pass away that odious thing called *time*, in discourses too trivial to raise any reflections which may put well-bred persons to the trouble of thinking.

#### *From my own Apartment, May 1.*

I was looking out of my parlour-window this morning, and receiving the honours which

Margery, the milk-maid to our lane, was doing me, by *dancing* before my door *with the plate of half her customers on her head*, when Mr. Clayton, the author of *Arsinoe*, made me a visit, and desired me to insert the following advertisement in my ensuing paper.

'The pastoral masque, composed by Mr. Clayton, author of *Arsinoe*, will be performed on Wednesday, the third instant, in the great room at York-buildings. Tickets to be had at White's Chocolate-house, St. James's Coffee-house, in St. James's-street, and Young Man's Coffee-house.

Note.—The tickets delivered out for the twenty-seventh of April, will be then taken.'

When I granted his request, I made one to him, which was, that the performers should put their instruments in tune before the audience came in; for that I thought the resentment of the eastern prince, who, according to the old story, took tuning for playing, to be very just and natural. He was so civil, as not only to promise that favour; but also to assure me, that he would order the *heels of the performers to be muffled in cotton*, that the artists in so polite an age as ours, may not intermix with their harmony, a custom, which so nearly resembles the stamping-dances of the West-Indians or Hottentots.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Bass-viol of Mr. Bickerstaff's acquaintance, whose mind and fortune do not very exactly agree, proposes to set himself to sale by way of lottery. Ten thousand pounds is the sum to be raised, at threepence a ticket, in consideration that there are more women who are willing to be married, than that can spare a greater sum. He has already made over his person to trustees for the said money to be forthcoming, and ready to take to wife the fortunate woman that wins him.

N. B. Tickets are given out by Mr. Charles Lillie, and by Mr. John Morphew. Each adventurer must be a virgin, and subscribe her name to her ticket.

Whom the several churchwardens of most

sons unbecoming airs, shall be immediately forfeited and sold; and of the sum arising from the sale thereof, a ninth part shall be paid to the poor, and the rest to the overseers.

No. 167.] Thursday, May 4, 1710.

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,  
Quam quæ sunt oculis submissa fidelibus.— Hor.

What we hear,  
With weaker passion will affect the heart,  
Than when the faithful eye beholds the part. F. anct.

#### From my own Apartment, May 2.

HAVING received notice, that the famous actor, Mr. Betterton, was to be interred this evening in the cloysters near Westminster-abbey, I was resolved to walk thither; and see the last office done to a man whom I had always very much admired, and from whose action I had received more strong impressions of what is great and noble in human nature, than from the arguments of the most solid philosophers, or the descriptions of the most charming poets I had read. As the rude and untaught multitude are no way wrought upon more effectually, than by seeing public punishments and executions; so men of letters and education feel their humanity most forcibly exercised, when they attend the obsequies of men who had arrived at any perfection in liberal accomplishments. Theatrical action is to be esteemed as such, except it be objected that we cannot call that an art which cannot be attained by art. Voice, stature, motion, and other gifts, must be very bountifully bestowed by nature, or labour and industry will but push the unhappy endeavourer in that way the further off his wishes.

Such an actor as Mr. Betterton ought to be recorded with the same respect as Roscius among the Romans. The greatest orator has thought fit to quote his judgment, and celebrate his life. Roscius was the example to all that would form themselves into proper and winning behaviour. His action was so well adapted to the sentiments he expressed, that the youth of Rome thought they wanted only

relish the gentry of this nation have, at present, for the just and noble representations in some of our tragedies. The operas, which are of late introduced, can leave no trace behind them that can be of service beyond the present moment. To sing and to dance, are accomplishments very few have any thoughts of practising; but to speak justly, and move gracefully, is what every man thinks he does perform, or wishes he did.

I have hardly a notion, that any performer of antiquity could surpass the action of Mr. Betterton in any of the occasions in which he has appeared on our stage. The wonderful agony which he appeared in, when he examined the circumstance of the handkerchief in Othello; the mixture of love that intruded upon his mind, upon the innocent answers Desdemona makes, betrayed in his gesture such a variety and vicissitude of passions, as would admonish a man to be afraid of his own heart; and perfectly convince him, that it is to stab it, to admit that worst of daggers, jealousy. Whoever reads in his closet this admirable scene, will find that he cannot, except he has as warm an imagination as Shakspeare himself, find any but dry, incoherent, and broken sentences: but a reader that has seen Betterton act it, observes, there could not be a word added; that longer speeches had been unnatural, nay, impossible, in Othello's circumstances. The charming passage in the same tragedy, where he tells the manner of winning the affection of his mistress, was urged with so moving and graceful an energy, that, while I walked in the cloisters, I thought of him with the same concern as if I waited for the remains of a person who had in real life done all that I had seen him represent. The gloom of the place, and faint lights before the ceremony appeared, contributed to the melancholy disposition I was in; and I began to be extremely afflicted, that Brutus and Cassius had any difference; that Hotspur's gallantry was so unfortunate; and that the mirth and good humour of Falstaff could not exempt him from the grave. Nay, this occasion, in me who look upon the distinctions amongst men to be merely scenical, raised reflections upon the emptiness of all human perfection and greatness in general; and I could not but regret, that the sacred heads which lie buried in the neighbourhood of this little portion of earth, in which my poor old friend is deposited, are returned to dust as well as he, and that there is no difference in the grave between the imaginary and the real monarch. This made me say of human life itself, with Macbeth,

To-morrow, to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in a stealing pace from day to day  
To the last moment of recorded time!  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
To their eternal night! Out, out, short candle

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more.

The mention I have here made of Mr. Betterton, for whom I had, as long as I have known any thing, a very great esteem and gratitude for the pleasure he gave me, can do him no good; but it may possibly be of service to the unhappy woman he has left behind him, to have it known, that this great tragedian was never in a scene half so moving, as the circumstances of his affairs created at his departure. His wife, after a cohabitation of forty years in the strictest amity, has long pined away with a sense of his decay, as well in his person as his little fortune; and, in proportion to that, she has herself decayed both in her health and reason. Her husband's death, added to her age and infirmities, would certainly have determined her life, but that the greatness of her distress has been her relief, by a present deprivation of her senses. This absence of reason is her best defence against age, sorrow, poverty, and sickness. I dwell upon this account so distinctly, in obedience to a certain great spirit, who hides her name, and has by letter applied to me to recommend to her some object of compassion, from whom she may be concealed.

This, I think, is a proper occasion for exerting such heroic generosity; and as there is an ingenuous shame in those who have known better fortune, to be reduced to receive obligations, as well as a becoming pain in the truly generous to receive thanks; in this case both those delicacies are preserved; for the person obliged is as incapable of knowing her benefactress, as her benefactress is unwilling to be known by her.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas it hath been signified to the Censor, that under the pretence that he has encouraged the *Moving Picture*, and particularly admired the *Walking Statue*, some persons within the liberties of Westminster have vended *walking Pictures*, inasmuch that the said pictures have, within few days after sales by auction, returned to the habitations of their first proprietors; that matter has been narrowly looked into, and orders are given to Pacolet, to take notice of all who are concerned in such frauds, with directions to draw their pictures, that they may be hanged in *effigy*, in *terrorem* to all auctions for the future.

No. 168.] Saturday, May 6, 1710.

From my own Apartment, May 5.

NEVER was man so much teased, or suffered half so much uneasiness, as I have done this evening between a couple of fellows, with whom I was unfortunately engaged to sup, where there were also several others in company.

One of them is the most invincibly impudent, and the other as incorrigibly absurd. Upon hearing my name, the man of audacity, as he calls himself, began to assume an awkward way of reserve by way of ridicule upon me as a Censor, and said, 'he must have a care of his behaviour, for there would notes be writ upon all that should pass.' The man of freedom and ease, for such the other thinks himself, asked me, 'whether my sister Jenny was breeding or not?' After they had done with me, they were impertinent to a very smart but well-bred man; who stood his ground very well, and let the company see they ought, but could not, be out of countenance. I look upon such a defence as a real good action; for while he received their fire, there was a modest and worthy young gentleman sat secure by him, and a lady of the family at the same time guarded against the nauseous familiarity of the one, and the more painful mirth of the other. This conversation, where there were a thousand things said not worth repeating, made me consider with myself, how it is that men of these disagreeable characters often go great lengths in the world, and seldom fail of out-stripping men of merit; nay, succeed so well, that, with a load of imperfections on their heads, they go on in opposition to general disesteem; while they who are every way their superiors, languish away their days, though possessed of the approbation and good-will of all who know them.

If we would examine into the secret springs of action in the *impudent* and the *absurd*, we shall find, though they bear a great resemblance in their behaviour, that they move upon very different principles. The *impudent* are pressing, though they know they are disagreeable; the *absurd* are importunate, because they think they are acceptable. *Impudence* is a vice and *absurdity* a folly. Sir Francis Bacon talks very agreeably upon the subject of *Impudence*. He takes notice, that the orator being asked, what was the first, second, and third requisite to make a fine speaker? still answered, *action*.

This, said he, is the very outward form of speaking; and yet it is what with the general

has often furnished me with an apology for great men who confer favours on the impudent. In carrying on the government of mankind, they are not to consider what men they themselves approve in their closets and private conversations; but what men will extend themselves furthest, and more generally pass upon the world for such as their patrons want in such and such stations, and consequently take so much work off the hands of those who employ them.

Far be it, that I should attempt to lessen the acceptance which men of this character meet with in the world; but I humbly propose only, that they who have merit of a different kind would accomplish themselves in some degree with this quality of which I am now treating. Nay, I allow these gentlemen to press as forward as they please in the advancements of their interests and fortunes, but not to intrude upon others in conversation also. Let them do what they can with the rich and the great, as far as they are suffered; but let them not interrupt the easy and agreeable. They may be useful as servants in ambition, but never as associates in pleasure. However, as I would still drive at something instructive in every lucubration, I must recommend it to all men who feel in themselves an impulse towards attempting laudable actions, to acquire such a degree of assurance, as never to lose the possession of themselves in public or private, so far as to be incapable of acting with a due decorum on any occasion they are called to. It is a mean want of fortitude in a good man, not to be able to do a virtuous action with as much confidence as an impudent fellow does an ill one. There is no way of mending such false modesty, but by laying it down for a rule, that there is nothing shameful but what is criminal.

The Jesuits, an order whose institution is perfectly calculated for making a progress in the world, take care to accomplish their disciples for it, by breaking them of all impertinent bashfulness, and accustoming them to a ready performance of all indifferent things. I remember in my travels, when I was once at a public assembly, one of their schools, a young

consideration of all who have the instruction of youth, which of the two is the more inexcusable, he who does every thing by the mere force of his impudence, or he who performs nothing through the oppression of his modesty? In a word, it is a weakness not to be able to attempt what a man thinks he ought, and there is no modesty, but in self-denial.

P. S. Upon my coming home, I received the following petition and letter.

‘The humble petition of Sarah Lately;

‘SHEWETH,

‘That your petitioner has been one of those ladies who has had fine things constantly spoken to her in general terms, and lived, during her most blooming years, in daily expectation of declarations of marriage, but never had one made to her.

‘That she is now in her grand climacteric; which being above the space of four virginities, accounting at fifteen years each;

‘Your petitioner most humbly prays, that in the lottery for the Bass-viol she may have four tickets, in consideration that her single life has been occasioned by the inconstancy of her lovers, and not through the cruelty or frowardness of your petitioner.

‘And your petitioner shall, &c.’

‘MR. BICKERSTAFF,

May 3, 1710.

‘According to my fancy, you took a much better way to dispose of a Bass-viol in yesterday’s paper, than you did in your Table of Marriage. I desire the benefit of a lottery for myself too—The manner of it I leave to your own discretion: only if you can—allow the tickets at above five farthings a piece. Pray accept of one ticket for your trouble; and I wish you may be the fortunate man that wins.

‘Your very humble servant until then,

‘ISABELLA KIT.

I must own the request of the aged petitioner to be founded upon a very undeserved distress; and since she might, had she had justice done her, been mother of many pretenders to this prize, instead of being one herself, I do readily grant her demand; but as for the proposal of

*From my own Apartment, May 8.*

THE summer season now approaching, several of our family have invited me to pass away a month or two in the country; and indeed nothing could be more agreeable to me than such a recess, did I not consider that I am by two quarts a worse companion than when I was last among my relations; and I am admonished by some of our club, who lately visited Staffordshire, that they drink at a greater rate than they did at that time. As every soil does not produce every fruit or tree, so every vice is not the growth of every kind of life; and I have, ever since I could think, been astonished, that drinking should be the vice of the country. If it were possible to add to all our senses, as we do to that of sight by perspectives, we should, methinks, more particularly labour to improve them in the midst of the variety of beautiful objects, which nature has produced to entertain us in the country; and do we in that place destroy the use of what organs we have? As for my part, I cannot but lament the destruction that has been made of the wild beasts of the field, when I see large tracks of earth possessed by men who take no advantage of their being rational, but lead mere animal lives; making it their whole endeavour to kill in themselves all they have above beasts, to wit, the use of reason, and taste of society. It is frequently boasted in the writings of orators and poets, that it is to eloquence and poetry we owe that we are drawn out of woods and solitudes into towns and cities, and from a wild and savage being become acquainted with the laws of humanity and civility. If we are obliged to these arts for so great service, I could wish they were employed to give us a second turn; that as they have brought us to dwell in society, a blessing which no other creatures know, so they would persuade us, now they have settled us, to lay out all our thoughts in surpassing each other in those faculties in which only we excel other creatures. But it is at present so far otherwise, that the contention seems to be, who shall be most eminent in performances wherein beasts enjoy greater abilities than we have. I will undertake, were the butler and swineherd, at any true esquire’s in Great



estate, but he who knows how to enjoy it. Nay, it shall never be allowed, that the land is not a waste, when the master is uncultivated. Therefore, to avoid confusion, it is to be noted, that a peasant with a great estate is but an incumbent, and that he must be a gentleman to be a landlord. A landlord enjoys what he has with his heart, an incumbent with his stomach. Gluttony, drunkenness, and riot, are the entertainments of an incumbent; benevolence, civility, social and human virtues, the accomplishments of a landlord. Who, that has any passion for his native country, does not think it worse than conquered, when so large dimensions of it are in the hands of savages, that know no use of property, but to be tyrants; or liberty, but to be unmannerly? A gentleman in a country-life enjoys paradise with a temper fit for it; a clown is cursed in it with all the cutting and unruly passions man could be tormented with when he was expelled from it.

There is no character more deservedly esteemed than that of a country gentleman, who understands the station in which heaven and nature have placed him. He is father to his tenants, and patron to his neighbours, and is more superior to those of lower fortune by his benevolence than his possessions. He justly divides his time between solitude and company, so as to use the one for the other. His life is spent in the good offices of an advocate, a referee, a companion, a mediator, and a friend. His counsel and knowledge are a guard to the simplicity and innocence of those of lower talents, and the entertainment and happiness of those of equal. When a man in a country-life has this turn, as it is hoped thousands have, he lives in a more happy condition than any that is described in the pastoral descriptions of poets, or the vain-glorious solitudes recorded by philosophers.

To a thinking man it would seem prodigious, that the very situation in a country-life does not incline men to a scorn of the mean gratifications some take in it. To stand by a stream, naturally lulls the mind into composure and reverence; to walk in shades, diversifies that pleasure; and a bright sunshine makes a man consider all nature in gladness, and him-

carry into the country a knowledge of the world as well as of nature. The leisure of such persons is endeared and refined by reflection upon cares and inquietudes. The absence of past labours doubles present pleasures, which is still augmented, if the person in solitude has the happiness of being addicted to letters. My cousin Frank Bickerstaff gives me a very good notion of this sort of felicity in the following letter:

‘SIR,

‘I write this to communicate to you the happiness I have in the neighbourhood and conversation of the noble lord, whose health you enquired after in your last. I have bought that little hovel which borders upon his royalty; but am so far from being oppressed by his greatness, that I, who know no envy, and he, who is above pride, mutually recommend ourselves to each other by the difference of our fortunes. He esteems me for being so well pleased with a little, and I admire him for enjoying so handsomely a great deal. He has not the little taste of observing the colour of a tulip, or the edging of a leaf of box; but rejoices in open views, the regularity of this plantation, and the wildness of another, as well as the fall of a river, the rising of a promontory, and all other objects fit to entertain a mind like his, that has been long versed in great and public amusements. The make of the soul is as much seen in leisure as in business. He has long lived in courts, and been admired in assemblies; so that he has added to experience a most charming eloquence, by which he communicates to me the ideas of my own mind upon the objects we meet with so agreeably, that with his company in the fields, I at once enjoy the country, and a landscape of it. He is now altering the course of canals and rivulets, in which he has an eye to his neighbour's satisfaction, as well as his own. He often makes me presents by turning the water into my grounds, and sends me fish by their own streams. To avoid my thanks, he makes nature the instrument of his bounty, and does all good offices so much with the air of a companion, that his frankness hides his own condescension, as well as my gratitude. Leave the world to itself, and come see us.

*From my own Apartment, May 10.*

HAVING this morning spent some time in reading on the subject of the vicissitude of human life, I laid aside my book, and began to ruminate on the discourse which raised in me those reflections. I believed it a very good office to the world, to sit down and show others the road, in which I am experienced by my wanderings and errors. This is Seneca's way of thinking, and he had half convinced me, how dangerous it is to our true happiness and tranquillity, to fix our minds upon any thing which is in the power of fortune. It is excusable only in animals who have not the use of reason, to be caught by hooks and baits. Wealth, glory, and power, which the ordinary people look up at with admiration, the learned and wise know to be only so many snares laid to enslave them. There is nothing farther to be sought for with earnestness, than what will clothe and feed us. If we pamper ourselves in our diet, or give our imaginations a loose in our desires, the body will no longer obey the mind. Let us think no further than to defend ourselves against hunger, thirst, and cold. We are to remember that every thing else is despicable, and not worth our care. To want little is true grandeur, and very few things are great, to a great mind. Those who form their thoughts in this manner, and abstract themselves from the world, are out of the way of fortune, and can look with contempt both on her favours and her frowns. At the same time, they who separate themselves from the immediate commerce with the busy part of mankind, are still beneficial to them, while, by their studies and writings, they recommend to them the small value which ought to be put upon what they pursue with so much labour and disquiet. Whilst such men are thought the most idle, they are the most usefully employed. They have all things, both human and divine, under consideration. To be perfectly free from the insults of fortune, we should arm ourselves with their reflections. We should learn, that none but intellectual possessions are what we can properly call our own. All things from without are but borrowed. What fortune gives us, is not ours; and whatever she gives, she can take away.

It is a common imputation to Seneca, that though he declaimed with so much strength of reason, and a stoical contempt of riches and power, he was at the same time one of the richest and most powerful men in Rome. I know no instance of his being insolent in that fortune, and can therefore read his thoughts on those subjects with the more deference. I will not give philosophy so poor a look as to say it cannot live in courts; but I am of opinion, that it is there in the greatest eminence, when, amidst the affluence of all the world can bestow, and the addresses of a crowd who follow him for that reason, a man can think both of him-

self and those about him, abstracted from these circumstances. Such a philosopher is as much above an anchorite, as a wise matron, who passes through the world with innocence, is preferable to the nun who locks herself up from it.

Full of these thoughts, I left my lodging, and took a walk to the court-end of the town; and the hurry and busy faces I met with about Whitehall, made me form to myself ideas of the different prospects of all I saw, from the turn and cast of their countenances. All, methought, had the same thing in view; but prosecuted their hopes with a different air. Some showed an unbecoming eagerness, some a surly impatience, some a winning deference; but the generality a servile complaisance.

I could not but observe, as I roved about the offices, that all who were still but in expectation, murmured at Fortune; and all who had obtained their wishes, immediately began to say, there was no such being. Each believed it an act of blind chance that any other man was preferred, but *owed* only to service and merit what he had obtained himself. It is the fault of studious men to appear in public with too contemplative a carriage: and I began to observe, that my figure, age, and dress, made me particular; for which reason, I thought it better to remove a studious countenance from among busy ones, and take a turn with a friend in the *Privy-garden*.

When my friend was alone with me there, 'Isaac,' said he, 'I know you come abroad only to moralize and make observations; and I will carry you hard by, where you shall see all that you have yourself considered or read in authors, or collected from experience, concerning blind Fortune and irresistible Destiny, illustrated in real persons, and proper mechanisms. The graces, the muses, the fates, all the beings which have a good or ill influence upon human life, are, you will say, very justly figured in the persons of women; and where I am carrying you, you will see *enough* of that sex together, in an employment which will have so important an effect upon those who are to receive their manufacture, as will make them be respectively called deities or furies, as their labour shall prove disadvantageous or successful to their votaries.' Without waiting for my answer, he carried me to an apartment contiguous to the Banqueting-house, where there were placed at two long tables a large company of young women, in decent and agreeable habits, making up tickets for the lottery appointed by the government. There walked between the tables a person who presided over the work. This gentlewoman seemed an emblem of fortune; she commanded, as if unconcerned in their business; and though every thing was performed by her direction, she did not visibly interpose in particulars.

She seemed in pain at our near approach to her, and most to approve us when we made her no advances. Her height, her mien, her gesture, her shape, and her countenance, had something that spoke familiarity and dignity. She therefore appeared to be not only a picture of fortune, but of fortune as I liked her; which made me break out in the following words:

‘MADAM,

‘I am very glad to see the fate of the many, who now languish in expectation of what will be the event of your labours, in the hands of one who can act with so impartial an indifference. Pardon me, that have often seen you before, and have lost you for want of the respect due to you. Let me beg of you, who have both the furnishing and turning of that wheel of lots, to be unlike the rest of your sex; repulse the forward and the bold, and favour the modest and the humble. I know you fly the importunate; but smile no more on the careless. Add not to the coffers of the usurer; but give the power of bestowing to the generous. Continue his wants, who cannot enjoy or communicate plenty; but turn away his poverty, who can hear it with more ease than he can see it in another.’

#### ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas Philander signified to Clarinda, by letter bearing date Thursday twelve o'clock, that he had lost his heart by a shot from her eyes, and desired she would condescend to meet him the same day at eight in the evening at Rosamond's-pond; faithfully protesting, that in case she would not do him that honour, she might see the body of the said Philander the next day floating on the said lake of love, and that he desired only three sighs upon view of his said body: It is desired, if he has not made away with himself accordingly, that he would forthwith show himself to the coroner of the city of Westminster; or Clarinda, being an old offender, will be found guilty of wilful murder.

No. 171.] *Saturday, May 13, 1710.*

Alter ricatur de lană mepe caprină,  
Propugnât unguis armatus—

Ror. 1 Ep. xviii. 15.

some discourse gave the company to understand, that in those ages which first degenerated from the simplicity of life and natural justice, the wise among them thought it necessary to inspire men with the love of virtue, by giving those who adhered to the interests of innocence and truth some distinguishing name to raise them above the common level of mankind. This way of fixing appellations of credit upon eminent merit, was what gave being to titles and terms of honour. ‘Such a name,’ continued he, ‘without the qualities which should give a man pretence to be exalted above others, does but turn him to jest and ridicule. Should one see another cudgelled, or scurvily treated, do you think a man so used would take it kindly to be called Hector or Alexander? Every thing must bear a proportion with the outward value that is set upon it; or, instead of being long had in veneration, that very term of esteem will become a word of reproach.’ When Timoleon had done speaking, Urbanus pursued the same purpose, by giving an account of the manner in which the Indian kings,\* who were lately in Great Britain, did honour to the person where they lodged. ‘They were placed,’ said he, ‘in a handsome apartment at an upholsterer’s in King-street, Covent-garden. The man of the house, it seems, had been very observant of them, and ready in their service. These just and generous princes, who act according to the dictates of natural justice, thought it proper to confer some dignity upon their landlord before they left his house. One of them had been sick during his residence there, and having never before been in a bed, had a very great veneration for him who made that engine of repose, so useful and so necessary in his distress. It was consulted among the four princes, by what name to dignify his great merit and services. *The emperor of the Mohocks* and the other three kings stood up, and in that posture recounted the civilities they had received; and particularly repeated the care which was taken of their sick brother. This, in their imagination, who are used to know the injuries of weather, and the vicissitudes of cold and heat, gave them very great impressions of a skilful upholsterer, whose furniture was so well contrived for their protection on such occasions. It is with these less instructed, I will not say less knowing people,

of the strongest fort in their part of the world. When they had agreed upon the name, they sent for their landlord; and as he entered into their presence, *the emperor of the Mohocks*, taking him by the hand, called him *Cadarsques*. After which the other three princes repeated the same word and ceremony.

Timoleon appeared much satisfied with this account; and, having a philosophic turn, began to argue against the modes and manners of those nations which we esteem polite, and to express himself with disdain at our usual method of calling such as are strangers to our innovations *barbarous*. 'I have,' says he, 'so great a difference for the distinction given by these princes, that *Cadarsques* shall be my upholsterer——.' He was going on; but the intended discourse was interrupted by Minucio, who sat near him, a small philosopher, who is also somewhat of a politician; one of those who sets up for knowledge by doubting, and has no other way of making himself considerable, but by contradicting all he hears said. He has, besides much doubt and spirit of contradiction, a constant suspicion as to state affairs. This accomplished gentleman, with a very awful brow, and a countenance full of weight, told Timoleon, 'that it was a great misfortune men of letters seldom looked into the bottom of things. Will any man,' continued he, 'persuade me, that this was not, from the beginning to the end, a concerted affair? Who can convince the world, that four kings shall come over here, and lie at *the two Crowns and Cushion*, and one of them fall sick, and the place be called *King-street*, and all this by mere accident? No, no. To a man of very small penetration it appears, that *Tee Yee Neen Ho Ga Row*, emperor of the Mohocks, was prepared for this adventure beforehand. I do not care to contradict any gentleman in his discourse; but I must say, however *Sa Ga Yeath Rua Geth Ten* and *E Tw Oh Koam* might be surprised in this matter; nevertheless, *Ho Nec Yeth Taw No Row* knew it before he set foot on the English shore.'

Timoleon looked steadfastly at him for some time; then shook his head, paid for his tea, and marched off. Several others, who sat round him, were in their turns attacked by this ready disputant. A gentleman, who was at some distance, happened in discourse to say it was four miles to Hammersmith. 'I must beg your pardon,' says Minucio; 'when we say a place is so far off, we do not mean exactly from the very spot of earth we are in, but from the town where we are; so that you must begin your account from the end of Piccadilly; and if you do so, I will lay any man ten to one, it is not above three good miles off.' Another, about Minucio's level of understanding, began to take him up in this important argument; and maintained, that, considering the way from

Pimlico at the end of St. James's-park, and the crossing from Chelsea by Earl's-court, he would stand to it, that it was full four miles. But Minucio replied with great vehemence, and seemed so much to have the better of the dispute, that his adversary quitted the field, as well as the other. I sat until I saw the table almost all vanished; when, for want of discourse, Minucio asked me, 'How I did? to which I answered, 'Very well.' 'That is very much,' said he; 'I assure you, you look paler than ordinary.' Nay, thought I, if he will not allow me to know whether I am well or not, there is no staying for me neither. Upon which I took my leave, pondering, as I went home, at this strange poverty of imagination, which makes men run into the fault of giving contradiction. They want in their minds entertainment for themselves or their company, and therefore build all they speak upon what is started by others; and since they cannot improve that foundation, they strive to destroy it. The only way of dealing with these people is to answer in monosyllables, or by way of question. When one of them tells you a thing that he thinks extraordinary, I go no farther than, 'Say you so, Sir? Indeed! Heyday!' or, 'Is it come to that?' These little rules, which appear but silly in the repetition, have brought me with great tranquillity to this age. And I have made it an observation, that as assent is more agreeable than flattery, so contradiction is more odious than calumny.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. Bickerstaff's aerial messenger has brought him a report of what passed at the auction of pictures, which was in Somerset-house yard on Monday last; and finds there were no *screens* present, but all transacted with great justice.

N. B. All false buyers at auctions being employed only to hide others, are from this day forward to be known in Mr. Bickerstaff's writings by the word *Screens*.

No. 172.] Tuesday, May 16, 1710.

Quod quisque vivit, nunquam homini mitis  
Cautum est in hora. — Hor. 2. Od. xlii. 13.

No man can tell the dangers of each hour,  
Nor is prepar'd to meet them. —

From my own Apartment, May 15.

WHEN a man is in a serious mood, and ponders upon his own make, with a retrospect to the actions of his life, and the many fatal mis-carriages in it, which he owes to ungoverned passions, he is then apt to say to himself, that experience has guarded him against such errors for the future: but nature often recurs in spite of his best resolutions; and it is to the very

end of our days a struggle between our reason and our temper, which shall have the empire over us. However, this is very much to be helped by circumspection, and a constant alarm against the first onsets of passion. As this is, in general, a necessary care to make a man's life easy and agreeable to himself; so it is more particularly the duty of such as are engaged in friendship, and nearer commerce with others. Those who have their joys, have also their griefs in proportion; and none can extremely exalt or depress friends, but friends. The harsh things which come from the rest of the world are received and repulsed with that spirit, which every honest man bears for his own vindication; but unkindness, in words or actions, among friends, affects us at the first instant in the inmost recesses of our souls. Indifferent people, if I may so say, can wound us only in heterogeneous parts, maim us in our legs or arms; but the friend can make no *pass* but at the heart itself. On the other side, the most impotent assistance, the mere *well-wishes* of a friend, gives a man constancy and courage against the most prevailing force of his enemies. It is here only a man enjoys and suffers to the quick. For this reason, the most gentle behaviour is absolutely necessary to maintain friendship in any degree above the common level of acquaintance. But there is a relation of life much more near than the most strict and sacred friendship, that is to say, marriage. This union is of too close and delicate a nature to be easily conceived by those who do not know that condition by experience. Here a man should, if possible, soften his passions; if not for his own ease, in compliance to a creature formed with a mind of a quite different make from his own. I am sure, I do not mean it an injury to women, when I say there is a sort of sex in souls. I am tender of offending them, and know it is hard not to do it on this subject; but I must go on to say, that the soul of a man, and that of a woman, are made very unlike, according to the employments for which they are designed. The ladies will please to observe, I say, our minds have different, not superior, qualities to theirs. The virtues have respectively a masculine and a feminine cast. What we call in men *wisdom*, is in women *prudence*. It is a partiality to call one greater than the other. A *prudent* woman is in the same class of honour as a *wise* man, and the scandals in the way of both are equally dangerous. But to make this state any thing but a burden, and not hang a weight upon our very beings, it is proper each of the couple should frequently remember, that there are many things which grow out of their very natures that are pardonable, nay, becoming, when considered as such, but, without that reflection, must give the quickest pain and vexation. To manage well a great family, is as worthy an instance of ca-

capacity, as to execute a great employment: and for the generality, as women perform the considerable part of their duties, as well as men do theirs; so in their common behaviour, females of ordinary genius are not more trivial than the common rate of men; and, in my opinion, the playing of a fan is every whit as good an entertainment as the beating of a snuff-box.

But, however I have rambled in this libertine manner of writing by way of *Essay*, I now sat down with an intention to represent to my readers how pernicious, how sudden, and how fatal surprises of passion are to the mind of man; and that in the more intimate commerces of life they are more liable to arise, even in our most sedate and indolent hours. Occurrences of this kind have had very terrible effects; and when one reflects upon them, we cannot but tremble to consider, what we are capable of being wrought up to, against all the ties of nature, love, honour, reason, and religion, though the man who breaks through them all, had, an hour before he did so, a lively and virtuous sense of their dictates. When unhappy catastrophes make up part of the history of princes and persons who act in high spheres, or are represented in the moving language and well-wrought scenes of tragedians, they do not fail of striking us with terror; but then they affect us only in a transient manner, and pass through our imaginations as incidents in which our fortunes are too humble to be concerned, or which writers form for the ostentation of their own force; or, at most, as things fit rather to exercise the powers of our minds, than to create new habits in them. Instead of such high passages, I was thinking it would be of great use, if any body could hit it, to lay before the world such adventures as befall persons not exalted above the common level. This, methought, would better prevail upon the ordinary race of men; who are so prepossessed with outward appearances, that they mistake fortune for nature, and believe nothing can relate to them, that does not happen to such as live and look like themselves.

The unhappy end of a gentleman, whose story an acquaintance of mine was just now telling me, would be very proper for this end, if it could be related with all the circumstances as I heard it this evening; for it touched me so much, that I cannot forbear entering upon it.

'Mr. Eustace, a young gentleman of a good estate near *Dublin in Ireland*,\* married a lady of youth, beauty, and modesty, and lived with her, in general, with much ease and tranquillity; but was in his secret temper impatient of rebuke. She was apt to fall into little sallies of passion; yet as suddenly recalled by her own reflection on her fault, and the consideration

\* An expression particularly reprobated by Dean Swift.

of her husband's temper. It happened, as he, his wife, and her sister, were at supper together about two months ago, that, in the midst of a careless and familiar conversation, the sisters fell into a little warmth and contradiction. He, who was one of that sort of men who are never unconcerned at what passes before them, fell into an outrageous passion on the side of the sister. The person about whom they disputed was so near, that they were under no restraint from running into vain repetitions of past heats: on which occasion all the aggravations of anger and distaste boiled up, and were repeated with the bitterness of exasperated lovers. The wife, observing her husband extremely moved, began to turn it off, and rally him for interposing between two people, who from their infancy had been angry and pleased with each other every half hour. But it descended deeper into his thoughts, and they broke up with a sullen silence. The wife immediately retired to her chamber, whither her husband soon after followed. When they were in bed, he soon dissembled a sleep; and she, pleased that his thoughts were composed, fell into a real one. Their apartment was very distant from the rest of their family, in a lonely country-house. He now saw his opportunity, and, with a dagger he had brought to bed with him, stabbed his wife in the side. She awaked in the highest terror; but immediately imagining it was a blow designed for her husband by ruffians, began to grasp him, and strove to awake and rouse him to defend himself. He still pretended himself sleeping, and gave her a second wound.

'She now drew open the curtain, and, by the help of moon-light, saw his hand lifted up to stab her. The horror disarmed her from further struggling; and he, enraged anew at being discovered, fixed his poniard in her bosom. As soon as he believed he had despatched her, he attempted to escape out of the window: but she, still alive, called to him not to hurt himself; for she might live. He was so stung with the insupportable reflection upon her goodness, and his own villany, that he jumped to the bed, and wounded her all over with as much rage as if every blow was provoked by new aggravations. In this fury of mind he fled away. His wife had still strength to go to her sister's apartment, and give an account of this wonderful tragedy.

*Sheer-lane, May 17.*

WHEN I first began to learn to push,\* this last winter, my master had a great deal of work upon his hands to make me unlearn the postures and motions which I had got, by having in my younger years practised back-sword, with a little eye to the *single falchion*. *Knock down*, was the word in the civil wars; and we generally added to this skill the knowledge of the *Cornish hug*, as well as the grapple, to play with hand and foot. By this means, I was for defending my head when the French gentleman was making a full pass at my bosom; insomuch, that he told me I was fairly killed seven times in one morning, without having done my master any other mischief than one knock on the pate. This was a great misfortune to me; and I believe I may say, without vanity, I am the first who ever pushed so erroneously, and yet conquered the prejudice of education so well, as to make my passes so clear, and recover hand and foot with that agility as I do at this day. The truth of it is, the first rudiments of education are given very indiscreetly by most parents, as much with relation to the more important concerns of the mind, as in the gestures of the body. Whatever children are designed for, and whatever prospects the fortune or interest of their parents may give them in their future lives, they are all promiscuously instructed the same way; and Horace and Virgil must be thumb'd by a boy, as well before he goes to an apprenticeship, as to the university. This ridiculous way of treating the under-aged of this island has very often raised both my spleen and mirth, but I think never both at once so much as to-day. A good mother of our neighbourhood made me a visit with her son and heir; a lad somewhat above five feet, and wants but little of the height and strength of a good musketeer in any regiment in the service. Her business was to desire I would examine him; for he was far gone in a book, the first letters of which she often saw in my papers. The youth produced it, and I found it was my friend Horace. It was very easy to turn to the place the boy was learning in, which was the fifth ode of the first book, to *Pyrrha*. I read it over aloud, as well because I am always delighted when I turn to the beautiful parts of that author, as also to gain time for considering a little how to keep up the

looks so tall, he is but very young. Pray ask him some more; never spare him.' With that I took the liberty to ask him, 'what was the character of this gentlewoman?' He read the three first verses;

Odes multa gracilis te puer in rosa  
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus  
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro! \* Hor. 1. Od. v. 1.

And very gravely told me, she lived at the sign of *The Rose* in a cellar. I took care to be very much astonished at the lad's improvements; but withal advised her, as soon as possible, to take him from school, for he could learn no more there. This very silly dialogue was a lively image of the impertinent method used in breeding boys without genius or spirit to the reading things for which their heads were never framed. But this is the natural effect of a certain vanity in the minds of parents; who are wonderfully delighted with the thought of breeding their children to accomplishments, which they believe nothing, but want of the same care in their own fathers, prevented them from being masters of. Thus it is, that the part of life most fit for improvement is generally employed in a method against the bent of nature; and a lad of such parts as are fit for an occupation, where there can be no calls out of the beaten path, is two or three years of his time wholly taken up in knowing, how well Ovid's mistress became such a dress; how such a nymph for her cruelty was changed into such an animal; and how it is made generous in *Aeneas* to put Turnis to death: gallantries that can no more come within the occurrences of the lives of ordinary men, than they can be relished by their imaginations. However, still the humour goes on from one generation to another; and the pastry-cook here in the lane, the other night, told me, 'he would not yet take away his son from his learning; but has resolved, as soon as he had a little smattering in the Greek, to put him apprentice to a soap-boiler.' These wrong beginnings determine our success in the world: and when our thoughts are originally falsely biassed, their agility and force do but carry us the further out of our way, in proportion to our speed. But we are half way our journey, when we have got into the right road. If all our days were usefully employed, and we did not set out impertinently, we should not have so many grotesque professors in all the arts of life; but every man would be in a proper and becoming method of distinguishing or entertaining himself, suitably to what nature designed him. As they go on now, our parents do not only force us upon what is against our talents, but our teachers are also as injudicious in what they

put us to learn. I have hardly ever since suffered so much by the charms of any beauty, as I did before I had a sense of passion, for not apprehending that the smile of *Lalage* was what pleased *Horace*; and I verily believe, the stripes I suffered about *Digito mali pertinaci* has given me that irreconcilable aversion, which I shall carry to my grave, against coquettes.

As for the elegant writer of whom I am talking, his excellences are to be observed as they relate to the different concerns of his life; and he is always to be looked upon as a lover, a courtier, or a man of wit. His admirable Odes have numberless instances of his merit in each of these characters. His Epistles and Satires are full of proper notices for the conduct of life in a court; and what we call good-breeding, is most agreeably intermixed with his morality. His addresses to the persons who favoured him, are so inimitably engaging, that *Augustus* complained of him for so seldom writing to him, and asked him, 'whether he was afraid posterity should read their names together?' Now, for the generality of men to spend much time in such writings is as pleasant a folly as any be ridiculous. Whatever the crowd of scholars may pretend, if their way of life, or their own imaginations, do not lead them to a taste of him, they may read, nay write, fifty volumes upon him, and be just as they were when they began. I remember to have heard a great painter say, 'There are certain faces for certain painters, as well as certain subjects for certain poets.' This is as true in the choice of studies; and no one will ever relish an author thoroughly well, who would not have been fit company for that author, had they lived at the same time. All others are mechanics in learning, and take the sentiments of writers like waiting-servants, who report what passed at their master's table; but debase every thought and expression, for want of the air with which they were uttered.

No. 174.] Saturday, May 20, 1710.

Quem mala stultitia, aut quaecunque insidia veri,  
Cocum agit, innumera Chrysalpi porticus, et grex  
Autumnal. — Hor. 2 Sat. li. 43.

Whom vicious passions, or whom falsehood, blind,  
Are by the stoics held of mauling kind. Francis.

#### From my own Apartment.

THE learned *Scotus*, to distinguish the race of mankind, gives every individual of that species what he calls a *Seity*, something peculiar to himself, which makes him different from all other persons in the world. This particularity renders him either venerable or ridiculous, according as he uses his talents, which always grow out into faults, or improve into virtues. In the office I have undertaken, you are to observe, that I have hitherto presented only the more insignificant and lary part of mankind under the denomination of dead men,

\* Tell me, Pyrrha, tell me truth,  
Who is now the hapless youth,  
Doom'd to wear thy captive chain,  
Whilst he sees, but sees in vain!

together with the degrees towards non-existence, in which others can neither be said to live or be defunct; but are only animals merely dressed up like men, and differ from each other but as flies do, by a little colouring or fluttering of their wings. Now as our discourses heretofore have chiefly regarded the indolent part of the species, it remains that we do justice also upon the impertinently active and enterprising. Such as these I shall take particular care to place in safe custody, and have used all possible diligence to run up my edifice in Moor-fields for that service.

We, who are adepts in astrology, can impute it to several causes in the planets, that this quarter of our great city is the region of such persons as either never had, or have lost the use of reason. It has indeed been, time out of mind, the reception of fools as well as madmen. The care and information of the former I assign to other learned men, who have for that end taken up their habitation in those parts; as, among others, to the famous Dr. Trotter, and my ingenious friend Dr. Langham. These oraculous proficientes are day and night employed in deep searches, for the direction of such as run astray after their lost goods: but at present they are more particularly serviceable to their country, in foretelling the fate of such as have chances in the public lottery. Dr. Langham shows a peculiar generosity on this occasion, taking only one half-crown for a prediction, eighteen-pence of which to be paid out of the prizes; which method the doctor is willing to comply with in favour of every adventurer in the whole lottery. Leaving therefore the whole generation of such enquirers to such *Literati* as I have now mentioned, we are to proceed towards peopling our house, which we have erected with the greatest cost and care imaginable.

It is necessary in this place to premise, that the superiority and force of mind which is born with men of great genius, and which, when it falls in with a noble imagination, is called *poetical fury*, does not come under my consideration; but the pretence to such an impulse, without natural warmth, shall be allowed a fit object of this charity; and all the volumes, written by such hands, shall be from time to time placed in proper order upon the rails of the unboused booksellers within the district of the college, who have long inhabited this quarter,\* in the same manner as they are already disposed, soon after the publication. I promise myself from these writings my best opiates for those patients, whose high imaginations and hot spirits have awaked them into distraction. Their boiling tempers are not to be wrought upon by my gruels and juleps, but must ever be employed, or appear to be so; or their recovery will be

impracticable. I shall therefore make use of such poets as preserve so constant a mediocrity, as never to elevate the mind into joy, or depress it into sadness, yet, at the same time, keep the faculties of the readers in suspense, though they introduce no ideas of their own. By this means, a disordered mind, like a broken limb, will recover its strength by the sole benefit of being out of use, and lying without motion. But, as reading is not an entertainment that can take up the full time of my patients, I have now in pension a proportionable number of story-tellers, who are by turns to walk about the galleries of the house, and, by their narrations, second the labours of my pretty good poets. There are among these story-tellers, some that have so earnest countenances, and weighty brows, that they will draw a madman, even when his fit is just coming on, into a whisper; and by the force of shrugs, nods, and busy gestures, make him stand amazed so long, as that we have time to give him his broth without danger.

But, as fortune has the possession of men's minds, a physician may cure all the sick people of ordinary degree in the whole town, and never come into reputation. I shall therefore begin with persons of condition; and the first I shall undertake shall be the lady Fidget, the general visitant, and Will Voluble, the fine talker. These persons shall be first locked up, for the peace of all whom the one visits, and all whom the other talks to.

The passion that first touched the brain of both these persons, was envy; which has had such wondrous effects, that to this, lady Fidget owes that she is so courteous; to this, Will Voluble that he is eloquent. Fidget has a restless torment in hearing of any one's prosperity; and cannot know any quiet until she visits her, and is eye-witness of something that lessens it. Thus her life is a continual search after what does not concern her; and her companions speak kindly even of the absent and the unfortunate, to tease her. She was the first that visited Flavia after the small-pox, and has never seen her since because she is not altered. Call a young woman handsome in her company, and she tells you, it is a pity she has no fortune; say she is rich, and she is as sorry that she is silly. With all this ill-nature, Fidget is herself young, rich, and handsome; but loses the pleasure of all those qualities, because she has them in common with others.

To make up her misery, she is well bred; she hears commendations until she is ready to faint for want of venting herself in contradictions. This madness is not expressed by the voice; but is uttered in the eyes and features: its first symptom is, upon beholding an agreeable object, a sudden approbation immediately checked with dislike.

This lady I shall take the liberty to conduct

\* The walls of Bedlam were at that time almost wholly covered by the dealers in old books.



into a bed of straw and darkness; and have some hopes, that, after long absence from the light, the pleasure of seeing at all, may reconcile her to what she shall see, though it proves to be never so agreeable.

My physical remarks on the distraction of envy in other persons, and particularly in Will Voluble, is interrupted by a visit from Mr. Kidney,\* with advices which will bring matter of new disturbance to many possessed with this sort of disorder, which I shall publish to bring out the symptoms more kindly, and lay the distemper more open to my view.

*St. James's Office-house, May 19.*

This evening a mail from Holland brought the following advices:

From the Camp before Douay, May 26, N. S.

On the twenty-third the French assembled their army, and encamped with their right near Bouchain, and their left near Crevecoeur. Upon this motion of the enemy, the duke of Marlborough and prince Eugene made a movement with their army on the twenty-fourth, and encamped from Arlieux to Vitry and Isez Esquerchien, where they are so advantageously posted, that they not only cover the siege, secure our convoys of provisions, forage, and ammunition, from Lisle and Tournay, and the canals and dikes we have made to turn the water of the Scarp and La Cense to Bouchain; but are in readiness, by marching from the right, to possess themselves of the field of battle marked out betwixt Vitry and Montigny, or from the left to gain the lines of circumvallation betwixt Fierin and Dechy; so that whatever way the enemy shall approach to attack us, whether by the plains of Lens, or by Bouchain and Valenciennes, we have but a very small movement to make, to possess ourselves of the ground on which it will be most advantageous to receive them. The enemy marched this morning from their left, and are encamped with their right at Oisy, and their left toward Arras, and, according to our advices, will pass

difficulty to ride. He and the duke of Berwick are to command the French army, the rest of the marshals being only to assist in council.

Last night we entirely perfected four bridges over the *Avant Fossé* at both attacks; and our saps are so far advanced, that in three or four days, batteries will be raised on the *Glacis*, to batter in breach both the outworks and ramparts of the town.

Letters from the Hague of the twenty-seventh, N. S. say, That the deputies of the states of Holland, who set out for Gertruydenburg on the twenty-third, to renew the conferences with the French ministers, returned on the twenty-sixth, and had communicated to the states-general the new overtures that were made on the part of France, which, it is believed, if they are in earnest, may produce a general treaty.

No. 175.] *Tuesday, May 23, 1710.*

*From my own Apartment, May 23.*

In the distribution of the apartments in the New-Bedlam, proper regard is had to the different sexes, and the lodgings accommodated accordingly. Among other necessities, as I have thought fit to appoint story-tellers to soothe the men, so I have allowed tale-bearers to indulge the intervals of my female patients. But, before I enter upon disposing of the main of the great body that wants my assistance, it is necessary to consider the human race abstracted from all other distinctions and considerations except that of sex. This will lead us to a nearer view of their excellences and imperfections, which are to be accounted, the one or the other, as they are suitable to the design for which the person so defective or accomplished came into the world.

To make this enquiry aright, we must speak of the life of people of condition; and the proportionable applications to those below them will be easily made, so as to value the whole

fended with a certain loyalty. This is her case as to the world. In her domestic character, she is the companion, the friend, and confidant of her mother, and the object of a pleasure, something like the love between angels, to her father. Her youth, her beauty, her air, are by him looked upon with an ineffable transport beyond any other joy in this life, with as much purity as can be met with in the next.

Her brother William, at the same years, is but in the rudiments of those acquisitions which must gain him esteem in the world. His heart beats for applause among men; yet he is fearful of every step towards it. If he proposes to himself to make a figure in the world, his youth is damped with a prospect of difficulties, dangers, and dishonours; and an opposition in all generous attempts, whether they regard his love or his ambition.

In the next stage of life, she has little else to do, but (what she is accomplished for by the mere gifts of nature) to appear lovely and agreeable to her husband, tender to her children, and affable to her servants. But a man, when he enters into this way, is but in the first scene, far from the accomplishment of his design. He is now in all things to act for others as well as himself. He is to have industry and frugality in his private affairs, and integrity and address in public. To these qualities, he must add a courage and resolution to support his other abilities, lest he be interrupted in the prosecution of his just endeavours, in which the honour and interest of his posterity are as much concerned as his own personal welfare.

This little sketch may, in some measure, give an idea of the different parts which the sexes have to act, and the advantageous as well as inconvenient terms on which they are to enter upon their several parts of life. This may also be some rule to us in the examination of their conduct. In short, I shall take it for a maxim, that a woman who resigns the purpose of being pleasing, and the man who gives up the thoughts of being wise, do equally quit their claim to the true causes of living; and are to be allowed the diet and discipline of my charitable structure, to reduce them to reason.

On the other side, the woman who hopes to please by methods which should make her odious, and the man who would be thought wise by a behaviour that renders him ridiculous, are to be taken into custody for their false industry as justly as they ought for their negligence.

N. B. Mr. Bickerstaff is taken extremely ill with the toothach, and cannot proceed in this discourse.

*St. James's Coffee-house, May 22.*

Advices from Flanders of the thirtieth instant, N. S. say, That the duke of Marlborough,

having intelligence of the enemy's passing the Scarpe on the twenty-ninth in the evening, and their march towards the plains of Lens, had put the confederate army in motion, which was advancing towards the camp on the north side of that river, between Vitry and Henin-Leitard. The confederates, since the approach of the enemy, have added several new redoubts to their camp, and drawn the cannon out of the lines of circumvallation in a readiness for the batteries.

It is not believed, notwithstanding these appearances, that the enemy will hazard a battle for the relief of Douay; the siege of which place is carried on with all the success that can be expected, considering the difficulties they meet with, occasioned by the inundations. On the twenty-eighth at night we made a lodgment on the salient angle of the glacis of the second counterscarp, and our approaches are so far advanced, that it is believed the town will be obliged to surrender before the eighth of the next month.

No. 176.] Thursday, May 25, 1710.

*Nillum nomen abest, si sit prudentia.*

*Juv. Sat. x. 363.*

Who'er takes Prudence for his guard and guide,  
Engages ev'ry quarrel on his side.

*From my own Apartment, May 23.*

THIS evening, after a little ease from the raging pain caused by so small an organ as an aching tooth (under which I have behaved myself so ill as to have broke two pipes and my spectacles) I began to reflect with admiration on those heroic spirits, which in the conduct of their lives seem to live so much above the condition of our make, as not only under the agonies of pain to forbear any intemperate word or gesture, but also in their general and ordinary behaviour, to resist the impulses of their very blood and constitution. This watch over a man's self, and the command of his temper, I take to be the greatest of human perfections, and is the effect of a strong and resolute mind. It is not only the most expedient practice for carrying on our own designs; but is also very deservedly the most amiable quality in the sight of others. It is a winning deference to mankind, which creates an immediate imitation of itself wherever it appears; and prevails upon all, who have to do with a person endued with it, either through shame or emulation. I do not know how to express this habit of mind, except you will let me call it *Equanimity*. It is a virtue which is necessary at every hour, in every place, and in all conversations; and it is the effect of a regular and exact prudence. He that will look back upon all the acquaintances he has had in his whole life, will find, he has seen more men

capable of the greatest employments and performances, than such as could, in the general bent of their carriage, act otherwise than according to their own complexion and humour. But the indulgence of ourselves, in wholly giving way to our natural propensity, is so unjust and improper a licence, that when people take it up, there is but very little difference, with relation to their friends and families, whether they are good or ill-natured men: for he that errs by being wrought upon by what we call the sweetness of his temper, is as guilty as he that offends through the perverseness of it.

It is not therefore to be regarded what men are in themselves, but what they are in their actions. Eucrates is the best-natured of all men; but that natural softness has effects quite contrary to itself; and, for want of due bounds to his benevolence, while he has a will to be a friend to all, he has the power of being such to none. His constant inclination to please, makes him never fail of doing so; though, without being capable of falsehood, he is a friend only to those who are present; for the same humour which makes him the best companion, renders him the worst correspondent. It is a melancholy thing to consider, that the most engaging sort of men in conversation, are frequently the most tyrannical in power, and the least to be depended upon in friendship. It is certain this is not to be imputed to their own disposition; but he that is to be led by others, has only good luck if he is not the worst, though in himself the best man living. For this reason, we are no more wholly to indulge our good than our ill dispositions. I remember a crafty old cit one day speaking of a well-natured young fellow, who set up with a good stock in Lombard-street; 'I will,' says he, 'lay no more money in his hands; for he never denied me any thing.' This was a very base, but with him a prudential, reason for breaking off commerce; and this acquaintance of mine carried this way of judging so far, that he has often told me 'he never cared to deal with a man he liked; for that our affections must never enter into our business.'

When we look round us in this populous city, and consider how credit and esteem are lodged, you find men have a great share of

disgrace seen an instance of the contrary carriage in so high a degree, that I am out of countenance that I ever read Seneca. When I look upon the conduct of others in such occurrences, as well as behold their *equanimity* in the general tenor of their life, it very much abates the self-love, which is seldom well governed by any sort of men, and least of all by us authors.

The fortitude of a man, who brings his will to the obedience of his reason, is conspicuous, and carries with it a dignity in the lowest state imaginable. Poor Martius, who now lies languishing in the most violent fever, discovers in the faintest moments of his distemper such a greatness of mind, that a perfect stranger, who should now behold him, would indeed see an object of pity, but at the same time, that it was lately an object of veneration. His gallant spirit resigns, but resigns with an air that speaks a resolution which could yield to nothing but fate itself. This is conquest in the philosophic sense; but the empire over ourselves is, methinks, no less laudable in common life, where the whole tenor of a man's carriage is in subservience to his own reason, and in conformity both to the good sense and inclination of other men.

\* Aristæus is, in my opinion, a perfect master of himself in all circumstances. He has all the spirit that man can have; and yet is as regular in his behaviour as a mere machine. He is sensible of every passion, but ruffled by none. In conversation he frequently seems to be less knowing to be more obliging, and chooses to be on a level with others rather than oppress with the superiority of his genius. In friendship, he is kind without profession. In business, expeditious without ostentation. With the greatest softness and benevolence imaginable, he is impartial in spite of all importunity, even that of his own good-nature. He is ever clear in his judgment; but, in complaisance to his company speaks with doubt; and never shows confidence in argument but to support the sense of another. Were such an equality of mind the general endeavour of all men, how sweet would be the pleasures of conversation? He that is loud would then understand, that we ought to call a constable; and know, that spoiling good company is the most heinous way

liarities; and to be careless of what you say is the most clownish way of being undressed.

*Sheer-lane, May 24.*

When I came home this evening, I found the following letters; and because I think one a very good answer to the other, as well as that it is the affair of a young lady, it must be immediately dismissed.

'SIR,

'I have a good fortune, partly paternal, and partly acquired. My younger years I spent in business; but, age coming on, and having no more children than one daughter, I resolved to be a slave no longer: and accordingly, I have disposed of my effects, placed my money in the funds, bought a pretty seat in a pleasant country, am making a garden, and have set up a pack of little beagles. I live in the midst of a good many well-bred neighbours, and several well-tempered clergymen. Against a rainy day, I have a little library; and against the gout in my stomach, a little good claret. With all this I am the miserablest man in the world; not that I have lost the relish of any of these pleasures, but am distracted with such a multiplicity of entertaining objects, that I am lost in the variety. I am in such a hurry of idleness, that I do not know with what diversion to begin. Therefore, sir, I must beg the favour of you, when your more weighty affairs will permit, to put me in some method of doing nothing; for I find Pliny makes a great difference betwixt *nikil agere* and *agere nikil*; and I fancy, if you would explain him, you would do a very great kindness to many in Great Britain, as well as to your humble servant,

'J. B.'

'SIR,

'The inclosed is written by my father in one of his pleasant humours. He bids me seal it up, and send you a word or two from myself; which he would not desire to see until he hears of it from you. Desire him, before he begins his method of doing nothing, to leave nothing to do; that is to say, let him marry off his daughter. I am your gentle reader,

'S. B.'

No. 177.] Saturday, May 27, 1710.

—Mali si palpere, recalcatrat nudique intus.

*Hor. 1 Sat. ll. 20.*

He spurns the flatterer, and his sancy praise.

*Francis.*

*Sheer-lane, May 26.*

THE ingenious Mr. Penkethman, the comedian, has lately left here a paper or ticket, to which is affixed a small silver medal, which is to entitle the bearer to see one-and-twenty plays at his theatre for a guinea. Greenwich

is the place where, it seems, he has erected his house; and his time of action is to be so contrived, that it is to fall in with going and returning with the tide. Besides that, the bearer of this ticket may carry down with him a particular set of company to the play, striking off for each person so introduced one of his twenty-one times of admittance. In this warrant of his, he has made me a high compliment in a facetious distich, by way of dedication of his endeavours, and desires I would recommend them to the world. I must needs say, I have not for some time seen a properer choice than he has made of a patron. Who more fit to publish his work than a novelist? who to recommend it than a censor? This honour done me, has made me turn my thoughts upon the nature of dedications in general, and the abuse of that custom, as well by a long practice of my predecessors, as the continued folly of my contemporary authors.

In ancient times, it was the custom to address their works to some persons eminent for their merit to mankind, or particular patronage of the writers themselves, or knowledge in the matter of which they treated. Under these regards, it was a memorable honour to both parties, and a very agreeable record of their commerce with each other. These applications were never stuffed with impertinent praises, but were the native product of their esteem; which was implicitly received, or generally known to be due to the patron of the work: but vain flourishes came into the world, with other barbarous embellishments; and the enumeration of titles and great actions, in the patrons themselves, or their sires, are as foreign to the matter in hand, as the ornaments are in a Gothic building. This is clapping together persons which have no manner of alliance; and can for that reason have no other effect than making both parties justly ridiculous. What pretence is there in nature for me to write to a great man, and tell him, 'My lord, because your grace is a duke, your grace's father before you was an earl, his lordship's father was a baron, and his lordship's father both a wise and a rich man: I, Isaac Bickerstaff, am obliged, and could not possibly forbear addressing to you the following treatise.' Though this is the plain exposition of all I could possibly say to him with a good conscience, yet the silly custom has so universally prevailed, that my lord duke and I must necessarily be particular friends from this time forward; or else I have just room for being disobliged, and may turn my panegyric into a libel. But to carry this affair still more home; were it granted that praises in dedications were proper topics, what is it that gives a man authority to commend, or what makes it a favour to me that he does commend me? It is certain, that there is no praise valuable but from the praise-

worthy. Were it otherwise, blame might be as much in the same hands. Were the good and evil of fame laid upon a level among mankind, the judge on the bench and the criminal at the bar would differ only in their stations; and if one's word is to pass as much as the other's, their reputation would be much alike to the jury. Pliny, speaking of the death of Martial, expresses himself with great gratitude to him, for the honours done him in the writings of that author; but he begins it with an account of his character, which only made the applause valuable. He indeed in the same epistle says, 'It is a sign we have left off doing things which deserve praise, when we think commendation impertinent.' This is asserted with a just regard to the persons whose good opinion we wish for; otherwise reputation would be valued according to the number of voices a man has for it, which are not always to be insured on the more virtuous side. But however we pretend to model these nice affairs, true glory will never attend any thing but truth; and there is something so peculiar in it, that the very self-same action done by different men, cannot merit the same degree of applause. The Roman, who was surprised in the enemy's camp before he had accomplished his design, and thrust his bare arm into a flaming pile, telling the general, there were many as determined as himself, who, against sense of danger, had conspired his death, wrought in the very enemy an admiration of his fortitude, and a dismissal with applause. But the condemned slave who represented him in the theatre, and consumed his arm in the same manner, with the same resolution, did not raise in the spectators a great idea of his virtue, but of him whom he imitated in an action no way differing from that of the real Scævola, but in the motive to it.

Thus true glory is inseparable from true merit; and whatever you call men, they are no more than what they are in themselves; but a romantic sense has crept into the minds of the generality, who will ever mistake words and appearances for persons and things.

The simplicity of the ancients was as conspicuous in the address of their writings, as in any other monuments they have left behind them. Cæsar and Augustus were much more high words of respect, when added to occasions fit for their characters to appear in, than any appellations which have ever been since thought of. The latter of these great men had a very pleasant way of dealing with applications of this kind. When he received pieces of poetry which he thought had worth in them, he rewarded the writer; but where he thought them empty, he generally returned the compliment made him with some verses of his own.

This latter method I have at present occasion to imitate. A female author has dedicated a

piece to me,\* wherein she would make my name, as she has others, the introduction of whatever is to follow in her book; and has spoke some panegyric things which I know not how to return, for want of better acquaintance with the lady, and consequently being out of a capacity of giving her praise or blame; all therefore that is left for me, according to the foregoing rules, is to lay the picture of a good and evil woman before her eyes, which are but mere words if they do not concern her. Now you are to observe, the way in a *dedication* is, to make all the rest of the world as little like the person we address to as possible, according to the following epistle.

'MADAM,

But *M——*

—Memorable nū.um

Fœminæ in posu est.——

No. 178.] Tuesday, May 30, 1710.

*Sheer-lane, May 29.*

WHEN we look into the delightful history of the most ingenious Don Quixote of la Mancha, and consider the exercises and manner of life of that renowned gentleman, we cannot but admire the exquisite genius and discerning spirit of Michael Cervantes; who has not only painted his adventurer with great mastery in the conspicuous parts of his story, which relate to love and honour; but also intimated in his ordinary life, in his economy and furniture, the infallible symptoms he gave of his growing frenzy, before he declared himself a Knight Errant. His hall was furnished with old lances, halberds, and morions; his food, lentils; his dress, amorous. He slept moderately, rose early, and spent his time in hunting. When by watchfulness and exercise he was thus qualified for the hardships of his intended peregrinations, he had nothing more to do but to fall hard to study; and before he should apply himself to the practical part, get into the methods of making love and war by reading books of knighthood. As for raising tender passions in him, Cervantes reports, that he was wonderfully delighted with a smooth intricate sentence; and when they listened at his study-door, they could frequently hear him read loud, 'The reason of the unreasonableness, which against my reason is wrought, doth so weaken my reason, as with all reason I do justly complain of your beauty.' Again, he would pause until he came to another charming sentence, and, with the most pleasing accent imaginable, be loud at a new paragraph: 'The high heavens, which with your divinity, do

\* Mrs. D. Manley published at this time one of her scandalous chronicles, in 8vo. under the title of 'Memoirs of Europe towards the Close of the eighth Century, written by Eginardus, secretary &c. to Charlemagne, and done into English by the Translator of the New Atlantis.'

fortify you divinely with the stars, make you deserviver of the deserts that your greatness deserves.' With these and other such passages, says my author, the poor gentleman grew distracted, and was breaking his brains day and night to understand and unravel their sense.

As much as the case of this distempered knight is received by all the readers of his history as the most incurable and ridiculous of all frenzies; it is very certain, we have crowds among us far gone in as visible a madness as his, though they are not observed to be in that condition. As great and useful discoveries are sometimes made by accidental and small beginnings, I came to the knowledge of the most epidemic ill of this sort, by falling into a coffee-house, where I saw my friend the upholsterer, whose *crack* towards politics I have heretofore mentioned. This *touch in the brain* of the British subject, is as certainly owing to the reading of newspapers, as that of the Spanish worthy above-mentioned to the reading of works of chivalry. My contemporaries, the novelists, have, for the better spinning out paragraphs, and working down to the end of their columns, a most happy art in saying and unsaying, giving hints of intelligence, and interpretations of indifferent actions, to the great disturbance of the brains of ordinary readers. This way of going on in the words, and making no progress in the sense, is more particularly the excellency of my most ingenious and renowned fellow-labourer, the Post-man; and it is to this talent in him that I impute the loss of my upholsterer's intellects. That unfortunate tradesman has, for years past, been the chief orator in ragged assemblies, and the reader in alley coffee-houses. He was yesterday surrounded by an audience of that sort, among whom I sat unobserved, through the favour of a cloud of tobacco, and saw him with the Post-man in his hand, and all the other papers safe under his elbow. He was intermixing remarks, and reading the Paris article of May the thirtieth, which says, 'That it is given out that an express arrived this day with advice, that the armies were so near in the plain of Lens, that they cannonaded each other.' 'Ay, ay, nere we shall have sport.' 'And that it was highly probable the next express would bring us an account of an engagement.' 'They are welcome, as soon as they please.' 'Though some others say, that the same will be put off until the second or third of June, because the marshal Villars expects some further reinforcements from Germany, and other parts, before that time.' 'What a-pox does he put it off for? Does he think our horse is not marching up at the same time? But let us see what he says further.' 'They hope that Monsieur Albertgotti, being encouraged by the presence of so great an army, will make an extraordinary defence.' 'Why then, I find, Albertgotti is one

of those that love to have a great many on their side. Nay, I will say that for this paper, he makes the most natural inferences of any of them all.' 'The elector of Bavaria, being uneasy to be without any command, has desired leave to come to court, to communicate a certain project to his majesty.—Whatever it be, it is said, that prince is suddenly expected; and then we shall have a more certain account of his project, if this report has any foundation.' 'Nay, this paper never imposes upon us; he goes upon sure grounds; for he will not be positive the elector has a project, or that he will come, or if he does come at all; for he doubts, you see, whether the report has any foundation.'

What makes this the more lamentable is, that this way of writing falls in with the imaginations of the cooler and duller part of her majesty's subjects. The being kept up with one line contradicting another; and the whole, after many sentences of conjecture, vanishing in a doubt whether there is any thing at all in what the person has been reading, puts an ordinary head into a vertigo, which his natural dulness would have secured him from. Next to the labours of the Post-man, the upholsterer took from under his elbow honest Icabod Dawks's Letter; and there, among other speculations, the historian takes upon him to say, 'That it is discoursed that there will be a battle in Flanders before the armies separate, and many will have it to be to-morrow, the great battle of Ramelies being fought on a Whitsunday.' A gentleman, who was a wag in this company, laughed at the expression, and said, 'By Mr. Dawks's favour, I warrant you, if we meet them on Whitsunday or Monday we shall not stand upon the day with them, whether it be before or after the holidays.' An admirer of this gentleman stood up, and told a neighbour at a distant table the conceit; at which indeed we were all very merry. These reflections, in the writers of the transactions of the times, seize the *noddles* of such as were not horn to have thoughts of their own, and consequently lay a weight upon every thing which they read in print. But Mr. Dawks concluded his paper with a courteous sentence, which was very well taken and applauded by the whole company. 'We wish,' says he, 'all our customers a merry Whitsuntide and many of them.' Honest Icabod is as extraordinary a man as any of our fraternity, and as particular. His style is a dialect between the familiarity of talking and writing, and his letter such as *you cannot distinguish whether print or manuscript*,\* which gives us a refreshment of the idea from what has been told us from the press by others. This wishing a good *Tide* had its effect upon us, and he was commended

\* Dawks's 'Letter' was circulated in MS.

for his salutation, as showing as well the capacity of a bell-man as a historian. My dis-tempered old acquaintance read, in the next place, the account of the affairs abroad in the Courant: but the matter was told so distinctly, that these wanderers thought there was no news in it; this paper differing from the rest, as a history from a romance. The tautology, the contradiction, the doubts, and wants of confirmations, are what keep up imaginary entertainments in empty heads and produce neglect of their own affairs, poverty, and bankruptcy, in many of the shop-statesmen; but turn the imaginations of those of a little higher orb into deliriums of dissatisfaction, which is seen in a continual fret upon all that touches their brains, but more particularly upon any advantage obtained by their country, where they are considered as lunatics, and therefore tolerated in their ravings.

What I am now warning the people of is, that the newspapers of this island are as pernicious to weak heads in England, as ever books of chivalry to Spain; and therefore shall do all that in me lies, with the utmost care and vigilance imaginable, to prevent these growing evils. A flaming instance of this madness appeared in my old acquaintance at this time, who, after he had done reading all his papers, ended with a thoughtful air, 'If we should have a peace, we should then know for certain whether it was the king of Sweden that lately came to Dunkirk?' I whispered him, and desired him to step aside a little with me. When I had opportunity, I decoyed him into a coach, in order for his more easy conveyance to Moor-fields. The man went very quietly with me; and by that time he had brought the Swede from the defeat by the czar to the Boristhenes, we were passing by Will's coffee-house, where the man of the house beckoned to us. We made a full stop, and could bear from above a very loud voice swearing, with some expressions towards treason, that the subject in France was as free as in England. His distemper would not let him reflect, that his own discourse was an argument of the contrary. They told him, one would speak with him below. He came immediately to our coach-side. I whispered him, 'that I had an order to carry him to the Bastille.' He immediately obeyed with great resignation: for to this sort of lunatic, whose brain is touched for the French, the name of a gaol in that kingdom has a more agreeable sound, than that of a paternal seat in this their own country. It happened a little unluckily bringing these lunatics together, for they immediately fell into a debate concerning the greatness of their respective monarchs; one for the king of Sweden, the other for the *grand monarque* of France. This gentleman from Will's is now next door to the upholsterer, safe in his apartment in my

Bedlam, with proper medicaments, and the Mercure Gallant to soothe his imagination that he is actually in France. If therefore he should escape to Covent-garden again, all persons are desired to lay hold of him, and deliver him to Mr. Morphew, my overseer. At the same time, I desire all true subjects to forbear discourse with him, any otherwise than, when he begins to fight a battle for France, to say, 'Sir, I hope to see you in England.'

No. 179.] Saturday, June 1, 1710.

—Oh I quis me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi  
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ?  
Virg. Georg. li. 488

Some god conduct me to the sacred shades, —  
Or lift me high to Hæmus' hilly crown! Dryden.

From my own Apartment, May 31.

In this parched season, next to the pleasure of going into the country is that of hearing from it, and partaking the joys of it in description; as in the following letter:

'SIR,

'I believe you will forgive me, though I write to you a very long epistle; since it relates to the satisfaction of a country life, which I know you would lead, if you could. In the first place, I must confess to you, that I am one of the most luxurious men living; and as I am such, I take care to make my pleasures lasting, by following none but such as are innocent and refined, as well as, in some measure, improving. You have in your labours been so much concerned to represent the actions and passions of mankind, that the whole vegetable world has almost escaped your observation: but sure there are gratifications to be drawn from thence, which deserve to be recommended. For your better information, I wish you could visit your old friend in Cornwall. You would be pleased to see the many alterations I have made about my house, and how much I have improved my estate without raising the rents of it.

As the winter engrosses with us near a double portion of the year, the three delightful vicissitudes being crowded almost within the space of six months, there is nothing upon which I have bestowed so much study and expense, as in contriving means to soften the severity of it, and, if possible, to establish twelve cheerful months about my habitation. In order to this, the charges I have been at in building and furnishing a green-house will perhaps be thought somewhat extravagant by a great many gentlemen whose revenues exceed mine. But, when I consider, that all men of any life and spirit have their inclinations to gratify; and when I compute the sums laid out by the generality of the men of pleasure,

in the number of which I always rank myself, in riotous eating and drinking, in equipage and apparel, upon wenching, gaming, racing, and hunting; I find, upon the balance, that the indulging of my humour comes at a reasonable rate.

‘Since I communicate to you all incidents, serious and trifling, even to the death of a butterfly, that fall out within the compass of my little empire; you will not, I hope, be ill pleased with the draught I now send you of my little winter paradise, and with an account of my way of amusing myself and others in it.

‘The younger Pliny, you know, writes a long letter to his friend Gallus, in which he gives him a very particular plan of the situation, the conveniences, and the agreeableness of his *villa*. In my last, you may remember, I promised you something of this kind. Had Pliny lived in a northern climate, I doubt not but we should have found a very complete *orangery* among his epistles; and I, probably, should have copied his model, instead of building after my own fancy, and you had been referred to him for the history of my late exploits in architecture: by which means my performances would have made a better figure, at least in writing, than they are like to make at present.

‘The area of my green-house is a hundred paces long, fifty broad, and the roof thirty feet high. The wall toward the north is of solid stone. On the south side, and at both the ends, the stone-work rises but three feet from the ground; excepting the pilasters, placed at convenient distances, to strengthen and beautify the building. The intermediate spaces are filled up with large sashes of the strongest and most transparent glass. The middle sash, which is wider than any of the other, serves for the entrance; to which you mount by six easy steps, and descend on the inside by as many. This opens and shuts with greater ease, keeps the wind out better, and is at the same time more uniform than folding-doors.

‘In the middle of the roof there runs a ceiling thirty feet broad, from one end to the other. This is enlivened by a masterly pencil, with all the variety of rural scenes and prospects, which he has peopled with the whole tribe of sylvan deities. Their characters and their stories are so well expressed, that the whole seems a collection of all the most beautiful fables of the ancient poets translated into colours. The remaining spaces of the roof, ten feet on each side of the ceiling, are of the clearest glass, to let in the sky and clouds from above. The building points *full east and west*, so that I enjoy the sun while he is above the horizon. His rays are improved through the glass; and I receive through it what is desirable in a winter sky, without the coarse alloy of the season, which is a kind of *sifting* or straining the

weather. My greens and flowers are as sensible as I am of this benefit. They flourish and look cheerful as in the spring, while their fellow-creatures abroad are starved to death. I must add, that a moderate expense of fire, over and above the contribution I receive from the sun, serves to keep this large room in a due temperature; it being sheltered from the cold winds by a hill on the *north*, and a wood on the *east*.

‘The shell, you see, is both agreeable and convenient; and now you shall judge, whether I have laid out the floor to advantage. There goes through the whole length of it a spacious walk of the finest gravel, made to bind and unite so firmly that it seems one continued stone; with this advantage, that it is easier to the foot, and better for walking, than if it were what it seems to be. At each end of the walk, on the one and on the other side of it, lies a *square plot of grass of the finest turf, and brightest verdure*. What ground remains on both sides, between these little smooth fields of green, is flagged with large quarries of white marble; where the blue veins trace out such a variety of irregular windings, through the clear surface, that these bright plains seem full of rivulets and streaming meanders. This, to my eye, that delights in simplicity, is inexpressibly more beautiful than the chequered floors which are so generally admired by others. Upon the right and upon the left, along the gravel walk, I have ranged interchangeably the bay, the myrtle, the orange, and the lemon-trees, intermixed with painted holbies, silver fir, and pyramids of yew; all so disposed, that every tree receives an additional beauty from its situation, besides the harmony that rises from the disposition of the whole. No shade cuts too strongly, or breaks in harshly upon the other; but the eye is cheered with a mild rather than gorgeous diversity of greens.

‘The borders of the four grass-plots are garnished with pots of flowers. Those delicacies of nature recreate two senses at once; and leave such delightful and gentle impressions upon the brain, that I cannot help thinking them of equal force with the softest airs of music, toward the smoothing of our temper. In the centre of every plot is a statue. The figures I have made choice of are a Venus, an Adonis, a Diana, and an Apollo; such excellent copies, as to raise the same delight as we should draw from the sight of the ancient originals.

‘The north wall would have been but a tiresome waste to the eye, if I had not diversified it with the most lively ornaments, suitable to the place. To this intent, I have been at the expense to lead, over arches, from a neighbouring hill, a plentiful store of spring-water, which a beautiful Naiad, placed as high as is possible in the centre of the wall, pours out from an



urn. This, by a fall of above twenty feet, makes a most delightful cascade into a bason, that opens wide within the marble-floor on that side. At a reasonable distance, on either hand of the cascade, the wall is hollowed into two spreading scollops, each of which receives a couch of green velvet, and forms at the same time a canopy over them. Next to them come two large aviaries, which are likewise let into the stone. These are succeeded by two grottos, set off with all the pleasing rudeness of shells, and moss, and cragged stones, imitating, in miniature, rocks and precipices, the most dreadful and gigantic works of nature. After the grottos, you have two niches; the one inhabited by Ceres, with her sickle and sheaf of wheat; and the other by Pomona, who, with a countenance full of good cheer, pours a bounteous autumn of fruits out of her horn. Last of all come two colonies of bees, whose stations lying east and west, the one is saluted by the rising, the other by the setting sun. These, all of them being placed at proportioned intervals, furnish out the whole length of the wall; and the spaces that lie between are painted *in fresco*, by the same hand that has enriched my ceiling.

'Now, sir, you see my whole contrivance to elude the rigour of the year, to bring a northern climate nearer the sun, and to exempt myself from the common fate of my countrymen. I must detain you a little longer, to tell you that I never enter this delicious retirement, but my spirits are revived, and a sweet complacency diffuses itself over my whole mind. And how can it be otherwise, with a conscience void of offence, where the music of falling waters, the symphony of birds, the gentle humming of bees, the breath of flowers, the fine imagery of painting and sculpture; in a word, the beauties and the charms of nature and of art, court all my faculties, refresh the fibres of the brain, and smooth every avenue of thought? What pleasing meditations, what agreeable wanderings of the mind, and what delicious slumbers, have I enjoyed here? And when I turn up some masterly writer to my imagination, methinks here his beauties appear in the most advantageous light, and the rays of his genius shoot upon me with greater force and brightness than ordinary. This place likewise keeps the whole family in good humour,

contribute very much to mend the climate five or six miles about us. I am,

'Your most humble servant,

'T. S.'

No. 180.] Tuesday, June 3, 1710.

Stakittum patienter opes.

Hor. 1 Ep. xviii. 29.

Their folly pleads the privilege of wealth.

*From my own Apartment, June 2.*

I HAVE received a letter which accuses me of partiality in the administration of the Censorship; and says, that I have been very free with the lower part of mankind, but extremely cautious in representations of matters which concern men of condition. This correspondent takes upon him also to say, the upholsterer was not undone by turning politician, but became bankrupt by trusting his goods to persons of quality; and demands of me, that I should do justice upon such as brought poverty and distress upon the world below them, while they themselves were sunk in pleasures and luxury, supported at the expense of those very persons whom they treated with negligence, as if they did not know whether they dealt with them or not. This is a very heavy accusation, both of me, and such as the man aggrieved accuses me of tolerating. For this reason, I resolved to take this matter into consideration; and upon very little meditation, could call to my memory many instances which made this complaint far from being groundless. The root of this evil does not always proceed from injustice in the men of figure, but often from a false grandeur which they take upon them in being unacquainted with their own business; not considering how mean a part they act, when their names and characters are subjected to the little arts of their servants and dependants. The overseers of the poor are a people who have no great reputation for the discharge of their trust; but are much less scandalous than the overseers of the rich. Ask a young fellow of a great estate, who was that odd fellow that spoke to him in a public place? he answers, 'one that does my business.' It is, with many, a natural consequence of being a man of fortune, that they are not to under-

say, have I seen, upon coming to an estate, forget all his diffidence of mankind, and become the most manageable thing breathing. He immediately wanted a stirring man to take upon him his affairs; to receive and pay; and do every thing which he himself was now too fine a gentleman to understand. It is pleasant to consider, that he who would have got an estate, had he not come to one, will certainly starve because one fell to him; but such contradictions are we to ourselves, and any change of life is insupportable to some natures.

It is a mistaken sense of superiority, to believe a figure, or equipage, gives men precedence to their neighbours. Nothing can create respect from mankind, but laying obligations upon them; and it may very reasonably be concluded, that if it were put into a due balance, according to the true state of the account, many who believe themselves in possession of a large share of dignity in the world, must give place to their inferiors. The greatest of all distinctions in civil life is that of debtor and creditor; and there needs no great progress in logic to know which, in that case, is the advantageous side. He who can say to another, 'Pray, master,' or, 'pray, my lord, give me my own,' can as justly tell him, 'It is a fantastical distinction you take upon you, to pretend to pass upon the world for my master or lord, when, at the same time that I wear your livery, you owe me wages; or, while I wait at your door, you are ashamed to see me until you have paid my bill.'

The good old way among the gentry of England, to maintain their pre-eminence over the lower rank, was by their bounty, munificence, and hospitality; and it is a very unhappy change, if at present, by themselves or their agents, the luxury of the gentry is supported by the credit of the trader. This is what my correspondent pretends to prove out of his own books, and those of his whole neighbourhood. He has the confidence to say, that there is a mug-house near Long-acre, where you may every evening hear an exact account of distresses of this kind. One complains that such a lady's finery is the occasion that his own wife and daughter appear so long in the same gown. Another, that all the furniture of her visiting apartment are no more hers, then the scenery of a play are the proper goods of the actress. Nay, at the lower end of the same table, you may hear a butcher and poulterer say, that, at their proper charge, all that family has been maintained since they last came to town.

The free manner in which people of fashion are discoursed on at such meetings, is but a just reproach of their failures in this kind; but the melancholy relations of the great necessities tradesmen are driven to, who support their credit in spite of the faithless promises which are made them, and the abatement

which they suffer when paid by the extortion of upper servants, is what would stop the most thoughtless man in the career of his pleasures, if rightly represented to him.

If this matter be not very speedily amended, I shall think fit to print exact lists of all persons who are not at their own disposal, though above the age of twenty-one; and as the trader is made bankrupt for absence from his abode, so shall the gentleman for being at home, if, when Mr. Morphew calls, he cannot give an exact account of what passes in his own family. After this fair warning, no one ought to think himself hardly dealt with, if I take upon me to pronounce him no longer master of his estate, wife, or family, than he continues to improve, cherish, and maintain them upon the basis of his own property, without incursions upon his neighbour in any of these particulars.

According to that excellent philosopher, Epictetus, we are all but acting parts in a play; and it is not a distinction in itself to be high or low, but to become the parts we are to perform. I am by my office prompter on this occasion; and shall give those who are a little out in their parts, such soft hints as may help them to proceed, without letting it be known to the audience they were out; but if they run quite out of character, they must be called off the stage, and receive parts more suitable to their genius. Servile complaisance shall degrade a man from his honour and quality, and haughtiness be yet more debased. Fortune shall no longer appropriate distinctions, but nature direct us in the disposition both of respect and discountenance. As there are tempers made for command, and others for obedience; so there are men born for acquiring possessions, and others incapable of being other than mere lodgers in the houses of their ancestors, and have it not in their very composition to be proprietors of any thing. These men are moved only by the mere effects of impulse: their good-will and disesteem are to be regarded equally; for neither is the effect of their judgment. This loose temper is that which makes a man, what Sallust so well remarks to happen frequently in the same person, to be covetous of what is another's, and profuse of what is his own. This sort of men is usually amiable to ordinary eyes; but, in the sight of reason, nothing is laudable but what is guided by reason. The covetous prodigal is of all others the worst man in society. If he would but take time to look into himself, he would find his soul all over gashed with broken vows and promises; and his retrospect on his actions would not consist of reflexions upon those good resolutions after mature thought, which are the true life of a reasonable creature, but the nauseous memory of imperfect pleasures, idle dreams, and occasioned amusements. To follow such dissatisfying pursuits, is it possible to suf-

fer the ignominy of being unjust? I remember in Tully's Epistle, in the recommendation of a man to an affair which had no manner of relation to money, it is said, 'You may trust him, for he is a frugal man.' It is certain, he who has not regard to strict justice in the commerce of life, can be capable of no good action in any other kind; but he, who lives below his income, lays up, every moment of life, armour against a base world, that will cover all his frailties while he is so fortified, and exaggerate them when he is naked and defenceless.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

A stage-coach sets out exactly at six from Nando's coffee-house to Mr. Tiptoe's dancing-school, and returns at eleven every evening, for one shilling and four-pence.

N. B. Dancing shoes, not exceeding four inches height in the heels, and periwigs, not exceeding three feet in length, are carried in the coach-box gratis.

No. 181.] Tuesday, June 6, 1710.

— Dies, ut fallor, adest, quoniam semper acerbum,  
Semper honoratum, sic diti voluistis, habebis.  
Virg. Æn. v. 49.

And now the rising day renews the year,  
A day for ever sad, for ever dear. Dryden.

*From my own Apartment, June 5.*

THERE are those among mankind, who can enjoy no relish of their being, except the world is made acquainted with all that relates to them, and think every thing lost that passes unobserved; but others find a solid delight in stealing by the crowd, and modelling their life after such a manner, as is as much above the approbation as the practice of the vulgar. Life being too short to give instances great enough of true friendship or good-will, some sages have thought it pious to preserve a certain reverence for the names of their deceased friends; and have withdrawn themselves from the rest of the world at certain seasons, to commemorate in their own thoughts such of their acquaintance who have gone before them out of this life. And indeed, when we are advanced in years, there is not a more pleasing entertainment, than to recollect in a gloomy moment the many we have parted with, that have been dear and agreeable to us. and to cast a melan-

at that time; but I could, without tears, reflect upon many pleasing adventures I have had with some, who have long been blended with common earth. Though it is by the benefit of nature, that length of time thus blots out the violence of afflictions; yet, with tempers too much given to pleasure, it is almost necessary to revive the old places of grief in our memory; and ponder step by step on past life, to lead the mind into that sobriety of thought which poises the heart, and makes it beat with due time, without being quickened with desire, or retarded with despair, from its proper and equal motion. When we wind up a clock that is out of order, to make it go well for the future, we do not immediately set the hand to the present instant, but we make it strike the round of all its hours, before it can recover the regularity of its time. Such, thought I, shall be my method this evening; and since it is that day of the year which I dedicate to the memory of such in another life as I much delighted in when living, an hour or two shall be sacred to sorrow and their memory, while I run over all the melancholy circumstances of this kind which have occurred to me in my whole life.

The first sense of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father,\* at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant, than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a beating the coffin, and calling Papa; for, I know not how, I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother caught me in her arms, and, transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embraces; and told me in a flood of tears, 'Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under ground, whence he could never come to us again.' She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport; which, methought, struck me with an instinct of sorrow, that, before I was sensible of what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the

bryo; and receives impressions so forcible, that they are as hard to be removed by reason, as any mark with which a child is born is to be taken away by any future application. Hence it is, that good nature in me is no merit; but having been so frequently overwhelmed with her tears before I knew the cause of any affliction, or could draw defences from my own judgment, I imbibed commiseration, remorse, and an unmanly gentleness of mind, which has since insured me into ten thousand calamities; from whence I can reap no advantage, except it be, that, in such a humour as I am now in, I can the better indulge myself in the softnesses of humanity, and enjoy that sweet anxiety which arises from the memory of past afflictions.

We, that are very old, are better able to remember things which befall us in our distant youth, than the passages of later days. For this reason it is, that the companions of my strong and vigorous years present themselves more immediately to me in this office of sorrow. Untimely and unhappy deaths are what we are most apt to lament; so little are we able to make it indifferent when a thing happens, though we know it must happen. Thus we groan under life, and bewail those who are relieved from it. Every object that returns to our imagination raises different passions, according to the circumstance of their departure. Who can have lived in an army, and in a serious hour reflect upon the many gay and agreeable men that might long have flourished in the arts of peace, and not join with the imprecations of the fatherless and widow on the tyrant to whose ambition they fell sacrifices? But gallant men, who are cut off by the sword, move rather our veneration than our pity; and we gather relief enough from their own contempt of death, to make that no evil, which was approached with so much cheerfulness, and attended with so much honour. But when we turn our thoughts from the great parts of life on such occasions, and instead of lamenting those who stood ready to give death to those from whom they had the fortune to receive it; I say, when we let our thoughts wander from such noble objects, and consider the havoc which is made among the tender and the innocent, pity enters with an unmixed softness, and possesses all our souls at once.

Here (were there words to express such sentiments with proper tenderness) I should record the beauty, innocence, and untimely death, of the first object my eyes ever beheld with love. The beauteous virgin! how ignorantly did she charm, how carelessly excel? Oh Death! thou hast right to the bold, to the ambitious, to the high, and to the haughty; but why this cruelty to the humble, to the meek, to the undiscerning, to the thoughtless? Nor age, nor business, nor distress, can erase the dear image from my imagination. In the same

week, I saw her dressed for a ball, and in a shroud. How ill did the habit of death become the pretty trifer? I still behold the smiling earth—A large train of disasters were coming on to my memory, when my servant knocked at my closet-door, and interrupted me with a letter, attended with a hamper of wine, of the same sort with that which is to be put to sale on Thursday next, at Garraway's coffee-house. Upon the receipt of it, I sent for three of my friends. We are so intimate, that we can be company in whatever state of mind we meet, and can entertain each other without expecting always to rejoice. The wine we found to be generous and warming, but with such a heat as moved us rather to be cheerful than frolicsome. It revived the spirits, without firing the blood. We commended it until two of the clock this morning; and having to-day met a little before dinner, we found, that though we drank two bottles a man, we had much more reason to recollect than forget what had passed the night before.

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No. 182.] Thursday, June 8, 1710.

Spectatorum popularum ludis attentis lyssa.

Hor. 1 Ep. II. 197.

The crowd would more delight the laughing age,^a
Than all the force, and follies of the stage.

Francis.

Sheer-lane, June 7.

THE town grows so very empty, that the greater number of my gay characters are fled out of my sight into the country. My beaux are now shepherds, and my belles wood-nymphs. They are lolling over rivulets, and covered with shades, while we who remain in town, hurry through the dust about impertinencies, without knowing the happiness of leisure and retirement. To add to this calamity, even the actors are going to desert us for a season, and we shall not shortly have so much as a landscape or a forest scene to refresh ourselves with in the midst of our fatigues. This may not, perhaps, be so sensible a loss to any other as to me; for I confess it is one of my greatest delights to sit unobserved and unknown in the gallery, and entertain myself either with what is personated on the stage, or observe what appearances present themselves in the audience. If there were no other good consequences in a playhouse, than that so many persons of different ranks and conditions are placed there in their most pleasing aspects, that prospect only would be very far from being below the pleasures of a wise man. There is not one person you can see, in whom, if you look with an inclination to be pleased, you may not behold something worthy or agreeable.

Our thoughts are in our features; and the visage of those in whom love, rage, anger, jealousy, or envy, have their frequent mansions, carries the traces of those passions wherever the amorous, the choleric, the jealous, or the envious, are pleased to make their appearance. However, the assembly at a play is usually made up of such as have a sense of some elegance in pleasure; by which means the audience is generally composed of those who have gentle affections, or at least of such, as at that time, are in the best humour you can ever find them. This has insensibly a good effect upon our spirits; and the musical airs which are played to us, put the whole company into a participation of the same pleasure, and by consequence, for that time, equal in humour, in fortune, and in quality. Thus far we gain only by coming into an audience; but if we find, added to this, the beauties of proper action, the force of eloquence, and the gayety of well-placed lights and scenes, it is being happy, and seeing others happy, for two hours: a duration of bliss not at all to be slighted by so short-lived a creature as man. Why then should not the duty of the player be had in much more esteem than it is at present? If the merit of a performance is to be valued according to the talents which are necessary to it, the qualifications of a player should raise him much above the arts and ways of life which we call mercenary or mechanic. When we look round a full house, and behold so few that can, though they set themselves out to show as much as the persons on the stage do, come up to what they would appear even in dumb show; how much does the actor deserve our approbation, who adds to the advantage of looks and motions, the tone of voice, the dignity, the humility, the sorrow, and the triumph, suitable to the character he personates?

It may possibly be imagined by severe men, that I am too frequent in the mention of the theatrical representations; but who is not excessive in the discourse of what he extremely likes? Eugenio can lead you to a gallery of fine pictures, which collection he is always increasing. Crassus, through woods and forests,

ment upon the capacities of the players would very much improve the delight that way, and impart it to those who otherwise have no sense of it.

The first of the present stage are Wilks and Cibber, perfect actors in their different kinds. Wilks has a singular talent in representing the graces of nature; Cibber the deformity in the affectation of them. Were I a writer of plays, I should never employ either of them in parts which had not their bent this way. This is seen in the inimitable strain and run of good humour which is kept up in the character of Wildair, and in the nice and delicate abuse of understanding in that of Sir Novelty. Cibber, in another light, hits exquisitely the *flat* civility of an affected gentleman-usher, and Wilks the easy frankness of a gentleman.

If you would observe the force of the same capacities in higher life, can any thing be more ingenuous than the behaviour of prince Harry, when his father checks him? any thing more exasperating than that of Richard, when he insults his superiors? To beseech gracefully, to approach respectfully, to pity, to mourn, to love, are the places wherein Wilks may be made to shine with the utmost beauty. To rally pleasantly, to scorn artfully, to flatter, to ridicule, and to neglect, are what Cibber would perform with no less excellence.

When actors are considered with a view to their talents, it is not only the pleasure of that hour of action, which the spectators gain from their performance; but the opposition of right and wrong on the stage, would have its force in the assistance of our judgments on other occasions. I have at present under my tutelage a young poet, who, I design, shall entertain the town the ensuing winter. And as he does me the honour to let me see his comedy as he writes it, I shall endeavour to make the parts fit the geniuses of the several actors, as exactly as their habits can their bodies. And because the two I have mentioned are to perform the principal parts, I have prevailed with the house to let the 'Careless Husband' be acted on Tuesday next, that my young author may have a view of the play, which is acted to perfection

There are, I find, to be in it all the reverend offices of life (such as regard to parents, husbands, and honourable lovers) preserved with the utmost care; and, at the same time, that agreeableness of behaviour, with the intermixture of pleasing passions which arise from innocence and virtue, interspersed in such a manner, as that to be charming and agreeable, shall appear the natural consequence of being virtuous. This great end is one of those I propose to do in my censorship; but if I find a thin house on an occasion when such a work is to be promoted, my pupil shall return to his commons at Oxford, and Sheer-lane and the theatres be no longer correspondents.

No. 183.] Saturday, June 10, 1710.

Fuit hæc sapientia quondam
Publica privatis æcernare.

Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 396.

Our sage forefathers wisely understood
To separate public from the private good.

From my own Apartment, June 9.

WHEN men look into their own bosoms, and consider the generous seeds which are there planted, that might, if rightly cultivated, ennoble their lives, and make their virtue venerable to futurity; how can they, without tears, reflect on the universal degeneracy from that public spirit, which ought to be the first and principal motive of all their actions? In the Grecian and Roman nations, they were wise enough to keep up this great incentive, and it was impossible to be in the fashion without being a patriot. All gallantry had its first source from hence; and to want a warmth for the public welfare, was a defect so scandalous, that he who was guilty of it had no pretence to honour or manhood. What makes the depravity among us in this behalf the more vexatious and irksome to reflect upon, is, that the contempt of life is carried as far amongst us, as it could be in those memorable people; and we want only a proper application of the qualities which are frequent among us, to be as worthy as they. There is hardly a man to be found who will not fight upon any occasion, which he thinks maytaint his own honour. Were this motive as strong in every thing that regards the public, as it is in this our private case, no man would pass his life away without having distinguished himself by some gallant instance of his zeal towards it in the respective incidents of his life and profession. But it is so far otherwise, that there cannot at present be a more ridiculous animal, than one who seems to regard the good of others. He, in civil life, whose thoughts turn upon schemes which may be of general benefit, without further reflection, is called a projector: and the man whose mind

seems intent upon glorious achievements, a knight-errant. The ridicule among us runs strong against laudable actions; nay, in the ordinary course of things, and the common regards of life, negligence of the public is an epidemic vice. The brewer in his excise, the merchant in his customs, and, for aught we know, the soldier in his muster-rolls, think never the worse of themselves for being guilty of their respective frauds towards the public. This evil is come to such a fantastical height, that he is a man of a public spirit, and heroically affected to his country, who can go so far as even to turn usurer with all he has in her funds. There is not a citizen in whose imagination such a-one does not appear in the same light of glory, as Codrus, Scævola, or any other great name in old Rome. Were it not for the heroes of so much per cent. as have regard enough for themselves and their nation to trade with her with their wealth, the very notion of public love would long before now have vanished from among us. But however general custom may hurry us away in the stream of a common error, there is no evil, no crime, so great as that of being cold in matters which relate to the common good. This is in nothing more conspicuous than in a certain willingness to receive any thing that tends to the diminution of such as have been conspicuous instruments in our service. Such inclinations proceed from the most low and vile corruption, of which the soul of man is capable. This effaces not only the practice, but the very approbation of honour and virtue: and has had such an effect, that, to speak freely, the very sense of public good has no longer a part even of our conversations. Can then the most generous motive of life, the good of others, be so easily banished the breast of man? Is it possible to draw all our passions inward? Shall the boiling heat of youth be sunk in pleasures, the ambition of manhood in selfish intrigues? Shall all that is glorious, all that is worth the pursuit of great minds, be so easily rooted out? When the universal bent of a people seems diverted from the sense of their common good and common glory, it looks like a fatality, and crisis of impending misfortune.

The generous nations we just now mentioned understood this so very well, that there was hardly an oration ever made, which did not turn upon this general sense, 'That the love of their country was the first and most essential quality in an honest mind.' Demosthenes, in a cause wherein his fame, reputation, and fortune, were embarked, puts his all upon this issue; 'Let the Athenians,' says he, 'be benevolent to me, as they think I have been zealous for them.' This great and discerning orator knew, there was nothing else in nature could bear him up against his adversaries, but this one quality of having shown himself willing or

able to serve his country. This certainly is the test of merit; and the first foundation for deserving good-will is having it yourself. The adversary of this orator at that time was *Æschines*, a man of wily arts and skill in the world, who could, as occasion served, fall in with a national start of passion, or sullenness of humour; which a whole nation is sometimes taken with as well as a private man, and by that means divert them from their common sense, into an aversion for receiving any thing in its true light. But when *Demosthenes* had awakened his audience with that one hint of judging by the general tenor of his life towards them, his services bore down his opponent before him, who fled to the covert of his mean arts, until some more favourable occasion should offer against the superior merit of *Demosthenes*.

It were to be wished, that love of their country were the first principle of action in men of business, even for their own sakes; for, when the world begins to examine into their conduct, the generality, who have no share in, or hopes of any part in power or riches, but what is the effect of their own labour or property, will judge of them by no other method, than that of how profitable their administration has been to the whole? They who are out of the influence of men's fortune or favour, will let them stand or fall by this one only rule; and men who can hear being tried by it, are always popular in their fall. Those, who cannot suffer such a scrutiny, are contemptible in their advancement.

But I am here running into shreds of maxims from reading *Tacitus* this morning, that has driven me from my recommendation of public spirit, which was the intended purpose of this lubrication. There is not a more glorious instance of it, than in the character of *Regulus*. This same *Regulus* was taken prisoner by the *Carthaginians*, and was sent by them to *Rome*, in order to demand some *Punic* noblemen, who were prisoners, in exchange for himself; and was bound by an oath, that he would return to *Carthage* if he failed in his commission. He proposes this to the senate, who were in suspense upon it, which *Regulus* observing, without having the least notion of putting the care of his own life in competition with the public good, desired them to consider, that he

a man, after the fatigue of business in a court or a city, retires to the next village for the air.

No. 184.] Tuesday, June 13, 1710.

Una de multis facie nuptiali

Digna—

Hor. 11 Od. lib. 33.

Yet worthy of the nuptial flame—

Of many, one unstained maid.

Francis.

From my own Apartment, June 12.

THERE are certain occasions of life which give propitious omens of the future good conduct of it, as well as others which explain our present inward state, according to our behaviour in them. Of the latter sort are funerals; of the former, weddings. The manner of our carriage when we lose a friend, shows very much our temper, in the humility of our words and actions, and a general sense of our destitute condition, which runs through all our deportment. This gives a solemn testimony of the generous affection we bore our friends, when we seem to disrelish every thing now we can no more enjoy them, or see them partake in our enjoyments. It is very proper and humane to put ourselves, as it were, in their livery after their decease, and wear a habit unsuitable to prosperity, while those we loved and honoured are mouldering in the grave. As this is laudable on the sorrowful side, so on the other, incidents of success may no less justly be represented and acknowledged in our outward figure and carriage. Of all such occasions, that great change of a single life into marriage is the most important; as it is the source of all relations, and from whence all other friendship and commerce do principally arise. The general intent of both sexes is to dispose of themselves happily and honourably in this state; and, as all the good qualities we have are exerted to make our way into it, so the best appearance, with regard to their minds, their persons, and their fortunes, at the first entrance into it, is a due to each other in the married pair, as well as a compliment to the rest of the world. It was an instruction of a wise law-giver, that unmarried women should wear such loose habits, which, in the flowing of their garb, should incite their beholders to a desire of their company, and that the husbands

she took upon her the wedded condition. However, there was a festival of life allowed the new-married, a sort of intermediate state between celibacy and matrimony, which continued certain days. During that time, entertainments, equipages, and other circumstances of rejoicing, were encouraged; and they were permitted to exceed the common mode of living, that the bride and bridegroom might learn from such freedoms of conversation, to run into a general conduct to each other, made out of their past and future state, so to temper the cares of the man and the wife with the gayeties of the lover and the mistress.

In those wise ages the dignity of life was kept up, and on the celebration of such solemnities there were no impertinent whispers, and senseless interpretations put upon the unaffected cheerfulness or accidental seriousness of the bride; but men turned their thoughts upon the general reflections, on what issue might probably be expected from such a couple in the succeeding course of their life, and felicitated them accordingly upon such prospects.

I must confess, I cannot, from any ancient manuscripts, sculptures, or medals, deduce the rise of our celebrated custom of throwing the stocking; but have a faint memory of an account a friend gave me of an original picture in the palace of Aldobrandini in Rome. This seems to show a sense of this affair very different from what is usual among us. It is a Grecian wedding; and the figures represented are a person offering sacrifice, a beautiful damsel dancing, and another playing on the harp. The bride is placed in her bed, the bridegroom sits at the foot of it, with an aspect which intimates, his thoughts were not only entertained with the joys with which he was surrounded; but also with a noble gratitude, and divine pleasure in the offering, which was then made to the gods to invoke their influence on his new condition. There appears in the face of the woman a mixture of fear, hope, and modesty; in the bridegroom a well-governed rapture. As you see in great spirits, grief, which discovers itself the more by forbearing tears and complaints, you may observe also the highest joy is too big for utterance; the tongue being of all the organs the least capable of expressing such a circumstance. The nuptial torch, the bower, the marriage song, are all particulars which we meet with in the allusions of the ancient writers; and in every one of them something is to be observed, which denotes their industry to aggrandize and adorn this occasion above all others.

With us all order and decency in this point is perverted, by the insipid mirth of certain animals we usually call Wags. These are a species of all men the most insupportable. One cannot without some reflection say, whether their flat mirth provokes us more to pity

or to scorn; but if one considers with how great affectation they utter their frigid conceits, commiseration immediately changes itself into contempt.

A Wag is the last order even of pretenders to wit and good humour. He has generally his mind prepared to receive some occasion of merriment, but is of himself too empty to draw any out of his own set of thoughts; and therefore laughs at the next thing he meets, not because it is ridiculous, but because he is under a necessity of laughing. A Wag is one that never in its life saw a beautiful object; but sees, what it does see, in the most low, and most inconsiderable light it can be placed. There is a certain ability necessary to behold what is amiable and worthy of our approbation, which little minds want, and attempt to bide by a general disregard to every thing they behold above what they are able to relish. Hence it is, that a Wag in an assembly is ever guessing, how well such a lady slept last night, and how much such a young fellow is pleased with himself. The Wag's gayety consists in a certain professed ill-breeding, as if it were an excuse for committing a fault, that a man knows he does so. Though all public places are full of persons of this order; yet, because I will not allow impertinence and affectation to get the better of native innocence and simplicity of manners, I have, in spite of such little disturbers of public entertainments, persuaded my brother Tranquillus, and his wife my sister Jenny, in favour of Mr. Wilks, to be at the play to-morrow evening.

They, as they have so much good sense as to act naturally, without regard to the observation of others, will not, I hope, be discomposed, if any of the fry of Wags should take upon them to make themselves merry upon the occasion of their coming, as they intend, in their wedding-clothes. My brother is a plain, worthy, and honest man; and as it is natural for men of that turn to be mightily taken with sprightly and airy women, my sister has a vivacity which may perhaps give hopes to impertinents, but will be esteemed the effect of innocence among wise men. They design to sit with me in the box, which the house have been so complaisant as to offer me whenever I think fit to come thither in my public character.

I do not in the least doubt, but the true figure of conjugal affection will appear in their looks and gestures. My sister does not affect to be gorgeous in her dress; and thinks the happiness of a wife is more visible in a cheerful look than a gay apparel. It is a hard task to speak of persons so nearly related to one with decency; but I may say, all who shall be at the play will allow him to have the mien of a worthy English gentleman; her, that of a notable and deserving wife.

No 185.] *Thursday, June 15, 1710.*

*Notitiam primoque gradus vicinia fecit,
Tempore crevit amor, tædæ quoque jure coissent,
Sed veterare patres. Quod non potuerunt vetare,
Ex æquo captis ardebat mentibus ambo.*

Ovid, de Pyr. et Thib. Met. iv. 59.

Their neighbourhood acquaintance early bred,
Acquaintance love, and love in time had led
The happy couple to the nuptial bed,
Their fathers stop't them. But in vain oppose
Their mutual passion, source of all their woes.

From my own Apartment, June 14.

As soon as I was up this morning, my man gave me the following letter; which, since it leads to a subject that may prove of common use to the world, I shall take notice of with as much expedition as my fair petitioner could desire.

‘MR. BICKERSTAFF,

‘Since you have so often declared yourself a patron of the distressed, I must acquaint you, that I am daughter to a country gentleman of good sense, and may expect three or four thousand pounds for my fortune. I love and am beloved by Philander, a young gentleman who has an estate of five hundred pounds per annum, and is our next neighbour in the country every summer. My father, though he has been a long time acquainted with it, constantly refuses to comply with our mutual inclinations: but what most of all torments me is, that if ever I speak in commendation of my lover, he is much louder in his praises than myself; and professes, that it is out of pure love and esteem for Philander, as well as his daughter, that he can never consent we should marry each other; when, as he terms it, we may both do so much better. It must indeed be confessed, that two gentlemen of considerable fortunes made their addresses to me last winter, and Philander, as I have since learned, was offered a young heiress with fifteen thousand pounds; but it seems we could neither of us think, that accepting those matches would be doing better than remaining constant to our first passion. Your thoughts, upon the whole, may perhaps have some weight with my father, who is one of your admirers, as is your humble servant,

‘SYLVIA.

‘P. S. You are desired to be speedy, since my father daily presses me to accept of, what he calls, an advantageous offer.’

There is no calamity in life that falls heavier upon human nature than a disappointment in love; especially when it happens between two persons whose hearts are mutually engaged to each other. It is this distress which has given occasion to some of the finest tragedies that were ever written, and daily fills the world with melancholy, discontent, frenzy, sickness, despair, and death. I have often admired at

the barbarity of parents, who so frequently interpose their authority in this grand article of life. I would fain ask Sylvia's father, whether he thinks he can bestow a greater favour on his daughter, than to put her in a way to live happily? Whether a man of Philander's character, with five hundred pounds per annum, is not more likely to contribute to that end, than many a young fellow whom he may have in his thoughts with so many thousands? Whether he can make amends to his daughter by any increase of riches, for the loss of that happiness she proposes to herself in her Philander? Or, whether a father should compound with his daughter to be miserable, though she were to get twenty thousand pounds by the bargain? I suppose he would have her reflect with esteem on his memory after his death: and does he think this a proper method to make her do so, when, as often as she thinks on the loss of her Philander, she must at the same time remember him as the cruel cause of it? Any transient ill-humour is soon forgotten; but the reflection of such a cruelty must continue to raise resentments as long as life itself; and, by this one piece of barbarity, an indulgent father loses the merit of all his past kindnesses. It is not impossible but she may deceive herself in the happiness which she proposes from Philander; but, as in such a case she can have no one to blame but herself, she will bear the disappointment with greater patience; but if she never makes the experiment, however happier she may be with another, she will still think she might have been happier with Philander. There is a kind of sympathy in souls, that fits them for each other; and we may be assured, when we see two persons engaged in the warmth of a mutual affection, that there are certain qualities in both their minds which bear a resemblance to one another. A generous and constant passion in an agreeable lover, where there is not too great a disparity in other circumstances, is the greatest blessing that can befall the person beloved; and, if overlooked in one, may perhaps never be found in another. I shall conclude this with a celebrated instance of a father's indulgence in this particular; which, though carried to an extravagance, has something in it so tender and amiable, as may justly reproach the harshness of temper that is to be met with in many a British father.

Antiochus, a prince of great hopes, fell passionately in love with the young queen Stratonice, who was his mother-in-law, and had bore a son to the old king, Seleucus, his father. The prince, finding it impossible to extinguish his passion, fell sick; and refused all manner of nourishment, being determined to put an end to that life which was become insupportable.

Erasistratus, the physician, soon found that love was his distemper; and observing the alteration in his pulse and countenance, when-

soever Stratonice made him a visit, was soon satisfied that he was dying for his young mother-in-law. Knowing the old king's tenderness for his son, when he one morning enquired of his health, he told him, that the prince's distemper was love; but that it was incurable, because it was impossible for him to possess the person whom he loved. The king, surprised at his account, desired to know how his son's passion could be incurable? 'Why, sir,' replied Erasistratus, 'because he is in love with the person I am married to.'

The old king immediately conjured him by all his past favours, to save the life of his son and successor. 'Sir,' said Erasistratus, 'would your majesty but fancy yourself in my place, you would see the unreasonableness of what you desire?' 'Heaven is my witness,' said Seleucus, 'I could resign even my Stratonice to save my Antiochus.' At this, the tears ran down his cheeks; which when the physician saw, taking him by the hand, 'Sir,' says he, 'if these are your real sentiments, the prince's life is out of danger; it is Stratonice for whom he dies.' Seleucus immediately gave orders for solemnizing the marriage; and the young queen, to show her obedience, very generously exchanged the father for the son.

No. 186.] *Saturday, June, 17, 1710.*

——— *Emittit soli virtute potestas. Claud.*
 Virtue alone ennobles human kind,
 And power should on her glorious foot-steps wal.
R. Wymne.

Sheer-lane, June 16.

As it has been the endeavour of these our labours to extirpate from among the polite or busy part of mankind, all such as are either prejudicial or insignificant to society: so it ought to be no less our study to supply the havoc we have made, by an exact care of the growing generation. But when we begin to inculcate proper precepts to the children of this island, except we could take them out of their nurses' arms, we see an amendment is almost impracticable; for we find the whole species of our youth, and grown men, is incorrigibly prepossessed with vanity, pride, or ambition, according to the respective pursuits to which they turn themselves; by which means the world is infatuated with the love of appearances instead of things. Thus the vain man takes praise for honour; the proud man, ceremony for respect, the ambitious man, power for glory. These three characters are indeed of very near resemblance, but differently received by mankind. Vanity makes men ridiculous; pride odious; and ambition terrible. The foundation of all which is, that they are grounded upon falsehood: for if men, instead of studying to appear considerable, were in their own hearts

possessors of the requisites for esteem, the acceptance they otherwise unfortunately aim at would be as inseparable from them, as approbation is from truth itself. By this means they would have some rule to walk by; and they may ever be assured, that a good cause of action will certainly receive a suitable effect. It may be a useful hint in such cases for a man to ask of himself, whether he really is what he has a mind to be thought? If he is, he need not give himself much further anxiety. What will the world say? is the common question in matters of difficulty; as if the terror lay wholly in the sense which others, and not we ourselves, shall have of your actions. From this one source arise all the impostors in every art and profession, in all places, among all persons, in conversation, as well as in business. Hence it is, that a vain fellow takes twice as much pains to be ridiculous, as would make him sincerely agreeable.

Can any one be better fashioned, better bred, or has any one more good-nature, than Damasippus? But the whole scope of his looks and actions tends so immediately to gain the good opinion of all he converses with, that he loses it for that only reason. As it is the nature of vanity to impose false shows for truth, so does it also turn real possessions into imaginary ones. Damasippus, by assuming to himself what he has not, robs himself of what he has.

There is nothing more necessary to establish reputation, than to suspend the enjoyment of it. He that cannot bear the sense of merit with silence, must of necessity destroy it; for fame being the general mistress of mankind, whoever gives it to himself insults all to whom he relates any circumstances to his own advantage. He is considered as an open ravisher of that beauty, for whom all others pine in silence. But some minds are so incapable of any temperance in this particular, that on every second in their discourse, you may observe an earnestness in their eyes, which shows they wait for your approbation; and perhaps the next instant cast an eye on a glass, to see how they like themselves. Walking the other day in a neighbouring inn of court, I saw a more happy and more graceful orator than I ever before had heard or read of. A youth, of about nineteen years of age, was, in an Indian night-gown and laced cap, pleading a cause before a glass. The young fellow had a very good air, and seemed to hold his brief in his hand rather to help his action, than that he wanted notes for his further information. When I first began to observe him, I feared he would soon be alarmed; but he was so zealous for his client, and so favourably received by the court, that he went on with great fluency to inform the bench, that he humbly hoped they would not let the merit of the cause suffer by the youth and inexperience of the pleader; that in all things he submitted

to their candour; and modestly desired they would not conclude, but that strength of argument, and force of reason may be consistent with grace of action and comeliness of person.

To me (who see people every day in the midst of crowds, whomsoever they seem to address to, talk only to themselves, and of themselves) this orator was not so extravagant a man as perhaps another would have thought him; but I took part in his success, and was very glad to find he had, in his favour, judgment and costs, without any manner of opposition.

The effects of pride and vanity are of consequence only to the proud and vain; and tend to no further ill than what is personal to themselves, in preventing their progress in anything that is worthy and laudable, and creating envy instead of emulation of superior virtue. These ill qualities are to be found only in such as have so little minds, as to circumscribe their thoughts and designs within what properly relates to the value, which they think due to their dear and amiable selves; but ambition, which is the third great impediment to honour and virtue, is a fault of such as think themselves born for moving in a higher orb, and prefer being powerful and mischievous to being virtuous and obscure. The parent of this mischief in life, so far as to regulate it into schemes, and make it possess a man's whole heart without his believing himself a dæmon, was Machiavel. He first taught, that a man must necessarily appear weak, to be honest. Hence it gains upon the imagination, that a great is not so despicable as a little villain; and men are insensibly led to a belief, that the aggravation of crimes is the diminution of them. Hence the impiety of thinking one thing, and speaking another. In pursuance of this empty and unsatisfying dream, to betray, to undermine, to kill in themselves all natural sentiments of love to friends or country, is the willing practice of such as are thirsty of power for any other reason, than that of being useful and acceptable to mankind.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas Mr. Bickerstaff has lately received a letter out of Ireland, dated June the ninth, importing, that he is grown very dull, for the postage of which Mr. Morphew charges one shilling; and another without date of place or time, for which he, the said Morphew, charges two-pence: it is desired, that for the future, his courteous and uncourteous readers will go a little further in expressing their good and ill-will, and pay for the carriage of their letters; otherwise the intended pleasure or pain, which is designed for Mr. Bickerstaff, will be wholly disappointed.

To hear an open slander is a curse:
But not to find an answer is a worse.

Dryden.

From my own Apartment, June 19.

Pasquin of Rome to Isaac Bickerstaff of London.

His holiness is gone to Castel Gandolpho, much discomposed at some late accounts from the missionaries in your island; for a committee of cardinals, which lately sat for the reviving the force of some obsolete doctrines, and drawing up amendments to certain points of faith, have represented the church of Rome to be in great danger, from a treatise written by a learned Englishman; which carries spiritual power much higher than we could have dared to have attempted even here. His book is called, 'An Epistolary Discourse, proving from the Scriptures, and the first Fathers, that the soul is a principle naturally mortal. Wherein is proved, that none have the power of giving this divine immortalizing spirit, since the apostles but the bishops. By Henry Dodwell, M. A.' The assertion appeared to our *litterati* so short and effectual a method of subjecting the laity, that it is feared auricular confession and absolution will not be capable of keeping the clergy of Rome in any degree of greatness, in competition with such teachers, whose flocks shall receive this opinion. What gives the greater jealousy here is, that in the catalogue of treatises which have been lately burnt within the British territories, there is no mention made of this learned work; which circumstance is a sort of implication, that the tenet is not held erroneous, but that the doctrine is received among you as orthodox. The youth of this place are very much divided in opinion, whether a very memorable quotation which the author repeats out of Tertullian, be not rather of the style and manner of Meursius: *In illo ipso voluptatis ultimæ æstu, quo genitale virus expellitur, nonne aliquid de animæ quoque sentimus exire, alique adeo marcescimus et divigescimus cum lucis detrimento?* This piece of Latin goes no farther than to tell us how our fathers begot us; so that we are still at a loss how we afterwards commence eternal; for *creando infunditur, et infundendo creatur*, which is mentioned soon after, may allude only to flesh and blood, as well as the former. Your readers in this city, some of whom have very much approved the warmth with which you have attacked free-thinkers, atheists, and other enemies to religion and virtue, are very much disturbed, that you have given them no account of this remarkable dissertation. I am employed by them to desire you would, with all possible expedition, send me over the ceremony of the creation of souls, as well as a list of all the mortal and immortal men within the dominions of Great Britain. When you have done me this favour, I must trouble you for other tokens

of your kindness; and particularly I desire you would let me have the religious handkerchief,* which is of late so much worn in England, for I have promised to make a present of it to a courtesan of a French minister.

‘Letters from the frontiers of France inform us, that a young gentleman,† who was to have been created a cardinal on the next promotion, has put off his design of coming to Rome so soon as was intended; having, as it is said, received letters from Great Britain, wherein several virtuosi of that island have desired him to suspend his resolutions towards a monastic life, until the British grammarians shall publish their explication of the words *indefeasible* and *revolution*. According as these two hard terms are made to fit the mouths of the people, this gentleman takes his measures for his journey hither.

‘Your New Bedlam has been read and considered by some of your countrymen among us; and one gentleman, who is now here as a traveller, says your design is impracticable; for that there can be no place large enough to contain the number of your lunatics. He advises you therefore to name the ambient sea for the boundary of your hospital. If what he says be true, I do not see how you can think of any other inclosure: for, according to his discourse, the whole people are taken with a *vertigo*; great and proper actions are received with coldness and discontent; ill-news hoped for with impatience; heroes in your service are treated with calumny, while criminals pass through your towns with acclamations.‡

‘This Englishman went on to say, you seemed at present to flag under a satiety of success, as if you wanted misfortune as a necessary vicissitude. Yet, alas! though men have but a cold relish of prosperity, quick is the anguish of the contrary fortune. He proceeded to make comparisons of times, seasons, and great incidents. After which he grew too learned for my understanding, and talked of Hanno the Carthaginian, and his irreconcilable hatred to the glorious commander Hannibal. Hannibal, said he, was able to march to Rome itself, and brought that ambitious people, who designed no less than the empire of the world, to sue for peace in the most abject and servile manner; when faction at home detracted from the glory of his actions, and after many arti-

of all nations which had liberty to reason. When Hannibal heard the message of the Carthaginian senators, who were sent to recall him, he was moved with a generous and disdainful sorrow; and is reported to have said, “Hannibal then must be conquered, not by the arms of the Romans, whom he has often put to flight, but by the envy and detraction of his countrymen. Nor shall Scipio triumph so much in his fall, as Hanno, who will smile to have purchased the ruin of Hannibal, though attended with the fall of Carthage.

‘I am, Sir, &c.

‘PASQUIN.’

Will’s Coffee-house, June 19.

There is a sensible satisfaction in observing the countenance and action of the people on some occasions. To gratify myself in this pleasure, I came hither with all speed this evening with an account of the surrender of Douay. As soon as the *battle-critics* heard it, they immediately drew some comfort, in that it must have cost us a great number of men. Others were so negligent of the glory of their country, that they went on in their discourse on the full house which is to be at Othello on Thursday, and the curiosity they should go with, to see Wilks play a part so very different from what he had ever before appeared in, together with the expectation that was raised in the gay part of the town on that occasion.

This universal indolence and inattention among us to things that concern the public, made me look back with the highest reverence on the glorious instances in antiquity, of a contrary behaviour in the like circumstances. Harry English, upon observing the room so little roused on the news, fell into the same way of thinking. ‘How unlike,’ said he, ‘Mr. Bickerstaff, are we to the old Romans. There was not a subject of their state but thought himself as much concerned in the honour of his country, as the first officer of the commonwealth. How do I admire the messenger, who ran with a thorn in his foot to tell the news of a victory to the senate! He had not leisure for his private pain, until he had expressed his public joy; nor could he suffer as a man, until he had triumphed as a Roman.’

my late papers, I have laid aside, with an intent to give my reader a sight of them. The first criticises upon my green-house, and is as follows :

‘MR. BICKERSTAFF, South Wales, June 7.

‘This letter comes to you from my orangery, which I intend to reform as much as I can, according to your ingenious model; and shall only beg of you to communicate to me your secret of preserving grass-plots in a covered room; for, in the climate where my country-seat lies, they require rain and dews as well as sun and fresh air, and cannot live upon such fine food as your *sifted weather*. I must likewise desire you to write over your green-house the following motto:

Hic ver perpetuum, atque alienis mensibus æstas.

*Her vernal bloom, and summer's genial warmth,
Reign all the year. ————— R. Wynne.*

Instead of your

*O! Quis me gelidis sub montibus Hæmæ
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra?*
Virg. Georg. li. 448.

*Some god, convey me to the cooling shades
Of dewy Hæmus! ————— R. Wynne.*

‘Which, under favour, is the panting of one in summer after cool shades, and not of one in winter after a summer-house. The rest of your plan is very beautiful; and that your friend, who has so well described it, may enjoy it many winters, is the hearty wish of

‘His and your unknown, &c.’

This oversight of a grass-plot in my friend's green-house, puts me in mind of a like inconsistency in a celebrated picture; where Moses is represented as striking a rock, and the children of Israel quenching their thirst at the waters that flow from it, and run through a beautiful landscape of groves and meadows, which could not flourish in a place where water was to have been found only by a miracle.

The next letter comes to me from a Kentish yeoman, who is very angry with me for my advice to parents, occasioned by the amours of Sylvia and Philander, as related in my paper, No. 185.

‘SQUIRE BICKERSTAFF,

‘I do not know by what chance one of your Tatlers is got into my family, and has almost turned the brains of my eldest daughter, Winifred; who has been so undutiful as to fall in love of her own head, and tells me a foolish heathen story that she has read in your paper, to persuade me to give my consent. I am too wise to let children have their own wills in a business like marriage. It is a matter in which neither I myself, nor any of my kindred, were ever humoured. My wife and I never pretended to love one another like your Sylvias and Philanders; and yet, if you saw our fire-side, you

would be satisfied we are not always a squabbling. For my part, I think that where man and woman come together by their own good liking, there is so much fondling and fooling, that it hinders young people from minding their business. I must therefore desire you to change your note; and instead of advising us old folks, who perhaps have more wit than yourself, to let Sylvia know, that she ought to act like a dutiful daughter, and marry the man that she does not care for. Our great-grandmothers were all bid to marry first, and love would come afterwards; and I do not see why their daughters should follow their own inventions. I am resolved Winifred shall not.

‘Yours, &c.’

This letter is a natural picture of ordinary contracts, and of the sentiments of those minds that lie under a kind of intellectual rusticity. This trifling occasion made me run over in my imagination the many scenes I have observed of the married condition, wherein the quintessence of pleasure and pain are represented, as they accompany that state, and no other. It is certain, there are many thousands like the above-mentioned yeoman and his wife, who are never highly pleased or distasted in their whole lives. But when we consider the more informed part of mankind, and look upon their behaviour, it then appears that very little of their time is indifferent, but generally spent in the most anxious vexation, or the highest satisfaction. Shakspeare has admirably represented both the aspects of this state in the most excellent tragedy of Othello. In the character of Desdemona, he runs through all the sentiments of a virtuous maid, and a tender wife. She is captivated by his virtue, and faithful to him as well from that motive, as regard to her own honour. Othello is a great and noble spirit, misled by the villany of a false friend to suspect her innocence; and repents it accordingly. When, after the many instances of passion, the wife is told the husband is jealous, her simplicity makes her incapable of believing it, and say, after such circumstances as would drive another woman into distraction,

—I think the sun where he was born
Drew all such humours from him.

This opinion of him is so just, that his noble and tender heart beats itself to pieces, before he can affront her with the mention of his jealousy; and he owns, this suspicion has blotted out all the sense of glory and happiness which before it was possessed with, when he laments himself in the warm allusions of a mind accustomed to entertainments so very different from the pangs of jealousy and revenge. How moving is his sorrow, when he cries out as follows.

I had been happy, if the gen'ral camp.
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. Oh now! for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the pined troops, and the big wars
That make ambition virtue! Oh farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance, of glorious war!
And, oh ye mortal engines! whose rude throats
Th' immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone.

I believe I may venture to say, there is not in any other part of Shakspeare's works more strong and lively pictures of nature than in this. I shall therefore steal *incognito* to see it, out of curiosity to observe how Wilks and Cibber touch those places, where Betterton and Sandford so very highly excelled. But now I am got into discourse of acting, with which I am so professedly pleased, I shall conclude this paper with a note I have just received from the two ingenious friends, Mr. Penkethman and Mr. Bullock.

'SIR,

'Finding by your paper, No. 182, that you are drawing parallels between the greatest actors of the age; as you have already begun with Mr. Wilks and Mr. Cibber, we desire you would do the same justice to your humble servants,

'WM. BULLOCK AND WM. PENKETHMAN.'

For the information of posterity, I shall comply with this letter, and set these two great men in such a light as Sallust has placed his Cato and Cæsar.

Mr. William Bullock and Mr. William Penkethman are of the same age, profession, and sex. They both distinguish themselves in a very particular manner under the discipline of the crab-tree, with this only difference, that Mr. Bullock has the more agreeable squall, and Mr. Penkethman the more graceful shrug. Penkethman devours a cold chick with great applause; Bullock's talent lies chiefly in asparagus. Penkethman is very dexterous at conveying himself under a table; Bullock is no less active at jumping over a stick. Mr. Penkethman has a great deal of money; but Mr. Bullock is the taller man.

No. 189.] Saturday, June 24, 1710.

*Est in juvenis, est in equis pater
Virtus; nec imbellis feroces
Progenerant aquila columban.*

Hor. 4 Od. iv. 30.

In steers laborious, and in generous steeds
We trace their sire's, nor can the bird of Jove
Intrepid, fierce, beget th' unwarlike dove. *Francis.*

From my own Apartment, June 23.

HAVING lately turned my thoughts upon the considerations of the behaviour of parents

to children in the great affair of marriage, I took much delight in turning over a bundle of letters, which a gentleman's steward in the country had sent me some time ago. This parcel is a collection of letters written by the children of the family, to which he belongs, to their father; and contains all the little passages of their lives, and the new ideas they received as their years advanced. There is in them an account of their diversions as well as their exercises; and what I thought very remarkable is, that two sons of the family, *who now make considerable figures in the world*, gave omens of that sort of character which they now bear, in the first rudiments of thought which they show in their letters. Were one to point out a method of education, one could not, methinks, frame one more pleasing or improving than this; where the children get a habit of communicating their thoughts and inclinations to their best friend with so much freedom, that he can form schemes for their future life and conduct from an observation of their tempers; and by that means be early enough in choosing their way of life, to make them forward in some art or science at an age when others have not determined what profession to follow. As to the persons concerned in this packet I am speaking of, they have given great proofs of the force of this conduct of their father in the effect it has upon their lives and manners. The elder, who is a *scholar*, showed from his infancy a propensity to polite studies, and has made a suitable progress in literature; but his learning is so well woven into his mind, that from the impression of it, he seems rather to have contracted a habit of life, than manner of discourse. To his books he seems to owe a good economy in his affairs, and a complacency in his manners, though in others that way of education has commonly a quite different effect. The epistles of the other son are full of accounts of what he thought most remarkable in his reading. He sends his father for news the last noble story he had read. I observe, he is particularly touched with the conduct of Codrus, who plotted his own death, because the oracle had said, if he were not killed, the enemy should prevail over his country. Many other incidents in his little letters give omens of a soul capable of generous undertakings; and what makes it the more particular is, that this gentleman had, in the present war, the honour and happiness of doing an action, for which only it was worth coming into the world. Their father is the most intimate friend they have; and they always consult him rather than any other, when any error has happened in their conduct through youth and inadvertency. The behaviour of this gentleman to his sons has made his life pass away with the pleasures of a second youth; for, as the vexations which men receive from

their children hasten the approach of age, and double the force of years; so the comforts, which they reap from them, are balm to all other sorrows, and disappoint the injuries of time. Parents of children repeat their lives in their offspring; and their concern for them is so near, that they feel all their sufferings and enjoyments as much as if they regarded their own proper persons. But it is generally so far otherwise, that the common race of esquires in this kingdom use their sons as persons that are waiting only for their funerals, and spies upon their health and happiness; as indeed they are, by their own making them such. In cases where a man takes the liberty after this manner to reprehend others, it is commonly said, let him look at home. I am sorry to own it; but there is one branch of the house of the Bickerstuffs, who have been as erroneous in their conduct this way as any other family whatsoever. The head of this branch is now in town, and has brought up with him his son and daughter, who are all the children he has, in order to be put some way into the world, and see fashions. They are both very ill-bred cubs; and having lived together from their infancy, without knowledge of the distinctions and decencies that are proper to be paid to each other's sex, they squabble like two brothers. The father is one of those who knows no better than that all pleasure is debauchery, and imagines, when he sees a man become his estate, that he will certainly spend it. This branch are a people who never had among them one man eminent either for good or ill; however, have all along kept their heads just above water, not by a prudent and regular economy, but by expedients in the matches they have made into their house. When one of the family has, in the pursuit of foxes, and in the entertainment of clowns, run out the third part of the value of his estate, such a spendthrift has dressed up his eldest son, and married what they call a good fortune; who has supported the father as a tyrant over them, during his life, in the same house or neighbourhood. The son, in succession, has just taken the same method to keep up his dignity, until the mortgages, he has ate and drunk himself into, have reduced him to the necessity of sacrificing his son also, in imitation of his progenitor. This had been, for many generations, the whole that had happened in the family of Sam Bickerstaff, until the time

to make him believe, he depends only on his will for maintenance. Tom is now in his nineteenth year, Mrs. Mary in her *fifteenth*. Cousin Samuel, who understands no one point of good behaviour as it regards all the rest of the world, is an exact critic in the dress, the motion, the looks, and gestures of his children. What adds to their misery is, that he is excessively fond of them, and the greatest part of their time is spent in the presence of this nice observer. Their life is one continued constraint. The girl never turns her head, but she is warned not to follow the proud minxes of the town. The boy is not to turn fop, or be quarrelsome; at the same time, not to take an affront. I had the good fortune to dine with him to-day, and heard his fatherly table-talk as we sat at dinner, which, if my memory does not fail me, for the benefit of the world, I shall set down as he spoke it; which was much as follows, and may be of great use to those parents, who seem to make it a rule, that their children's turn to enjoy the world is not to commence, until they themselves have left it.

'Now, Tom, I have bought you chambers in the inn of court. I allow you to take a walk once or twice a-day round the garden. If you mind your business, you need not study to be as great a lawyer as Coke upon Littleton. I have that that will keep you; but be sure you keep an exact account of your linen. Write down what you give out to your laundress, and what she brings home again. Go as little as possible to the other end of the town; but if you do, come home early. I believe I was as sharp as you for your ears; and I had my hat snatched off my head coming home late at a stop by St. Clement's church, and I do not know from that day to this who took it. I do not care if you learn to fence a little; for I would not have you be made a fool of. Let me have an account of every thing, every post; I am willing to be at that charge, and I think you need not spare your pains. As for you, daughter Molly, do not mind one word that is said to you in London; for it is only for your money.

No. 190.] Tuesday, June 27, 1710.

—Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.

Virg. Æn. ii. 48.

Trojans all Greeks and Grecian gifts distrust.

Shakspeare. Iona 96.

in Great Britain, and have had the honour to be pelted with several epistles to expostulate with me on that subject. Among others, one from a person of the number of those they call Quakers, who seems to admonish me out of pure zeal and good-will. But as there is no character so unjust as that of talking in party upon all occasions, without respect to merit or worth on the contrary side; so there is no part we can act so justifiable as to speak our mind when we see things urged to extremity, against all that is praise-worthy or valuable in life, upon general and groundless suggestions. But if I have talked too frankly upon such reflections, my correspondent has laid before me, after his way, the error of it in a manner that makes me indeed thankful for his kindness, but the more inclinable to repeat the imprudence from the necessity of the circumstance.

The twenty-third of the sixth month,
 'FRIEND ISAAC, which is the month June.

'Forasmuch as I love thee, I cannot any longer refrain declaring my mind unto thee concerning some things. Thou didst thyself indite the epistle inserted in one of thy late lucubrations, as thou wouldst have us call them: for verily thy friend of stone,* and I speak according to knowledge, hath no fingers; and though he hath a mouth, yet speaketh he not therewith; nor yet did that epistle at all come unto thee from the mansion-house of the scarlet whore. It is plain therefore, that the truth is not in thee: but since thou wouldst lie, couldst not thou lie with more discretion? Wherefore shouldst thou insult over the afflicted, or add sorrow unto the heavy of heart? Truly this gall proceedeth not from the spirit of meekness. I tell thee moreover, the people of this land be marvelously given to change; insomuch that it may likely come to pass, that before thou art many years nearer to thy dissolution, thou mayest behold him sitting on a high place whom thou now laughest to scorn: and then how wilt thou be glad to humble thyself to the ground, and lick the dust of his feet, that thou mayest find favour in his sight? If thou didst meditate as much upon the word, as thou dost upon the profane scribblings of the wise ones of this generation, thou wouldst have remembered what happened unto Shimei, the son of Gera the Benjamite, who cursed the good man David in his distress.† David pardoned his transgression; yet was he afterwards taken as in a snare by the words of his own mouth, and fell by the sword of Solomon the chief ruler.‡ Furthermore, I do not remember to have heard in the days of my youth and vanity, when, like thine, my conversation was with the Gentiles, that the men of Rome, which

is Babylon, ever sued unto the men of Carthage, for tranquillity, as thou dost aver. Neither was Hannibal, the son of F amilear, called home by his countrymen, until these saw the sword of their enemies at their gates; and then was it not time for him, thinkest thou, to return? It appeareth therefore that thou dost prophesy backwards; thou dost row one way, and look another; and indeed in all things art thou too much a *time-server*; yet seemest thou not to consider what a day may bring forth. Think of this, and take tobacco. Thy friend,
 'AMINADAB.

If the zealous writer of the above letter has any meaning, it is of too high a nature to be the subject of my lucubrations. I shall therefore wave such high points, and be as useful as I can to persons of less moment than any he hints at. When a man runs into a little fame in the world, as he meets with a great deal of reproach which he does not deserve, so does he also a great deal of esteem to which he has in himself no pretensions. Were it otherwise, I am sure no one would offer to put a law-case to me: but because I am an adept in physic and astrology, they will needs persuade me that I am no less a proficient in all other sciences. However, the point mentioned in the following letter is so plain a one, that I think I need not trouble myself to cast a figure to be able to discuss it.

'MR. BICKERSTAFF,

'It is some years ago since the entail of the estate of our family was altered, by passing a fine in favour of me, who now am in possession of it, after some others deceased. The heirs-general, who lived beyond sea, were excluded by this settlement, and the whole estate is to pass in a new channel after me and my heirs. But several tenants of the lordship persuade me to let them hereafter hold their lands of me according to the old customs of the barony, and not oblige them to act by the limitations of the last settlement. This, they say, will make me more popular among my dependants, and the ancient vassals of the estate, to whom any deviation from the line of succession is always invidious.

'Yours, &c.'

'SIR,

Sheer-lane, June 24

'You have by the fine a plain right, in which none else of your family can be your competitor; for which reason, by all means demand vassalage upon that title. The contrary advice can be given for no other purpose in nature but to betray you, and favour other pretenders, by making you place a right which is in you only, upon a level with a right which you have in common with others. I am, Sir,

'Your most faithful servant, until death,
 'I. B.

* Pasquin. See Tatler, Numbers 190, 190, and 187.
 † 2 Sam. xvi. 13. ‡ 1 Kings ii. 8. 36. ad finem.

There is nothing so dangerous or so pleasing, as compliments made to us by *our enemies*; and my *correspondent* tells me, that though he knows several of those who give him this counsel were at first against passing the fine in favour of him; yet he is so touched with their homage to him, that he can hardly believe they have a mind to set it aside, in order to introduce the heir-general into his estate.

These are great evils; but since there is no proceeding with success in this world, without complying with the arts of it, I shall use the same method as my correspondent's tenants did with him, in relation to one whom I never had a kindness for; but shall, notwithstanding, presume to give him my advice.

Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, of Great Britain to Lewis the Fourteenth of France.

'SIR,

'Your majesty will pardon me while I take the liberty to acquaint you, that some passages written from your side of the water do very much obstruct your interest. We take it very unkindly that the prints of Paris are so very partial in favour of one set of men among us, and treat the others as irreconcilable to your interests. Your writers are very large in recounting any thing which relates to the figure and power of one party, but are dumb when they should represent the actions of the other. This is a trifling circumstance which many here are apt to lay some stress upon; and therefore I thought fit to offer it to your consideration before you despatch the next courier.

'I. B.'

No. 191.] Thursday, June 29, 1710.

— Propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.

Juv. Sat. vill. 84.

— Basely they

The sacred cause for which they're born, betray,
Who give up virtue for a worthless life. R. WYNN.

From my own Apartment, June 28.

OF all the evils under the sun, that of making vice commendable is the greatest; for it seems to be the basis of society, that applause and contempt should be always given to proper objects. But in this age we behold things, for which we ought to have an abhorrence, not only received without disdain, but even valued as motives of emulation. This is naturally the destruction of simplicity of manners, openness of heart, and generosity of temper. When a person gives himself the liberty to range and run over in his thoughts the different geniuses of men, which he meets in the world, one cannot but observe, that most of the indirection and artifice, which is used among men, does not proceed so much from a degeneracy in

nature, as an affectation of appearing men of consequence by such practices. By *this* means it is, that a cunning man is so far from being ashamed of being esteemed such, that he secretly rejoices in it. It has been a sort of maxim, that the greatest art is to conceal art; but I know not how, among some people we meet with, their greatest cunning is to appear cunning. There is Polypragmon makes it the whole business of his life to be thought a cunning fellow, and thinks it a much greater character to be terrible than agreeable. When it has once entered into a man's head to have an ambition to be thought crafty, all other evils are necessary consequences. To deceive is the immediate endeavour of him who is proud of the capacity of doing it. It is certain, Polypragmon does all the ill he possibly can, but pretends to much more than he performs. He is contented in his own thoughts, and hugs himself in his closet, that though he is locked up there and doing nothing, the world does not know but that he is doing mischief. To favour this suspicion, he gives half-looks and shrugs in his general behaviour, to give you to understand that you do not know what he means. He is also wonderfully adverbial in his expressions, and breaks off with a 'Perhaps' and a nod of the head upon matters of the most indifferent nature. It is a mighty practice with men of this genius to avoid frequent appearance in public, and to be as mysterious as possible when they do come into company. There is nothing to be done, according to them, in the common way; and let the matter in hand be what it will, it must be carried with an air of importance, and transacted, if we may so speak, with an ostentatious secrecy. These are your persons of long-heads, who would fain make the world believe their thoughts and ideas are very much superior to their neighbours; and do not value what these their neighbours think of them, provided they do not reckon them fools. These have such a romantic touch in business, that they hate to perform any thing like other men. Were it in their choice, they had rather bring their purposes to bear by over-reaching the persons they deal with, than by a plain and simple manner. They make difficulties for the honour of surmounting them. Polypragmon is eternally busied after this manner, with no other prospect, than that he is in hopes to be thought the most cunning of all men, and fears the imputation of want of understanding much more than that of the abuse of it. But alas! how contemptible is such an ambition, which is the very reverse of all that is truly laudable, and the very contradiction to the only means to a just reputation, simplicity of manners! Cunning can in no circumstance imaginable be a quality worthy a man, except in his own defence, and merely to conceal himself from

such as are so; and in such cases, it is no longer craft, but wisdom. The monstrous affectation of being thought artful, immediately kills all thoughts of humanity and goodness, and gives men a sense of the soft affections and impulses of the mind, which are imprinted in us for our mutual advantage and succour, as of mere weaknesses and follies. According to the men of cunning, you are to put off the nature of a man as fast as you can, and acquire that of a *demon*; as if it were a more eligible character to be a powerful enemy, than an able friend. But it ought to be a mortification to men affected this way, that there wants but little more than instinct to be considerable in it; for when a man has arrived at being very bad in his inclination, he has not much more to do but to conceal himself, and he may revenge, cheat, and deceive, without much employment for understanding, and go on with great cheerfulness with the high applause of being a prodigious cunning fellow. But indeed, when we arrive at that pitch of false taste, as not to think cunning a contemptible quality, it is, methinks, a very great injustice that pick-pockets are had in so little veneration; who must be admirably well turned, not only for the theoretic, but also the practical behaviour of cunning fellows. After all the endeavours of this family of men whom we call cunning, their whole work falls to pieces, if others tramples down all esteem for such artifices; and treat it as an unmanly quality, which they forbear to practise only because they abhor it. When the spider is ranging in the different apartments of his web, it is true, that he only can weave so fine a thread; but it is in the power of the merest drone that has wings, to fly through and destroy it.

Will's Coffee-house, June 28.

Though the taste of wit and pleasure is at present but very low in this town, yet there are some that preserve their relish undebauched with common impressions, and can distinguish between reality and imposture. A gentleman was saying here this evening, that he would go to the play to-morrow night, to see heroism as it has been represented by some of our tragedians, represented in burlesque. It seems, the play of Alexander is to be then turned into ridicule for its bombast, and other false ornaments in the thoughts as well as the language. The bluster Alexander makes is as much inconsistent with the character of a hero, as the roughness of Clytus, an instance of the sincerity of a bold artless soldier. To be plain is not to be rude, but rather inclines a man to civility and deference; not indeed to show it in the gestures of the body, but in the sentiments of the mind. It is, among other things, from the impertinent figures unskilful dramatists draw of the characters of men, that youth are bewil-

dered and prejudiced in their sense of the world, of which they have no notions but what they draw from books and such representations. Thus, talk to a very young man, let him be of never so good sense, and he shall smile when you speak of sincerity in a courtier, good sense in a soldier, or honesty in a politician. The reason of this is, that you hardly see one play wherein each of these ways of life is not drawn by hands that know nothing of any one of them; and the truth is so far of the opposite side to what they paint, that it is more impracticable to live in esteem in courts than any where else without sincerity. Good sense is the great requisite in a soldier, and honesty the only thing that can support a politician. This way of thinking made the gentleman, of whom I was just now speaking, say, he was glad any one had taken upon him to depreciate such unnatural fustian as the tragedy of Alexander. The character of that prince indeed was, that he was unequal, and given to intemperance; but in his sober moments, when he had the precepts of his great instructor warm in his imagination, he was a pattern of generous thoughts and dispositions, in opposition to the strongest desires which are incident to a youth and conqueror. But instead of representing that hero in the glorious character of generosity and chastity, in his treatment of the beautiful family of Darius, he is drawn all along as a monster of lust, or of cruelty; as if the way to raise him to the degree of a hero, were to make his character as little like that of a worthy man as possible. Such rude and indigested draughts of things are the proper objects of ridicule and contempt; and depreciating Alexander, as we have him drawn, is the only way of restoring him to what he was in himself. It is well contrived of the players to let this part be followed by a true picture of life, in the comedy called, 'The Chances,'* wherein Don John and Constantia are acted to the utmost perfection. There need not be a greater instance of the force of action than in many incidents of this play, where indifferent passages, and such as conduce only to the tacking of the scenes together, are enlivened with such an agreeable gesture and behaviour, as apparently shows what a play might be, though it is not wholly what a play should be.

No. 192.] Saturday, July 1, 1710.

Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

Hor. 3 Oct. ix. ver. ult.

Gladly I

With thee would live, with thee would die. Francis.

From my own Apartment, June 30.

SOME years since I was engaged with a coachfull of friends to take a journey as far as the

* A comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, altered and amended by the duke of Buckingham.

Land's End. We were very well pleased with one another the first day; every one endeavouring to recommend himself by his good humour and complaisance to the rest of the company. This good correspondence did not last long; one of our party was soured the very first evening by a plate of butter which had not been melted to his mind, and which spoiled his temper to such a degree, that he continued upon the fret to the end of our journey. A second fell off from his good humour the next morning, for no other reason, that I could imagine, but because I chanced to step into the coach before him, and place myself on the shady side. This however, was but my own private guess; for he did not mention a word of it, nor indeed of any thing else, for three days following. The rest of our company held out very near half the way, when, on a sudden, Mr. Sprightly fell asleep; and instead of endeavouring to divert and oblige us, as he had hitherto done, carried himself with an unconcerned, careless, drowsy behaviour, until we came to our last stage. There were three of us who still held up our heads, and did all we could to make our journey agreeable; but, to my shame be it spoken, about three miles on this side Exeter, I was taken with an unaccountable fit of sullenness, that hung upon me for above threescore miles; whether it were for want of respect, or from an accidental tread upon my foot, or from a foolish maid's calling me 'The old gentleman,' I cannot tell. In short, there was but one who kept his good humour to the Land's End.

There was another coach that went along with us, in which I likewise observed that there were many secret jealousies, heart-burnings and animosities: for when we joined companies at night, I could not but take notice, that the passengers neglected their own company, and studied how to make themselves esteemed by us, who were altogether strangers to them; until at length they grew so well acquainted with us, that they liked us as little as they did one another. When I reflect upon this journey, I often fancy it to be a picture of human life, in respect to the several friendships, contracts, and alliances, that are made and dissolved in the several periods of it. The most delightful and most lasting engagements are generally those which pass between man and woman; and yet upon what trifles are they weakened, or entirely broken! Sometimes the parties fly asunder even in the midst of courtship, and sometimes grow cool in the very honeymoon. Some separate before the first child, and some after the fifth; others continue good until thirty, others until forty; while some few, whose souls are of a happier make, and better fitted to one another, travel on together to the end of their journey in a continual intercourse of kind offices, and mutual endearments.

When we therefore choose our companions for life, if we hope to keep both them and ourselves in good humour to the last stage of it, we must be extremely careful in the choice we make, as well as in the conduct on our own part. When the persons to whom we join ourselves can stand an examination, and bear the scrutiny; when they mend upon our acquaintance with them, and discover new beauties, the more we search into their characters; our love will naturally rise in proportion to their perfections.

But because there are very few possessors of such accomplishments of body and mind, we ought to look after those qualifications both in ourselves and others, which are indispensably necessary towards this happy union, and which are in the power of every one to acquire, or at least to cultivate and improve. These, in my opinion, are cheerfulness and constancy. A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty, and affliction; convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity; and render deformity itself agreeable.

Constancy is natural to persons of even tempers and uniform dispositions; and may be acquired by those of the greatest fickleness, violence, and passion, who consider seriously the terms of union upon which they come together, the mutual interest in which they are engaged, with all the motives that ought to incite their tenderness and compassion towards those who have their dependance upon them, and are embarked with them for life in the same state of happiness or misery. Constancy, when it grows in the mind, upon considerations of this nature, becomes a moral virtue, and a kind of good-nature, that is not subject to any change of health, age, fortune, or any of those accidents, which are apt to unsettle the best dispositions that are founded rather in constitution than in reason. Where such a constancy as this is wanting, the most inflamed passion may fall away into coldness and indifference, and the most melting tenderness degenerate into hatred and aversion. I shall conclude this paper with a story that is very well known in the north of England.

About thirty years ago, a *packet-boat* that had several passengers on board was cast away upon a rock, and in so great danger of sinking, that all who were in it endeavoured to save themselves as well as they could; though only those who could swim well had a bare possibility of doing it. Among the passengers there were two women of fashion, who, seeing themselves in such a disconsolate condition, begged of their husbands not to leave them. One of them chose rather to die with his wife than to forsake her; the other, though he was moved with the utmost compassion for his wife,

told her, 'that for the good of their children, it was better one of them should live, than both perish.' By a great piece of good luck, next to a miracle, when one of our good men had taken the last and long farewell in order to save himself, and the other held in his arms the person that was dearer to him than life, the ship was preserved. It is with a secret sorrow and vexation of mind that I must tell the sequel of the story, and let my reader know, that this faithful pair who were ready to have died in each other's arms, about three years after their escape, upon some trifling disgust, grew to a coldness at first, and at length fell out to such a degree, that they left one another, and parted for ever. The other couple lived together in an uninterrupted friendship and felicity; and, what was remarkable, the husband, whom the shipwreck had like to have separated from his wife, died a few months after her, not being able to survive the loss of her.

I must confess, there is something in the changeableness and inconstancy of human nature, that very often both dejects and terrifies me. Whatever I am at present, I tremble to think what I may be. While I find this principle in me, how can I assure myself that I shall be always true to my God, my friend, or myself? In short, without constancy there is neither love, friendship, nor virtue, in the world.

No. 193.] Tuesday, July 4, 1710.

Qui diligit patrie quid debeat, et quid amicis;
Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amantius et hospes;—
Reddere personis scilicet conveniuntia cuique.

Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 312.

The poet, who with nice discernment knows
What to his country and his friends he owes;
How various nature warms the human breast,
To love the parent, brother, friend or guest,
He surely knows, with nice, well-judging art,
The strokes peculiar to each different part. *Francis.*

Will's Coffee-house, July 3.

I HAVE of late received many epistles, wherein the writers treat me as a mercenary person, for some little hints concerning matters which, they think, I should not have touched upon but for sordid considerations. It is apparent, that my motive could not be of that kind; for when a man declares himself openly on one side, that party will take no more notice of him, because he is sure; and the set of men whom he declares against, for the same reason, are violent against him. Thus it is folly in a plain-dealer to expect, that either his friends will reward him, or his enemies forgive him. For which reason, I thought it was the shortest way to impartiality, to put myself beyond further hopes or fears, by declaring myself at a time when the dispute is not about persons and parties, but things and causes. To relieve

myself from the vexation which naturally attends such reflections, I came hither this evening to give my thoughts quite a new turn, and converse with men of pleasure and wit, rather than those of business and intrigue. I had hardly entered the room when I was accosted by Mr. Thomas Dogget, who desired my favour in relation to the play which was to be acted for his benefit on Thursday. He pleased me in saying it was 'The Old Bachelor,' in which comedy there is a necessary circumstance observed by the author, which most other poets either overlook or do not understand, that is to say, the distinction of characters. It is very ordinary with writers to indulge a certain modesty of believing all men as witty as themselves, and making all the persons of the play speak the sentiments of the author, without any manner of respect to the age, fortune, or quality, of him that is on the stage. Ladies talk like rakes, and footmen make similes: but this writer knows men; which makes his plays reasonable entertainments, while the scenes of most others are like the tunes between the acts. 'They are perhaps agreeable sounds; but they have no ideas affixed to them.' Dogget thanked me for my visit to him in the winter; and, after his comic manner, spoke his request with so arch a leer, that I promised the droll I would speak to all my acquaintance to be at his play.

Whatever the world may think of the actors, whether it be that their parts have an effect on their lives, or whatever it is, you see a wonderful benevolence among them towards the interests and necessities of each other. Dogget therefore would not let me go, without delivering me a letter from poor old Downs the prompter, wherein that retainer to the theatre desires my advice and assistance in a matter of concern to him. I have sent him my private opinion for his conduct; but the stage and state affairs being so much canvassed by parties and factions, I shall for some time hereafter take leave of subjects which relate to either of them; and employ my cares in the consideration of matters, which regard that part of mankind who live without interesting themselves with the troubles or pleasures of either. However, for a mere notion of the present posture of the stage, I shall give you the letter at large, as follows:

HONOURED SIR,

July 1, 1710.

'Finding by divers of your late papers, that you are a friend to the profession of which I was many years an unworthy member, I the rather make bold to crave your advice touching a proposal that has been lately made me of coming again into business, and the sub-administration of stage affairs. I have, from my youth, been bred up behind the curtain, and been a prompter from the time of the Restora-

tion. I have seen many changes, as well of scenes as of actors; and have known men within my remembrance arrive to the highest dignities of the theatre, who made their entrance in the quality of mutes, joint-stools, flower-pots, and tapestry hangings. It cannot be unknown to the nobility and gentry, that a gentleman of the inns of court, and a deep intriguer, had some time since worked himself into the sole management and direction of the theatre. Nor is it less notorious, that his restless ambition, and subtle machinations, did manifestly tend to the extirpation of the good old British actors, and the introduction of foreign pretenders; such as Harlequins, French dancers, and Roman singers; who, though they impoverished the proprietors, and imposed on the audience, were for some time tolerated, by reason of his dexterous insinuations, which prevailed upon a few deluded women, especially the *Vizard Masks*,* to believe that the stage was in danger. But his schemes were soon exposed; and the great ones that supported him withdrawing their favour, he made his *exit*, and remained for a season in obscurity. During this retreat the Machiavilian was not idle; but secretly fomented divisions, and wrought over to his side some of the inferior actors, reserving a trap-door to himself, to which only he had a key. This entrance secured, this cunning person, to complete his company, bethought himself of calling in the most eminent strollers from all parts of the kingdom. I have seen them all ranged together behind the scenes; but they are many of them persons that never trod the stage before, and so very awkward and ungainly, that it is impossible to believe the audience will bear them. He was looking over his catalogue of plays, and indeed picked up a good tolerable set of grave faces for counsellors, to appear in the famous scene of "Venice Preserved," when the danger is over; but they being but mere outsiders, and the actors having a great mind to play "The Tempest," there is not a man of them, when he is to perform any thing above dumb show, is capable of acting with a good grace so much as the part of Trincalo. However, the master

have no one for the General but honest George Powell.

'Now, sir, they being so much at a loss for the *Dramatis Personæ*; viz. the persons to enact, and the whole frame of the house being designed to be altered, I desire your opinion, whether you think it advisable for me to undertake to prompt them? For though I can clash swords when they represent a battle, and have yet lungs enough left to huzza their victories, I question, if I should prompt them right, whether they would act accordingly.

'I am your honour's most humble servant,
J. DOWNS.

'P. S. Sir, since I writ this, I am credibly informed, that they design a new house in Lincoln's-in-fields, near the popish chapel, to be ready by Michaelmas next; which indeed is but repairing an old one that has already failed. You know, the honest man who kept the office is gone already.'

No. 194.] Thursday, July 6, 1710

Militat omnis amans. Ovid. Amor. El. ix. ver. 1.

The toils of love require a warrior's art,
And every lover plays the soldier's part. R. WYNN.

From my own Apartment, July 5.

I was this morning reading the tenth canto in the fourth book of Spenser, in which sir Scudamore relates the progress of his courtship to Amoret under a very beautiful allegory, which is one of the most natural and unmixed of any in that most excellent author. I shall transcribe it, to use Mr. Bayes's term, for the benefit of many English lovers, who have, by frequent letters, desired me to lay down some rules for the conduct of their virtuous amours; and shall only premise, that by the *Shield of Love* is meant a generous, constant passion for the person beloved.

'When the fame,' says he, 'of this celebrated beauty first flew abroad, I went in pursuit of her to the Temple of Love. This temple,' continues he, 'bore the name of the goddess Venus, and was seated in a most fruitful island,

I could, and by good fortune threw him out of the saddle. I encountered the whole twenty successively, and leaving them all extended on the plain, carried off the shield in token of victory. Having thus vanquished my rivals, I passed on without impediment, until I came to the utmost gate of the bridge, which I found locked and barred. I knocked and called; but could get no answer. At last I saw one on the other side of the gate, who stood peeping through a small crevice. This was the porter; he had a double face resembling a Janus, and was continually looking about him, as if he mistrusted some sudden danger. His name, as I afterwards learned, was Doubt. Overagainst him sat Delay, who entertained passengers with some idle story, while they lost such opportunities as were never to be recovered. As soon as the porter saw my shield, he opened the gate; but, upon my entering, Delay caught hold of me, and would fain have made me listen to her fooleries. However, I shook her off, and passed forward until I came to the second gate, "The Gate of Good Desert," which always stood wide open, but in the porch was a hideous giant, that stopped the entrance; his name was Danger. Many warriors of good reputation, not able to bear the sternness of his look, went back again. Cowards fled at the first sight of him; except some few, who, watching their opportunity, slipped by him unobserved. I prepared to assault him; but, upon the first sight of my shield, he immediately gave way. Looking back upon him, I found his hinder parts much more deformed and terrible than his face; Hatred, Murder, Treason, Envy, and Detraction, lying in ambush behind him, to fall upon the heedless and unwary.

I now entered the "Island of Love," which appeared in all the beauties of art and nature, and feasted every sense with the most agreeable objects. Amidst a pleasing variety of walks and alleys, shady seats and flowery banks, sunny hills and gloomy valleys, were thousands of lovers sitting, or walking together in pairs, and singing hymns to the deity of the place.

I could not forbear envying this happy people, who were already in possession of all they could desire. While I went forward to the temple, the structure was beautiful beyond imagination. The gate stood open. In the entrance sat a most amiable woman whose

turned aside his face, as not able to endure the sight of his younger brother.

I at length entered the inmost temple, the roof of which was raised upon a hundred marble pillars, decked with crowns, chains, and garlands. The ground was strewn with flowers. A hundred altars, at each of which stood a virgin-priestess clothed in white, blazed all at once with the sacrifice of lovers, who were perpetually sending up their vows to heaven in clouds of incense.

In the midst stood the goddess herself upon an altar whose substance was neither gold nor stone, but infinitely more precious than either. About her neck flew numberless flocks of little Loves, Joys, and Graces; and all about her altar lay scattered heaps of lovers, complaining of the disdain, pride, or treachery of their mistresses. One among the rest, no longer able to contain his griefs, broke out into the following prayer:

"Venus, queen of grace and beauty, joy of gods and men, who, with a smile becalmest the seas, and renewest all nature; goddess, whom all the different species in the universe obey with joy and pleasure, grant I may at last obtain the object of my vows."

The impatient lover pronounced this with great vehemence; but I, in a soft murmur, besought the goddess to lend me her assistance. While I was thus praying, I chanced to cast my eye on a company of ladies, who were assembled together in a corner of the temple, waiting for the anthem.

The foremost seemed something elder and of a more composed countenance than the rest who all appeared to be under her direction. Her name was Womanhood. On one side of her sat Shamefacedness, with blushes rising in her cheeks, and her eyes fixed on the ground: on the other was Cheerfulness, with a smiling look, that infused a secret pleasure into the hearts of all that saw her. With these sat Modesty, holding her hand on her heart: Courtesy, with a graceful aspect, and obliging behaviour: and the two sisters, who were always linked together, and resembled each other, Silence and Obedience.

Thus sat they all around in seemly rate,
And in the midst of them a goodly maid,
Ev'n in the lap of Womanhood there sat,
The which was all in lily white array'd;
Where silver streams among the linen stray'd,
Like to the morn, when first her shining face,
Hath to the gloomy world itself bewray'd;

shield: upon which, as soon as she beheld the god emblazoned with his bow and shafts, she was struck mute, and instantly retired.

'I still held fast the fair Amoret; and, turning my eyes towards the goddess of the place, saw that she favoured my pretensions with a smile, which so emboldened me, that I carried off my prize.

'The maid, sometimes with tears, sometimes with smiles, entreated me to let her go: but I led her through the temple-gate, where the goddess Concord, who had favoured my entrance, befriended my retreat.'

This allegory is so natural, that it explains itself. The persons in it are very artfully described, and disposed in proper places. The posts assigned to Doubt, Delay, and Danger, are admirable. *The gate of Good Desert* has something noble and instructive in it. But above all, I am most pleased with the beautiful groupe of figures in the corner of the temple. Among these Womanhood is drawn like what the philosophers call a *Universal Nature*, and is attended with beautiful representatives of all those virtues that are the ornaments of the female sex, considered in its natural perfection and innocence.

No. 195.] Saturday, July 8, 1710.

Grecian Coffee-house, July 7.

THE learned world are very much offended at many of my ratiocinations, and have but a very mean opinion of me as a politician. The reason of this is, that some erroneously conceive a talent for politics to consist in the regard to a man's own interest; but I am of quite another mind, and think the first and essential quality towards being a statesman is to have a public spirit. One of the gentlemen who are out of humour with me imputes my falling into a way wherein I am so very awkward, to a barrenness of invention; and has the charity to lay new matter before me for the future. He is at the bottom my friend; but is at a loss to know whether I am a fool or a physician, and is pleased to expostulate with me with relation to the latter. He falls heavy

'SIR,

'I am afraid there is something in the suspicions of some people, that you begin to be short of matter for your lucubrations. Though several of them now and then did appear somewhat dull and insipid to me, I was always charitably inclined to believe the fault lay in myself, and that I wanted the true key to decypher your mysteries; and remember your advertisement upon this account. But since I have seen you fall into an unpardonable error, yea, with a relapse; I mean, since I have seen you turn politician in the present unhappy dissensions, I have begun to stagger, and could not choose but lessen the great value I had for the Censor of our isle. How is it possible that a man, whom interest did naturally lead to a constant impartiality in these matters, and who hath wit enough to judge that his opinion was not like to make many proselytes; how is it possible, I say, that a little passion, for I have still too good an opinion of you to think you was bribed by the *staggering* party, could blind you so far as to offend the very *better half* of the nation, and to lessen off so much the number of your friends? Mr. Morpheus will not have cause to thank you, unless you give over, and endeavour to regain what you have lost. There are still a great many themes you have left untouched: such as the ill-management of matters relating to law and physic; the setting down rules for knowing the quacks in both professions. What a large field is left in discovering the abuses of the college, who had a charter and privileges granted them to hinder the creeping in and prevailing of quacks and pretenders; and yet grant licences to barbers, and write letters of recommendation in the country towns, out of the reach of their practice, in favour of mere boys; valuing the health and lives of their countrymen no farther than they get money by them. You have said very little or nothing about the dispensation of justice in town and country, where clerks are the counsellors to their masters.

But as I cannot expect that the Censor of Great Britain should publish a letter, wherein he is censured with too much reason himself; yet I hope you will be the better for it, and think upon the themes I have mentioned, which

this island; and from the corruptions in the government of that, to deduce the chief evils of life. In the mean time that I am thus employed, I have given positive orders to Don Saltero of Chelsea, the tooth-drawer, and doctor Thomas Smith, the corn-cutter of King-street, Westminster, who have the modesty to confine their pretensions to manual operations, to bring me in, with all convenient speed, complete lists of all who are but of equal learning with themselves, and yet administer physic beyond the feet and gums. These advices I shall reserve for my future leisure; but have now taken a resolution to dedicate the remaining part of this instant July to the service of the fair sex, and have almost finished a scheme for settling the whole remainder of that sex who are unmarried, and above the age of twenty-six.

In order to this good and public service, I shall consider the passion of Love in its full extent, as it is attended both with joys and inquietudes; and lay down, for the conduct of my lovers, such rules as shall banish the cares, and heighten the pleasures, which flow from that amiable spring of life and happiness. There is no less than absolute necessity, that some provision be made to take off the dead stock of women in city, town, and country. Let there happen but the least disorder in the streets, and in an instant you see the inequality of the numbers of males and females. Besides that the feminine crowd on such occasions is more numerous in the open way, you may observe them also to the very garrets buddled together, four at least at a casement. Add to this, that by an exact calculation of all that have come to town by *stage-coach or waggon* for this twelvemonth past, three times in four the treated persons have been males. This overstock of beauty, for which there are so few bidders, calls for an immediate supply of lovers and husbands; and I am the studious knight-errant, who have suffered long nocturnal contemplations to find out methods for the relief of all British females, who at present seem to be devoted to involuntary virginity. The scheme, upon which I design to act, I have communicated to none but a beauteous young lady, who has for some time left the town, in the following letter:

To Amanda, in Kent.

'MADAM,

'I send, with this, my discourse of ways and means for encouraging marriage, and re-peopleing the island. You will soon observe, that, according to these rules, the mean considerations, which make beauty and merit cease to be the objects of love and courtship, will be fully exploded. I have unanswerably proved, that jointures and settlements are the bane of happiness; and not only so, but the ruin

even of their fortunes who enter into them. I beg of you therefore to come to town upon the receipt of this, where, I promise you, you shall have as many lovers as toasters; for there needed nothing but to make men's interests fall in with their inclinations, to render you the most courted of your sex. As many as love you will now be willing to marry you. Hasten then, and be the honourable mistress of mankind. Cassander, and many others, stand in *The gate of good desert* to receive you.

'I am, Madam,

'Your most obedient,

'most humble servant,

'ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.'

No. 196.] Tuesday, July 11, 1710.

Dulcis in experto cultura potentis amici,
Expertus metuit. — Hor. 2 Ep. xviii. 86.

Untr'y'd, how sweet a constant attendance!
When tr'y'd, how dreadful the dependance!
Francis.

From my own Apartment, July 10.

THE intended course of my studies was altered this evening by a visit from an old acquaintance, who complained to me, mentioning one upon whom he had long depended, that he found his labour and perseverance in his patron's service and interests wholly ineffectual; and he thought now, after his best years were spent in a professed adherence to him and his fortunes, he should in the end be forced to break with him, and give over all further expectations from him. He sighed and ended his discourse, by saying, 'You, Mr. Censor, some time ago, gave us your thoughts of the behaviour of great men to their creditors. This sort of demand upon them, for what they invite men to expect, is a debt of honour; which, according to custom, they ought to be most careful of paying, and would be a worthy subject for a lucubration.'

Of all men living, I think, I am the most proper to treat of this matter; because, in the character and employment of Censor, I have had encouragement so infinitely above my desert, that what I say cannot possibly be supposed to arise from peevishness, or any disappointment in that kind, which I myself have met with. When we consider Patrons and their Clients, *those who receive addresses, and those who are addressed to*, it must not be understood that the dependents are such as are worthless in their natures, abandoned to any vice or dishonour, or such as without a call thrust themselves upon men in power; nor when we say Patrons, do we mean such as have it not in their power, or have no obligation, to assist their friends; but we speak of such leagues where there are power and obligation on the one part, and merit and expectation on the

other. Were we to be very particular on this subject, I take it, that the division of patron and client may include a third part of our nation. The want of merit and real worth will strike out about ninety-nine in the hundred of these; and want of ability in the patron will dispose of as many of that order. He, who, out of mere vanity to be applied to, will take up another's time and fortune in his service, where he has no prospect of returning it, is as much more unjust, as those who took up my friend the *upholder's* goods without paying him for them; I say, he is as much more unjust, as our life and time is more valuable than our goods and moveables. Among many whom you see about the great, there is a contented well pleased set, who seem to like the attendance for its own sake, and are early at the abodes of the powerful, out of mere fashion. This sort of vanity is as well grounded as if a man should lay aside his own plain suit, and dress himself up in a gay livery of another.

There are many of this species who exclude others of just expectations, and make those proper dependants appear impatient, because they are not so cheerful as those who expect nothing. I have made use of the penny-post for the instruction of these voluntary slaves, and informed them, that they will never be provided for; but they double their diligence upon admonition. Will Afterday has told his friends, that he was to have the next thing, these ten years; and Harry Linger has been fourteen, within a month of a considerable office. However, the fantastic complaisance which is paid to them, may blind the great from seeing themselves in a just light; they must needs, if they in the least reflect, at some times, have a sense of the injustice they do in raising in others a false expectation. But this is so common a practice in all the stages of power, that there are not more cripples come out of the wars, than from the attendance of patrons. You see in one a settled melancholy, in another a bridled rage; a third has lost his memory, and a fourth his whole constitution and humour. In a word, when you see a particular cast of mind or body, which looks a little upon the distracted, you may be sure the poor gentleman has formerly had great friends. For

behave myself to a man, who thinks me his friend at no other time but that. Dick Rep-tile of our club had this in his head the other night, when he said, 'I am afraid of ill news, when I am visited by any of my old friends.' These patrons are a little like some fine gentlemen, who spend all their hours of gayety with their wenches, but when they fall sick will let no one come near them but their wives. It seems, truth and honour are companions too sober for prosperity. It is certainly the most black ingratitude, to accept of a man's best endeavours to be pleasing to you, and return it with indifference.

I am so much of this mind, that Dick East-court the comedian, for coming one night to our club, though he laughed at us all the time he was there, shall have our company at his play on Thursday. A man of talents is to be favoured, or never admitted. Let the ordinary world truck for money and wares; but men of spirit and conversation should in every kind do others as much pleasure as they receive from them. But men are so taken up with outward forms, that they do not consider their actions; else how should it be, that a man should deny that to the entreaties, and almost tears of an old friend, which he shall solicit a new one to accept of? I remember, when I first came out of Staffordshire, I had an intimacy with a man of quality, in whose gift there fell a very good employment. All the town cried, 'There's a thing for Mr. Bickerstaff!' when, to my great astonishment, I found my patron had been forced upon twenty artifices to surprise a man with it, who never thought of it: but sure, it is a degree of murder to amuse men with vain hopes. If a man takes away another's life, where is the difference, whether he does it by taking away the minutes of his time, or the drops of his blood? But indeed, such as have hearts barren of kindness are served accordingly by those whom they employ; and pass their lives away with an empty show of civility for love, and an insipid intercourse of a commerce in which their affections are no way concerned. But, on the other side, how beautiful is the life of a patron who performs his duty to his inferiors? A worthy merchant, who employs a crowd of artificers? A great lord,

No. 197.] *Thursday, July 13, 1710.*Semper ego audior tantum? ——— *Juv. Sat. l. 1.*Still shall I only hear? ——— *Dryden.**Grecian Coffee-house, July 12.*

WHEN I came hither this evening, the man of the house delivered me a book, very finely bound. When I received it, I overheard one of the boys whisper another, and say, 'it was a fine thing to be a great scholar! what a pretty book that is!' It has indeed a very gay outside, and is dedicated to me by a very ingenious gentleman, who does not put his name to it. The title of it, for the work is in Latin, is, 'Epistolarum Obscurorum Virorum, ad Dm. M. Ortuinum Gratium, Volumina II. &c.' 'Epistles of the obscure Writers to Ortuinus, &c.' The purpose of the work is signified in the dedication, in very elegant language, and fine raillery. It seems, this is a collection of letters which some profound blockheads, who lived before our times, have written in honour of each other, and for their mutual information in each other's absurdities. They are mostly of the German nation, whence, from time to time, inundations of writers have flowed, more pernicious to the learned world, than the swarms of Goths and Vandals to the politic. It is, methinks, wonderful, that fellows could be awake, and utter such incoherent conceptions, and converse with great gravity, like learned men, without the least taste of knowledge or good sense. It would have been an endless labour to have taken any other method of exposing such impertinences, than by an edition of their own works; where you see their follies, according to the ambition of such *virtuosi*, in a most correct edition.

Looking over these accomplished labours, I could not but reflect upon the immense load of writings which the commonality of scholars have pushed into the world, and the absurdity of parents, who educate crowds to spend their time in pursuit of such cold and spiritless endeavours to appear in public. It seems therefore a fruitless labour, to attempt the correction of the taste of our contemporaries; except it was in our power to burn all the senseless labours of our ancestors. There is a secret propensity in nature, from generation to generation, in the blockheads of one age to admire those of another; and men of the same imperfections are as great admirers of each other, as those of the same abilities.

This great mischief of voluminous follies proceeds from a misfortune which happens in all ages, that men of barren geniuses, but fertile imaginations, are bred scholars. This may at first appear a paradox; but when we consider the talking creatures we meet in public places, it will no longer be such. Ralph Shallow is a young fellow, that has not by nature

any the least propensity to strike into what has not been observed and said, every day of his life, by others; but with that inability of speaking any thing that is uncommon, he has a great readiness at what he can speak of, and his imagination runs into all the different views of the subject he treats of, in a moment. If Ralph had learning added to the common chit-chat of the town, he would have been a disputant upon all topics that ever were considered by men of his own genius. As for my part, I never am teased by any empty town-fellow, but I bless my stars that he was not bred a scholar. This addition, we must consider, would have made him capable of maintaining his follies. His being in the wrong would have been protected by suitable arguments; and when he was hedged in by logical terms, and false appearances, you must have owned yourself convinced before you could then have got rid of him, and the shame of his triumph had been added to the pain of his impertinence.

There is a sort of littleness in the minds of men of wrong sense, which makes them much more insufferable than mere fools, and has the further inconvenience of being attended by an endless loquacity. For which reason, it would be a very proper work, if some well-wisher to human society would consider the terms upon which people meet in public places, in order to prevent the unreasonable declamations which we meet with there. I remember, in my youth, it was a humour at the university, when a fellow pretended to be more eloquent than ordinary, and had formed to himself a plot to gain all our admiration, or triumph over us with an argument, to either of which he had no manner of call; I say, in either of these cases, it was the humour to shut one eye. This whimsical way of taking notice to him of his absurdity, has prevented many a man from being a coxcomb. If amongst us, on such an occasion, each man offered a voluntary rhetorician some snuff, it would probably produce the same effect. As the matter now stands, whether a man will or no, he is obliged to be informed in whatever another pleases to entertain him with; though the preceptor makes these advances out of vanity, and not to instruct, but insult him.

There is no man will allow him who wants courage to be called a soldier; but men, who want good sense, are very frequently not only allowed to be scholars, but esteemed for being such. At the same time it must be granted, that as courage is the natural parts of a soldier so is a good understanding of a scholar. Such little minds as these, whose productions are collected in the volume to which I have the honour to be patron, are the instruments for artful men to work with; and become popular with the unthinking part of mankind. In courts, they make transparent flatterers; in

camp, ostentatious bullies; in colleges, unintelligible pedants; and their faculties are used accordingly by those who lead them.

When a man who wants judgment is admitted into the conversation of reasonable men, he shall remember such improper circumstances, and draw such groundless conclusions from their discourse, and that with such colour of sense, as would divide the best set of company that can be got together. It is just thus with a fool who has a familiarity with books; he shall quote and recite one author against another, in such a manner as shall puzzle the best understanding to refute him; though the most ordinary capacity may observe that it is only ignorance that makes the intricacy. All the true use of that we call learning is to ennoble and improve our natural faculties, and not to disguise our imperfections. It is therefore in vain for folly to attempt to conceal itself, by the refuge of learned languages. Literature does but make a man more eminently the thing which nature made him; and Polyglottes, had he studied less than he has, and writ only in his mother-tongue, had been known only in Great Britain for a pedant.

Mr. Bickerstaff thanks Dorinda, and will both answer her letter, and take her advice.*

No. 198.] *Saturday, July 15, 1710.*

Quale Alt id quod amas celeri circumspice mente
Et tua læsuro subtrahite colla iugo.

Ovid. Rem. Amor. l. 89.

On your choice deliberate, nor rashly yield
A willing neck to Hymen's galling yoke.

From my own Apartment, July 14.

THE HISTORY OF CÆLIA.

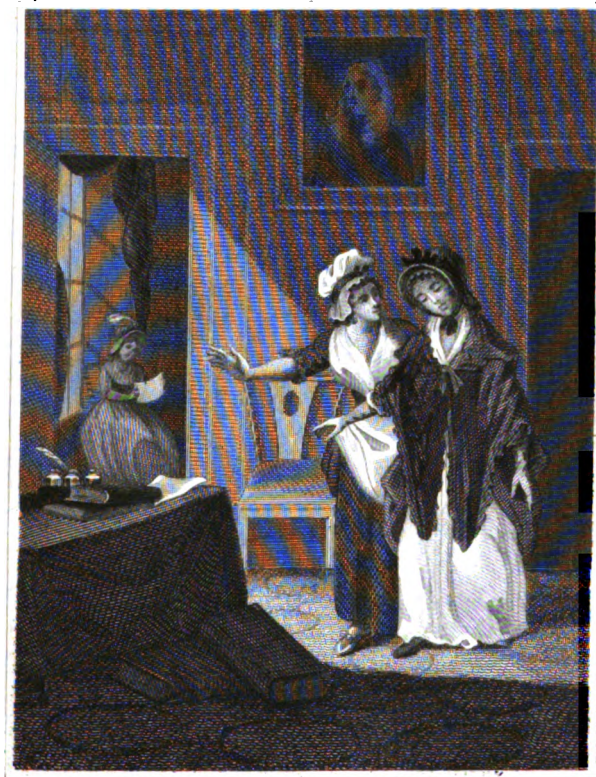
It is not necessary to look back into the first years of this young lady, whose story is of consequence only as her life has lately met with passages very uncommon. She is now in the twentieth year of her age, and owes a strict, but cheerful education, to the care of an aunt; to whom she was recommended by her dying father, whose decease was hastened by an inconsolable affliction for the loss of her mother. As Cælia is the offspring of the most generous passion that has been known in our age, she is adorned with as much beauty and grace as the most celebrated of her sex possess; but her domestic life, moderate fortune, and religious education, gave her but little opportunity, and less inclination, to be admired in public assemblies. Her abode has been for some years at a convenient distance from the cathedral of St. Paul's; where her aunt and she chose to reside for the advantage of that rapturous way of devotion, which gives ecstacy to the pleasures of innocence, and, in some

measure, is the immediate possession of those heavenly enjoyments for which they are addressed.

As you may trace the usual thoughts of men in their countenances, there appeared in the face of Cælia a cheerfulness, the constant companion of unaffected virtue, and a gladness, which is as inseparable from true piety. Her every look and motion spoke the peaceful, mild, resigning, humble inhabitant, that animated her beauteous body. Her air discovered her body a mere machine of her mind, and not that her thoughts were employed in studying graces and attractions for her person. Such was Cælia, when she was first seen by Palamede at her usual place of worship. Palamede is a young man of two-and-twenty, well fashioned, learned, genteel, and discreet; the son and heir of a gentleman of a very great estate, and himself possessed of a plentiful one by the gift of an uncle. He became enamoured with Cælia, and after having learned her habitation, had address enough to communicate his passion and circumstances with such an air of good sense and integrity, as soon obtained permission to visit and profess his inclinations towards her. Palamede's present fortune and future expectations were no way prejudicial to his addresses; but after the lovers had passed some time in the agreeable entertainments of a successful courtship, Cælia one day took occasion to interrupt Palamede, in the midst of a very pleasing discourse of the happiness he promised himself in so accomplished a companion; and, assuming a serious air, told him, there was another heart to be won before he gained hers, which was that of his father. Palamede seemed much disturbed at the overture; and lamented to her, that his father was one of those too provident parents, who only place their thoughts upon bringing riches into their families by marriages, and are wholly insensible of all other considerations. But the strictness of Cælia's rules of life made her insist upon this demand; and the son, at a proper hour, communicated to his father the circumstances of his love, and the merit of the object. The next day the father made her a visit. The beauty of her person, the fame of her virtue, and a certain irresistible charm in her whole behaviour, on so tender and delicate an occasion, wrought so much upon him, in spite of all prepossessions, that he hastened the marriage with an impatience equal to that of his son. Their nuptials were celebrated with a privacy suitable to the character and modesty of Cælia; and from that day, until a fatal one *last week*, they lived together with all the joy and happiness which attend minds entirely united.

It should have been intimated, that Palamede is a student of the Temple, and usually retired thither early in the morning; Cælia still sleeping.

* As no mention is afterwards made of Dorinda, it does not appear what was the purport of her letter or advice.



THE HISTORY OF CLELIA.

LONDON, 1799.

LONDON: PUBLISHED BY JONES & CO. 7, 1823.

It happened, *a few days since*, that she followed him thither to communicate to him something she had omitted, in her redundant fondness, to speak of the evening before. When she came to his apartment, the servant there told her, she was coming with a letter to her. While Cælia in an inner room was reading an apology from her husband, 'That he had been suddenly taken by some of his acquaintance to dine at Brentford, but that he should return in the evening,' a country girl, decently clad, asked, if those were not the chambers of Mr. Palamede? She was answered, they were; but that he was not in town. The stranger asked, when he was expected at home? The servant replied, she would go in and ask his wife. The young woman repeated the word *wife*, and fainted. This accident raised no less curiosity than amazement in Cælia, who caused her to be removed into the inner room. Upon proper applications to revive her, the unhappy young creature returned to herself; and said to Cælia, with an earnest and beseeching tone, 'Are you really Mr. Palamede's wife?' Cælia replies, 'I hope I do not look as if I were any other in the condition you see me.' The stranger answered, 'No, madam, he is my husband.' At the same instant, she threw a bundle of letters into Cælia's lap, which confirmed the truth of what she asserted. Their mutual innocence and sorrow made them look at each other as partners in distress, rather than rivals in love. The superiority of Cælia's understanding and genius gave her an authority to examine into this adventure, as if she had been offended against, and the other the delinquent. The stranger spoke in the following manner:

'MADAM,

'If it shall please you, Mr. Palamede, having an uncle of a good estate near Winchester, was bred at the school there, to gain the more his good-will by being in his sight. His uncle died, and left him the estate which my husband now has. When he was a mere youth, he set his affections on me; but when he could not gain his ends, he married me; making me and my mother, who is a farmer's widow, swear we would never tell it upon any account whatsoever; for that it would not look well for him to marry such a one as me; besides, that his father would cut him off of the estate. I was led to have him in an honest way; and he now and then came and staid a night and away at our house. But very lately, he came down to see us with a fine young gentleman, his friend, who staid behind there with us, pretending to like the place for the summer: but ever since master Palamede went, he has attempted to abuse me; and I ran hither to acquaint him with it, and avoid the wicked intentions of his false friend.'

Cælia had no more room for doubt; but left

her rival in the same agonies she felt herself. Palamede returns in the evening; and finding his wife at his chambers, learned all that had passed, and hastened to Cælia's lodgings.

It is much easier to imagine, than express, the sentiments of either the criminal, or the injured, at this encounter.

As soon as Palamede had found way for speech, he confessed his marriage, and his placing his companion on purpose to vitiate his wife, that he might break through a marriage made in his nonage, and devote his riper and knowing years to Cælia. She made him no answer; but retired to her closet. He returned to the Temple, where he soon after received from her the following letter:

'SIR,

'You, who this morning were the best, are now the worst of men who breathe vital air. I am at once overwhelmed with love, hatred, rage, and disdain. Can infamy and innocence live together? I feel the weight of the one too strong for the comfort of the other. How bitter, heaven! how bitter is my portion! How much have I to say! but the infant which I bear about me stirs with my agitation. I am, Palamede, to live in shame, and this creature be heir to it. Farewell for ever!'

No. 199.] Tuesday, July 18, 1710.

WHEN we revolve in our thoughts such catastrophes as that in the history of the unhappy Cælia, there seems to be something so hazardous in the changing a single state of life into that of marriage, that, it may happen, all the precautions imaginable are not sufficient to defend a virgin from ruin by her choice. It seems a wonderful inconsistency in the distribution of public justice, that a man who robs a woman of an ear-ring or a jewel, should be punished with death; but one, who by false arts and insinuations should take from her, her very self, is only to suffer disgrace. This excellent young woman has nothing to console herself with, but the reflection that her sufferings are not the effect of any guilt or misconduct; and has for her protection the influence of a Power, which, amidst the unjust reproach of all mankind, can give not only patience, but pleasure, to innocence in distress.

As the person who is the criminal against Cælia cannot be sufficiently punished according to our present law; so are there numberless unhappy persons without remedy according to present custom. That great ill, which has prevailed among us in these latter ages, is the making even beauty and virtue the purchase of money. [The generality of parents, and some of those of quality, instead of looking out for introducing health of constitution, frankness of spirit, or dignity of countenance into their

families, lay out all their thoughts upon finding out matches for their estates, and not for their children. You shall have one form such a plot for the good of his family, that there shall not be six men in England capable of pretending to his daughter. A second shall have a son obliged, out of mere discretion, for fear of doing any thing below himself, to follow all the drabs in town. These sage parents meet; and, as there is no pass, no courtship between the young ones, it is no unpleasant observation to behold how they proceed to treaty. There is ever in the behaviour of each something that denotes his circumstance; and honest Coupler, the conveyancer, says, 'he can distinguish upon sight of the parties, before they have opened any point of their business, which of the two has the daughter to sell.' Coupler is of our club, and I have frequently heard him declaim upon this subject, and assert, 'that the marriage-settlements, which are now used, have grown fashionable even within his memory.'

When the theatre, in some late reigns, owed its chief support to those scenes which were written to put matrimony out of countenance, and render that state terrible, then was it that pin-money first prevailed; and all the other articles were inserted which create a diffidence, and intimate to the young people, that they are very soon to be in a state of war with each other; though this had seldom happened, except the fear of it had been expressed. Coupler will tell you also, 'that jointures were never frequent until the age before his own; but the women were contented with the third part of the estate the law allotted them, and scorned to engage with men whom they thought capable of abusing their children.' He has also informed me, 'that those who are the oldest benchers when he came to the Temple, told him, the first marriage-settlement of considerable length was the invention of an old sergeant; who took the opportunity of two testy fathers, who were ever squabbling, to bring about an alliance between their children. These fellows knew each other to be knaves; and the sergeant took hold of their mutual diffidence, for the benefit of the law, to extend the settlement to *three skins of parchment*.'

fortune. The man has no dishonour following his treachery; and her own sex are so debased by force of custom, as to say in the case of the woman, 'How could she expect he would marry her?'

By this means the good offices, the pleasures and graces of life, are not put into the balance. The bridegroom has given his estate out of himself; and he has no more left but to follow the blind decree of his fate, whether he shall be succeeded by a sot or a man of merit in his fortune. On the other side, a fine woman, who has also a fortune, is set up by way of auction; her first lover has ten to one against him. The very hour after he has opened his heart and his rent-roll, he is made no other use of but to raise her price. She and her friends lose no opportunity of publishing it, to call in new bidders. While the poor lover very innocently waits, until the plenipotentiaries at the inns of court have debated about the alliance, all the partisans of the lady throw difficulties in the way, until other offers come in; and the man who came first is not put in possession, until she has been refused by half the town. If an abhorrence to such mercenary proceedings were well settled in the minds of my fair readers, those of merit would have a way opened to their advancement; nay, those who abound in wealth only would in reality find their account in it. It would not be in the power of their prude acquaintance, their waiters, their nurses, cousins, and whisperers, to persuade them, that there are not above twenty men in a kingdom, and those such as perhaps they may never set eyes on, whom they can think of with discretion. As the case stands now, let any one consider, how the great heiresses, and those to whom they were offered, for no other reason but that they could make them suitable settlements, live together. What can be more insipid, if not loathsome, than for two persons to be at the head of a crowd, who have as little regard for them as they for each other; and behold one another in an affected sense of prosperity, without the least relish of that exquisite gladness at meeting, that sweet iniquitude at parting, together with the charms of voice, look, gesture, and that general benevolence between well-chosen lovers, which makes

'We, John —— and Mary ——, having estates for life, resolve to take each other. I John will venture my life to enrich thee Mary; and I Mary will consult my health to nurse thee John. To which we have interchangeably set our hands, hearts, and seals, this 17th of July, 1710.

No. 200.] *Thursday, July 20, 1710.*

From my own Apartment, July 19.

HAVING devoted the greater part of my time to the service of the fair sex; I must ask pardon of my men correspondents, if I postpone their commands, when I have any from the ladies which lie unanswered. That which follows is of importance.

'SIR,

'You cannot think it strange if I, who know little of the world, apply to you for advice in the weighty affair of matrimony; since you yourself have often declared it to be of that consequence as to require the utmost deliberation. Without further preface, therefore, give me leave to tell you, that my father at his death left me a fortune sufficient to make me a match for any gentleman. My mother, for she is still alive, is very pressing with me to marry; and I am apt to think, to gratify her, I shall venture upon one of two gentlemen, who at this time make their addresses to me. My request is, that you would direct me in my choice; which, that you may the better do, I shall give you their characters; and, to avoid confusion, desire you to call them by the names of Philander and Silvius. Philander is young, and has a good estate; Silvius is as young, and has a better. The former has had a liberal education, has seen the town, is retired from thence to his estate in the country, is a man of few words, and much given to books. The latter was brought up under his father's eye, who gave him just learning enough to enable him to keep his accounts; but made him withal very expert in country business, such as ploughing, sowing, buying, selling, and the like. They are both very sober men, neither of their persons is dis-

think two thousand pounds a-year sufficient, make no difference between that and three. I easily believe him less conversant in those affairs, the knowledge of which she so much commends in Silvius; but I think them neither so necessary, or becoming a gentleman, as the accomplishments of Philander. It is no great character of a man to say, He rides in his coach and six, and understands as much as he who follows the plough. Add to this, that the conversation of these sort of men seems so disagreeable to me, that though they make good bailiffs, I can hardly be persuaded they can be good companions. It is possible I may seem to have odd notions, when I say, I am not fond of a man only for being of, what is called, a thriving temper. To conclude, I own I am at a loss to conceive, how good sense should make a man an ill husband, or conversing with books less complaisant.

'CÆLIA.'

The resolution which this lady is going to take, she may very well say, is founded on reason: for, after the necessities of life are served, there is no manner of competition between a man of a liberal education and an illiterate. Men are not altered by their circumstances, but as they give them opportunities of exerting what they are in themselves; and a powerful clown is a tyrant in the most ugly form he can possibly appear. There lies a seeming objection in the thoughtful manner of Philander: but let her consider, which she shall oftener have occasion to wish, that Philander would speak, or Silvius hold his tongue.

The train of my discourse is prevented by the urgent haste of another correspondent.

'MR. BICKERSTAFF.

July 14.

'This comes to you from one of those virgins of twenty-five years old and upwards, that you, like a patron of the distressed, promised to provide for; who makes it her humble request, that no *occasional stories* or subjects may, as they have for three or four of your last days, prevent your publishing the scheme you have communicated to Amanda; for every day and hour is of the greatest consequence to damsels

The amicable contribution for raising the fortunes of ten young ladies.

Imprimis, It is proposed to raise one hundred thousand crowns by way of lots, which will advance for each lady two thousand five hundred pounds; which sum, together with one of the ladies, the gentleman that shall be so happy as to draw a prize, provided they both like, will be entitled to, under such restrictions hereafter mentioned. And in case they do not like, then either party that refuses shall be entitled to one thousand pounds only, and the remainder to him or her that shall be willing to marry, the man being first to declare his mind. But it is provided, that if both parties shall consent to have one another, the gentleman shall, before he receives the money thus raised, settle one thousand pounds of the same in substantial hands (who shall be as trustees for the said ladies,) and shall have the whole and sole disposal of it for her use only.

Note: Each party shall have three months' time to consider, after an interview had, which shall be within ten days after the lots are drawn.

Note also, the name and place of abode of the prize shall be placed on a proper ticket.

Item, they shall be ladies that have had a liberal education, between fifteen and twenty-three; all genteel, witty, and of unblameable characters.

The money to be raised shall be kept in an iron box; and when there shall be two thousand subscriptions, which amounts to five hundred pounds, it shall be taken out and put into a *goldsmith's* hand, and the note made payable to the proper lady, or her assigns, with a clause therein to hinder her from receiving it, until the fortunate person that draws her shall first sign the note, and so on until the whole sum is subscribed for; and as soon as one hundred thousand subscriptions are completed, and two hundred crowns more to pay the charges, the lottery shall be drawn at a proper place, to be appointed a fortnight before the drawing.

Notes, Mr. Bickerstaff objects to the mar-

women both in the common and important circumstances of life. In vain do we say, the whole sex would run into England, while the privileges, which are allowed them, do no way balance the inconveniences arising from those very immunities. Our women have very much *indulged to them* in the participation of our fortunes and our liberty; but the errors they commit in the use of either are by no means so impartially considered, as the false steps which are made by men. In the commerce of lovers, the man makes the address, assails, and betrays; and yet stands in the same degree of acceptance, as he was in before he committed that treachery. The woman, for no other crime but believing one whom she thought loved her, is treated with shyness and indifference at the best, and commonly with reproach and scorn. He that is past the power of beauty may talk of this matter with the same unconcern, as of any other subject: therefore I shall take upon me to consider the sex, as they live within rules, and as they transgress them. The ordinary class of the good or the ill have very little influence upon the actions of others; but the eminent, in either kind, are those who lead the world below. The ill are employed in communicating scandal, infamy, and disease like furies; the good distribute benevolence, friendship, and health, like angels. The ill are damped with pain and anguish at the sight of all that is laudable, lovely, or happy. The virtuous are touched with commiseration towards the guilty, the disagreeable, and the wretched. There are those who betray the innocent of their own sex, and solicit the lewd of ours. There are those who have abandoned the very memory, not only of innocence, but shame. There are those who never forgave, nor could ever bear being forgiven. There are those also who visit the beds of the sick, lull the cares of the sorrowful, and double the joys of the joyful. Such is the *destroying fiend*, such the *guardian angel*, woman.

The way to have a greater number of the amiable part of womankind, and lessen the crowd of the other sort, is to contribute what

woman will take it for her character, sooner than she who deserves it.'

If the next letter, which presents itself, should come from the mistress of this modest lover, and I make them break through the oppression of their passions, I shall expect gloves at their nuptials.

'MR. BICKERSTAFF,

'You, *that* are a philosopher, know very well the make of the mind of women, and can best instruct me in the conduct of an affair which highly concerns me. I never can admit my lover to speak to me of love; yet think him impertinent when he offers to talk of any thing else. What shall I do with a man that always believes me? It is a strange thing, this distance in men of sense! why do not they always urge their fate? If we are sincere in our severity, you lose nothing by attempting. If we are hypocrites, you certainly succeed.'

From my own Apartment, July 31.

Before I withdraw from business for the night, it is my custom to receive all addresses to me, that others may go to rest as well as myself, at least as far as I can contribute to it. When I called to know if any would speak with me, I was informed that Mr. Mills, the player, desired to be admitted. He was so; and with much modesty acquainted me, as he did other people of note, 'that Hamlet was to be acted on Wednesday next for his benefit.' I had long wanted to speak with this person; because I thought I could admonish him of many things, which would tend to his improvement. In the general I observed to him, that though action was his business, the way to that action was not to study gesture; for the behaviour would follow the sentiments of the mind.

Action to the player is what speech is to an orator. If the matter be well conceived, words will flow with ease: and if the actor is well possessed of the nature of his part, a proper action will necessarily follow. He informed me, that Wilks was to act Hamlet: I desired him to request of him in my name, that he would wholly forget Mr. Betterton; for that he failed in no part of Othello, but where he had him in view. An actor's forming himself by the carriage of another is like the trick among the widows, who lament their husbands as their neighbours did theirs, and not according to their own sentiments of the deceased.

There is a fault also in the audience, which interrupts their satisfaction very much; that is, the figuring to themselves the actor in some part wherein they formerly particularly liked him, and not attending to the part he is at that time performing. Thus, whatever Wilks, who is the strictest follower of nature, is acting, the vulgar spectators turn their thoughts upon Sir Harry Wildair.

When I had indulged the loquacity of an old man for some time, in such loose hints, I took my leave of Mr. Mills; and was told, Mr. Elliot of Saint James's coffee-house would speak with me. His business was to desire I would, as I am an astrologer, let him know beforehand, who were to have the benefit tickets in the ensuing lottery; which knowledge, he was of opinion, he could turn to great account, as he was concerned in news.

I granted his request, upon an oath of secrecy, that he would only make his own use of it, and not let it be publicly known until after they were drawn. I had not done speaking, when he produced to me a plan which he had formed of keeping books, with the names of all such adventurers, and the numbers of their tickets, as should come to him; in order to give an hourly account of what tickets shall come up during the whole time of the lottery, the drawing of which is to begin on Wednesday next. I liked his method of disguising the secret I had told him; and pronounced him a thriving man, who could so well watch the motion of things, and profit by a prevailing humour and impatience so aptly, as to make his honest industry agreeable to his customers, as it is to be the messenger of their good fortune.

ADVERTISEMENT.

From the Trumpet in Sheer-lane, July 20.

Ordered, that for the improvement of the pleasures of society, a member of this house, one of the most wakeful of the soporific assembly beyond Smithfield-bars, and one of the order of story-tellers in Holborn, may meet and exchange stale matter, and report the same to their principals.

N. B. No man is to tell above one story in the same evening; but has liberty to tell the same the night following.

Mr. Bickerstaff desires his love-correspondents to vary the names they shall assume in their future letters; for that he is overstocked with Philanders.

No. 202.] Tuesday, July 25, 1710.

Est hic
Est Ulubris, animus ut non deficit equus.
Hor. Ep. xi ver. ult.

True happiness is to no spot confin'd
If you preserve a firm and equal mind,
'Tis here, 'tis there, and every where.

From my own Apartment, July 24.

This afternoon I went to visit a gentleman of my acquaintance at Mile-End; and passing through Stepney church-yard, I could not forbear entertaining myself with the inscriptions on the tombs and graves. Among others, I observed one with this notable memorial:

'Here lies the body of T. B.'

This fantastical desire of being remembered only by the two first letters of a name, led me into the contemplation of the vanity and imperfect attainments of ambition in general. When I run back in my imagination all the men whom I have ever known and conversed with in my whole life, there are but very few who have not used their faculties in the pursuit of what it is impossible to acquire; or left the possession of what they might have been, at their setting out, masters, to search for it where it was out of their reach. In this thought it was not possible to forget the instance of Pyrrhus, who proposing to himself in discourse with a philosopher, one, and another, and another conquest, was asked, what he would do after all that? 'Then,' says the king, 'we will make merry.' He was well answered, 'What hinders your doing that in the condition you are already?' The restless desire of exerting themselves above the common level of mankind is not to be resisted in some tempers; and minds of this make may be observed in every condition of life. Where such men do not make to themselves, or meet with employment, the soil of their constitution runs into tares and weeds. An old friend of mine, who lost a major's post forty years ago, and quitted, has ever since studied maps, encampments, retreats, and countermarches; with no other design but to feed his spleen and ill-humour, and furnish himself with matter for arguing against all the successful actions of others. He that, at his first setting out in the world, was the gayest man in our regiment; ventured his life with alacrity, and enjoyed it with satisfaction; encouraged men below him, and was courted by men above him, has been ever since the most froward creature breathing. His warm complexion spends itself now only in a general spirit of contradiction: for which he watches all occasions, and is in his conversation still upon *centry*, treats all men like enemies, with every other impertinence of a speculative warrior.

He that observes in himself this natural inquietude, should take all imaginable care to put his mind in some method of gratification; or he will soon find himself grow into the condition of this disappointed major. Instead of courting proper occasions to rise above others, he will be ever studious of pulling others down to him: it being the common refuge of disappointed ambition, to ease themselves by detraction. It would be no great argument against ambition, that there are such mortal things in the disappointment of it; but it certainly is a forcible exception, that there can be no solid happiness in the success of it. If we value popular praise, it is in the power of the meanest of the people to disturb us by calumny. If the fame of being happy, we cannot look into a village, but we see crowds in actual

possession of what we seek only the appearance. To this may be added, that there is I know not what malignity in the minds of ordinary men, to oppose you in what they see you fond of; and it is a certain exception against a man's receiving applause, that he visibly courts it. However, this is not only the passion of great and undertaking spirits; but you see it in the lives of such as, one would believe, were far enough removed from the ways of ambition. The rural esquires of this nation even eat and drink out of vanity. A vain-glorious fox-hunter shall entertain half a county, for the ostentation of his beef and beer, without the least affection for any of the crowd about him. He feeds them, because he thinks it a superiority over them that he does so; and they devour him, because they know he treats them out of insolence. This indeed is ambition in grotesque; but may figure to us the condition of politer men, whose only pursuit is glory. When the superior acts out of a principle of vanity, the dependant will be sure to allow it him; because he knows it destructive of the very applause which is courted by the man who favours him, and consequently makes him nearer himself.

But as every man living has more or less of this incentive, which makes men impatient of an inactive condition, and urges men to attempt what may tend to their reputation, it is absolutely necessary they should form to themselves an ambition, which is in every man's power to gratify. This ambition would be independent, and would consist only in acting what, to a man's own mind, appears most great and laudable. It is a pursuit in the power of every man, and is only a regular prosecution of what he himself approves. It is what can be interrupted by no outward accidents; for no man can be robbed of his good intention. One of our society of the *Trumpet** therefore started last night a notion, which I thought bad reason in it. 'It is, methinks,' said he, 'an unreasonable thing, that heroic virtue should, as it seems to be at present, be confined to a certain order of men, and be attainable by none but those whom fortune has elevated to the most conspicuous stations. I would have every thing to be esteemed as heroic, which is great and uncommon in the circumstances of the man who performs it.' Thus there would be no virtue in human life, which every one of the species would not have a pretence to arrive at, and an ardency to exert. Since fortune is not in our power, let us be as little as possible in hers. Why should it be necessary that a man should be rich, to be generous? If we measured by the quality and not the quantity of things, the particulars which accompany an action is what should

* The public house in Shoe-lane.

denominate it mean or great. The highest station of human life is to be attained by each man that pretends to it: for every man can be as valiant, as generous, as wise, and as merciful, as the faculties and opportunities which he has from heaven and fortune will permit. He that can say to himself, 'I do as much good, and am as virtuous as my most earnest endeavours will allow me,' whatever is his station in the world, is to himself possessed of the highest honour. If ambition is not thus turned, it is no other than a continual succession of anxiety and vexation. But when it has this cast, it invigorates the mind; and the consciousness of its own worth is a reward, which is not in the power of envy, reproach, or detraction, to take from it. Thus the seat of solid honour is in a man's own bosom; and no one can want support who is in possession of an honest conscience, but he who would suffer the reproaches of it for other greatness.

P. S. I was going on in my philosophy, when notice was brought me, that there was a great crowd in my antichamber, who expected audience. When they were admitted, I found they all met at my lodgings, each coming upon the same errand, to know whether they were of the fortunate in the lottery, which is now ready to be drawn. I was much at a loss how to extricate myself from their importunity; but observing the assembly made up of both sexes, I signified to them, that in this case it would appear Fortune is not blind, for all the lots would fall upon the wisest and the fairest. This gave so general a satisfaction, that the room was soon emptied, and the company retired with the best air, and the most pleasing grace I had any where observed. Mr. Elliot of St. James's coffee-house now stood alone before me, and signified to me, he had now not only prepared his books, but had received a very great subscription already. His design was, to advertise his subscribers at their respective places of abode, within an hour after their number is drawn, whether it was a blank or benefit, if the adventurer lives within the bills of mortality; if he dwells in the country, by the next post.* I encouraged the man in his industry, and told him the ready path to good fortune was to believe there was no such thing.

who lead their lives in too solitary a manner, to prey upon themselves, and form from their own conceptions, beings and things which have no place in nature. This often makes an adept as much at a loss, when he comes into the world, as a mere savage. To avoid therefore that ineptitude for society, which is frequently the fault of us scholars, and has, to men of understanding and breeding, something much more shocking and untractable than rusticity itself; I take care to visit all public solemnities; and go into assemblies as often as my studies will permit. This being therefore the first day of the drawing of the lottery, I did not neglect spending a considerable time in the crowd: but as much a philosopher as I pretend to be, I could not but look with a sort of veneration upon the two boys who received the tickets from the wheels, as the impartial and equal dispensers of the fortunes which were to be distributed among the crowd, who all stood expecting the same chance. It seems at first thought very wonderful, that one passion should so universally have the pre-eminence of another in the possession of men's minds, as that in this case all in general have a secret hope of the great ticket: and yet fear in another instance, as in going into a battle, shall have so little influence, as that, though each man believes there will be many thousands slain, each is confident he himself shall escape. This certainly proceeds from our vanity; for every man sees abundance in himself that deserves reward, and nothing which should meet with mortification. But of all the adventurers that filled the hall, there was one who stood by me, who I could not but fancy expected the thousand pounds per annum, as a mere justice to his parts and industry. He had his pencil and table-book; and was, at the drawing of each lot, counting how much a man with seven tickets was now nearer the great prize, by the striking out another, and another competitor. This man was of the most particular constitution I had ever observed; his passions were so active, that he worked in the utmost stretch of hope and fear. When one rival fell before him, you might see a short gleam of triumph in his countenance; which immediately vanished at the approach of another. What added to the particularity of this man was, that he every moment cast a look either upon the commissioners, the wheels, or the boys. I gently whispered him, and asked, 'when he

an attention to his point ; though what he is labouring at does not in the least contribute to it. Were it not for such honest fellows as these, the men who govern the rest of their species would have no tools to work with : for the outward show of the world is carried on by such as cannot find out that they are doing nothing. I left my man with great reluctance, seeing the care he took to observe the whole conduct of the persons concerned, and compute the inequality of the chances with his own hands and eyes. 'Dear sir,' said I, 'they must rise early that cheat you.' 'Ay,' said he, 'there is nothing like a man's minding his business himself.' 'It is very true,' said I ; 'the master's eye makes the horse fat.'

As much the greater number are to go without prizes, it is but very expedient to turn our lecture to the forming just sentiments on the subject of fortune. One said this morning, 'that the chief lot, he was confident, would fall upon some puppy ;' but this gentleman is one of those wrong tempers, who approve only the unhappy, and have a natural prejudice to the fortunate. But, as it is certain that there is a great meanness in being attached to a man purely for his fortune ; there is no less a meanness in disliking him for his happiness. It is the same perverseness under different colours ; and both these resentments arise from mere pride.

True greatness of mind consists in valuing men apart from their circumstances, or according to their behaviour in them. Wealth is a distinction only in traffic ; but it must not be allowed as a recommendation in any other particular, but only just as it is applied. It was very prettily said, 'That we may learn the little value of fortune by the persons on whom heaven is pleased to bestow it.' However, there is not a harder part in human life, than becoming wealth and greatness. He must be very well stocked with merit, who is not willing to draw some superiority over his friends from his fortune ; for it is not every man that can entertain with the air of a guest, and do good offices with the mien of one that receives them.

joyments, but relieves him from as certain anxieties. If you will not rejoice with happy men, you must repine at them. Dick Reptile alluded to this when he said, 'he would hate no man, out of pure idleness.' As for my own part, I look at Fortune quite in another view than the rest of the world ; and, by my knowledge in futurity, tremble at the approaching prize, which I see coming to a young lady for whom I have much tenderness ; and have therefore writ to her the following letter, to be sent by Mr. Elliot, with the notice of her ticket.

'MADAM,

'You receive, at the instant this comes to your hands, an account of your having, what you only wanted, fortune ; and to admonish you, that you may not now want every thing else. You had yesterday wit, virtue, beauty ; but you never heard of them until to-day. They say Fortune is blind ; but you will find she has opened the eyes of all your beholders. I beseech you, madam, make use of the advantages of having been educated without flattery. If you can still be Chloe, Fortune has indeed been kind to you ; if you are altered, she has it not in her power to give you an equivalent.

Grecian Coffee-house, July 26.

Some time ago a *virtuoso*, my very good friend, sent me a plan of a covered summer-house ; which a little after was rallied by another of my correspondents. I cannot therefore defer giving him an opportunity of making his defence to the learned, in his own words.

'To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire.

'SIR,

July 15, 1710.

'I have been this summer upon a ramble, to visit several friends and relations ; which is the reason I have left you, and our ingenious unknown friend of South Wales, so long in your error concerning the grass-plots in my green-house. I will not give you the particulars of my gardener's conduct in the management of my covered garden ; but content

the *bowling-green* at *Marybone* wears not half so bright a livery.

'The motto, with which the gentleman has been pleased to furnish you, is so very proper, and pleases me so well, that I design to have it set upon the front of my green-house in letters of gold.

'I am, Sir, &c.

No. 204.] *Saturday, July 29, 1710.*

Gardent prænominæ molles
Auriculæ. —————

Hor. 2 Sat. v. 32.

————— He with rapture hears

A title tingling in his tender ears. *Francis.*

From my own Apartment, July 28.

MANY are the inconveniences which happen from the improper manner of address in common speech, between persons of the same or of different quality. Among these errors, there is none greater than that of the impertinent use of Title, and a paraphrastical way of saying, *You*. I had the curiosity the other day to follow a crowd of people near Billingsgate, who were conducting a passionate woman that sold fish to a magistrate, in order to explain some words, which were ill taken by one of her own quality and profession in the public market. When she came to make her defence, she was so very full of, 'His Worship,' and of, 'If it should please his Honour,' that we could, for some time, hardly hear any other apology she made for herself, than that of atoning for the ill language she had been accused of towards her neighbour, by the great civilities she paid to her judge. But this extravagance in her sense of doing honour was no more to be wondered at, than that her *many rings on each finger* were worn as instances of finery and dress. The vulgar may thus heap and buddle terms of respect, and nothing better be expected from them; but for people of rank to repeat appellatives insignificantly, is a folly not to be endured, neither with regard to our time, or our understanding. It is below the dignity of speech to extend it with more words or phrases than are necessary to explain ourselves with elegance: and it is, methinks, an instance of ignorance, if not of servitude, to be redundant in such expressions.

I waited upon a man of quality some morn-

ing his ancestors on the one side, and the ill arts of their adversaries on the other, could not possibly be settled according to the rules of the lower courts; that, therefore, he designed to bring his cause before the House of Lords next session, where he should be glad if his Lordship should happen to be present; for he doubted not but his cause would be approved by all men of justice and honour.' In this place the word *Lordship* was gracefully inserted; because it was applied to him in that circumstance wherein his quality was the occasion of the discourse, and wherein it was most useful to the one, and most honourable to the other.

This way is so far from being disrespectful to the honour of nobles, that it is an expedient for using them with greater deference. I would not put *Lordship* to a man's hat, gloves, wig, or cane; but to desire his Lordship's favour, his Lordship's judgment, or his Lordship's patronage, is a manner of speaking, which expresses an alliance between his quality and his merit. It is this knowledge, which distinguished the discourse of the shoe-maker from that of the gentleman. The highest point of good-breeding, if any one can hit it, is to show a very nice regard to your own dignity, and, with that in your heart, express your value for the man above you.

But the silly humour to the contrary has so much prevailed, that the slavish addition of title enervates discourse, and renders the application of it almost ridiculous. We writers of diurnals are nearer in our style to that of common talk than any other writers, by which means we use words of respect sometimes very unfortunately. The Postman, who is one of the most celebrated of our fraternity, fell into this misfortune yesterday in his paragraph from Berlin of the twenty-sixth of July. 'Count Wartembourg,' says he, 'great chamberlain, and chief minister of this court, who on Monday last accompanied the king of Prussia to Oranienburg, was taken so very ill, that on Wednesday his life was despaired of; and we had a report, that his Excellency was dead.'

I humbly presume that it flatters the narration, to say his Excellency in a case which is common to all men; except you would infer what is not to be inferred, to wit, that the author designed to say, 'all wherein he excelled others was departed from him.'

charity calls you *Friend*. I say, it is very unjust to rally him for this term to a stranger, when you yourself, in all your phrases of distinction, confound phrases of honour into no use at all.

Tom Courtly, who is the pink of courtesy, is an instance of how little moment an undistinguishing application of sounds of honour are to those who understand themselves. Tom never fails of paying his obeisance to every man he sees, who has title or office to make him conspicuous; but his deference is wholly given to outward considerations. I, who know him, can tell him within half an acre, how much land one man has more than another by Tom's bow to him. Title is all he knows of honour, and civility of friendship: for this reason, because he cares for no man living, he is religiously strict in performing, what he calls, his respects to you. To this end he is very learned in pedigree; and will abate something in the ceremony of his approaches to a man, if he is in any doubt about the bearing of his coat of arms. What is the most pleasant of all his character is, that he acts with a sort of integrity in these impertinences; and though he would not do any solid kindness, he is wonderfully just and careful not to wrong his quality. But as integrity is very scarce in the world, I cannot forbear having respect for the impertinent: it is some virtue to be bound by any thing. Tom and I are upon very good terms, for the respect he has for the house of Bickerstaff. Though one cannot but laugh at his serious consideration of things so little essential, one must have a value even for a frivolous good conscience.

No. 205.] Tuesday, August 1, 1710

Μητις, οὐδ' ἴσασιν οὐρα πόλιν ἡμῶν πᾶσις
Καὶ οὐρανὸν ἐν μάλαχῃ τι καὶ ἀσφόδελον μετ' ὄνυχας.
Hesiod. Oper. et Dies. ver. 20.

Fools! not to know how far an humble lot
Exceeds abundance by injustice got;
How health and temperance bless the rustic swain,
While luxury destroys her pamper'd train,
R. WYNN.

From my own Apartment, July 31.

NATURE has implanted in us two very strong desires; hunger, for the preservation of the individuals; and lust, for the support of the species; or, to speak more intelligibly, the

dation, that we are under the necessity of seeking for the agreeable companion, and the honourable mistress. By this cultivation of art and reason, our wants are made pleasures and the gratification of our desires, under proper restrictions, a work no way below our noblest faculties. The wisest man may maintain his character, and yet consider in what manner he shall best entertain his friend or divert his mistress. Nay, it is so far from being a derogation to him, that he can in no instances show so true a taste of his life, or his fortune. What concerns one of the above-mentioned appetites, as it is elevated into love, I shall have abundant occasion to discourse of, before I have provided for the numberless crowd of damsels I have proposed to take care of. The subject therefore of the present paper shall be that part of society, which owes its beginning to the common necessity of Hunger. When this is considered as the support of our being, we may take in under the same head Thirst also; otherwise, when we are pursuing the glutton, the drunkard may make his escape. The true choice of our diet, and our companions at it, seems to consist in that which contributes most to cheerfulness and refreshment: and these certainly are best consulted by simplicity in the food, and sincerity in the company. By this rule are, in the first place, excluded from pretence to happiness all meals of state and ceremony, which are performed in dumb-show, and greedy sullenness. At the boards of the great, they say, you shall have a number attending with as good habits and countenances as the guests, which only circumstance must destroy the whole pleasure of the repast: for if such attendants are introduced for the dignity of their appearance, modest minds are shocked by considering them as spectators; or else look upon them as equals, for whose servitude they are in a kind of suffering. It may be here added, that the sumptuous side-board, to an ingenuous eye, has often more the air of an altar than a table. The next absurd way of enjoying ourselves at meals is, where the bottle is plied without being called for, where humour takes place of appetite, and the good company are too dull, or too merry, to know any enjoyment in their senses.

Though this part of time is absolutely necessary to sustain life, it must be also considered, that life itself is to the endless being of man but what a meal is to this life, not va-

with the distinction of the Eaters and the Swallowers. The Eaters sacrifice all their senses and understanding to this appetite. The Swallowers hurry themselves out of both, without pleasing this or any other appetite at all. The latter are improved brutes, the former, degenerated men. I have sometimes thought it would not be improper to add to my dead and living men, persons in an intermediate state of humanity, under the appellation of *Dozers*. The Dozers are a sect, who, instead of keeping their appetites in subjection, live in subjection to them; nay, they are so truly slaves to them, that they keep at too great a distance ever to come into their presence. Within my own acquaintance, I know those that I dare say have forgot that they ever were hungry, and are no less utter strangers to thirst and weariness; who are beholden to sauces for their food, and to their food for their weariness.

I have often wondered, considering the excellent and choice spirits that we have among our divines, that they do not think of putting vicious habits into a more contemptible and unlovely figure than they do at present. So many men of wit and spirit as there are in sacred orders, have it in their power to make the fashion of their side. The leaders in human society are more effectually prevailed upon this way than can easily be imagined. I have more than one in my thoughts at this time, capable of doing this against all the opposition of the most witty, as well as the most voluptuous. There may possibly be more acceptable subjects; but sure there are none more useful. It is visible, that though men's fortunes, circumstances, and pleasures, give them prepossessions too strong to regard any mention either of punishments or rewards, they will listen to what makes them inconsiderable or mean in the imaginations of others, and, by degrees, in their own.

It is certain such topics are to be touched upon, in the light we mean, only by men of the most consummate prudence, as well as excellent wit: for these discourses are to be made, if made, to run into example, before

Happy genius! he is the better man for being a wit. The best way to praise this author is to quote him; and I think I may defy any man to say a greater thing of him, or his ability, than that there are no paragraphs in the whole discourse I speak of below these which follow.

After having recommended the satisfaction of the mind, and the pleasure of conscience, he proceeds:

'An ennobling property of it is, that it is such a pleasure as never satiates or wearies; for it properly affects the spirit; and a spirit feels no weariness, as being privileged from the causes of it. But can the epicure say so of any of the pleasures that he so much dotes upon? Do they not expire while they satisfy, and, after a few minutes' refreshment, determine in loathing and unquietness? How short is the interval between a pleasure and a burden! How undiscernible the transition from one to the other! Pleasure dwells no longer upon the appetite than the necessities of nature, which are quickly and easily provided for; and then all that follows is a load and an oppression. Every morsel to a satisfied Hunger, is only a new labour to a tired digestion. Every draught to him that has quenched his thirst, is but a further quenching of nature, and a provision for rheum and diseases, a drowning of the quickness and activity of the spirits.

'He that prolongs his meals, and sacrifices his time, as well as his other conveniences, to his luxury, how quickly does he outset his pleasure! And then, how is all the following time bestowed upon ceremony and surfeit! until at length, after a long fatigue of eating, and drinking, and babbling, he concludes the great work of dining genteely, and so makes a shift to rise from table, that he may lie down upon his bed; where, after he has slept himself into some use of himself, by much ado he staggers to his table again, and there acts over the same brutish scene: so that he passes his whole life in a *doxed* condition, between sleeping and waking, with a kind of drowsiness and confusion upon his senses, which, what pleasure it can be, is hard to conceive. All that is of

only, end in gaining either the affection or the esteem of those with whom they converse. Esteem makes a man powerful in business, and affection desirable in conversation; which is certainly the reason that very agreeable men fail of their point in the world, and those who are by no means such, arrive at it with much ease. If it be visible in a man's carriage that he has a strong passion to please, no one is much at a loss how to keep measures with him; because there is always a balance in people's hands to make up with him, by giving him what he still wants in exchange for what you think fit to deny him. Such a person asks with diffidence, and ever leaves room for denial by that softness of his complexion. At the same time he himself is capable of denying nothing, even what he is not able to perform. The other sort of man who courts esteem, having a quite different view, has as different a behaviour; and acts as much by the dictates of his reason as the other does by the impulse of his inclination. You must pay for every thing you have of him. He considers mankind as a people in commerce, and never gives out of himself what he is sure will not come in with interest from another. All his words and actions tend to the advancement of his reputation and his fortune, towards which he makes hourly progress, because he lavishes no part of his good-will upon such as do not make some advances to merit it. The man who values affection, sometimes becomes popular; he who aims at esteem, seldom fails of growing rich.

Thus far we have looked at these different men, as persons who endeavoured to be valued and beloved from design or ambition; but they appear quite in another figure, when you observe the men who are agreeable and venerable from the force of their natural inclinations. We affect the company of him who has least regard of himself in his carriage, who throws himself into unguarded gaiety, voluntary mirth, and general good humour; who has nothing in his head but the present hour, and seems to have all his interest and passions gratified, if every man else in the room is as unmannered as himself. This man usually has

I was the other day walking with Jack Gainly towards Lincoln's-inn-walks: we met a fellow who is a lower officer where Jack is in the direction. Jack cries to him, 'So, how is it, Mr. —?' He answers, 'Mr. Gainly, I am glad to see you well.' This expression of equality gave my friend a pang, which appeared in the flush of his countenance. 'Pr'ythee Jack,' says I, 'do not be angry at the man; for do what you will, the man can only love you; be contented with the image the man has of thee; for if thou aimest at any other, it must be hatred or contempt.' I went on, and told him, 'Look you, Jack, I have heard thee sometimes talk like an oracle for half an hour, with the sentiments of a Roman, the closeness of a schoolman, and the integrity of a divine; but then, Jack, while I admired thee, it was upon topics which did not concern thyself; and where, the greatness of the subject, added to thy being personally unconcerned in it, created all that was great in thy discourse.' I did not mind his being a little out of humour; but comforted him, by giving him several instances of men of our acquaintance, who had no one quality in any eminence, that were much more esteemed than he was with very many: 'but the thing is, if your character is to give pleasure, men will consider you only in that light, and not in those acts which turn to esteem and veneration.'

When I think of Jack Gainly, I cannot but reflect also upon his sister Gatty. She is young, witty, pleasant, innocent. This is her natural character; but when she observes any one admired for what they call a fine woman, she is all the next day womanly, prudent, observing, and virtuous. She is every moment asked in her prudential behaviour, whether she is not well? Upon which she as often answers in a fret, 'Do people think one must be always romping, always a Jackpudding?' I never fail to enquire of her, if my lady such-a-one, that awful beauty, was not at the play last night? She knows the connection between that question and her change of humour, and says, 'It would be very well if some people would exa-

of thirty. Lucia is blooming and amorous, and but a little above fifteen. The mother looks very much younger than she is, the girl very much older. If it were possible to fix the girl to her sick bed, and preserve the portion, the use of which the mother partakes, the good widow Flavia would certainly do it. But for fear of Lucia's escape, the mother is forced to be constantly attended with a rival that explains her age, and draws off the eyes of her admirers. The jest is, they can never be together in strangers' company, but Lucy is eternally reprimanded for something very particular in her behaviour; for which she has the malice to say, 'she hopes she shall always obey her parents.' She carried her passion of jealousy to that height the other day, that, coming suddenly into the room, and surprising colonel Lofty speaking rapture on one knee to her mother, she clapped down by him, and asked her blessing.

I do not know whether it is so proper to tell family occurrences of this nature; but we every day see the same thing happen in public conversation of the world. Men cannot be contented with what is laudable, but they must have all that is laudable. This affectation is what decoys the familiar man into pretences to take state upon him, and the contrary character to the folly of aiming at being winning and complaisant. But in these cases men may easily lay aside what they are, but can never arrive at what they are not.

As to the pursuits after affection and esteem, the fair sex are happy in this particular, that with them the one is much more nearly related to the other than in men. The love of a woman is inseparable from some esteem of her; and as she is naturally the object of affection, the woman who has your esteem has also some degree of your love. A man that dotes on a woman for her beauty, will whisper his friend, 'that creature has a great deal of wit when you are well acquainted with her.' And if you examine the bottom of your esteem for a woman, you will find you have a greater opinion of her beauty than any body else. As to us men, I design to pass most of my time with the facetious Harry Bickerstaff; but William Bickerstaff, the most prudent man of our family, shall be my executor.

No. 207.] *Saturday, August 5, 1710.*

From my own Apartment, August 4.

HAVING yesterday morning received a paper of Latin verses, written with much elegance in honour of these my papers, and being informed at the same time, that they were composed by a youth under age, I read them with much delight, as an instance of his improvement. There is not a greater pleasure to old

age, than seeing young people entertain themselves in such a manner as that we can partake of their enjoyments. On such occasions we flatter ourselves, that we are not quite laid aside in the world; but that we are either used with gratitude for what we were, or honoured for what we are. A well-inclined young man, and whose good-breeding is founded upon the principles of nature and virtue, must needs take delight in being agreeable to his elders, as we are truly delighted when we are not the jest of them. When I say this, I must confess I cannot but think it a very lamentable thing, that there should be a necessity for making that a rule of life, which should be, methinks, a mere instinct of nature. If reflection upon a man in poverty, whom we once knew in riches, is an argument of commiseration with generous minds; sure old age, which is a decay from that vigour which the young possess, and must certainly, if not prevented against their will, arrive at, should be more forcibly the object of that reverence which honest spirits are inclined to, from a sense of being themselves liable to what they observe has already overtaken others.

My three nephews, whom, in June last *was twelvemonth*, I disposed of according to their several capacities and inclinations; the first to the university, the second to a merchant, and the third to a woman of quality as her page, by my invitation dined with me to-day. It is my custom often, when I have a mind to give myself a more than ordinary cheerfulness, to invite a certain young gentlewoman of our neighbourhood to make one of the company. She did me that favour this day. The presence of a beautiful woman of honour, to minds which are not trivially disposed, displays an alacrity which is not to be communicated by any other object. It was not unpleasant to me, to look into her thoughts of the company she was in. She smiled at the party of pleasure I had thought of for her, which was composed of an old man and three boys. My scholar my citizen, and myself, were very soon neglected; and the young courtier, by the bow he made to her at her entrance, engaged her observation without a rival. I observed the Oxonian not a little discomposed at this preference, while the trader kept his eye upon his uncle. My nephew Will had a thousand secret resolutions to break in upon the discourse of his younger brother, who gave my fair companion a full account of the fashion, and what was reckoned most becoming to this complexion, and what sort of habit appeared best upon the other shape. He proceeded to acquaint her, who of quality was well or sick within the bills of mortality, and named very familiarly all his lady's acquaintance, not forgetting her very words when he spoke of their characters. Besides all this, he had a road of

flattery; and upon her enquiring, what sort of woman lady Lovely was in her person, 'Really, madam,' says the Jackanapes, 'she is exactly of your height and shape; but as you are fair, she is a brown woman.' There was no enduring that this fop should outshine us all at this unmerciful rate; therefore I thought fit to talk to my young scholar concerning his studies; and because I would throw his learning into present service, I desired him to repeat to me the translation he had made of some tender verses in Theocritus. He did so, with an air of elegance peculiar to the college to which I sent him. I made some exceptions to the turn of the phrases; which he defended with much modesty, as believing in that place the matter was rather to consult the softness of a swain's passion, than the strength of his expressions. It soon appeared, that Will had outstripped his brother in the opinion of our young lady. A little poetry, to one who is bred a scholar, has the same effect that a good carriage of his person has on one who is to live in courts. The favour of women is so natural a passion, that I envied both the boys their success in the approbation of my guest; and I thought the only person invulnerable was my young trader. During the whole meal, I could observe in the children a mutual contempt and scorn of each other, arising from their different way of life and education, and took that occasion to advertise them of such growing distates; which might mislead them in their future life, and disappoint their friends, as well as themselves, of the advantages which might be expected from the diversity of their professions and interests.

The prejudices which are growing up between these brothers from the different ways of education, are what create the most fatal misunderstandings in life. But all distinctions of disparagement, merely from our circumstances, are such as will not bear the examination of reason. The courtier, the trader, and the scholar, should all have an equal pretension to the denomination of a gentleman. That tradesman who deals with me in a commodity which I do not understand, with uprightness, has much more right to that character, than the courtier that gives me false hopes, or the scholar who laughs at my ignorance.

The appellation of gentleman is never to be affixed to a man's circumstances, but to his behaviour in them. For this reason I shall ever, as far as I am able, give my nephews such impressions as shall make them value themselves rather as they are useful to others, than as they are conscious of merit in themselves. There are no qualities for which we ought to pretend to the esteem of others, but such as render us serviceable to them: for 'free men have no superiors but benefactors.' I was go-

ing on like a true old fellow to this purpose to my guests when I received the following epistle:

'SIR,

'I have yours, with notice of a benefit ticket of four hundred pounds per annum, both inclosed by Mr. Elliot, who had my numbers for that purpose. Your philosophic advice came very seasonably to me with that good fortune: but I must be so sincere with you as to acknowledge, I owe my present moderation more to my own folly than your wisdom. You will think this strange until I inform you, that I had fixed my thoughts upon the thousand pounds a-year, and had, with that expectation, laid down so many agreeable plans for my behaviour towards my new lovers and old friends, that I have received this favour of fortune with an air of disappointment. This is interpreted, by all who know not the springs of my heart, as a wonderful piece of humility. I hope my present state of mind will grow into that; but I confess my conduct to be now owing to another cause. However, I know you will approve my taking hold even of imperfections to find my way towards virtue, which is so feeble in us at the best, that we are often beholden to our faults for the first appearances of it.

'I am, Sir,

'Your most humble servant,

'CHLOE.

No. 208.] Tuesday, August 8, 1710.

Sl dixeris aequo, audat. ————— Juc. Sat. III. 103.

————— If you complain of heat,
They rub th' unsweating brow, and swear they sweat.
Dryden.

From my own Apartment, August 7.

AN old acquaintance, who met me this morning, seemed overjoyed to see me, and told me I looked as well as he had known me do these forty years: 'but,' continued he, 'not quite the man you were, when we visited together at lady Brightly's. Oh! Isaac, those days are over. Do you think there are any such fine creatures now living as we then conversed with?' He went on with a thousand incoherent circumstances, which, in his imagination, must needs please me; but they had the quite contrary effect. The flattery with which he began, in telling me how well I wore, was not disagreeable; but his indiscreet mention of a set of acquaintance we had out-lived, recalled ten thousand things to my memory, which made me reflect upon my present condition with regret. Had he indeed been so kind as, after a long absence, to felicitate me upon an indolent and easy old age; and mentioned how much he and I had to thank for, who at our time of day could walk firmly, eat heartily, and converse cheerfully, he had kept up my

pleasure in myself. But of all mankind, there are none so shocking as these injudicious civil people. They ordinarily begin upon something that they know must be a satisfaction; but then, for fear of the imputation of flattery, they follow it with the last thing in the world of which you would be reminded. It is this that perplexes civil persons. The reason that there is such a general outcry among us against flatterers is, that there are so very few good ones. It is the nicest art in this life, and is a part of eloquence which does not want the preparation that is necessary to all other parts of it, that your audience should be your well-wishers; for praise from an enemy is the most pleasing of all commendations.

It is generally to be observed, that the person most agreeable to a man for a constancy is he that has no shining qualities, but is a certain degree above great imperfections; whom he can live with as his inferior, and who will either overlook, or not observe his little defects. Such an easy companion as this either now and then throws out a little flattery, or lets a man silently flatter himself in his superiority to him. If you take notice, there is hardly a rich man in the world, who has not such a *led friend* of small consideration, who is a darling for his insignificance. It is a great ease to have one in our own shape a species below us, and who, without being listed in our service, is by nature of our retinue. These dependants are of excellent use on a rainy day, or when a man has not a mind to dress; or to exclude solitude, when one has neither a mind to that or to company. There are of this good-natured order, who are so kind as to divide themselves, and do these good offices to many. Five or six of them visit a whole quarter of the town, and exclude the spleen, without fees, from the families they frequent. If they do not prescribe physic, they can be company when you take it. Very great benefactors to the rich, or those whom they call people at their ease, are your persons of no consequence. I have known some of them, by the help of a little cunning, make delicious flatterers. They know the course of the town, and the general characters of persons; by this means they will sometimes tell the most agreeable falsehoods imaginable. They will acquaint you, that such a-one of a quite contrary party said, 'That though you were engaged in different interests, yet he had the greatest respect for your good sense and address.' When one of these has a little cunning, he passes his time in the utmost satisfaction to himself and his friends; for his position is never to report or speak a displeasing thing to his friend. As for letting him go on in an error, he knows, advice against them is the office of persons of greater talents and less discretion.

The Latin word for a flatterer, *assentator*,

implies no more than a person that barely consents; and indeed such a-one, if a man were able to purchase or maintain him, cannot be bought too dear. Such a-one never contradicts you; but gains upon you, not by a fulsome way of commending you in broad terms, but liking whatever you propose or utter; at the same time, is ready to beg your pardon, and gainsay you, if you chance to speak ill of yourself. An old lady is very seldom without such a companion as this, who can recite the names of all her lovers, and the matches refused by her in the days when she minded such vanities, as she is pleased to call them, though she so much approves the mention of them. It is to be noted, that a woman's flatterer is generally elder than herself; her years serving at once to recommend her patroness's age, and to add weight to her complaisance in all other particulars.

We gentlemen of small fortunes are extremely necessitous in this particular. I have indeed one who smokes with me often; but his parts are so low, that all the incense he does me is to fill his pipe with me, and to be out at just as many whiffs as I take. This is all the praise or assent that he is capable of; yet there are more hours when I would rather be in his company than in that of the brightest man I know. It would be a hard matter to give an account of this inclination to be flattered; but if we go to the bottom of it, we shall find, that the pleasure in it is something like that of receiving money which we lay out. Every man thinks he has an estate of reputation, and is glad to see one that will bring any of it home to him. It is no matter how dirty a bag it is conveyed to him in, or by how clownish a messenger, so the money be good. All that we want, to be pleased with flattery, is to believe that the man is sincere who gives it us. It is by this one accident, that absurd creatures often outrun the most skilful in this art. Their want of ability is here an advantage; and their bluntness, as it is the seeming effect of sincerity, is the best cover to artifice.

Terence introduces a flatterer talking to a coxcomb, whom he cheats out of a livelihood; and a third person on the stage makes on him this pleasant remark, 'This fellow has an art of making fools madmen.' The love of flattery is, indeed, sometimes the weakness of a great mind; but you see it also in persons, who otherwise discover no manner of relish of any thing above mere sensuality. These latter it sometimes improves; but always debases the former. A fool is in himself the object of pity, until he is flattered. By the force of that, his stupidity is raised into affectation, and he becomes of dignity enough to be ridiculous. I remember a droll, that upon one's saying, 'The times are so ticklish, that there must great care be taken what one says in conversation,' answered

with an air of surliness and honesty, 'If people will be free, let them be so in the manner that I am, who never abuse a man but to his face.' He had no reputation for saying dangerous truths; therefore when it was repeated, 'You abuse a man but to his face?' 'Yes,' says he 'I flatter him.'

It is indeed the greatest of injuries to flatter any but the unhappy, or such as are displeased with themselves for some infirmity. In this latter case we have a member of our club, who, when sir Jeffery falls asleep, wakens him with snoring. This makes sir Jeffery hold up for some moments the longer, to see there are men younger than himself among us, who are more lethargic than he is.

When flattery is practised upon any other consideration, it is the most abject thing in nature; nay, I cannot think of any character below the flatterer, except he that envies him. You meet with fellows prepared to be as mean as possible in their condescensions and expressions; but they want persons and talents to rise up to such a baseness. As a coxcomb is a fool of parts, so is a flatterer a knave of parts.

The best of this order, that I know, is one who disguises it under a spirit of contradiction or reproof. He told an arrant driveller the other day, that he did not care for being in company with him, because he heard he turned his absent friends into ridicule. And upon lady Autumn's disputing with him about something that happened at the Revolution, he replied with a very angry tone, 'Pray, madam, give me leave to know more of a thing in which I was actually concerned, than you who were then in your nurse's arms.'

No. 209.] *Saturday, August 10, 1710.*

From my own Apartment, August 9.

A NOBLE painter, who has an ambition to draw a history piece, has desired me to give him a subject, on which he may show the utmost force of his art and genius. For this purpose, I have pitched upon that remarkable incident between Alexander the Great and his physician. This prince, in the midst of his conquests in Persia, was seized by a violent fever; and, according to the account we have of his vast mind, his thoughts were more employed about his recovery, as it regarded the war, than as it concerned his own life. He professed, a slow method was worse than death to him; because it was, what he more dreaded, an interruption of his glory. He desired a dangerous, so it might be a speedy remedy. During this impatience of the king, it is well known that Darius had offered an immense sum to any one who should take away his life.

But Philippos, the most esteemed and most knowing of his physicians, promised, that within three days' time he would prepare a medicine for him, which would restore him more expeditiously than could be imagined. Immediately after this engagement, Alexander receives a letter from the most considerable of his captains, with intelligence that Darius had bribed Philippos to poison him. Every circumstance imaginable favoured this suspicion; but this monarch, who did nothing but in an extraordinary manner, concealed the letter; and while the medicine was preparing, spent all his thoughts upon his behaviour in this important incident. From his long soliloquy, he came to this resolution: 'Alexander must not lie here alive to be oppressed by his enemy. I will not believe my physician guilty; or, I will perish rather by his guilt, than my own diffidence.'

At the appointed hour, Philippos enters with the potion. One cannot but form to one's self on this occasion the encounter of their eyes, the resolution in those of the patient, and the benevolence in the countenance of the physician. The hero raised himself in his bed, and, holding the letter in one hand, and the potion in the other, drank the medicine. It will exercise my friend's pencil and brain to place this action in its proper beauty. A prince observing the features of a suspected traitor, after having drunk the poison he offered him, is a circumstance so full of passion, that it will require the highest strength of his imagination to conceive it, much more to express it. But as painting is eloquence and poetry in mechanism, I shall raise his ideas, by reading with him the finest draughts of the passions concerned in this circumstance, from the most excellent poets and orators. The confidence which Alexander assumes from the air of Philippos's face as he is reading his accusation, and the generous disdain which is to rise in the features of a falsely accused man, are principally to be regarded. In this particular he must heighten his thoughts, by reflecting, that he is not drawing only an innocent man traduced, but a man zealously affected to his person and safety, full of resentment for being thought false. How shall we contrive to express the highest admiration, mingled with disdain? How shall we in strokes of a pencil say, what Philippos did to his prince on this occasion? 'Sir, my life never depended on yours more than it does now. Without knowing this secret, I prepared the potion, which you have taken as what concerned Philippos no less than Alexander; and there is nothing new in this adventure, but that it makes me still more admire the generosity and confidence of my master.' Alexander took him by the hand, and said, 'Philippos, I am confident you had rather I had any other way to have

manifested the faith I have in you, than a case which so nearly concerns me: and in gratitude I now assure you, I am anxious for the effect of your medicine, more for your sake than my own.'

My painter is employed by a man of sense and wealth to furnish him a gallery; and I shall join with my friend in the designing part. It is the great use of pictures, to raise in our minds either agreeable ideas of our absent friends, or high images of eminent personages. But the latter design is, methinks, carried on in a very improper way; for to fill a room full of battle-pieces, pompous histories of sieges, and a tall hero alone in a crowd of insignificant figures about him, is of no consequence to private men. But to place before our eyes great and illustrious men in those parts and circumstances of life, wherein their behaviour may have an effect upon our minds; as being such as we partake with them merely as they were men; such as these, I say, may be just and useful ornaments of an elegant apartment. In this collection therefore that we are making, we will not have the battles, but the sentiments of Alexander. The affair we were just now speaking of has circumstances of the highest nature; and yet their grandeur has little to do with his fortune. If, by observing such a piece, as that of his taking a bowl of poison with so much magnanimity, a man, the next time he has a fit of the spleen, is less froward to his friend or his servants; thus far is some improvement.

I have frequently thought, that if we had many draughts which were historical of certain passions, and had the true figure of the great men we see transported by them, it would be of the most solid advantage imaginable. To consider this mighty man on one occasion, administering to the wants of a poor soldier benumbed with cold, with the greatest humanity; at another barbarously stabbing a faithful officer; at one time, so generously chaste and virtuous as to give his captive Statira her liberty; at another, burning a town at the instigation of Thais. These changes in the same person are what would be more beneficial lessons of morality, than the several revolutions in a great man's fortune. There are but one or two in an age, to whom the pompous incidents of his life can be exemplary; but I, or any man, may be as sick, as good-natured, as

drawn in red, or in armour, who never dreamed to destroy any thing above a fox, is a common and ordinary offence of this kind. But I shall give an account of our whole gallery on another occasion.

No. 210.] *Saturday, August 12, 1710.*

Sheer-lane, August 10.

I DO myself the honour this day to make a visit to a lady of quality, who is one of those that are ever railing at the vices of the age, but mean only one vice, because it is the only vice they are not guilty of. She went so far as to fall foul on a young woman, who has had imputations; but whether they were just or not, no one knows but herself. However that is, she is in her present behaviour modest, humble, pious, and discreet. I thought it became me to bring this censorious lady to reason, and let her see, she was a much more vicious woman than the person she spoke of.

'Madam,' said I, 'you are very severe to this poor young woman, for a trespass which I believe Heaven has forgiven her, and for which, you see, she is for ever out of countenance.' 'Nay, Mr. Bickerstaff,' she interrupted, 'if you at this time of day contradict people of virtue, and stand up for ill women——' 'No, no, madam,' said I, 'not so fast; she is reclaimed, and I fear you never will be. Nay, nay, madam, do not be in a passion; but let me tell you what you are. You are indeed as good as your neighbours; but that is being very bad. You are a woman at the head of a family, and lead a perfect town-lady's life. You go on your own way, and consult nothing but your glass. What imperfections indeed you see there, you immediately mend as fast as you can. You may do the same by the faults I tell you of; for they are much more in your power to correct.'

'You are to know, then, that you visiting ladies that carry your virtue from house to house with so much prattle in each other's applause, and triumph over other people's faults, I grant you, have but the speculation of vice in your own conversations; but promote the practice of it in all others you have to do with.'

'As for you, madam, your time passes away in dressing, eating, sleeping, and praying.

convey your ladyship to church. While you are praying there, they are cursing, swearing, and drinking in an ale-house. During the time also which your ladyship sets apart for heaven, you are to know, that your cook is sweating and fretting in preparation for your dinner. Soon after your meal you make visits, and the whole world that belongs to you speaks all the ill of you which you are repeating of others. You see, madam, whatever way you go, all about you are in a very broad one. The morality of these people it is your proper business to enquire into; and until you reform them, you had best let your equals alone; otherwise, if I allow you, you are not vicious, you must allow me you are not virtuous.'

I took my leave, and received at my coming home the following letter:

'MR. BICKERSTAFF,

'I have lived a pure and undefiled virgin these twenty-seven years; and I assure you, it is with great grief and sorrow of heart I tell you, that I become weary and impatient of the derision of the gigglers of our sex; who call me old maid, and tell me, I shall lead apes. If you are truly a patron of the distressed, and an adept in astrology, you will advise whether I shall, or ought to be prevailed upon by the impertinences of my own sex, to give way to the importunities of yours. I assure you, I am surrounded with both, though at present a forlorn. I am, &c.'

I must defer my answer to this lady out of a point of chronology. She says, she has been twenty-seven years a maid; but I fear, according to a common error, she dates her virginity from her birth, which is a very erroneous method; for a woman of twenty is no more to be thought chaste so many years, than a man of that age can be said to have been so long valiant. We must not allow people the favour of a virtue, until they have been under the temptation to the contrary. A woman is not a maid until her birth-day, as we call it, of her fifteenth year. My plaintiff is therefore desired to inform me, whether she is at present in her twenty-eighth or forty-third year, and she shall be despatched accordingly.

St. James's Coffee-house, August 11.

A merchant came hither this morning, and read a letter from a correspondent of his at Milan. It was dated the 7th instant N. G.

in order to intercept them within a day's march of our army. The king of Spain was apprehensive the enemy might make such a movement, and commanded general Stanhope with a body of horse, consisting of fourteen squadrons, to observe their course, and prevent their passage over the rivers Segra and Noguera, between Lerida and Balaguer. It happened to be the first day that officer had appeared abroad after a dangerous and violent fever; but he received the king's commands on this occasion with a joy which surmounted his present weakness, and on the twenty-seventh of last month came up with the enemy on the plains of Balaguer. The duke of Anjou's rear-guard, consisting of twenty-six squadrons, that general sent intelligence of their posture to the king, and desired his majesty's orders to attack them. During the time which he waited for his instructions, he made his disposition for the charge, which was to divide themselves into three bodies; one to be commanded by himself in the centre, a body on the right by count Maurice of Nassau, and the third on the left by the earl of Rochford. Upon the receipt of his majesty's direction to attack the enemy, the general himself charged with the utmost vigour and resolution, while the earl of Rochford and count Maurice extended themselves on his right and left, to prevent the advantage the enemy might make of the superiority of their numbers. What appears to have misled the enemy's general in this affair was, that it was not supposed practicable that the confederates would attack him till they had received a reinforcement. For this reason, he pursued his march without facing about till we were actually coming on to engagement. General Stanhope's disposition made it impracticable to do it at that time; count Maurice and the earl of Rochford attacking them in the instant in which they were forming themselves. The charge was made with the greatest gallantry, and the enemy very soon put into so great disorder, that their whole cavalry were commanded to support their rear-guard. Upon the advance of this reinforcement, all the horse of the king of Spain were come up to sustain general Stanhope, insomuch, that the battle improved to a general engagement of the cavalry of both armies. After a warm dispute for some time, it ended in the utter defeat of all the duke of Anjou's horse. Upon the despatch of these advices, that prince was retiring towards Lerida. We have no account of any

been reported by the enemy dead of his wounds; but he received only a slight contusion on the shoulder.

P. S. We acknowledge you here a mighty brave people; but you are said to love quarrelling so well, that you cannot be quiet at home. The favourers of the house of Bourbon among us affirm, that this Stanhope, who could, as it were, get out of his sick-bed to fight against their king of Spain, must be of the antimonarchical party.

No. 211.] Tuesday, August 15, 1710.

— Naeqee monstare, et sentio tantum.

Juv. Sat. vii. 56.

What I can fancy but can ne'er express.

Dryden.

Sunday, August 13.

If there were no other consequences of it, but barely that human creatures on this day assemble themselves before their Creator, without regard to their usual employments, their minds at leisure from the cares of this life, and their bodies adorned with the best attire they can bestow on them; I say, were this mere outward celebration of a sabbath all that is expected from men, even that were a laudable distinction, and a purpose worthy the human nature. But when there is added to it the sublime pleasure of devotion, our being is exalted above itself; and he who spends a seventh day in the contemplation of the next life, will not easily fall into the corruptions of this in the other six. They, who never admit thoughts of this kind into their imaginations, lose higher and sweeter satisfactions than can be raised by any other entertainment. The most illiterate man who is touched with devotion, and uses frequent exercises of it, contracts a certain greatness of mind, mingled with a noble simplicity, that raises him above those of the same condition; and there is an indelible mark of goodness in those who sincerely possess it. It is hardly possible it should be otherwise; for the fervours of a pious mind will naturally contract such an earnestness and attention towards a better being, as will make the ordinary passages of life go off with a becoming indifference. By this a man in the lowest condition will not appear mean, or, in the most splendid fortune, insolent.

As to all the intricacies and vicissitudes, under which men are ordinarily entangled with the utmost sorrow and passion, one who is devoted to heaven, when he falls into such difficulties, is led by a clue through a labyrinth. As to this world, he does not pretend to skill in the mazes of it; but fixes his thoughts upon one certainty, that he shall soon be out of it. And we may ask very boldly, what can be a more sure consolation than to have a hope in death? When men are arrived at thinking of

their very dissolution with pleasure, how few things are there that can be terrible to them! Certainly, nothing can be dreadful to such spirits, but what would make death terrible to them, falsehood towards man, or impiety towards heaven. To such as these, as there are certainly many such, the gratifications of innocent pleasures are doubled, even with reflections upon their imperfection. The disappointments which naturally attend the great promises we make ourselves in expected enjoyments, strike no damp upon such men, but only quicken their hopes of soon knowing joys which are too pure to admit of alloy or satiety.

It is thought, among the politer sort of mankind, an imperfection to want a relish of any of those things which refine our lives. This is the foundation of the acceptance which eloquence, music, and poetry make in the world; and I know not why devotion, considered merely as an exaltation of our happiness, should not at least be so far regarded as to be considered. It is possible the very enquiry would lead men into such thoughts and gratifications as they did not expect to meet with in this place. Many a good acquaintance has been lost from a general prepossession in his disfavour, and a severe aspect has often hid under it a very agreeable companion.

There are no distinguishing qualities among men to which there are not false pretenders; but though none is more pretended to than that of devotion, there are perhaps fewer successful impostors in this kind than any other. There is something so natively great and good in a person that is truly devout, that an awkward man may as well pretend to be genteel, as a hypocrite to be pious. The constraint in words and actions are equally visible in both cases; and any thing set up in their room does but remove the endeavours farther off from their pretensions. But, however the sense of true piety is abated, there is no other motive of action that can carry us through all the vicissitudes of life with alacrity and resolution. But piety, like philosophy, when it is superficial, does but make men appear the worse for it; and a principle that is but half received does but distract, instead of guiding our behaviour. When I reflect upon the unequal conduct of Lotius, I see many things that run directly counter to his interest; therefore I cannot attribute his labours for the public good to ambition. When I consider his disregard to his fortune I cannot esteem him covetous. How then can I reconcile his neglect of himself, and his zeal for others? I have long suspected him to be a 'little pious;' but no man ever hid his vice with greater caution than he does his virtue. It was the praise of a great Roman, 'that he had rather be, than appear good.' But such is the weakness of Lotius, that I dare say, he had rather

be esteemed irreligious than devout. By I know not what impatience of raillery, he is wonderfully fearful of being thought too great a believer. A hundred little devices are made use of to hide a time of private devotion; and he will allow you any suspicion of his being ill employed, so you do not tax him with being well. But alas! how mean is such a behaviour? To boast of virtue, is a most ridiculous way of disappointing the merit of it, but not so pitiful as that of being ashamed of it. How unhappy is the wretch, who makes the most absolute and independent motive of action the cause of perplexity and inconstancy! How different a figure does Cælicolo* make with all who know him! His great and superior mind, frequently exalted by the raptures of heavenly meditation, is to all his friends of the same use, as if an angel were to appear at the decision of their disputes. They very well understand, he is as much disinterested and unbiassed as such a being. He considers all applications made to him, as those addresses will affect his own application to heaven. All his determinations are delivered with a beautiful humility; and he pronounces his decisions with the air of one who is more frequently a supplicant than a judge.

Thus humble, and thus great, is the man who is moved by piety, and exalted by devotion. But behold this recommended by the masterly hand of a great divine I have heretofore made bold with.

* It is such a pleasure as can never cloy or overwork the mind; a delight that grows and improves under thought and reflection; and while it exercises, does also endear itself to the mind. All pleasures that affect the body must needs weary, because they transport; and all transportation is a violence; and no violence can be lasting; but determines upon the falling of the spirits, which are not able to keep up that height of motion that the pleasure of the senses raises them to. And therefore how inevitably does an immoderate laughter end in a sigh, which is only nature's recovering itself after a force done to it: but the religious plea-

he carries about in his bosom, without alarming either the eye or the envy of the world. A man putting all his pleasures into this one, is like a traveller putting all his goods into one jewel; the value is the same, and the convenience greater.'

No. 212.] Thursday, August 17, 1710.

From my own Apartment, August 16.

I HAVE had much importunity to answer the following letter:

'MR. BICKERSTAFF,

'Reading over a volume of yours, I find the words *simplex munditiis* mentioned as a description of a very well-dressed woman. I beg of you, for the sake of the sex, to explain these terms. I cannot comprehend what my brother means when he tells me, they signify my own name, which is,

'Sir,

'Your humble servant,

'PLAIN ENGLISH.'

I think the lady's brother has given us a very good idea of that elegant expression; it being the greatest beauty of speech to be close and intelligible. To this end, nothing is to be more carefully consulted than plainness. In a lady's attire this is the single excellence; for to be, what some people call, fine, is the same vice in that case, as to be florid, is in writing or speaking. I have studied and writ on this important subject, until I almost despair of making a reformation in the females of this island; where we have more beauty than in any spot in the universe, if we did not disguise it by false garniture, and detract from it by impertinent improvements. I have by me a treatise concerning *pinners*, which, I have some hopes, will contribute to the amendment of the present head-dresses, to which I have solid and unanswerable objections. But most of the errors in that, and other particulars of adorning the head, are crept into the world from the ignorance of modern *firewomen*; for it is come to that pass, that an awkward

as, with *her hair tied back* after the modern way? But such is the folly of our ladies, that because one who is a beauty, out of ostentation of her being such, takes care to wear something that she knows cannot be of any consequence to her complexion; I say, our women run on so heedlessly in the fashion, that though it is the interest of some to hide as much of their faces as possible, yet because a leading toast appeared with a *backward head-dress*, the rest shall follow the mode, without observing that the author of the fashion assumed it because it could become no one but herself.

Flavia is ever well-dressed, and always the genteel woman you meet: but the make of her mind very much contributes to the ornament of her body. She has the greatest simplicity of manners of any of her sex. This makes every thing look native about her, and her clothes are so exactly fitted, that they appear, as it were, part of her person. Every one that sees her knows her to be of quality; but her distinction is owing to her manner, and not to her habit. Her beauty is full of attraction, but not of allurements. There is such a composure in her looks, and propriety in her dress, that you would think it impossible she should change the garb, you one day see her in, for any thing so becoming, until you next day see her in another. There is no other mystery in this, but that however she is apparelled, she is herself the same; for there is so immediate a relation between our thoughts and gestures, that a woman must think well to look well.

But this weighty subject I must put off for some other matters, in which my correspondents are urgent for answers; which I shall do where I can, and appeal to the judgment of others where I cannot.

‘MR. BICKERSTAFF, August 15, 1710.

‘Taking the air the other day on horse-back in the *green lane* that leads to Southgate, I discovered coming towards me a person well mounted in a mask; and I accordingly expected, as any one would, to have been robbed.* But when we came up with each other, the

turned my horse, with a design to pursue him to London, and get him apprehended, on suspicion of being a highwayman: but when I reflected, that it was the proper office of the magistrate to punish only knaves, and that we had a Censor of Great Britain for people of another denomination, I immediately determined to prosecute him in your court only. This unjustifiable frolic I take to be neither wit nor humour, therefore hope you will do me, and as many others as were that day frightened, justice.

‘I am, Sir,

‘Your friend and servant,

‘J. L.’

‘SIR,

‘The gentleman begs your pardon, and frighted you out of fear of frightening you; for he is just come out of the small-pox.’

‘MR. BICKERSTAFF.

‘Your distinction concerning the time of commencing virgins is allowed to be just. I write you my thanks for it, in the twenty-eighth year of my life, and twelfth of my virginity. But I am to ask you another question: may a woman be said to live any more years a maid, than she continues to be courted?

I am, &c.’

‘SIR,

August 15, 1710.

‘I observe that the Postman of Saturday last, giving an account of the action in Spain, has this elegant turn of expression; general Stanhope, who in the whole action expressed as much bravery as conduct, received a contusion in his right shoulder. I should be glad to know, whether this cautious politician means to commend or to rally him, by saying, ‘He expressed as much bravery as conduct?’ If you can explain this dubious phrase, it will inform the public, and oblige, Sir,

‘Your humble servant, &c.’

No. 213.] Saturday, August 19, 1710.

Sheer-lane, August 18.

THERE has of late crept in among the downright English a mighty spirit of dissimulation.

to chouse one another, they make but very awkward rogues; and their dislike to each other is seldom so well dissembled, but it is suspected. When once it is so, it had as good be professed. A man who dissembles well must have none of what we call stomach, otherwise he will be cold in his professions of good-will where he bates; an imperfection of the last ill consequence in business. This fierceness in our natures is apparent from the conduct of our young fellows, who are not got into the schemes and arts of life which the children of the world walk by. One would think that, of course, when a man of any consequence for his figure, his mien, or his gravity, passes by a youth, he should certainly have the first advances of salutation; but he is, you may observe, treated in a quite different manner; it being the very characteristic of an English temper to defy. As I am an Englishman, I find it a very hard matter to bring myself to pull off the hat first; but it is the only way to be upon any good terms with those we meet with. Therefore the first advance is of high moment. Men judge of others by themselves; and he that will command with us must condescend. It moves one's spleen very agreeably, to see fellows pretend to be dissemblers without this lesson. They are so reservedly complaisant, until they have learned to resign their natural passions, that all the steps they make towards gaining those whom they would be well with, are but so many marks of what they really are, and not of what they would appear.

The rough Britons, when they pretend to be artful towards one another, are ridiculous enough; but when they set up for vices they have not, and dissemble their good with an affectation of ill, they are insupportable. I know two men in this town who make as good figures as any in it, that manage their credit so well as to be thought atheists, and yet say their prayers morning and evening. Tom Springly, the other day, pretended to go to an assignment with a married woman at Rosamond's Pond, and was seen soon after reading the responses with great gravity at six o'clock prayers.

Sheer-lane, August 17.

Though the following epistle bears a just

lady's woman. From the two latter your scholar and page must have reaped all their advantage above him.—I know by this time you have pronounced me a trader. I acknowledge it; but cannot bear the exclusion from any pretence of speaking agreeably to a fine woman, or from any degree of generosity that way. You have among us citizens many well-wishers; but it is for the justice of your representations, which we, perhaps, are better judges of than you (by the account you give of your nephew) seem to allow.

To give you an opportunity of making us some reparation, I desire you would tell, your own way, the following instance of heroic love in the city. You are to remember, that somewhere in your writings, for enlarging the territories of virtue and honour, you have multiplied the opportunities of attaining to heroic virtue; and have hinted, that in whatever state of life a man is, if he does things above what is ordinarily performed by men of his rank, he is in those instances a hero.

Tom Trueman, a young gentleman of eighteen years of age, fell passionately in love with the beauteous Almira, daughter to his master. Her regard for him was no less tender. Trueman was better acquainted with his master's affairs than his daughter; and secretly lamented that each day brought him, by many mis-carriages, nearer bankruptcy than the former. This unhappy posture of their affairs the youth suspected, was owing to the ill management of a factor in whom his master had an entire confidence. Trueman took a proper occasion, when his master was ruminating on his decaying fortune, to address him for leave to spend the remainder of his time with his foreign correspondent. During three years stay in that employment, he became acquainted with all that concerned his master, and by his great address in the management of that knowledge, saved him ten thousand pounds. Soon after this accident, Trueman's uncle left him a considerable estate. Upon receiving that advice, he returned to England, and demanded Almira of her father. The father, overjoyed at the match, offered him the ten thousand pounds he had saved him, with the further proposal of resigning to him all his business. ~~Trueman~~

'Mr Thomas Trueman of Lime-street is en-
tored among the heroes of domestic life.

'CHARLES LILLIE.'

No. 214.] Tuesday, August 22, 1710.

———Sole et aperta serena
Prospecti et certis poteris cognoscere signis.
Virg. Georg. l. 393.

———The essay to decay
Returning suns, and a serener sky. Dryden.

From my own Apartment, August 21.

In every party there are two sorts of men, the rigid and the supple. The rigid are an intractable race of mortals, who act upon principle, and will not, forsooth, fall into any measures that are not consistent with their received notions of honour. These are persons of a stubborn unpliant morality; that sullenly adhere to their friends when they are disgraced, and to their principles, though they are exploded. I shall therefore give up this stiff-necked generation to their own obstinacy, and turn my thoughts to the advantage of the supple, who pay their homage to places, and not persons; and, without enslaving themselves to any particular scheme of opinions, are as ready to change their conduct in point of sentiment as of fashion. The well-disciplined part of a court are generally so perfect at their exercise, that you may see a whole assembly, from front to rear, face about at once to a new man of power, though at the same time, they turn their backs upon him that brought them thither. The great hardship these complaisant members of society are under, seems to be the want of warning upon any approaching change or revolution; so that they are obliged in a hurry to tack about with every wind, and stop short in the midst of a full career, to the great surprise and derision of their beholders.

When a man forsoes a decaying ministry, he has leisure to grow a malecontent, reflect upon the present conduct, and, by gradual murmurs, fall off from his friends into a new party, by just steps and measures. For want of such notices, I have formerly known a very well-

have been thrown away, and turned to no account, merely for want of due and timely intelligence. Nay, it has been known, that a panegyric has been half printed off, when the poet, upon the removal of the minister, has been forced to altair it into a satire.

For the conduct therefore of such useful persons, as are ready to do their country service upon all occasions, I have an engine in my study, which is a sort of a *Political Barometer*, or, to speak more intelligibly, a *State Weather-glass*, that by the rising and falling of a certain magical liquor, presages all changes and revolutions in government, as the common glass does those of the weather. This Weather-glass is said to have been invented by Cardan,* and given by him as a present to his great countryman and contemporary, Machiaval; which, by the way, may serve to rectify a received error in chronology, that places one of these some years after the other. How or when it came into my hands, I shall desire to be excused, if I keep to myself; but so it is, that I have walked by it for the better part of a century to my safety at least, if not to my advantage; and have among my papers a register of all the changes that have happened in it from the middle of queen Elizabeth's reign.

In the time of that princess it stood long as *settled fair*. At the latter end of king James the First, it fell, to *cloudy*. It held several years after at *stormy*; insomuch, that at last, despairing of seeing any clear weather at home, I followed the royal exile, and some time after finding my glass rise, returned to my native country, with the rest of the loyalists. I was then in hopes to pass the remainder of my days in *settled fair*: but alas! during the greatest part of that reign the English nation lay in a dead calm, which, as it is usual, was followed by high winds and tempests, until of late years; in which, with unspeakable joy and satisfaction, I have seen our political weather returned to *settled fair*. I must only observe, that for all this last summer my glass has pointed at *changeable*. Upon the whole, I often apply to Fortune, *Æneas's* speech to the Sibyl:—

of this sort of prescience, have been very considerable. A nephew of mine, who has never put his money into the stocks, or taken it out, without my advice, has in a few years raised five hundred pounds to almost so many thousands. As for myself, who look upon riches to consist rather in content than possessions, and measure the greatness of the mind rather by its tranquillity than its ambition, I have seldom used my glass to make my way in the world, but often to retire from it. This is a by-path to happiness, which was at first discovered to me by a most pleasing apophthegm of Pythagoras: 'When the winds,' says he, 'rise, worship the echo.' That great philosopher (whether to make his doctrines the more venerable, or to gild his precepts with the beauty of imagination, or to awaken the curiosity of his disciples, for I will not suppose, what is usually said, that he did it to conceal his wisdom from the vulgar) has couched several admirable precepts in remote allusions, and mysterious sentences. By the winds in his apophthegm, are meant state hurricanes and popular tumults. 'When these rise,' says he, 'worship the echo;' that is, withdraw yourself from the multitude into deserts, woods, solitudes, or the like retirements, which are the usual habitations of the echo.

No. 215.] Thursday, August 24, 1710.

From my own Apartment, August 23.

LYSANDER has writ to me out of the country, and tells me, after many other circumstances, that he had passed a great deal of time with much pleasure and tranquillity; until his happiness was interrupted by an indiscreet flatterer, who came down into those parts to visit a relation. With the circumstances in which he represents the matter, he had no small provocation to be offended; for he attacked him in so wrong a season, that he could not have any relish of pleasure in it; though, perhaps, at another time it might have passed

searching all over the wood! we wanted you at cards after dinner; but you are much better employed. I have heard indeed that you are an excellent scholar. But at the same time, is it not a little unkind to rob the ladies, who like you so well, of the pleasure of your company? But that is indeed the misfortune of you great scholars; you are seldom so fit for the world as those who never trouble themselves with books. Well, I see you are taken up with your learning there, and I will leave you.' Lysander says, he made him no answer, but took a resolution to complain to me.

It is a substantial affliction, when men govern themselves by the rules of good breeding, that by the very force of them they are subjected to the insolence of those, who either never will, or never can, understand them. The superficial part of mankind form to themselves little measures of behaviour from the outside of things. By the force of these narrow conceptions, they act among themselves with applause; and do not apprehend they are contemptible to those of higher understanding, who are restrained by decencies above their knowledge from showing a dislike. Hence it is, that because complaisance is a good quality in conversation, one impertinent takes upon him on all occasions to commend; and because mirth is agreeable, another thinks fit eternally to jest. I have of late received many packets of letters, complaining of these spreading evils. A lady who is lately arrived at the Bath acquaints me, there were in the stage-coach wherein she went down a common flatterer, and a common jester. These gentlemen were, she tells me, rivals in her favour; and adds, if there ever happened a case wherein of two persons one was not liked more than another, it was in that journey. They differed only in proportion to the degree of dislike between the nauseous and the insipid. Both these characters of men are born out of a barrenness of imagination. They are never fools by nature; but become such out of an impotent ambition of being, what she never intended them, men

of the wise, the conversations of the agreeable, and the whole behaviour of the modest, it becomes a grievance naturally in my jurisdiction. Among themselves, I cannot only overlook, but approve it. I was present the other day at a conversation, where a man of this height of breeding and sense told a young woman of the same form, 'To be sure, madam, every thing must please that comes from a lady.' She answered, 'I know, sir, you are so much a gentleman, that you think so.' Why this was very well on both sides; and it is impossible that such a gentleman and lady should do otherwise than think well of one another. These are but loose hints of the disturbances in human society, for which there is yet no remedy; but I shall in a little time publish tables of respect and civility, by which persons may be instructed in the proper times and seasons, as well as at what degree of intimacy a man may be allowed to commend or rally his companions; the promiscuous licence of which is, at present, far from being among the small errors in conversation.

P. S. The following letter was left, with a request to be immediately answered, lest the artifices used against a lady in distress may come into common practice.

'SIR,

'My eldest sister buried her husband about six months ago; and at his funeral, a gentleman of more art than honesty, on the night of his interment, while she was not herself, but in the utmost agony of her grief, spoke to her of the subject of love. In that weakness and distraction which my sister was in, as one ready to fall is apt to lean on any body, he obtained her promise of marriage, which was accordingly consummated eleven weeks after. There is no affliction comes alone, but one brings another. My sister is now ready to lie in. She humbly asks of you, as you are a friend to the sex, to let her know, who is the lawful father of this child, or whether she may not be relieved from this second marriage; considering it was promised under such circumstances as one may very well suppose she did not what she did voluntarily, but because she was helpless otherwise. She is advised something about engagements made in gaol, which she thinks the same, as to the reason of the thing. But, dear sir, she relies upon your advice, and gives you her service; as does your humble servant,

'REBECCA MIDRIFFE.'

The case is very hard; and I fear the plea she is advised to make, from the similitude of a man who is in *duress*, will not prevail. But though I despair of remedy as to the mother, the law gives the child his choice of his father where the birth is thus legally ambiguous.

'To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire.

'The humble Petition of the Company of Linendrapers, residing within the liberty of Westminster,

'SHEWETH,

'That there has of late prevailed among the ladies so great an affectation of nakedness, that they have not only left the bosom wholly bare, but lowered their stays some inches below the former mode.

'That, in particular, Mrs. Arabella Overdo has not the least appearance of linnen; and our best customers show but little above the small of their backs.

'That by this means your Petitioners are in danger of losing the advantage of covering a ninth part of every woman of quality in Great Britain.

'Your Petitioners humbly offer the premises to your Indulgence's consideration, and shall ever, &c.'

Before I answer this Petition, I am inclined to examine the offenders myself.

No. 216.] Saturday, August 26, 1710.

————— Nngis addere pondus. Hor. 1 Ep. l. 42.
Weight and importance some to trifles give.
R. Wynne.

From my own Apartment, August 25.

NATURE is full of wonders; every atom is a standing miracle, and endowed with such qualities, as could not be impressed on it by a power and wisdom less than infinite. For this reason, I would not discourage any searches that are made into the most minute and trivial parts of the creation. However, since the world abounds in the noblest fields of speculation, it is, methinks, the mark of a little genius, to be wholly conversant among insects, reptiles, animalcules, and those trifling rarities that furnish out the apartment of a virtuoso.

There are some men whose heads are so oddly turned this way, that though they are utter strangers to the common occurrences of life, they are able to discover the sex of a cockle, or describe the generation of a mite, in all its circumstances. They are so little versed in the world, that they scarce know a horse from an ox; but, at the same time, will tell you with a great deal of gravity, that a flea is a rhinoceros, and a snail a hermaphrodite. I have known one of these whimsical philosophers, who has set a greater value upon a collection of spiders than he would upon a flock of sheep, and has sold his coat off his back to purchase a *taranula*.

I would not have a scholar wholly unacquainted with these secrets and curiosities of nature; but certainly the mind of man, that

is capable of so much higher contemplations, should not be altogether fixed upon such mean and disproportioned objects. Observations of this kind are apt to alienate us too much from the knowledge of the world, and to make us *serious upon trifles*; by which means they expose philosophy to the ridicule of the witty, and contempt of the ignorant. In short, studies of this nature should be the diversions, relaxations, and amusements; not the care, business, and concern of life.

It is indeed wonderful to consider, that there should be a sort of learned men, who are wholly employed in gathering together the refuse of nature, if I may call it so, and hoarding up in their chests and cabinets such creatures as others industriously avoid the sight of. One does not know how to mention some of the most precious parts of their treasure, without a kind of an apology for it. I have been shown a beetle valued at twenty crowns, and a toad at a hundred; but we must take this for a general rule, 'That whatever appears trivial or obscene in the common notions of the world, looks grave and philosophical in the eye of a virtuoso.'

To show this humour in its perfection, I shall present my reader with the legacy of a certain virtuoso, who laid out a considerable estate in natural rarities and curiosities, which upon his death-bed he bequeathed to his relations and friends, in the following words:

The Will of a Virtuoso.

I, Nicholas Gimcrack, being in sound health of mind, but in great weakness of body, do by this my last will and testament bestow my worldly goods and chattels in manner following:

Imprimis, To my dear wife,
One box of butterflies,
One drawer of shells,
A female skeleton,
A dried cockatrice.

Item, To my daughter Elisabeth,
My receipt for preserving dead caterpillars,
As also my preparations of winter May-dew, and embryo-pickle.

Item, To my little daughter Fanny,
Three crocodile's eggs,
And upon the birth of her first child, if she marries with her mother's consent,
The nest of a humming-bird.

Item, To my eldest brother, as an acknowledgment for the lands he has vested in my son Charles, I bequeath

My last year's collection of grasshoppers.

Item, To his daughter Susanna, being his only child, I bequeath my
English weeds pasted on royal paper,
With my large folio of Indian cabbage.

Item, To my learned and worthy friend doctor Johannes Elserickius, professor in anatomy, and my associate in the studies of nature, as an eternal monument of my affection and friendship for him, I bequeath

My rat's testicles, and

Whale's pizzle,

to him and his issue male; and in default of such issue in the said doctor Elserickius, then to return to my executor and his heirs for ever.

Having fully provided for my nephew Isaac, by making over to him some years since,

A horned Scarahæus,

The skin of a rattle-snake, and

The mummy of an Egyptian king,

I make no further provision for him in this my will.

My eldest son John, having spoke disrespectfully of his little sister, whom I keep by me in spirits of wine, and in many other instances behaved himself undutifully towards me, I do disinherit, and wholly cut off from any part of this my personal estate, by giving him a single cockle-shell.

To my second son Charles I give and bequeath all my flowers, plants, minerals, mosses, shells, pebbles, fossils, beetles, butterflies, caterpillars, grasshoppers, and vermin, not above specified; as also all my monsters, both wet and dry; making the said Charles whole and sole executor of this my last will and testament: he paying, or causing to be paid, the aforesaid legacies within the space of six months after my decease. And I do hereby revoke all other wills whatsoever by me formerly made.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas an ignorant upstart in astrology has publicly endeavoured to persuade the world, that he is the late John Partridge, who died the twenty-eighth of March, 1708: These are to certify all whom it may concern, that the true John Partridge was not only dead at that time, but continues so to this present day.

Beware of counterfeits, for such are abroad.

No. 217.] *Tuesday, August 29, 1710.*

Atque deos atque astra vocat crudelia mater.

Virg. Ecl. v. ver. 23.

She sigh'd, she sobb'd, and furious with despair,
Accus'd all the gods, and every star. *Dryden.*

From my own Apartment, August 28.

As I was passing by a neighbour's house this morning, I overheard the wife of the family speaking things to her husband which gave me much disturbance, and put me in mind of a character which I wonder I have so long omitted, and that is, an outrageous species of

the fair sex, which is distinguished by the term *Scolds*. The generality of women are by nature loquacious; therefore mere volubility of speech is not to be imputed to them, but should be considered with pleasure when it is used to express such passions as tend to sweeten or adorn conversation: but when through rage, females are vehement in their eloquence, nothing in the world has so ill an effect upon the features; for, by the force of it, I have seen the most amiable become the most deformed; and she that appeared one of the graces, immediately turned into one of the furies. I humbly conceive, the great cause of this evil may proceed from a false notion the ladies have of, what we call, a modest woman. They have too narrow a conception of this lovely character; and believe they have not at all forfeited their pretensions to it, provided they have no imputations on their chastity. But, alas! the young fellows know they pick out better women in the side-boxes, than many of those who pass upon the world and themselves for modest.

Modesty never rages, never murmurs, never pouts; when it is ill-treated, it pines, it beseeches, it languishes. The neighbour I mention is one of your common modest women, that is to say, those who are ordinarily reckoned such. Her husband knows every pain in life with her but jealousy. Now, because she is clear in this particular, the man cannot say his soul is his own, but she cries: 'No modest woman is respected now-a-days.' What adds to the comedy in this case is, that it is very ordinary with this sort of women to talk in the language of distress; they will complain of the forlorn wretchedness of their condition, and then the poor helpless creatures shall throw the next thing they can lay their hands on at the person who offends them. Our neighbour was only saying to his wife, 'she went a little too fine,' when she immediately pulled his periwig off, and stamping it under her feet, wrung her hands, and said: 'Never modest woman was so used.' These ladies of irresistible modesty are those who make virtue unamiable; not that they can be said to be virtuous, but as they live without scandal; and being under the common denomination of being such, men fear to meet their faults in those who are as agreeable as they are innocent.

I take the Bully among men, and the Scold among women, to draw the foundation of their actions from the same defect in the mind. A Bully thinks honour consists wholly in being brave; and therefore has regard to no one rule of life if he preserves himself from the accusation of cowardice. The froward woman knows chastity to be the first merit in a woman; and therefore, since no one can call her one ugly name, she calls all mankind all the rest.

These ladies, where their companions are so imprudent as to take their speeches for any

other than exercises of their own lungs and their husbands' patience, gain by the force of being resisted, and flame with open fury, which is no way to be opposed but by being neglected; though at the same time human frailty makes it very hard, to relish the philosophy of condemning even frivolous reproach. There is a very pretty instance of this infirmity in the man of the best sense that ever was, no less a person than Adam himself. According to Milton's description of the first couple, as soon as they had fallen, and the turbulent passions of anger, hatred, and jealousy, first entered their breasts; Adam grew moody, and talked to his wife, as you may find it in the three hundred and fifty-ninth page, and ninth book of *Paradise Lost*, in the octavo edition, which, out of heroics, and put into domestic style, would run thus:

'Madam, if my advices had been of any authority with you, when that strange desire of gadding possessed you this morning, we had still been happy; but your cursed vanity and opinion of your own conduct, which is certainly very wavering when it seeks occasions of being proved, has ruined both yourself and me, who trusted you.'

Eve had no fan in her hand to ruffle, or tucker to pull down; but with a reproachful air she answered:

'Sir, do you impute that to my desire of gadding, which might have happened to yourself, with all your wisdom and gravity? The serpent spoke so excellently, and with so good a grace, that—Besides, what harm had I ever done him, that he should design me any? Was I to have been always at your side, I might as well have continued there, and been but your rib still: but if I was so weak a creature as you thought me, why did you not interpose your sage authority more absolutely? You denied me going as faintly, as you say I resisted the serpent. Had not you been too easy, neither you nor I had now transgressed.' Adam replied, 'Why, Eve, hast thou the impudence to upbraid me as the cause of thy transgression for my indulgence to thee? Thus will it ever be with him, who trusts too much to woman. At the same time that she refuses to be governed, if she suffers by her obstinacy, she will accuse the man that shall leave her to herself.'

Thus they in mutual accusation spent
The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning;
And of their vain contest appear'd no end.

This, to the modern, will appear but a very faint piece of conjugal enmity: but you are to consider, that they were but just begun to be angry, and they wanted new words for expressing their new passions; but by her accusing him of letting her go, and telling him how good a speaker, and how fine a gentleman the devil was, we must reckon, allowing for the improvements of time, that she gave him the

same provocation as if she had called him cuckold. The passionate and familiar terms, with which the same case repeated daily for so many thousand years has furnished the present generation, were not then in use; but the foundation of debate has ever been the same, a contention about their merit and wisdom. Our general mother was a beauty; and hearing there was another now in the world, could not forbear, as Adam tells her, showing herself, though to the devil, by whom the same vanity made her liable to be betrayed.

I cannot, with all the help of science and astrology, find any other remedy for this evil, but what was the medicine in this first quarrel; which was, as appears in the next book, that they were convinced of their being both weak, but the one weaker than the other.

If it were possible that the *beauteous* could but rage a little before a glass, and see their pretty countenances grow wild, it is not to be doubted but it would have a very good effect: but that would require temper; for lady Firebrand, upon observing her features swell when her maid vexed her the other day, stamped her dressing-glass under her feet. In this case, when one of this temper is moved, she is like a witch in an operation, and makes all things turn round with her. The very fabric is in a vertigo when she begins to charm. In an instant, whatever was the occasion that moved her blood, she has such intolerable servants, Betty is so awkward, Tom cannot carry a message, and her husband has so little respect for her, that she, poor woman, is weary of this life, and was born to be unhappy.

Desunt multa.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The season now coming on in which the town will begin to fill, Mr. Bickerstaff gives notice, That from the first of *October* next he will be much wittier than he has hitherto been.

No. 218.] *Thursday, August 31, 1710.*

Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, et fugit urbes.
Hor. 2 Ep. li. 77.

The tribe of writers, to a man, admire
The peaceful grove, and from the town retire. *Fran.*

From my own Apartment, August 30.

I CHANCED to rise very early one particular morning this summer. and took a walk into

in noise and smoke. The freshness of the dews that lay upon every thing about me, with the cool breath of the morning, which inspired the birds with so many delightful instincts, created in me the same kind of animal pleasure, and made my heart overflow with such secret emotions of joy and satisfaction as are not to be described or accounted for. On this occasion, I could not but reflect upon a beautiful simile in Milton:

As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight:
The smell of grain, or tilded grass, or kine,
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound.

Those who are conversant in the writings of polite authors, receive an additional entertainment from the country, as it revives in their memories those charming descriptions, with which such authors do frequently abound.

I was thinking of the foregoing beautiful simile in Milton, and applying it to myself, when I observed to the windward of me a black cloud falling to the earth in long trails of rain, which made me betake myself for shelter to a house I saw at a little distance from the place where I was walking. As I sat in the porch, I heard the voices of two or three persons, who seemed very earnest in discourse. My curiosity was raised when I heard the names of Alexander the Great and Artaxerxes; and as their talk seemed to run on ancient heroes, I concluded there could not be any secret in it; for which reason I thought I might very fairly listen to what they said.

After several parallels between great men, which appeared to me altogether groundless and chimerical, I was surprised to hear one say, that he valued the Black Prince more than the duke of Vendosme. How the duke of Vendosme should become a rival of the Black Prince, I could not conceive: and was more startled when I heard a second affirm with great vehemence, that if the emperor of Germany was not going off, he should like him better than either of them. He added, that though the season was so changeable, the duke of Marlborough was in blooming beauty. I was wondering to myself from whence they had received this odd intelligence; especially when I heard them mention the names of several other great generals, as

which had driven them as well as myself into the house, was now over: and as they were passing by me into the garden, I asked them to let me be one of their company.

The gentleman of the house told me, 'if I delighted in flowers, it would be worth my while; for that he believed he could show me such a blow of tulips, as was not to be matched in the whole country.'

I accepted the offer, and immediately found that they had been talking in terms of gardening, and that the kings and generals they had mentioned were only so many tulips, to which the gardeners, according to their usual custom, had given such high titles and appellations of honour.

I was very much pleased and astonished at the glorious show of these gay vegetables, that arose in great profusion on all the banks about us. Sometimes I considered them with the eye of an ordinary spectator, as so many beautiful objects varnished over with a natural gloss, and stained with such a variety of colours, as are not to be equalled in any artificial dyes or tinctures. Sometimes I considered every leaf as an elaborate piece of tissue, in which be threads and fibres were woven together into different configurations, which gave a different colouring to the light as it glanced on the several parts of the surface. Sometimes I considered the whole bed of tulips, according to the notion of the greatest mathematician and philosopher that ever lived,* as a multitude of optic instruments, designed for the separating light into all those various colours of which it is composed.

I was awakened out of these my philosophical speculations, by observing the company often seemed to laugh at me. I accidentally praised a tulip as one of the finest I ever saw; upon which they told me, it was a common Fool's Coat. Upon that I praised a second, which it seems was but another kind of Fool's Coat. I had the same fate with two or three more; for which reason I desired the owner of the garden to let me know which were the finest of the flowers; for that I was so unskilful in the art, that I thought the most beautiful were the most valuable, and that those which had the gayest colours were the most beautiful. The gentleman smiled at my ignorance. He seemed a very plain honest man, and a person of good sense, had not his head been touched with that distemper which *Hippocrates* calls the *Tulipomania*, *Tulippomania*; inasmuch that he would talk very rationally on any subject in the world but a tulip.

He told me, 'that he valued the bed of flowers which lay before us, and was not above twenty yards in length and two in breadth, more than he would the best hundred acres of

land in England;' and added, 'that it would have been worth twice the money it is, if a foolish cook-maid of his had not almost ruined him the last winter, by mistaking a handful of tulip-roots for a heap of onions, and by that means,' says he, 'made me a dish of porridge that cost me above a thousand pounds sterling.' He then showed me what he thought the finest of his tulips, which I found received all their value from their rarity and oddness, and put me in mind of your great fortunes, which are not always the greatest beauties.

I have often looked upon it as a piece of happiness, that I have never fallen into any of these fantastical tastes, nor esteemed any thing the more for its being uncommon and hard to be met with. For this reason, I look upon the whole country in spring-time as a spacious garden, and make as many visits to a spot of daisies, or a bank of violets, as a florist does to his borders or parterres. There is not a bush in blossom within a mile of me which I am not acquainted with, nor scarce a daffodil or cowslip that withers away in my neighbourhood without my missing it. I walked home in this temper of mind through several fields and meadows with an unspeakable pleasure, not without reflecting on the bounty of Providence, which has made the most pleasing and most beautiful objects the most ordinary and most common.

No. 219.] Saturday, September 2, 1710

—Solitos

Qui caput risu hominum, famaque dicacis—
Affectat, niger est; hunc, tu Romane, caveto.

Hor. l Sat. iv. 88.

Who trivial bursts of laughter strives to raise,
And courts of prating petulance the praise,
This man is vile; here, Roman, fix your mark;
His soul is black, as his complexion's dark.

Francis.

From my own Apartment, September 1.

NEVER were men so perplexed as a select company of us were this evening with a couple of professed wits, who, through our ill fortune, and their own confidence, had thought fit to pin themselves upon a gentleman who had owned to them, that he was going to meet such and such persons, and named us one by one. These pert puppies immediately resolved to come with him; and from the beginning to the end of the night entertained each other with impertinences, to which we were perfect strangers. I am come home very much tired; for the affliction was so irksome to me, that it surpasses all other I ever knew, inasmuch that I cannot reflect upon this sorrow with pleasure, though it is past.

An easy manner of conversation is the most desirable quality a man can have; and for that reason coxcombs will take upon them to be familiar with people whom they never saw be-

* Sir Isaac Newton.

fore. What adds to the vexation of it is, that they will act upon the foot of knowing you by fame; and rally with you, as they call it, by repeating what your enemies say of you; and court you, as they think, by uttering to your face, at a wrong time, all the kind things your friends speak of you in your absence.

These people are the more dreadful, the more they have of what is usually called wit: for a lively imagination, when it is not governed by a good understanding, makes such miserable havoc both in conversation and business, that it lays you defenceless, and fearful to throw the least word in its way, that may give it new matter for its further errors.

Tom Mercet has as quick a fancy as any one living; but there is no reasonable man can bear him half an hour. His purpose is to entertain, and it is of no consequence to him what is said, so it be what is called well said; as if a man must bear a wound with patience, because he that pushed at you came up with a good air and mien. That part of life which we spend in company is the most pleasing of all our moments; and therefore I think our behaviour in it should have its laws, as well as the part of our being which is generally esteemed the more important. From hence it is, that from long experience I have made it a maxim, That however we may pretend to take satisfaction in sprightly mirth and high jollity, there is no great pleasure in any company where the basis of the society is not mutual good-will. When this is in the room, every trifling circumstance, the most minute accident, the absurdity of a servant, the repetition of an old story, the look of a man when he is telling it, the most indifferent and the most ordinary occurrences, are matters which produce mirth and good-humour. I went to spend an hour after this manner with some friends, who enjoy it in perfection whenever they meet, when those destroyers above-mentioned came in upon us. There is not a man among them who has any notion of distinction of superiority to one another, either in their fortunes or their talents, when they are in company. Or if any reflection to the contrary occurs in their thoughts, it only strikes a delight upon their minds, that so much wisdom and power is in possession of one whom they love and esteem.

In these my lucubrations, I have frequently dwelt upon this one topic. The above maxim would make short work for us reformers; for it is only want of making this a position that renders some characters bad, which would otherwise be good. Tom Mercet means no man ill, but does ill to every body. His ambition is to be witty; and to carry on that design, he breaks through all things that other people hold sacred. If he thought that wit was no way to be used but to the advantage of society,

that sprightliness would have a new turn; and we should expect what he is going to say with satisfaction instead of fear. It is no excuse for being mischievous, that a man is mischievous without malice; nor will it be thought an atonement, that the ill was done not to injure the party concerned, but to divert the indifferent.

It is, methinks, a very great error, that we should not profess honesty in conversation, as much as in commerce. If we consider, that there is no greater misfortune than to be ill received; where we love the turning a man to ridicule among his friends, we rob him of greater enjoyments than he could have purchased by his wealth; yet he that laughs at him would, perhaps, be the last man who would hurt him in this case of less consequence. It has been said, the history of *Don Quixotte* utterly destroyed the spirit of gallantry in the Spanish nation; and I believe we may say much more truly, that the humour of ridicule has done as much injury to the true relish of company in England.

Such satisfactions as arise from the secret comparison of ourselves to others, with relation to their inferior fortunes or merit, are mean and unworthy. The true and high state of conversation is, when men communicate their thoughts to each other upon such subjects, and in such a manner, as would be pleasant if there were no such thing as folly in the world; for it is but a low condition of wit in one man, which depends upon folly in another.

P. S. I was here interrupted by the receipt of my letters, among which is one from a lady, who is not a little offended at my translation of the discourse between Adam and Eve. She pretends to tell me my own, as she calls it, and quotes several passages in my works, which tend to the utter disunion of man and wife. Her epistle will best express her. I have made an extract of it, and shall insert the most material passages.

'I suppose you know we women are not too apt to forgive: for which reason, before you concern yourself any further with our sex, I would advise you to answer what is said against you by those of your own. I incline to you business enough, until you are ready for your promise of being witty. You must not expect to say what you please, without admitting others to take the same liberty. Marry come up! you a Censor? Pray read over all *these pamphlets*, and *these notes* upon your lucubrations; by that time you shall hear further. It is, I suppose, from such as you, that people learn to be censorious, for which I and all our sex have an utter aversion; when once people come to take the liberty to wound reputations——'

This is the main body of the letter; but she bids me turn over, and there I find——

'MR. BICKERSTAFF,

' If you will draw Mrs. Cicely Trippet, according to the inclosed description, I will forgive you all.'

' To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire :

' The humble Petition of Joshua Fairlove of Stepney :

' SHEWETH,

' That your petitioner is a general lover, who for some months last past has made it his whole business to frequent the by-paths and roads near his dwelling, for no other purpose but to hand such of the fair sex as are obliged to pass through them.

' That he has been at great expense for clean gloves to offer his hand with.

' That towards the evening he approaches near *London*, and employs himself as a convoy towards home.

' Your petitioner therefore most humbly prays, that for such his humble services he may be allowed the title of an Esquire.'

Mr. Morphew has orders to carry the proper instruments ; and the petitioner is hereafter to be writ to upon gilt paper, by the title of Joshua Fairlove, Esquire.

No. 220.] Tuesday, September 5, 1710.

*Inani sapientia nocere ferat, sequens iniqui,
Ultra quam sentis est, virtutem ai petat ipsa.*

Hor. 1 Ep. vi. 15.

Even virtue, when pursu'd with warmth extreme,
Turns into vice, and fools the sage's fame.

Francis.

From my own Apartment, September 4.

HAVING received many letters filled with compliments and acknowledgments for my late useful discovery of the *political* barometer, I shall here communicate to the public an account of my *ecclesiastical* thermometer, the latter giving as manifest prognostications of the changes and revolutions in Church, as the former does of those in State ; and both of them being absolutely necessary for every prudent subject who is resolved to keep what he

or banished, departed this life with the satisfaction of having never deserted his flock, and died vicar of *Bray*. As this glass was first designed to calculate the different degrees of heat in religion, as it raged in popery, or as it cooled and grew temperate in the Reformation ; it was marked at several distances, after the manner our ordinary thermometer is to this day, viz. ' Extreme Heat, Sultry Heat, Very Hot, Hot, Warm, Temperate, Cold, Just freezing, Frost, Hard Frost, Great Frost, Extreme Cold.'

It is well known, that Toricellius, the inventor of the common weather-glass, made the experiment in a long tube, which held thirty-two feet of water ; and that a more modern virtuoso, finding such a machine altogether unwieldy and useless, and considering that thirty-two inches of quicksilver weighed as much as so many feet of water in a tube of the same circumference, invented that sizeable instrument which is now in use. After this manner, that I might adapt the thermometer I am now speaking of to the present constitution of our Church, as divided into High and Low, I have made some necessary variations both in the tube and the fluid it contains. In the first place, I ordered a tube to be cast in a planetary hour, and took care to seal it hermetically, when the sun was in conjunction with *Saturn*. I then took the proper precautions about the fluid, which is a compound of two very different liquors ; one of them a spirit drawn out of a strong heady wine ; the other a particular sort of rock-water, colder than ice, and clearer than crystal. The spirit is of a red fiery colour, and so very apt to ferment, that unless it be mingled with a proportion of the water, or pent up very close, it will burst the vessel that holds it, and fly up in fume and smoke. The water, on the contrary, is of such a subtle piercing cold, that, unless it be mingled with a proportion of the spirits, it will sink almost through every thing that it is put into ; and seems to be of the same nature as the water mentioned by Quintus Curtius, which, says the historian, could be contained in nothing but in the hoof, or, as the *Oxford*

The reader will observe, that the church is placed in the middle point of the glass, between Zeal and Moderation; the situation in which she always flourishes, and in which every good *Englishman* wishes her, who is a friend to the constitution of his country. However, when it mounts to Zeal, it is not amiss; and when it sinks to Moderation, is still in a most admirable temper. The worst of it is, that when once it begins to rise, it has still an inclination to ascend; insomuch that it is apt to climb up from Zeal to Wrath, and from Wrath to Persecution, which always ends in Ignorance, and very often proceeds from it. In the same manner it frequently takes its progress through the lower half of the glass; and when it has a tendency to fall, will gradually descend from Moderation to Lukewarmness, and from Lukewarmness to Infidelity, which very often terminates in Ignorance, and always proceeds from it.

It is a common observation, that the ordinary thermometer will be affected by the breathing of people who are in the room where it stands; and indeed it is almost incredible to conceive, how the glass I am now describing will fall by the breath of a multitude crying 'Popery;' or, on the contrary, how it will rise when the same multitude, as it sometimes happens, cry out in the same breath, 'The church is in danger.'

As soon as I had finished this my glass, and adjusted it to the above-mentioned scale of religion; that I might make proper experiments with it, I carried it under my cloak to several coffee-houses, and other places of resort about this great city. At *Saint James's* coffee-house the liquor stood at Moderation; but at *Will's*, to my great surprise, it subsided to the very lowest mark on the glass. At the *Grecian* it mounted but just one point higher; at the *Rainbow* it still ascended two degrees; *Child's* fetched it up to Zeal; and other adjacent coffee-houses, to Wrath.

It fell in the lower half of the glass as I went further into the city, until at length it settled at Moderation, where it continued all the time I staid about the Exchange, as also while I passed by the Bank. And here I cannot but take notice that, through the whole course of my remarks, I never observed my glass to rise at the same time the stocks did.

To complete the experiment, I prevailed upon a friend of mine, who works under me in the Occult Sciences, to make a progress with my

glass is true to this day as to the latter part of this description; though I must confess, it is not in the same reputation for cakes that it was in the time of that learned author; and thus of other places. In short, I have now by me, digested in an alphabetical order, all the counties, corporations, and boroughs in Great Britain, with their respective tempers, as they stand related to my thermometer. But this I shall keep to myself, because I would by no means do any thing that may seem to influence any ensuing elections.

The point of doctrine which I would propagate by this my invention, is the same which was long ago advanced by that able teacher Horace, out of whom I have taken my text for this discourse. We should be careful not to overshoot ourselves in the pursuits even of virtue. Whether Zeal or Moderation be the point we aim at, let us keep fire out of the one, and frost out of the other. But, alas! the world is too wise to want such a precaution. The terms High church and Low church, as commonly used, do not so much denote a principle, as they distinguish a party. They are like words of battle, they have nothing to do with their original signification; but are only given out to keep a body of men together, and to let them know friends from enemies.

I must confess I have considered, with some little attention, the influence which the opinions of these great national sects have upon their practice; and do look upon it as one of the unaccountable things of our times, that multitudes of honest gentlemen, who entirely agree in their lives, should take it in their heads to differ in their religion.

No. 221.] *Thursday, September 7, 1710.*

Sicut mens est mos,
Nescio quid meditans nugarum, et totus in illis.
Hor. l. Sat. ix. 1.

Musing, as went, on this and that,
Such trifles, as I know not what. *Francis.*

From my own Apartment, September 6.

As I was this morning going out of my house, a little boy in a black coat delivered me the following letter. Upon asking who he was, he told me, that he belonged to my lady Gimcrack. I did not at first recollect

sical husband, who, I find, by one of your last week's papers, was not altogether a stranger to you. When I married this gentleman, he had a very handsome estate; but upon buying a set of microscopes, he was chosen a *Fellow of the Royal Society*; from which time I do not remember ever to have heard him speak as other people did, or talk in a manner that any of his family could understand him. He used, however, to pass away his time very innocently in conversation with several members of that learned body: for which reason, I never advised him against their company for several years, until at last I found his brain quite turned with their discourses. The first symptom which he discovered of his being a *virtuoso*, as you call him, poor man! was about fifteen years ago; when he gave me positive orders to turn off an old weeding woman, that had been employed in the family for some years. He told me, at the same time, that there was no such thing in nature as a weed, and that it was his design to let his garden produce what it pleased; so that, you may be sure, it makes a very pleasant show as it now lies. About the same time he took a humour to ramble up and down the country, and would often bring home with him his pockets full of moss and pebbles. This, you may be sure, gave me a heavy heart; though at the same time I must needs say, he had the character of a very honest man, notwithstanding he was reckoned a little weak, until he began to sell his estate, and buy those strange baubles that you have taken notice of. Upon midsummer-day last, as he was walking with me in the fields, he saw a very odd-coloured butterfly just before us. I observed that he immediately changed colour, like a man that is surprised with a piece of good luck; and telling me, that it was what he had looked for above these twelve years, he threw off his coat, and followed it. I lost sight of them both in less than a quarter of an hour; but my husband continued the chase over hedge and ditch until about sunset; at which time, as I was afterwards told, he caught the butterfly as she rested herself upon a cabbage, near five miles from the place where he first put her up. He was here lifted from the ground by some passengers in a very fainting condition, and brought home to me about midnight. His violent exercise threw him into a fever, which grew upon him by degrees, and at last carried him off. In one of the intervals of his distemper he called to me, and, after having excused himself for running out his estate, he told me, that he had always been more industrious to improve his mind than his fortune, and that his family must rather value themselves upon his memory as he was a wise man, than a rich one. He then told me, that it was a custom among the Romans for a man to give his slaves their liberty when he lay upon

his death-bed. I could not imagine what this meant, until, after having a little composed himself, he ordered me to bring him a flea which he had kept for several months in a chain, with a design, as he said, to give it its manumission. This was done accordingly. He then made the will, which I have since seen printed in your works word for word. Only I must take notice, that you have omitted the codicil, in which he left a large *Conchu Venetis*, as it is there called, to a *Member of the Royal Society*, who was often with him in his sickness, and assisted him in his will. And now, sir, I come to the chief business of my letter, which is to desire your friendship and assistance in the disposal of those many rarities and curiosities which lie upon my hands. If you know any one that has an occasion for a parcel of dried spiders, I will sell them a pennyworth. I could likewise let any one have a bargain of cockle shells. I would also desire your advice, whether I had best sell my beetles in a lump, or by retail. The gentleman above-mentioned, who was my husband's friend, would have me make an auction of all his goods, and is now drawing up a catalogue of every particular for that purpose, with the two following words in great letters over the head of them, *Auctio Gimcrackiana*. But, upon talking with him, I begin to suspect he is as mad as poor sir Nicholas was. Your advice in all these particulars will be a great piece of charity to,

Sir,

Your most humble servant,

ELIZABETH GIMCRACK.

I shall answer the foregoing letter, and give the widow my best advice, as soon as I can find out chapmen for the wares which she has to put off. In the mean time, I shall give my reader the sight of a letter, which I have received from another female correspondent by the same post.

GOOD MR. BICKERSTAFF

I am convinced by a late paper of yours, that a passionate woman, who among the common people goes under the name of a scold, is one of the most insupportable creatures in the world. But, alas! sir, what can we do? I have made a thousand vows and resolutions every morning, to guard myself against this frailty; but have generally broken them before dinner, and could never in my life hold out until the second course was set upon the table. What most troubles me is, that my husband is as patient and good-natured as your own worship, or any man living, can be. Pray give me some directions, for I would observe the strictest and severest rules you can think of to cure myself of this distemper, which is apt to fall into my tongue every moment. I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant, &c.

In answer to this most unfortunate lady, I must acquaint her, that there is now in town an ingenious physician of my acquaintance, who undertakes to cure all the vices and defects of the mind by inward medicines or outward applications. I shall give the world an account of his patients and his cures in other papers, when I shall be more at leisure to treat upon this subject. I shall only here inform my correspondent, that, for the benefit of such ladies as are troubled with virulent tongues, he has prepared a cold bath, over which there is fastened, at the end of a long pole, a very convenient chair, curiously gilt and carved. When the patient is seated in this chair, the doctor lifts up the pole, and gives her two or three total immersions in the cold-bath, until such time as she has quite lost the use of speech. This operation so effectually chills the tongue, and refrigerates the blood, that a woman, who at her entrance into the chair is extremely passionate and sonorous, will come out as silent and gentle as a lamb. The doctor told me, he would not practise this experiment upon women of fashion, had not he seen it made upon those of meaner condition with very good effect.

No. 222.] Saturday, September 9, 1710.

Chrysidis udas
Ebrins ante sores extinctâ enim fœce castat.
Persius, Sat. v. 165.

Shall I, at Chrysis' door, the night prolong
With midnight serenade, or drunken song?
W. WYNN.

From my own Apartment, September 8.

WHEREAS, by letters from Nottingham, we have advice, that the young ladies of that place complain for want of sleep, by reason of certain riotous lovers, who for this last summer have very much infested the streets of that eminent city, with violins and bass-voils, between the hours of twelve and four in the morning, to the great disturbance of many of

penalty to languish under them, especially if they have a fiddler behind them to utter their complaints; for, as the custom prevails at present, there is scarce a young man of any fashion in a corporation, who does not make love with the town-music. The waits often help him through his courtship; and my friend Banister^s has told me, he was proffered five hundred pounds by a young fellow, to play but one winter under the window of a lady that was a great fortune, but more cruel than ordinary. One would think they hoped to conquer their mistresses hearts as people tame hawks and eagles, by keeping them awake, or breaking their sleep when they are fallen into it.

I have endeavoured to search into the original of this impertinent way of making love, which, according to some authors, is of great antiquity. If we may believe monsieur Dacier and other critics, Horace's tenth Ode of the third book was originally a serenade. And if I was disposed to show my learning, I could produce a line of him in another place, which seems to have been the burden of an old heathen serenade.

—Andis minûs, et minûs Jam,
' Me tuo longas pereunte noctes,
Lydia, dormis?' Hor. 1 Od. xxv. 8.

Now less and less asleep thine ear
These plaints, ' Ah! sleepest thou, my dear,
While I whole nights, thy true love here
' Am dying?' Francis.

But notwithstanding the opinions of many learned men upon this subject, I rather agree with them who look upon this custom, as now practised, to have been introduced by castrated musicians; who found out this method of applying themselves to their mistresses at these hours, when men of hoarser voices express their passions in a more vulgar method. It must be confessed, that your Italians eunuchs do practise this manner of courtship to this day.

But whoever were the persons that first thought of the serenade, the authors of all countries are unanimous in ascribing the in-

when they begin their midnight complaint with,

*My lodging upon the cold ground is,**

we are not to understand them in the rigour of the letter; since it would be impossible for a British swain to condole himself long in that situation, without really dying for his mistress. A man might as well serenade in Greenland as in our region. Milton seems to have had in his thoughts the absurdity of these northern serenades, in the censure which he passes upon them :

— Or midnight ball,
Or serenade, which the starv'd lover sings
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.

The truth of it is, I have often pitied, in a winter night, a vocal musician, and have attributed many of his trills and quavers to the coldness of the weather.

The second circumstance, which inclined the Italians to this custom, was that musical genius which is so universal among them. Nothing is more frequent in that country, than to hear a cobbler working to an opera-tune. You can scarce see a porter that has not one nail much longer than the rest, which you will find, upon enquiry, is cherished for some instrument. In short, there is not a labourer, or handicraftman, that, in the cool of the evening, does not relieve himself with solos and sonatas.

The Italian soothes his mistress with a plaintive voice; and bewails himself in such melting music, that the whole neighbourhood sympathizes with him in his sorrow.

*Qualis populeæ mœrens Philomela sub umbra—
Flet noctem, ramoque sedens, miserabile carmen
Integrat, et mœstis latè loca questibus implet.*

Virg. Geor. l. v. 511.

Thus Philomel beneath the poplar shade
With plaintive murmurs warbles thro' the glade—
Her notes harmonious tedious nights prolong,
And echo multiplies the mournful song. *R. Wymc.*

On the contrary, our honest countrymen have so little an inclination to music, that they seldom begin to sing until they are drunk; which also is usually the time when they are most disposed to serenade.

No. 223.] Tuesday, September 12, 1710.

For when upon their ungot heirs,
Th' entail themselves and all that's theirs,
What blunder bargain e'er was driv'n
Or wager laid at six and seven,
To pass themselves away, and turn
Their children's tenants ere they're born. *Hud.*

From my own Apartment, September 11.

I HAVE been very much solicited by Clarinda, Flavia, and Lysetta, to re-assume my discourse concerning the methods of disposing honour-

ably the unmarried part of the world, and taking off those bars to it, jointures and settlements; which are not only the greatest impediments towards entering into that state, but also the frequent causes of distrust and animosity in it after it is consummated. I have with very much attention considered this case; and, among all the observations that I have made through a long course of years, I have thought the coldness of wives to their husbands, as well as disrespect from children to parents, to arise from this one source. This trade for minds and bodies in the lump, without regard to either, but as they are accompanied with such sums of money, and such parcels of land, cannot but produce a commerce between the parties concerned, suitable to the mean motives upon which they at first came together. I have heretofore given an account, that this method of making settlements was first invented by a griping lawyer, who made use of the covetous tempers of the parents of each side, to force two young people into these vile measures of diffidence, for no other end but to increase the skins of parchment, by which they were put into each other's possession out of each other's power. The law of our country has given an ample and generous provision for the wife, even the third of her husband's estate, and left to her good-humour and his gratitude the expectation of further provision; but the fantastical method of going further, with relation to their heirs, has a foundation in nothing but pride and folly: for as all men wish their children as like themselves, and as much better as they can possibly, it seems monstrous that we should give out of ourselves the opportunities of rewarding and discouraging them according to their deserts. This wise institution has no more sense in it, than if a man should begin a deed with, 'Whereas no man living knows how long he shall continue to be a reasonable creature, or an honest man. And whereas I B. am going to enter into the state of matrimony with Mrs. D. therefore I shall from henceforth make it indifferent to me whether from this time forward I shall be a fool or a knave. And, therefore, in full and perfect health of body, and a sound mind, not knowing which of my children will prove better or worse, I give to my first born, be he perverse, ungrateful, impious, or cruel, the lump and bulk of my estate; and leave one year's purchase only to each of my younger children, whether they shall be brave or beautiful, modest or honourable, from the time of the date hereof, wherein I resign my senses, and hereby promise to employ my judgment no further in the distribution of my worldly goods from the day of the date hereof; hereby further confessing and covenanting, that I am from henceforth married, and dead in law.'

* The first line of an old song in a trag-comedy, called 'The Rivals,' 4to. 1668, ascribed to sir William Davenant.

There is no man that is conversant in modern settlements, but knows this is an exact translation of what is inserted in these instruments. Men's passions could only make them submit to such terms; and therefore all unreasonable bargains in marriage ought to be set aside, as well as deeds extorted from men under force, or in prison, who are altogether as much masters of their actions, as he that is possessed with a violent passion.

How strangely men are sometimes partial to themselves appears by the rapine of him that has a daughter's beauty under his direction. He will make no scruple of using it to force from her lover as much of his estate as is worth ten thousand pounds, and at the same time, as a justice on the bench, will spare no pains to get a man hanged that has taken but a horse from him.

It is to be hoped the legislature will in due time take this kind of robbery into consideration, and not suffer men to prey upon each other when they are about making the most solemn league, and entering into the strictest bonds. The only sure remedy is to fix a certain rate on every woman's fortune; one price for that of a maid, and another for that of a widow: for it is of infinite advantage, that there should be no frauds or uncertainties in the sale of our women.

If any man should exceed the settled rate, he ought to be at liberty after seven years are over, by which time his love may be supposed to abate a little, if it is not founded upon reason, to renounce the bargain, and be freed from the settlement upon restoring the portion; as a youth married under fourteen years old may be off, if he pleases, when he comes to age, and as a man is discharged from all bargains but that of marriage, made when he is under twenty-one.

It grieves me, when I consider that these restraints upon matrimony take away the advantage we should otherwise have over other countries, which are sunk much by those great checks upon propagation, the *convents*. It is thought chiefly owing to these, that Italy and Spain want above half their complement of people. Were the price of wives always fixed and settled, it would contribute to filling the nation more than all the encouragements that can possibly be given to foreigners to transplant themselves hither.

I, therefore, as censor of Britain, until a law is made, will lay down rules which shall be observed, with penalty of degrading all that break them, into Pretty Fellows, Smarts, Squibs, Hunting-Horns, Drums, and Bagpipes.

The females that are guilty of breaking my orders, I shall respectively pronounce to be Kits, Hornpipes, Dulcimers, and Kettle-drums. Such widows as wear the spoils of one husband, I will bury, if they attempt to rob another.

I ordain, That no woman ever demand one shilling to be paid after her husband's death, more than the very sum she brings him, or an equivalent for it in land.

That no settlement be made, in which the man settles on his children more than the reversion of the jointure, or the value of it in money; so that at his death, he may in the whole be bound to pay his family but double to what he has received. I would have the eldest, as well as the rest have his provision out of this.

When men are not able to come up to those settlements I have proposed, I would have them receive so much of the portion only as they can come up to, and the rest to go to the woman by way of pin-money, or separate maintenance. In this, I think, I determine equally between the two sexes.

If any lawyer varies from these rules, or is above two days in drawing a marriage-settlement, or uses more words in it than one skin of parchment will contain, or takes above five pounds for drawing it, I would have him thrown over the bar.

Were these rules observed, a woman with a small fortune, and a great deal of worth, would be sure to marry according to her deserts, if the man's estate were to be less incumbered, in proportion as her fortune is less than he might have with others.

A man of a great deal of merit, and not much estate, might be chosen for his worth; because it would not be difficult for him to make a settlement.

The man that loves a woman best, would not lose her for not being able to bid so much as another, or for not complying with an extravagant demand.

A fine woman would no more be set up to auction as she is now. When a man puts in for her, her friends or herself take care to publish it; and the man that was the first bidder is made no other use of but to raise the price. He that loves her will continue in waiting as long as she pleases, if her fortune be thought equal to his; and, under pretence of some failure in the rent-roll, or difficulties in drawing the settlement, he is put off until a better bargain is made with another.

All the rest of the sex, that are not rich or beautiful to the highest degree, are plainly gainers, and would be married so fast, that the least charming of them would soon grow beauties to the bachelors.

Widows might be easily married, if they would not, as they do now, set up for discreet, only by being mercenary.

The making matrimony cheap and easy would be the greatest discouragement to vice: the limiting the expense of children would not make men ill inclined, or afraid of having them in a regular way; and the men of merit would

not live unmarried, as they often do now, because the goodness of a wife cannot be ensured to them; but the loss of an estate is certain, and a man would never have the affliction of a worthless heir added to that of a bad wife.

I am the more serious, large, and particular on this subject, because my lucubrations, designed for the encouragement of virtue, cannot have the desired success as long as this incubrance of settlements continues upon matrimony.

No. 224.] Thursday, September 14, 1710.

Materiam superabat opus.

Ovid. Met. li. 5.

The matter equal'd not the artist's skill.

R. Wynn.

From my own Apartment, September 13.

It is my custom, in a dearth of news, to entertain myself with those collections of advertisements that appear at the end of all our public prints. These I consider as accounts of news from the little world, in the same manner that the foregoing parts of the paper are from the great. If in one we hear that a sovereign prince is fled from his capital city, in the other we hear of a tradesman who hath shut up his shop, and run away. If in one we find the victory of a general, in the other we see the desertion of a private soldier. I must confess I have a certain weakness in my temper, that is often very much affected by these little domestic occurrences, and have frequently been caught with tears in my eyes over a melancholy advertisement.

But to consider this subject in its most ridiculous lights, advertisements are of great use to the vulgar. First of all, as they are instruments of ambition. A man that is by no means big enough for the Gazette, may easily creep into the advertisements; by which means we often see an apothecary in the same paper of news with a plenipotentiary, or a running-footman with an ambassador. An advertisement from Piccadilly goes down to posterity with an article from Madrid, and John Bartlett of Goodman's-fields* is celebrated in the same paper with the emperor of Germany. Thus the fable tells us, that the wren mounted as high as the eagle, by getting upon his back.

A second use which this sort of writings hath been turned to of late years, has been the management of controversy; inasmuch that above half the advertisements one meets with now-a-days are purely polemical. The inventors of 'strops for razors' have written against one another this way for several years, and that with great bitterness; as the whole argument *pro* and *con* in the case of 'the morning-gown' is still carried on after the same manner. I need not mention the several proprietors of

Dr. Anderson's pills; nor take notice of the many satirical works of this nature so frequently published by Dr. Clark, who has had the confidence to advertise upon that *learned* knight, my very worthy friend, sir William Read: but I shall not interpose in their quarrel; sir William can give him his own in advertisements, that, in the judgment of the impartial, are as well penned as the doctor's.

The third and last use of these writings is to inform the world, where they may be furnished with almost every thing that is necessary for life. If a man has pains in his head, colics in his bowels, or spots in his clothes, he may here meet with proper cures and remedies. If a man would recover a wife or a horse that is stolen or strayed; if he wants new sermons, electuaries, asses milk, or any thing else, either for his body or his mind; this is the place to look for them in.

The great art in writing advertisements, is the finding out a proper method to catch the reader's eye, without which a good thing may pass over unobserved, or be lost among commissions of bankrupts. Asterisks and hands were formerly of great use for this purpose. Of late years the N. B. has been much in fashion, as also little cuts and figures, the invention of which we must ascribe to the author of spring-trusses. I must not here omit the blind *Italian character*, which, being scarce legible, always fixes and detains the eye, and gives the curious reader something like the satisfaction of prying into a secret.

But the great skill in an advertiser is chiefly seen in the style which he makes use of. He is to mention 'the universal esteem, or general reputation,' of things that were never heard of. If he is a *physician* or *astrologer*, he must change his lodgings frequently; and, though he never saw any body in them besides his own family, give public notice of it, 'for the information of the nobility and gentry.' Since I am thus usefully employed in writing criticisms on the works of these diminutive authors, I must not pass over in silence an advertisement, which has lately made its appearance, and is written altogether in a Ciceronian manner. It was sent to me, with *five shillings*, to be inserted among my advertisements; but as it is a pattern of good writing in this way, I shall give it a place in the body of my paper.

'The highest compounded spirit of lavender, the most glorious, *if the expression may be used*, enlivening scent and flavour that can possibly be, which so raptures the spirits, delights the gust, and gives such airs to the countenance, as are not to be imagined but by those that have tried it. The meanest sort of the thing is admired by most gentlemen and ladies; but this far more, as by far it exceeds it, to the gaining among all a more than common esteem. It is sold, in neat flint bottles fit for the

* A truss-maker.

pocket, only at the Golden Key in Wharton's court, near Holborn-bars, for three shillings and sixpence, with directions.'

At the same time that I recommend the several flowers in which this spirit of lavender is wrapped up, *if the expression may be used*, I cannot excuse my fellow-labourers for admitting into their papers several uncleanly advertisements, not at all proper to appear in the works of polite writers. Among these I reckon the 'Carminative wind-expelling pills.' If the doctor had called them only his carminative pills, he had been as cleanly as one could have wished; but the second word entirely destroys the decency of the first. There are other absurdities of this nature so very gross, that I dare not mention them; and shall therefore dismiss this subject with a public admonition to Michael Parrot, That he do not presume any more to mention a certain worm he knows of, which, by the way, has grown seven feet in my memory; for, if I am not much mistaken, it is the same that was but nine feet long about six months ago.

By the remarks I have here made, it plainly appears, that a collection of advertisements is a kind of miscellany; the writers of which, contrary to all authors, except men of quality, give money to the booksellers who publish their copies. The genius of the bookseller is chiefly shown in his method of ranging and digesting these little tracts. The last paper I took up in my hand places them in the following order.

The true Spanish blacking for shoes, &c.

The beautifying cream for the face, &c.

Pease and plaisters, &c.

Nectar and ambrosia, &c.

Four freehold tenements of fifteen pounds per annum, &c.

Annotations upon the Tatler, &c.

The present state of England, &c.

A commission of bankruptcy being awarded against B. L. bookseller, &c.

No. 225.] *Saturday, September 16, 1710.*

Si quid novisti rectius ista,
Candidus imperti; si non, his atere mecum.
Hor. 1 Ep. vi. 67.

If a better system's thine,
Impart it frankly; or make use of mine. *Francis.*

From my own Apartment, September 18.

THE hours which we spend in conversation are the most pleasing of any which we enjoy; yet, methinks, there is very little care taken to improve ourselves for the frequent repetition of them. The common fault in this case is that of growing too intimate, and falling into displeasing familiarities: for it is a very ordinary thing for men to make no other use of a close acquaintance with each other's affairs, but to

tease one another with unacceptable allusions. One would pass over patiently such as converse like animals, and salute each other with bangs on the shoulder, sly raps with canes, or other robust pleasantries practised by the rural gentry of this nation: but even among those who should have more polite ideas of things, you see a set of people who invert the design of conversation, and make frequent mention of ungrateful subjects; nay, mention them because they are ungrateful; as if the perfection of society were in knowing how to offend on the one part, and how to bear an offence on the other. In all parts of this populous town, you find the merry world made up of an active and a passive companion; one who has good-nature enough to suffer all his friend shall think fit to say, and one who is resolved to make the most of his good-humour to show his parts. In the trading part of mankind, I have ever observed the jest went by the weight of purses, and the ridicule is made up by the gains which arise from it. Thus the packer allows the clothier to say what he pleases; and the broker has his countenance ready to laugh with the merchant, though the abuse is to fall on himself, because he knows that, as a go-between, he shall find his account in being in the good graces of a man of wealth. Among these just and punctual people the richest man is ever the better jester; and they know no such a thing as a person who shall pretend to a superior laugh at a man, who does not make him amends by opportunities of advantage in another kind: but, among people of a different way, where the pretended distinction in company is only what is raised from sense and understanding, it is very absurd to carry on a rough raillery so far, as that the whole discourse should turn upon each other's infirmities, follies, or misfortunes.

I was this evening with a set of wags of this class. They appear generally by two and two; and what is most extraordinary is, that those very persons who are most together appear least of a mind when joined by other company. This evil proceeds from an indiscreet familiarity, whereby a man is allowed to say the most grating thing imaginable to another, and it shall be accounted weakness to show an impatience for the unkindness. But this and all other deviations from the design of pleasing each other when we meet, are derived from interlopers in society; who want capacity to put in a stock among regular companions, and therefore supply their wants by stale histories, sly observations, and rude hints, which relate to the conduct of others. All cohabitants in general run into this unhappy fault; men and their wives break into reflections, which are like so much Arabic to the rest of the company sisters and brothers often make the like figure, from the same unjust sense of the art of being

intimate and familiar. It is often said, such a-one cannot stand the mention of such a circumstance; if he cannot, I am sure it is for want of discourse, or a worse reason, that any companion of his touches upon it.

Familiarity, among the truly well-bred, never gives authority to trespass upon one another in the most minute circumstance; but it allows to be kinder than we ought otherwise to presume to be. Eusebius has wit, humour, and spirit; but there never was a man in his company who wished he had less; for he understands familiarity so well, that he knows how to make use of it in a way that neither makes himself or his friend contemptible; but if any one is lessened by his freedom, it is he himself, who always likes the place, the diet, and the reception, when he is in the company of his friends. Equality is the life of conversation; and he is as much out who assumes to himself any part above another, as he who considers himself below the rest of the society. Familiarity in inferiors is sauciness; in superiors, condescension; neither of which are to have being among companions, the very word implying that they are to be equal. When, therefore, we have abstracted the company from all considerations of their quality or fortune, it will immediately appear, that to make it happy and polite, there must nothing be started which shall discover that our thoughts run upon any such distinctions. Hence it will arise, that benevolence must become the rule of society, and he that is most obliging must be most diverting.

This way of talking I am fallen into from the reflection that I am, wherever I go, entertained with some absurdity, mistake, weakness, or ill-luck of some man or other, whom not only I, but the person who makes me those relations, has a value for. It would therefore be a great benefit to the world, if it could be brought to pass, that no story should be a taking one, but what was to the advantage of the person of whom it is related. By this means, he that is now a wit in conversation would be considered as a spreader of false news in business.

But above all, to make a familiar fit for a bosom friend, it is absolutely necessary that we should always be inclined rather to hide, than rally each other's infirmities. To suffer for a fault is a sort of atonement; and nobody is concerned for the offence for which he has made reparation.

P. S. I have received the following letter, which rallies me for being witty sooner than I designed; but I have now altered my resolution, and intend to be facetious until the day in October heretofore mentioned, instead of beginning from that day.

'MR. BICKERSTAFF,

Sept. 6. 1710.

'By your own reckoning, you came yester-

day about a month before the time you looked yourself, much to the satisfaction of

'Your most obliged, humble servant,
'PLAIN ENGLISH.'

No. 226.] Tuesday, September 19, 1710.

—Javens quondam, nunc femina, Ceneus,
Rurus et in veterem fato revoluta figuram.

Virg. Æn. vi. 448.

Ceneus, a woman once, and once a man;

But ending in the sex she first began. *Dryden.*

From my own Apartment, September 18.

It is one of the designs of this paper to transmit to posterity an account of every thing that is monstrous in my own times. For this reason, I shall here publish to the world the life of a person who was neither man nor woman; as written by one of my ingenious correspondents, who seems to have imitated Plutarch in that multifarious erudition, and those occasional dissertations, which he has wrought into the body of his history. The life I am putting out is that of Margery, alias John Young, commonly known by the name of Doctor Young; who, as the town very well knows, was a woman that practised physic in a man's clothes, and, after having had two wives and several children, died about a month since.

'SIR,

'I here make bold to trouble you with a short account of the famous doctor Young's life, which you may call, if you please, a second part of the farce of the *Sham Doctor*. This perhaps will not seem so strange to you, who, if I am not mistaken, have somewhere mentioned with honour your sister Kirleus,* as a practitioner both in physic and astrology: but, in the common opinion of mankind, a she-quack is altogether as strange and astonishing a creature, as the centaur that practised physic in the days of Achilles, or as king Phys in the Rehearsal. Æsculapius, the great founder of your art, was particularly famous for his beard, as we may conclude from the behaviour of a tyrant, who is branded by heathen historians as guilty both of sacrilege and blasphemy; having robbed the statue of Æsculapius of a thick bushy golden beard, and then alleged for his excuse, That it was a shame the son should have a beard, when his father Apollo had none. This latter instance indeed seems something to favour a female professor, since, as I have been told, the ancient statues of Apollo are generally made with a head and face of a woman: nay, I have been credibly

* There were two she quacks of the name of Kirleus, Sumnash, the widow of Thomas, and Mary, the widow of John, who advertised upon one another. They were equally skilled in astrology and physic.

informed by those who have seen them both, that the famous Apollo in the Belvidera did very much resemble doctor Young. Let that be as it will, the doctor was a kind of Amazon in physic, that made as great devastations and slaughters as any of our chief heroes in the art, and was as fatal to the English in these our days, as the famous Joan d'Arc was in those of our forefathers.

I do not find any thing remarkable in the life which I am about to write until the year 1695; at which time the doctor, being about twenty-three years old, was brought to-bed of a bastard child. The scandal of such a misfortune gave so great an uneasiness to pretty Mrs. Peggy, for that was the name by which the doctor was then called, that she left her family, and followed her lover to London, with a fixed resolution some way or other to recover her lost reputation; but instead of changing her life, which one would have expected from so good a disposition of mind, she took it in her head to change her sex. This was soon done by the help of a sword and a pair of breeches. I have reason to believe, that her first design was to turn man-midwife, having herself had some experience in those affairs; but thinking this too narrow a foundation for her future fortune, she at length bought her a *gold-buttoned coat*, and set up for a physician. Thus we see the same fatal miscarriage in her youth made Mrs. Young a doctor, that formerly made one of the same sex a pope.

The doctor succeeded very well in his business at first; but very often met with accidents that disquieted him. As he wanted that deep magisterial voice which gives authority to a prescription, and is absolutely necessary for the right pronouncing of these words, "Take these pills," he unfortunately got the nick-name of the Squeaking Doctor. If this circumstance alarmed the doctor, there was another which gave him no small disquiet, and very much diminished his gains. In short, he found himself run down as a superficial prating quack in all families that had at the head of them a cautious father, or a jealous husband. These would often complain among one another, that they did not like such a smock-faced physician; though in truth, had they known how justly he deserved that name, they would rather have favoured his practice, than have apprehended any thing from it.

Such were the motives that determined Mrs. Young to change her condition, and take in marriage a virtuous young woman, who lived with her in good reputation, and made her the father of a very pretty girl. But this part of her happiness was soon after destroyed, by a distemper which was too hard for our physician, and carried off his first wife. The doctor had not been a widow long before he married his second lady with whom also he lived in

very good understanding. It so happened, that the doctor was with child at the same time that his lady was; but the little ones coming both together, they passed for twins. The doctor having entirely established the reputation of his manhood, especially by the birth of the boy of whom he had been lately delivered, and who very much resembles him, grew into good business, and was particularly famous for the cure of venereal distempers; but would have had much more practice among his own sex, had not some of them been so unreasonable as to demand certain proofs of their cure, which the doctor was not able to give them. The florid blooming look, which gave the doctor some uneasiness at first, instead of betraying his person, only recommended his physic. Upon this occasion I cannot forbear mentioning what I thought a very agreeable surprise: in one of Moliere's plays, where a young woman applies herself to a sick person in the habit of a quack, and speaks to her patient, who was something scandalized at the youth of his physician, to the following purpose:—I began to practise in the reign of Francis the First, and am now in the hundred and fiftieth year of my age: but, by the virtue of my medicaments, have maintained myself in the same beauty and freshness I had at fifteen. For this reason Hippocrates lays it down as a rule, that a student in physic should have a sound constitution, and a healthy look; which indeed seem as necessary qualifications for a physician, as a good life and virtuous behaviour for a divine. But to return to our subject. About two years ago the doctor was very much afflicted with the vapours, which grew upon him to such a degree, that about six weeks since they made an end of him. His death discovered the disguise he had acted under, and brought him back again to his former sex. It is said, that at his burial the pall was held up by six women of some fashion. The doctor left behind him a widow, and two fatherless children, if they may be called so, besides the little boy before-mentioned. In relation to whom we may say of the doctor, as the good old ballad about the children in the wood says of the unnatural uncle, that he was father and mother both in one. These are all the circumstances that I could learn of doctor Young's life, which might have given occasion to many obscene fictions: but as I know those would never have gained a place in your paper, I have not troubled you with any impertinence of that nature, having stuck to the truth very scrupulously, as I always do when I subscribe myself,

'Sir, yours, &c.'

I shall add as a postscript to this letter, that I am informed the famous Saltero, who sells coffee in his museum at Chelsea, has by him a curiosity, which helped the doctor to carry on

his imposture, and will give great satisfaction to the curious enquirer.

No. 227.] *Thursday, September 21, 1710.*

Omnibus invidias, Zolle, demo tibi. *Martial.*

Thou envy st all; but no man envies thee.

R. Wymne.

From my own Apartment, September 20.

It is the business of reason and philosophy to sooth and allay the passions of the mind, or turn them to a vigorous prosecution of what is dictated by the understanding. In order to this good end, I would keep a watchful eye upon the growing inclinations of youth, and be particularly careful to prevent their indulging themselves in such sentiments as may imbitter their more advanced age. I have now under cure a young gentleman, who lately communicated to me, that he was of all men living the most miserably envious. I desired the circumstances of his distemper; upon which, with a sigh that would have moved the most inhuman breast, 'Mr. Bickerstaff,' said he, 'I am nephew to a gentleman of a very great estate, to whose favour I have a cousin that has equal pretensions with myself. This kinsman of mine is a young man of the highest merit imaginable, and has a mind so tender, and so generous, that I can observe he returns my envy with pity. He makes me, upon all occasions, the most obliging condescensions: and I cannot but take notice of the concern he is in, to see my life blasted with this racking passion, though it is against himself. In the presence of my uncle, when I am in the room, he never speaks so well as he is capable of; but always lowers his talents and accomplishments out of regard to me. What I beg of you, dear sir, is to instruct me how to love him, as I know he does me: and I beseech you, if possible, to set my heart right; that it may no longer be tormented where it should be pleased, or hate a man whom I cannot but approve.'

The patient gave me this account with such candour and openness, that I conceived immediate hopes of his cure; because, in diseases of the mind, the person affected is half recovered when he is sensible of his distemper. 'Sir,' said I, 'the acknowledgement of your kinsman's merit is a very hopeful symptom; for it is the nature of persons afflicted with this evil, when they are incurable, to pretend a contempt of the person envied, if they are taxed with that weakness. A man who is really envious will not allow he is so; but, upon such an accusation, is tormented with the reflection, that to envy a man is to allow him your superior. But in your case, when you examine the bottom of your heart, I am apt to think it

is avarice, which you mistake for envy. Were it not that you have both expectations from the same man, you would look upon your cousin's accomplishments with pleasure. You, that now consider him as an obstacle to your interest, would then behold him as an ornament to your family.' I observed my patient upon this occasion recover himself in some measure; and he owned to me, that 'he hoped it was as I imagined; for that in all places, but where he was his rival, he had pleasure in his company.' This was the first discourse we had upon this malady; but I do not doubt but, after two or three more, I shall, by just degrees, soften his envy into emulation.

Such an envy, as I have here described, may possibly enter into an ingenuous mind; but the envy which makes a man uneasy to himself and others, is a certain distortion and perverseness of temper, that renders him unwilling to be pleased with any thing without him, that has either beauty or perfection in it. I look upon it as a distemper in the mind, which I know no moralist that has described in this light, when a man cannot discern any thing, which another is master of that is agreeable. For which reason, I look upon the good-natured man to be endowed with a certain discerning faculty, which the envious are altogether deprived of. Shallow wits, superficial critics, and conceited fops, are with me so many blind men in respect of excellencies. They can behold nothing but faults and blemishes, and indeed see nothing that is worth seeing. Show them a poem, it is stuff; a picture, it is daubing. They find nothing in architecture that is not irregular, or in music that is not out of tune. These men should consider, that it is their envy which deforms every thing, and that the ugliness is not in the object, but in the eye. And as for nobler minds, whose merits are either not discovered, or are misrepresented by the envious part of mankind, they should rather consider their defamers with pity than indignation. A man cannot have an idea of perfection in another, which he was never sensible of in himself. Mr. Locke tells us, 'That upon asking a blind man, what he thought scarlet was? he answered, That he believed it was like the sound of a trumpet.' He was forced to form his conceptions of ideas which he had not, by those which he had. In the same manner, ask an envious man what he thinks of virtue? he will call it design; what of good nature? and he will term it dulness. The difference is, that as the person before-mentioned was born blind, your envious men have contracted the distemper themselves, and are troubled with a sort of an acquired blindness. Thus the devil in Milton, though made an angel of light, could see nothing to please him even in Paradise, and hated our first parents, though in their state of innocence.

No. 228.] *Saturday, September 23, 1710.*

Veniet manas, arzillo qas
Sit mibi

Hor. 1 Sat. iv. 141.

A powerful aid from other hands will come.

R. Wynn.

From my own Apartment, September 22.

A MAN of business, who makes a public entertainment, may sometimes leave his guests, and beg them to divert themselves as well as they can until his return. I shall here make use of the same privilege, being engaged in matters of some importance relating to the family of the Bickerstuffs, and must desire my readers to entertain one another until I can have leisure to attend them. I have therefore furnished out this paper, as I have done some few others, with letters of my ingenious correspondents, which, I have reason to believe, will please the public as much as my own more elaborate lucubrations.

'SIR,

Lincoln, Sept. 9.

'I have long been of the number of your admirers, and take this opportunity of telling you so. I know not why a man so famed for astrological observations may not be also a good casuist; upon which presumption it is I ask your advice in an affair, that at present puzzles quite that slender stock of divinity I am master of. I have now been some time in holy orders, and fellow of a certain college in one of the universities; but, weary of that unactive life, I resolve to be doing good in my generation. A worthy gentleman has lately offered me a fat rectory; but means, I perceive, his kinswoman should have the benefit of the clergy. I am a novice in the world, and confess it startles me, how the body of Mrs. Abigail can be annexed to the cure of souls. Sir, would you give us, in one of your Tatlers, the original and progress of smock-simony, and show us, that where the laws are silent, men's consciences ought to be so too, you could not more oblige our fraternity of young divines, and among the rest,

'Your humble servant,
'HUGH CHURCH.'

I am very proud of having a gentleman of this name for my admirer, and may, some time or other, write such a treatise as he mentions. In the mean time, I do not see why our clergy, who are frequently men of good families, should be reproached, if any of them chance to espouse a hand-maid with a rectory in *commendam*, since the best of our peers have often joined themselves to the daughters of very ordinary tradesmen, upon the same valuable considerations.

Globe in Moorfields,
Sept. 16.

'HONOURED SIR,

'I have now finished my almanack for the next year, in all the parts of it, except that

which concerns the weather; and you having shown yourself, by some of your late works, more weatherwise than any of our modern astrologers, I most humbly presume to trouble you upon this head. You know very well, that in our ordinary almanacks the wind and rain, snow and hail, clouds and sunshine, have their proper seasons, and come up as regularly in their several months as the fruits and plants of the earth. As for my own part, I freely own to you, that I generally steal my weather out of some antiquated almanack, that foretold it several years ago. Now, sir, what I humbly beg of you is, that you would lend me your *State Weather-Glass*, in order to fill up this vacant column in my works. This, I know, would sell my almanack beyond any other, and make me a richer man than Poor Robin. If you will not grant me this favour, I must have recourse to my old method, and will copy after an almanack which I have by me, and which I think was for the year when the great storm was.

I am, Sir,

'The most humble of your admirers,

'T. PHILOMATH.'

This gentleman does not consider, what a strange appearance his almanack would make to the ignorant, should he transpose his weather, as he must do, did he follow the dictates of my glass. What would the world say to see summers filled with clouds and storms, and winters with calms and sunshine; according to the variations of the weather, as they might accidentally appear in a *state-barometer*? But let that be as it will, I shall apply my own invention to my own use; and if I do not make my fortune by it, it will be my own fault.

The next letter comes to me from another self-interested solicitor.

'MR. BICKERSTAFF,

'I am going to set up for a Scrivener, and have thought of a project which may turn both to your account and mine. It came into my head upon reading that learned and useful paper of yours concerning advertisements. You must understand, I have made myself master in the whole art of Advertising, both as to the style and the letter. Now if you and I could so manage it, that nobody should write advertisements besides myself, or print them any where but in your paper, we might both of us get estates in a little time. For this end I would likewise propose, that you should enlarge the design of advertisements, and have sent you two or three samples of my work in this kind, which I have made for particular friends, and intend to open shop with. The first is for a gentleman, who would willingly marry, if he could find a wife to his liking; the second is for a poor whig, who is lately turned out of his post; and the third for a

person of a contrary party, who is willing to get into one.'

'Whereas A. B. next door to the Pestle and Mortar, being about thirty years old, of a spare make, with dark-coloured hair, bright eye, and a long nose, has occasion for a good-humoured, tall, fair, young woman, of about \$000*l.* fortune; these are to give notice, that if any such young woman has a mind to dispose of herself in marriage to such a person as the above-mentioned, she may be provided with a husband, a coach and horses, and proportionable settlement.'

'C. D. desigining to quit his place, has great quantities of paper, parchment, ink, wax, and wafers, to dispose of, which will be sold at very reasonable rates.'

'E. F. a person of good behaviour, six feet high, of a black complexion, and sound principles, wants an employ. He is an excellent penman and accountant, and speaks French.'

No. 229.] Tuesday, September 26, 1710.

Quæritam meritis summe superbiæ.

Hor. 3 Od. xxx. 13.

With conscious pride—

Assume the honours justly thine.

Francis.

From my own Apartment, September 25.

THE whole creation preys upon itself. Every living creature is inhabited. A flea has a thousand invisible insects that tease him as he jumps from place to place, and revenge our quarrels upon him. A very ordinary microscope shows us, that a louse is itself a very lousy creature. A whale, besides those seas and oceans in the several vessels of his body, which are filled with innumerable shoals of little animals, carries about him a whole world of inhabitants; inasmuch that, if we believe the calculations some have made, there are more living creatures, which are too small for the naked eye to behold, about the leviathan, than there are of visible creatures upon the face of the whole earth. Thus every nobler creature is, as it were, the basis and support of multitudes that are his inferiors.

This consideration very much comforts me, when I think on those numberless vermin that feed upon this paper, and find their sustenance out of it; I mean the small wits and scribblers, that every day turn a penny by nibbling at my lucubrations. This has been so advantageous to this little species of writers, that, if they do me justice, I may expect to have my statue erected in Grub-street, as being a common benefactor to that quarter.

They say, when a fox is very much troubled with fleas, he goes into the next pool with a little lock of wool in his mouth, and keeps his body under water until the vermin get into it; after which he quits the wool, and diving, leaves his tormentors to shift for themselves, and get their livelihood where they can. I

would have these gentlemen take care that I do not serve them after the same manner; for though I have hitherto kept my temper pretty well, it is not impossible but I may some time or other disappear; and what will then become of them? Should I lay down my paper, what a famine would there be among the hawkers, printers, booksellers, and authors! It would be like Dr. Burgess's* dropping his cloak, with the whole congregation hanging upon the skirts of it. To enumerate some of these my doughty antagonists; I was threatened to be answered weekly *Tit for Tat*; I was undermined by the *Whisperer*; haunted by *Tom Brown's Ghost*; scolded by a *Female Tattler*; and slandered by another of the same character, under the title of *Atalantis*. I have been annotated, retattled, examined, and condoled; but it being my standing maxim never to speak ill of the dead, I shall let these authors rest in peace; and take great pleasure in thinking, that I have sometimes been the means of their getting a belly-full. When I see myself thus surrounded by such formidable enemies, I often think of the Knight of the Red Cross in Spenser's 'Den of Error,' who, after he has cut off the dragon's head, and left it wallowing in a flood of ink, sees a thousand monstrous reptiles making their attempts upon him, one with many heads, another with none, and all of them without eyes.

The same so sore annoyed has the knight,
That, well nigh choked with the deadly stink,
His forces fail, he can no longer fight;
Whose courage when the fiend perceiv'd to shrink,
She poured forth out of her bellish sink
Her fruitful cursed spawn of serpents small,
Deformed monsters, foul, and black as ink;
Which swarming all about his legs did crawl,
And him encumber'd sore, but could not hurt at all.

As gentle shepherd in sweet even tide,
When ruddy Phœbus gins to walk in west,
High on a hill, his flock to viewen wide,
Marks which do bite their hasty supper best;
A cloud of cambrous gnats do him molest
All striving to infix their feeble stings,
That from their noyauos he no where can rest;
But with his clownish hands their tender wings
He brusheth off, and oft doth near their murmuring.
Spenser's "Fairy Queen."

If ever I should want such a fry of little authors to attend me, I shall think my paper in a very decaying condition. They are like ivy about an oak, which adorns the tree at the same time that it eats into it; or like a great man's equipage, that do honour to the person on whom they feed. For my part, when I see myself thus attacked, I do not consider my antagonists as malicious, but hungry; and therefore am resolved never to take any notice of them.

As for those who detract from my labours, without being prompted to it by an empty stomach; in return to their censures, I shall

* Daniel Burgess, the doctor here alluded to, resided, it seems, in the year 1714 at the court of Hanover as secretary and reader to the princess Sophia.

take pains to excel, and never fail to persuade myself, that their enmity is nothing but their envy or ignorance.

Give me leave to conclude, like an old man, and a moralist, with a fable.

The owls, bats, and several other birds of night, were one day got together in a thick shade, where they abused their neighbours in a very sociable manner. Their satire at last fell upon the sun, whom they all agreed to be very troublesome, impertinent, and inquisitive. Upon which, the sun, who overheard them, spoke to them after this manner: 'Gentlemen, I wonder how you dare abuse one that, you know, could in an instant scorch you up, and burn every mother's son of you: but the only answer I shall give you, or the revenge I shall take of you, is, to 'shine on.'

No. 231.] Thursday, September 28, 1710.

From my own Apartment, September 28.

THE following letter has laid before me many great and manifest evils in the world of letters, which I had overlooked; but they open to me a very busy scene, and it will require no small care and application to amend errors which are become so universal. The affectation of politeness is exposed in this epistle with a great deal of wit and discernment; so that whatever discourses I may fall into hereafter upon the subjects the writer treats of, I shall at present lay the matter before the world, without the least alteration from the words of my correspondent.

'To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire.

SIR,

'There are some abuses among us of great consequence, the reformation of which is properly your province; though, as far as I have been conversant in your papers, you have not yet considered them. These are, the deplorable ignorance that for some years hath reigned among our *English* writers, the great depravity of our taste, and the continual corruption of our style. I say nothing here of those who handle particular sciences, divinity, law, physic, and the like; I mean the traders in history, politics, and the *belles lettres*; together with those by whom books are not translated, but, as the common expressions are, *done out* of French, Latin, or other language, and made English. I cannot but observe to you, that until of late years a Grub-street book was always bound in sheep-skin, with suitable print and paper, the price never above a shilling, and taken off wholly by common tradesmen or country pedlars; but now they appear in all sizes and shapes, and in all places. They are handed about from lapfuls in every coffee-

house to persons of quality; are shown in Westminster-hall and the Court of Requests. You may see them gilt, and in royal paper of five or six hundred pages, and rated accordingly. I would engage to furnish you with a catalogue of English books, published within the compass of seven years past, which at the first hand would cost you a hundred pounds, wherein you shall not be able to find ten lines together of common grammar or commonsense.

'These two evils, ignorance and want of taste, have produced a third; I mean the continual corruption of our English tongue, which, without some timely remedy, will suffer more by the false refinements of twenty years past, than it hath been improved in the foregoing hundred. And this is what I design chiefly to enlarge upon, leaving the former evils to your animadversion.

'But, instead of giving you a list of the late refinements crept into our language, I here send you the copy of a letter I received, some time ago, from a most accomplished person in this way of writing; upon which I shall make some remarks. It is in these terms:

"SIR,

"I *cou'd* n't get the things you sent for all about town—I *thot* to *ha* come down myself, and then I *d* h' brót 'em; but I *ha'n't* don't, and I believe I *can't* do't that's *pozz*—Tom † begins to *gi'mself* airs, because *he's* going with the *plenip's*—'Tis said the *French* king will *bamboozl* us *agen*, which causes many speculations. The *Jacks* and others of that *kidney* are very *upphis* and *alert* upon't, as you may see by their *phizz's*—Will Hazard has got the *hipps*, having lost to the tune of five *hund'rd* pound, *tho'* he understands play very well, *no body* better. He has promis't me upon *rep*, to leave off play; but you know 'tis a weakness *he's* too apt to *give into*, *tho'* he has as much wit at any man, *no body* more. He has *lain incog* ever since—The *mob's* very quiet with us now—I believe you *thot* I *bant'er'd* you in my last, like a *country put*—I *shan't* leave town this month, &c."

'This letter is in every point an admirable pattern of the present polite way of writing; nor is it of less authority for being an epistle. You may gather every flower in it, with a thousand more of equal sweetness, from the books, pamphlets, and single papers offered us every day in the coffee houses: and these are the beauties introduced to supply the want of wit, sense, humour, and learning, which formerly were looked upon as qualifications for a writer. If a man of wit, who died forty

* Swift, in one of his letters to Mrs. Johnson, desires to know, whether the English was a *language* or a *tongue*.

† Mr. Thomas Harley is here alluded to.

years ago, were to rise from the grave on purpose, how would he be able to read this letter? and after he had got through that difficulty, how would he be able to understand it? The first thing that strikes your eye, is the breaks at the end of almost every sentence; of which I know not the use, only that it is a refinement, and very frequently practised. Then you will observe the abbreviations and elisions, by which consonants of most obdurate sound are joined together, without one softening vowel to intervene; and all this only to make one syllable of two, directly contrary to the example of the Greeks and Romans, altogether of the Gothic strain, and a natural tendency towards relapsing into barbarity, which delights in monosyllables, and uniting of mute consonants, as it is observable in all the northern languages. And this is still more visible in the next refinement, which consists in pronouncing the first syllable in a word that has many, and dismissing the rest, such as *phizz*, *hipps*, *mob*, *puzz*, *rep*, and many more, when we are already overloaded with monosyllables, which are the disgrace of our language. Thus we cram one syllable, and cut off the rest, as the owl fattened her mice after she had bit off their legs to prevent them from running away; and if ours be the same reason for maiming our words, it will certainly answer the end; for I am sure no other nation will desire to borrow them. Some words are hitherto but fairly split, and therefore only in their way to perfection, as *incog* and *plenipo*: but in a short time, it is to be hoped, they will be further docked to *inc* and *plen*. This reflection has made me of late years very impatient for a peace, which I believe would save the lives of many brave words, as well as men. The war has introduced abundance of polysyllables, which will never be able to live many more campaigns: *speculations*, *operations*, *preliminaries*, *ambassadors*, *pallisades*, *communication*, *circumvallation*, *battalions*; as numerous as they are, if they attack us too frequently in our coffee-houses, we shall certainly put them to flight, and cut off the rear.

The third refinement observable in the letter I send you, consists in the choice of cer-

You might easily find them though they were not in a different print, and therefore I need not disturb them.

‘These are the false refinements in our style which you ought to correct: first, by argument and fair means; but, if those fail, I think you are to make use of your authority as Censor, and by an annual *Index Expurgatorius* expunge all words and phrases that are offensive to good sense, and condemn those barbarous mutilations of vowels and syllables. In this last point the usual pretence is, that they spell as they speak. A noble standard for language! to depend upon the caprice of every coxcomb, who, because words are the clothing of our thoughts, cuts them out and shapes them as he pleases, and changes them oftener than his dress. I believe all reasonable people would be content that such refiners were more sparing in their words, and liberal in their syllables: and upon this head I should be glad you would bestow some advice upon several young readers in our churches, who, coming up from the university full fraught with admiration of our town politeness, will needs correct the style of their prayer-books. In reading the Absolution, they are very careful to say *pardons* and *absolves*; and in the prayer for the royal family, it must be *endue’um*, *enrich’um*, *prosper’um*, and *bring’um*.* Then in their sermons they use all the modern terms of art, *sham*, *banter*, *mob*, *bubble*, *bully*, *cutting*, *shuffling*, and *palming*; all which, and many more of the like stamp, as I have heard them often in the pulpit from such young sophisters, so I have read them in some of “those sermons that have made most noise of late.” The design, it seems, is to avoid the dreadful imputation of pedantry; to show us that they know the town, understand men and manners, and have not been poring upon old unfashionable books in the university.

‘I should be glad to see you the instrument of introducing into our style that simplicity which is the best and truest ornament of most things in life, which the politer ages always aimed at in their building and dress, *simplex munditiis*, as well as their productions of wit. It is manifest that all new affected modes of speech, whether borrowed from the court, the

not offend any present reader, and are much more clear and intelligible than those of sir Harry Wootton, sir Robert Naunton, Osborn, Daniel the historian, and several others who write later; but being men of the court, and affecting the phrases then in fashion, they are often either not to be understood, or appear perfectly ridiculous.

'What remedies are to be applied to these evils I have not room to consider, having, I fear, already taken up most of your paper. Besides, I think it is our office only to represent abuses, and yours to redress them. I am, with great respect, Sir,

'Your, &c.'

No. 231.] *Saturday, September 30, 1710.*

Principia obata— Ovid. Rem. Amor. ver. 91.
Prevent the growing evil— R. Wymne.

From my own Apartment, September 29.

THERE are very many ill habits that might with much ease have been prevented, which, after we have indulged ourselves in them, become incorrigible. We have a sort of proverbial expression, of 'Taking a woman down in her wedding shoes,' if you would bring her to reason. An early behaviour of this sort had a very remarkable good effect in a family wherein I was several years an intimate acquaintance.

A gentleman in Lincolnshire had four daughters, three of which were early married very happily; but the fourth, though no way inferior to any of her sisters, either in person or accomplishments, had, from her infancy, discovered so imperious a temper, usually called a high spirit, that it continually made great uneasiness in the family, became her known character in the neighbourhood, and deterred all her lovers from declaring themselves. However, in process of time, a gentleman of a plentiful fortune and long acquaintance, having observed that quickness of spirit to be her only fault, made his addresses, and obtained her consent in due form. The lawyers finished the writings, in which, by the way, there was no pin-money; and they were married. After a decent time spent in the father's house, the bridegroom went to prepare his seat for her reception. During the whole course of his courtship, though a man of the most equal temper, he had artificially lamented to her, that he was the most passionate creature breathing. By this one intimation, he at once made her understand warmth of temper to be what he ought to pardon in her, as well as that he alarmed her against that constitution in himself. She at the same time thought herself highly obliged by the composed behaviour which he maintained in her presence. Thus

far, he, with great success soothed her from being guilty of violences, and still resolved to give her such a terrible apprehension of his fiery spirit, that she should never dream of giving way to her own. He returned on the day appointed for carrying her home; but, instead of a coach and six horses, together with the gay equipage suitable to the occasion, he appeared without a servant, mounted on the skeleton of a horse, which his huntsman had, the day before, brought in to feast his dogs on the arrival of their new mistress, with a pillion fixed behind, and a case of pistols before him, attended only by a favourite hound. Thus equipped, he, in a very obliging but somewhat positive manner, desired his lady to seat herself on the cushion; which done, away they crawled. The road being obstructed by a gate, the dog was commanded to open it: the poor cur looked up and wagged his tail; but the master, to show the impatience of his temper, drew a pistol, and shot him dead. He had no sooner done it, but he fell into a thousand apologies for his unhappy rashness, and begged as many pardons for his excesses before one for whom he had so profound a respect. Soon after, their steed stumbled, but with some difficulty recovered: however, the bridegroom took occasion to swear, if he frightened his wife so again he would run him through! and alas! the poor animal being now almost tired, made a second trip; immediately on which the careful husband alights, and, with great ceremony, first takes off his lady, then the accoutrements, draws his sword, and saves the huntsman the trouble of killing him: then says to his wife, 'Child pr'ythee take up the saddle,' which she readily did, and tugged it home, where they found all things in the greatest order, suitable to their fortune and the present occasion. Some time after, the father of the lady gave an entertainment to all his daughters and their husbands; where, when the wives were retired, and the gentlemen passing a toast about, our last married man took occasion to observe to the rest of his brethren, how much, to his great satisfaction, he found the world mistaken as to the temper of his lady, for that she was the most meek and humble woman breathing. The applause was received with a loud laugh: but, as a trial which of them would appear the most master at home, he proposed they should all by turns send for their wives down to them. A servant was despatched, and answer was made by one, 'tell him I will come by-and-by;' and another, 'that she would come when the cards were out of her hand;' and so on. But no sooner was her husband's desire whispered in the ear of our last married lady, but the cards were clapped on the table, and down she comes with 'my dear, would you speak with me?' He receives her in his arms, and, after repeated caresses, tells her the experiment, confesses his

good nature, and assures her, that since she could now command her temper, he would no longer disguise his own.

I received the following letter with a dozen of wine, and cannot but do justice to the liquor, and give my testimony, 'That I have tried it upon several of my acquaintance, who were given to impertinent abbreviations, with great success.'

'MR. BICKERSTAFF,

'I send you by this bearer, and not *per* bearer, a dozen of that claret which is to be sold at Garraway's coffee-house, on Thursday the fifth day of October next. I can assure you I have found by experience the efficacy of it, in amending a fault you complain of in your last. The very first draught of it has some effect upon the speech of the drinker, and restores all the letters taken away by the elisions so justly complained of. Will Hazard was cured of his *hypocondria* by three glasses; and the gentleman who gave you an account of his late indisposition, has, in public company, after the first quart, spoke every syllable of the word *plenipotentiary*. 'Your's, &c.'

No. 232.] Tuesday, October 3, 1710.

From my own Apartment, October 2.

I HAVE received the following letter from my unfortunate old acquaintance the upholsterer, who, I observed, had long absented himself from the bench at the upper end of the Mall. Having not seen him for some time, I was in fear I should soon hear of his death; especially since he never appeared, though the noons have been of late pretty warm; and the councils at that place very full from the hour of twelve to three, which the sages of that board employ in conference, while the unthinking part of mankind are eating and drinking for the support of their own private persons, without any regard to the public.

'SIR,

'I should have waited on you very frequently to have discoursed you upon some matters of moment, but that I love to be well informed in the subject upon which I consult my friends, before I enter into debate with them. I have, therefore, with the utmost care and pains, applied myself to the reading all the writings and pamphlets which have come out since the trial, and have studied night and day in order to be master of the whole controversy: but the authors are so numerous, and the state of affairs alters so very fast, that I am now a fortnight behind-hand in my reading, and know only how things stood twelve days ago. I wish you would enter into those useful subjects; for, if I may be allowed to say so, these are not times to jest in. As for my own part, you know very well that I am of a public spirit, and never regarded my own interest, but looked further; and let

me tell you, that while some people are minding only themselves and families, and others are thinking only of their own country, things go on strangely in the north. I foresee very great evils arising from the neglect of transactions at a distance; for which reason I am now writing a letter to a friend in the country, which I design as an answer to the czar of Muscovy's letter to the grand seignior concerning his majesty of Sweden. I have endeavoured to prove, that it is not reasonable to expect that his Swedish majesty should leave Bender without forty thousand men; and I have added to this an apology for the Cossacks. But the matter multiplies upon me, and I grow dim with much writing; therefore desire, if you have an old *green pair* of spectacles, such as you used about your fiftieth year, that you would send them to me; as also that you would please to desire Mr. Morphew to send me in a bushel of coals on the credit of my answer to his czarian majesty; for I design it shall be printed for Morphew, and the weather grows sharp. I shall take it kindly if you would order him also to send me the papers as they come out. If there are no fresh pamphlets published, I compute that I shall know before the end of next month what has been done in town to this day. If it were not for an ill custom lately introduced by a certain author, of talking Latin at the beginning of papers, matters would be in a much clearer light than they are: but, to our comfort, there are solid writers who are not guilty of this pedantry. The Postman writes like an angel. The Moderator is fine reading. It would do you no harm to read the Postboy with attention; he is very deep of late. He is instructive; but I confess a little satirical: a sharp pen! he cares not what he says. The Examiner is admirable, and is become a grave and substantial author. But, above all, I am at a loss how to govern myself in my judgment of those whose whole writings consist in interrogatories: and then the way of answering, by proposing questions as hard to them, is quite as extraordinary. As for my part, I tremble at these novelties; we expose, in my opinion, our affairs too much by it. You may be sure the French king will spare no cost to come at the reading of them. I dread to think if the fable of the blackbirds should fall into his hands. But I shall not venture to say more until I see you. In the mean time, 'I am, &c.'

'P. S. I take the Bender letter in the Examiner to be spurious.'

This unhappy correspondent, whose fantastical loyalty to the king of Sweden has reduced him to this low condition of reason and fortune, would appear much more monstrous in his madness, did we not see crowds very little above his circumstances from the same cause,—a passion to politics.

It is no unpleasant entertainment to consider the commerce even of the sexes interrupted by difference in state affairs. A wench and her gallant parted last week upon the words *unlimited* and *passive*: and there is such a jargon of terms got into the mouths of the very silliest of the women, that you cannot come into a room, even among them, but you find them divided into Whig and Tory. What heightens the humour is, that all the hard words they know, they certainly suppose to be terms useful in the disputes of the parties. I came in this day where two were in very hot debate; and one of them proposed to me to explain to them what was the difference between *circumcision* and *predestination*. You may be sure I was at a loss; but they were too angry at each other to wait for my explanation, and proceeded to lay open the whole state of affairs, instead of the usual topics of dress, gallantry, and scandal.

I have often wondered how it should be possible that this turn to politics should so universally prevail, to the exclusion of every other subject out of conversation; and, upon mature consideration, find it is for want of discourse. Look round you among all the young fellows you meet, and you see those who have the least relish for books, company, or pleasure, though they have no manner or qualities to make them succeed in those pursuits, shall make very passable politicians. Thus the most barren invention shall find enough to say to make one appear an able man in the top coffee houses. It is but adding a certain vehemence in uttering yourself, let the thing you say be never so flat, and you shall be thought a very sensible man, if you were not too hot. As love and honour are the noblest motives of life; so the pretenders to them, without being animated by them, are the most contemptible of all sorts of pretenders. The unjust affectation of any thing that is laudable is ignominious in proportion to the worth of the thing we affect: thus, as love of one's country is the most glorious of all passions, to see the most ordinary tools in a nation ~~show themselves~~ *show themselves* airs that way, without any one

From my own Apartment, October 4.

WHEN the mind has been perplexed with anxious cares and passions, the best method of bringing it to its usual state of tranquillity is, as much as we possibly can, to turn our thoughts to the adversities of persons of higher consideration in virtue and merit than ourselves. By this means all the little incidents of our own lives, if they are unfortunate, seem to be the effect of justice upon our faults and indiscretions. When those whom we know to be excellent, and deserving of a better fate, are wretched, we cannot but resign ourselves, whom most of us know to merit a much worse state than that we are placed in. For such, and many other occasions, there is one admirable relation which one might recommend for certain periods of one's life, to touch, comfort, and improve the heart of man. Tully says somewhere, 'the pleasures of a husbandman are next to those of a philosopher.' In like manner one may say, for methinks they bear the same proportion one to another, the pleasures of humanity are next to those of devotion. In both these latter satisfactions, there is a certain humiliation which exalts the soul above its ordinary state. At the same time that it lessens our value of ourselves, it enlarges our estimation of others. The history I am going to speak of, is that of Joseph in holy writ, which is related with such majestic simplicity, that all the parts of it strike us with strong touches of nature and compassion; and he must be a stranger to both, who can read it with attention, and not be overwhelmed with the vicissitudes of joy and sorrow. I hope it will not be a profanation, to tell it one's own way here, that they, who may be unthinking enough to be more frequently readers of such papers as this, than of sacred writ, may be advertised, that the greatest pleasures the imagination can be entertained with are to be found there, and that even the style of the scriptures is more than human.

Joseph, a beloved child of Israel, became invidious to his elder brethren, for no other rea-

process of time delivered from it, in consideration of his wisdom and knowledge, and made the governor of Pharaoh's house. In this elevation of his fortune, his brothers were sent into Egypt, to buy necessaries of life, in a famine. As soon as they are brought into his presence, he beholds, but he beholds with compassion, the men who had sold him to slavery, approaching him with awe and reverence. While he was looking over his brethren, he takes a resolution to indulge himself in the pleasure of stirring their and his own affections, by keeping himself concealed, and examining into the circumstances of their family. For this end, with an air of severity, as a watchful minister to Pharaoh, he accuses them as spies, who are come into Egypt with designs against the state. This led them into the account which he wanted of them, the condition of their ancient father and little brother whom they had left behind them. When he had learned that his brother was living, he demands the bringing him to Egypt, as a proof of their veracity.

But it would be a vain and empty endeavour to attempt laying this excellent representation of the passions of man in the same colours as they appear in the sacred writ, in any other manner, or almost any other words, than those made use of in the page itself. I am obliged, therefore, to turn my designed narration rather into a comment upon the several parts of that beautiful and passionate scene. When Joseph expects to see Benjamin, how natural and how forcible is the reflection, 'This affliction is come upon us, in that we saw the anguish of our brother's soul without pity!' How moving must it be to Joseph to hear Reuben accuse the rest, that they would not hear what he pleaded in behalf of his innocence and distress! He turns from them, and weeps; but commands his passion so far as to give orders for binding one of them in the presence of the rest, while he at leisure observed their different sentiments and concern in their gesture and countenance. When Benjamin is demanded in bondage for stealing the cup, with what force, and what resignation does Judah address his brother!

'In what words shall I speak to my lord? with what confidence can I say any thing? Our guilt is but too apparent; we submit to our fate. We are my lord's servants, both we and he also with whom the cup is found.' When that is not accepted, how pathetically does he recapitulate the whole story! and, approaching nearer to Joseph, delivers himself as follows; which, if we fix our thoughts upon the relation between the pleader and the judge, it is impossible to read without tears:

'SIR,

'Let me intrude so far upon you, even in the high condition in which you are, and the miserable one in which you see me and my

brethren, to inform you of the circumstances of us unhappy men that prostrate ourselves before you. When we were first examined by you, you enquired (for what reason my lord enquired we know not) but you enquired, whether we had not a father or a brother? We then acquainted you, that we had a father, an old man, who had a child of his old age, and had buried another son, whom he had by the same woman. You were pleased to command us to bring the child he had remaining down to you: we did so; and he has forfeited his liberty. But my father said to us, You know that my wife bare me two sons; one of them was torn in pieces; if mischief befall this also, it will bring my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Accept, therefore, oh my Lord! me for your bondman, and let the lad return with his brethren, that I may not see the evil that shall come on my father.' Here Joseph's passion grew too great for further disguise, and he reveals himself with exclamations of transport and tenderness.

After their recovery from their first astonishment, his brethren were seized with fear for the injuries they had done him; but how generously does he keep them in countenance, and make an apology for them: 'Be not angry with yourselves for selling me hither; call it not so, but think Providence sent me before you to preserve life!'

It would be endless to go through all the beauties of this sacred narrative; but any one who shall read it, at an hour when he is disengaged from all other regards or interests than what arise from it, will feel the alternate passion of a father, a brother, and a son, so warm in him, that they will incline him to exert himself in such of those characters as happen to be his, much above the ordinary course of his life.

No. 234.] *Saturday, October 7, 1710.*

From my own Apartment, October 6.

I HAVE reason to believe, that certain of my contemporaries have made use of an art I some time ago professed, of being often designedly dull; and for that reason shall not exert myself when I see them lazy. He that has so much to struggle with, as the man who pretends to censure others, must keep up his fire for an onset, and may be allowed to carry his arms a little carelessly upon an ordinary march. This paper therefore shall be taken up by my correspondents, two of which have sent me the two following plain, but sensible and honest letters, upon subjects no less important than those of Education and Devotion.

'SIR,

'I am an old man retired from all acquaintance with the town, but what I have from

your papers, not the worst entertainment of my solitude; yet being still a well wisher to my country, and the commonwealth of learning (*à qua confiteor nullam àtatis mee partem abhorruisse*;) and hoping the plain phrase in writing that was current in my younger days would have lasted for my time, I was startled at the picture of modern politeness, transmitted by your ingenious correspondent, and grieved to see our sterling English language fallen into the hands of clippers and coiners. That mutilated epistle, consisting of *hippo, reps*, and such like enormous curtailings, was a mortifying spectacle, but with the reserve of comfort to find this and other abuses of our mother tongue so pathetically complained of, and to the proper person for redressing them, the Censor of Great Britain.

‘He had before represented the deplorable ignorance that for several years past has reigned amongst our English writers, the great depravity of our taste, and continual corruption of our style. But, sir, before you give yourself the trouble of prescribing remedies for these distempers, which you own will require the greatest care and application, give me leave, having long had my eye upon these mischiefs, and thoughts exercised about them, to mention what I humbly conceive to be the cause of them, and in your friend Horace’s words, *Quo fonte derivata clades in patriam populumque fluxit*.

‘I take our corrupt ways of writing to proceed from the mistakes and wrong measures in our common methods of education, which I always looked upon as one of our national grievances, and a singularity that renders us, no less than our situation,

———*Pœnitas toto divisos orbe Britannos.*
Virg. 1 Ecl. 67.

A race of men from all the world disjoint’d.
Dryden.

‘This puts me upon consulting the most celebrated critics on that subject, to compare our practice with their precepts, and find where it was that we came short, or went wide.

‘But after all I found our case required something more than these doctors had directed, and the principal defect of our English discipline to lie in the initiatory part, which, although it needs the greatest care and skill, is usually left to the conduct of those blind guides, viz. Chance and Ignorance.

‘I shall trouble you with but a single instance, pursuant to what your sagacious friend has said, that he could furnish you with a catalogue of English books, which would cost you a hundred pounds at first hand, wherein you could not find ten lines together of common grammar; which is a necessary consequence of our mismanagement in that province.

‘For can any thing be more absurd than our way of proceeding in this part of literature?

to push tender wits into the intricate mazes of grammar, and a *Latin* grammar? to learn an unknown art by an unknown tongue? to carry them a dark round-about way to let them in at a back-door? Whereas by teaching them first the grammar of their mother-tongue, so easy to be learned, their advance to the grammars of Latin and Greek would be gradual and easy; but our precipitate way of hurrying them over such a gulf, before we have built them a bridge to it, is a shock to their weak understandings, which they seldom, or very late, recover. In the mean time we wrong nature, and slander infants, who want neither capacity nor will to learn, until we put them upon service beyond their strength; and then indeed we balk them.

‘The liberal arts and sciences are all beautiful as the graces; nor has Grammar, the severe mother of all, so frightful a face of her own; it is the vizard put upon it that scares children. She is made to speak hard words, that to them sound like conjuring. Let her talk intelligibly, and they will listen to her.

‘In this, I think, as on other accounts, we show ourselves true Britons, always overlooking our natural advantages. It has been the practice of the wisest nations to learn their own language by stated rules, to avoid the confusion that would follow from leaving it to vulgar use. Our English tongue, says a learned man, is the most determinate in its construction, and reducible to the fewest rules; whatever language has less grammar in it, is not intelligible; and whatever has more, all that it has more is superfluous; for which reasons he would have it made the foundation of learning Latin, and all other languages.

‘To speak and write without absurdity the language of one’s country is commendable in persons of all stations, and to some indispensably necessary; and to this purpose I would recommend, above all things, the having a grammar of our mother-tongue first taught in our schools, which would facilitate our youths learning their Latin and Greek grammars, with spare time for arithmetic, astronomy, cosmography, history, &c. that would make them pass the spring of their life with profit and pleasure, that is now miserably spent in grammatical perplexities.

‘But here, methinks, I see the reader smile, and ready to ask me, as the lawyer did sexton Diego on his bequeathing rich legacies to the poor of the parish, Where are these mighty sums to be raised? Where is there such a grammar to be had? I will not answer as he did, “Even where your worship pleases.” No, it is our good fortune to have such a grammar, with notes, now in the press, and to be published next term.

‘I hear it is a chargeable work, and wish the publisher to have customers of all that have

need of such a book ; yet fancy that he cannot be much a sufferer, if it is only bought by all that have more need for it than they think they have.

'A certain author brought a poem to Mr. Cowley, for his perusal and judgment of the performance, which he demanded at the next visit with a poetaster's assurance ; and Mr. Cowley, with his usual modesty, desired that he would be pleased to look a little to the grammar of it. "To the grammar of it! what do you mean, sir, would you send me to school again?" "Why, Mr. H—, would it do you any harm?"

This put me on considering how this voyage of literature may be made with more safety and profit, expedition and delight ; and at last, for completing so good a service, to request your directions in so deplorable a case ; hoping that, as you have had compassion on our overgrown cocoons in concerns of less consequence, you will exert your charity towards innocents, and vouchsafe to be guardian to the children and youth of Great Britain in this important affair of education, wherein mistakes and wrong measures have so often occasioned their aversion to books, that had otherwise proved the chief ornament and pleasure of their life. I am, with sincerest respect, Sir,

'Yours, &c.'

'MR. BICKERSTAFF, St. Clements, Oct. 5.

'I observe, as the season begins to grow cold, so does people's devotion ; insomuch, that instead of filling the churches, that united zeal might keep one warm there, one is left to freeze in almost bare walls by those who in hot weather are troublesome the contrary way. This, sir, needs a regulation that none but you can give to it, by causing those who absent themselves on account of weather only this winter-time, to pay the apothecaries' bills occasioned by coughs, catarrhs, and other distempers, contracted by sitting in empty seats. Therefore, to you I apply myself for redress, having gotten such a cold on Sunday was sevennight, that has brought me almost to your worship's age from sixty, within less than a fortnight. 'I am,

'Your worship's in all obedience,

'W. E.'

than that unequal love by which parents distinguish their children from each other. Sometimes vanity and self-love appear to have a share towards this effect ; and in other instances I have been apt to attribute it to mere instinct : but, however that is, we frequently see the child, that has been beholden to neither of these impulses in his parents, in spite of being neglected, snubbed, and thwarted at home, acquire a behaviour which makes him as agreeable to all the rest of the world, as that of every one else of their family is to each other. I fell into this way of thinking from an intimacy which I have with a very good house in our neighbourhood, where there are three daughters of a very different character and genius. The eldest has a great deal of wit and cunning ; the second has good sense, but no artifice ; the third has much vivacity, but little understanding. The first is a fine, but scornful woman ; the second is not charming, but very winning ; the third is no way commendable, but very desirable. The father of these young creatures was ever a great pretender to wit, the mother a woman of as much coquetry. This turn in the parents has biased their affections towards their children. The old man supposes the eldest of his own genius ; and the mother looks upon the youngest as herself renewed. By this means, all the lovers that approach the house are discarded by the father for not observing Mrs. Mary's wit and beauty ; and by the mother, for being blind to the mien and air of Mrs. Biddy. Come never so many pretenders, they are not suspected to have the least thought of Mrs. Betty, the middle daughter. Betty, therefore, is mortified into a woman of a great deal of merit, and knows she must depend on that only for her advancement. The middlemost is thus the favourite of all her acquaintance, as well as mine ; while the other two carry a certain insolence about them in all conversations, and expect the partiality which they meet with at home to attend them wherever they appear. So little do parents understand that they are, of all people, the least judges of their children's merit, that what they reckon such is seldom any thing else but a repetition of their own faults and infirmities.

There is, methinks, some excuse for being particular, when one of the offspring has any defect in nature. In this case, the child, if we may so speak, is so much the longer the child

her own children, but prefers them to those of all the world beside. My lady is a perfect hen in the care of her brood; she fights and squabbles with all that appear where they come, but is wholly unbiassed in dispensing her favours among them. It is no small pains she is at to defame all the young women in her neighbourhood, by visits, whispers, intimations, and hearsays; all which she ends with thanking heaven, 'that no one living is so blessed with such obedient and well-inclined children as herself. Perhaps,' says she, 'Betty cannot dance like Mrs. Frontinet, and it is no great matter whether she does or not; but she comes into a room with a good grace; though she says it that should not, she looks like a gentlewoman. Then, if Mrs. Rebecca is not so talkative as the mighty wit Mrs. Clapper, yet she is discreet, she knows better what she says when she does speak. If her wit be slow, her tongue never runs before it.' This kind parent lifts up her eyes and hands in congratulation of her own good fortune, and is maliciously thankful that none of her girls are like any of her neighbours; but this preference of her own to all others is grounded upon an impulse of nature; while those, who like one before another of their own are so unpardonably unjust, that it could hardly be equalled in the children, though they preferred all the rest of the world to such parents. It is no unpleasant entertainment to see a ball at a dancing-school, and observe the joy of relations when the young ones, for whom they are concerned, are in motion. You need not be told whom the dancers belong to. At their first appearance, the passions of their parents are in their faces, and there is always a nod of approbation stolen at a good step or a graceful turn.

I remember, among all my acquaintance, but one man whom I have thought to live with his children with equanimity and a good grace. He had three sons and one daughter, whom he bred with all the care imaginable in a liberal and ingenuous way. I have often heard him say, 'he had the weakness to love one much better than the other, but that he took as much pains to correct that as any other criminal passion that could arise in his mind.' His method was, to make it the only pretension in his children to his favour, to be kind to each other; and he would tell them, 'that he who was the best brother, he would reckon the best son.' This turned their thoughts into an emulation for the superiority in kind and tender affection towards each other. The boys behaved themselves very early with a manly friendship; and their sister, instead of the gross familiarities, and impertinent freedoms in behaviour usual in other houses, was always treated by them with as much complaisance as any other young lady of their acquaintance.

It was an unspeakable pleasure to visit, or sit at a meal, in that family. I have often seen the old man's heart flow at his eyes with joy, upon occasions which would appear indifferent to such as were strangers to the turn of his mind; but a very slight accident, wherein he saw his children's good-will to one another, created in him the god-like pleasure of loving them because they loved each other. This great command of himself, in hiding his first impulse to partiality, at last improved to a steady justice towards them; and that, which at first was but an expedient to correct his weakness, was afterwards the measure of his virtue.

The truth of it is, those parents who are interested in the care of one child more than that of another, no longer deserve the name of parents, but are, in effect, as childish as their children, in having such unreasonable and un-governed inclinations. A father of this sort has degraded himself into one of his own offspring for none but a child would take part in the passions of children.

No. 236.] Thursday, October 12, 1710.

Nescio quâ natale solum dulcescit mentem
Tangit, et immemorem non sinet esse sui.

Ovid.

A nameless fondness for our native clime
Triumphs o'er change, and all-devouring time,
Our next regards our friends and kindred claim;
And every bosom feels the sympathetic flame.

R. Wymne.

From my own Apartment, October 11.

I FIND in the registers of my family, that the branch of the Bickerstaffs, from which I am descended, came originally out of Ireland. This has given me a kind of natural affection for that country. It is therefore with pleasure that I see not only some of the greatest warriors, but also of the greatest wits, to be natives of that kingdom. The gentleman who writes the following letter is one of these last. The matter of fact contained in it is literally true, though the diverting manner in which it is told may give it the colour of a fable.

*'To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, at his house
in Great Britain.*

'SIR,

Dublin.

'Finding by several passages in your Tatlers that you are a person curious in natural knowledge, I thought it would not be unacceptable to you to give you the following history of the migration of frogs into this country. There is an ancient tradition among the wild philosophers of this kingdom, that the whole island was once as much infested by frogs, as that wherein Whittington made his fortune, was by mice. Insomuch that it is said, Macdonald the First, could no more sleep, by reason of these Dutch nightingales, as they are called at

Paris, than Pharaoh could when they croaked in his bed-chamber. It was in the reign of this great monarch, that St. Patrick arrived in Ireland, being as famous for destroying vermin as any rat-catcher of our times. If we may believe the tradition, he killed more in one day than a flock of storks could have done in a twelvemonth. From that time, for about five hundred years, there was not a frog to be heard in Ireland, notwithstanding the bogs still remained, which in former ages had been so plentifully stocked with those inhabitants.

When the arts began to flourish in the reign of King Charles II. and that great monarch had placed himself at the head of the Royal Society, to lead them forward into the discoveries of nature, it is said, that several proposals were laid before his majesty, for the importing of frogs into Ireland. In order to it, a virtuoso of known abilities was unanimously elected by the society, and intrusted with the whole management of that affair. For this end he took along with him a sound able-bodied frog, of a strong hale constitution, that had given proofs of his vigour by several leaps that he made before that learned body. They took ship, and sailed together until they came within sight of the hill of Howth, before the frog discovered any symptoms of being indisposed by his voyage: but, as the wind chopped about, and began to blow from the Irish coast, he grew sea-sick, or rather land-sick; for his learned companion ascribed it to the particles of the soil with which the wind was impregnated. He was confirmed in his conjecture, when, upon the wind's turning about, his fellow-traveller sensibly recovered, and continued in good health until his arrival upon the shore, where he suddenly relapsed, and expired upon a Ring's-end car in his way to Dublin. The same experiment was repeated several times in that reign, but to no purpose. A frog was never known to take three leaps upon Irish turf, before he stretched himself out, and died.

Whether it were that the philosophers on this side the water despaired of stocking the island with this useful animal, or whether, in the following reign, it was not thought proper to undo the miracle of a popish saint; I do not hear of any further progress made in this affair until about two years after the battle of the Boyne.*

It was then that an ingenious physician, to the honour as well as improvement of his native country,† performed what the English had

been so long attempting in vain. This learned man, with the hazard of his life, made a voyage to Liverpool, where he filled several barrels with the choicest spawn of frogs that could be found in those parts. This cargo he brought over very carefully, and afterward disposed of it in several warm beds, that he thought most capable of bringing it to life. The doctor was a very ingenious physician and a very good protestant; for which reason to show his zeal against popery, he placed some of the most promising spawn in the very fountain that is dedicated to the saint, and known by the name of Saint Patrick's well, where these animals had the impudence to make their first appearance. They have, since that time, very much increased and multiplied in all the neighbourhood of this city. We have here some curious enquirers into natural history, who observe their motions with a design to compute in how many years they will be able to hop from Dublin to Wexford; though, as I am informed, not one of them has yet passed the mountains of Wicklow.

I am further informed, that several graziers of the county of Cork have entered into a project of planting a colony in those parts, at the instance of the French protestants; and I know not but the same design may be on foot in other parts of the kingdom, if the wisdom of the British nation do not think fit to prohibit the further importation of English frogs.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant, T. B.

There is no study more becoming a rational creature than that of natural philosophy; but, as several of our modern virtuosi manage it, their speculations do not so much tend to open and enlarge the mind, as to contract and fix it upon trifles.

This in England is in a great measure owing to the worthy elections that are so frequently made in our Royal Society. They seem to be in a confederacy against men of polite genius, noble thought, and diffusive learning; and choose into their assemblies such as have no pretence to wisdom, but want of wit; or to natural knowledge, but ignorance of every thing else. I have made observations in this matter so long, that when I meet with a young fellow that is an humble admirer of these sciences, but more dull than the rest of the company, I conclude him to be a Fellow of the Royal Society.

No. 237.] Saturday, October 14, 1710.

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora.

Of bodies chang'd to various forms I sing. Dryden.

From my own Apartment, October 13.

COMING home last night before my usual hour, I took a book into my hand, in order to

* The battle of the Boyne was fought July 1, 1690.

† Sir Hans Sloane, who was of Scotch extraction, but a native of Ireland, seems to be the ingenious physician alluded to here; but the hazardous voyage to Liverpool seems rather a stroke of humour than a matter of fact; or, perhaps, it is an allusion to the doctor's voyage to Jamaica, ridiculed by Dr. William King, in his whimsical tract, intitled, 'A Voyage to the Island of Cajamal.'

divert myself with it until bed-time. Milton chanced to be my author, whose admirable poem of 'Paradise Lost' serves at once to fill the mind with pleasing ideas, and with good thoughts, and was therefore the most proper book for my purpose. I was amusing myself with that beautiful passage in which the poet represents Eve sleeping by Adam's side, with the devil sitting at her ear, and inspiring evil thoughts, under the shape of a toad. Ithuriel, one of the guardian angels of the place, walking his nightly rounds, saw the great enemy of mankind hid in this loathsome animal, which he touched with his spear. This spear being of a celestial temper, had such a secret virtue in it, that whatever it was applied to, immediately flung off all disguise, and appeared in its natural figure. I am afraid the reader will not pardon me, if I content myself with explaining the passage in prose, without giving it in the author's own inimitable words:

On he led his radiant files,
Dazzling the morn. These to the bower direct,
In search of whom they sought. Him there they found,
Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve;
Easying by his devilish art to reach
The organs of her fancy, and with them forge
Illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams;
Or it, inspiring venom, he might taint
The animal spirits (that from pure blood arise
Like gentle breaths from rivers pure,) thence raise
At least distemper'd, discontented thoughts,
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,
Blown up with high conceits, engendering pride.
Him, thus intent, Ithuriel with his spear
Touch'd lightly; for no falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
Of force to his own likeness. Up he starts
Discover'd and surpris'd. As when a spark
Lights on a heap of nitrons powder, laid
Fit for the tun, some magazine to store
Against a rumour'd war, the smutty grain,
With sudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the air;
So started up in his own shape the fiend.

I could not forbear thinking how happy a man would be in the possession of this spear; or what an advantage it would be to a minister of state were he master of such a white staff. It would help him to discover his friends from his enemies, men of abilities from pretenders: it would hinder him from being imposed upon by appearances and professions; and might be made use of as a kind of state-test, which no artifice could elude.

These thoughts made very lively impressions on my imagination, which were improved, instead of being defaced, by sleep, and produced in me the following dream: I was no sooner fallen asleep, but methought the angel Ithuriel appeared to me, and, with a smile that still added to his celestial beauty, made me a present of the spear which he held in his hand, and disappeared. To make trials of it, I went into a place of public resort.

The first person that passed by me, was a lady that had a particular shyness in the cast of her eye, and a more than ordinary reserved-

ness in all the parts of her behaviour. She seemed to look upon man as an obscene creature, with a certain scorn and fear of him. In the height of her airs I touched her gently with my wand, when, to my unspeakable surprise, she fell in such a manner as made me blush in my sleep. As I was hasting away from this undisguised prude, I saw a lady in earnest discourse with another, and overheard her say, with some vehemence, 'Never tell me of him, for I am resolved to die a virgin!' I had a curiosity to try her; but, as soon as I laid my wand upon her head, she immediately fell in labour. My eyes were diverted from her by a man and his wife, who walked near me hand in hand after a very loving manner. I gave each of them a gentle tap, and the next instant saw the woman in breeches, and the man with a fan in his hand. It would be tedious to describe the long series of metamorphoses that I entertained myself with in my night's adventure, of whigs disguised in tories, and tories in whigs; men in red coats, that denounced terror in their countenances, trembling at the touch of my spear; others in black, with peace in their mouths, but swords in their hands. I could tell stories of noblemen changed into usurers, and magistrates into beadles; of free-thinkers into penitents, and reformers into whore-masters. I must not, however, omit the mention of a grave citizen who passed by me with a huge clasped bible under his arm, and a band of a most immoderate breadth; but, upon a touch on the shoulder, he let drop his book, and fell a-picking my pocket.

In the general I observed, that those who appeared good, often disappointed my expectations; but that, on the contrary, those who appeared very bad, still grew worse upon the experiment; as the toad in Milton, which one would have thought the most deformed part of the creation, at Ithuriel's stroke became more deformed, and started up into a devil.

Among all the persons that I touched, there was but one who stood the test of my wand; and, after many repetitions of the stroke, stuck to his form, and remained steady and fixed in his first appearance. This was a young man, who boasted of foul distempers, wild debauches, insults upon holy men, and affronts to religion.

My heart was extremely troubled at this vision. The contemplation of the whole species, so entirely sunk in corruption, filled my mind with a melancholy that is inexpressible, and my discoveries still added to my affliction.

In the midst of these sorrows which I had in my heart, methought there passed by me a couple of coaches with purple liveries. There sat in each of them a person with a very venerable aspect. At the appearance of them the people, who were gathered round me in great multitudes, divided into parties, as they were disposed to favour either of those reverend per-

sons. The enemies of one of them begged me to touch him with my wand, and assured me I should see his lawn converted into a cloak. The opposite party told me with as much assurance, that if I laid my wand upon the other, I should see his garments embroidered with flower-de-luces, and his head covered with a cardinal's hat. I made the experiment, and, to my great joy, saw them both without any change, distributing their blessings to the people, and praying for those who had reviled them. Is it possible, thought I, that good men, who are so few in number, should be divided among themselves, and give better quarter to the vicious than are in their party, than the most strictly virtuous who are out of it? Are the ties of faction above those of religion?—I was going on in my soliloquies, but some sudden accident awakened me, when I found my hand grasped, but my spear gone. The reflection on so very odd a dream made me figure to myself, what a strange face the world would bear, should all mankind appear in their proper shapes and characters, without hypocrisy and disguise? I am afraid the earth we live upon would appear to other intellectual beings no better than a planet peopled with monsters. This should, methinks, inspire us with an honest ambition of recommending ourselves to those invisible spies, and of being what we would appear. There was one circumstance in my foregoing dream, which I at first intended to conceal; but, upon second thoughts, I cannot look upon myself as a candid and impartial historian, if I do not acquaint my reader, that upon taking Ithuriel's spear into my hand, though I was before an old decrepit fellow, I appeared a very handsome, jolly, black man. But I know my enemies will say this is praising my own beauty, for which reason I will speak no more of it.

No. 238.] Tuesday, October 17, 1710.

Poëtica surgit

Tempestas

Juv. Sat. xli. 23.

Thus dreadful rises the poetic storm. R. Wynne.

From my own Apartment, October 16.

STORMS at sea are so frequently described by the ancient poets, and copied by the moderns, that whenever I find the winds begin to rise in a new heroic poem, I generally skip a leaf or two until I come into fair weather. Virgil's tempest is a master-piece in this kind, and is indeed so naturally drawn, that one who has made a voyage can scarce read it without being sea-sick. Land-showers are no less frequent among the poets than the former, but I remember none of them which have not fallen in the country; for which reason they are generally filled with the lowings of oxen, and the

bleatings of sheep, and very often embellished with a rainbow.

Virgil's land-shower is likewise the best in its kind.* It is indeed a shower of consequence, and contributes to the main design of the poem, by cutting off a tedious ceremonial, and bringing matters to a speedy conclusion between two potentates of different sexes. My ingenious kinsman, Mr. Humphrey Wagstaff, who treats of every subject after a manner that no other author has done, and better than any other can do, has sent me the description of a city-shower. I do not question but the reader remember's my cousin's description of the morning as it breaks in town, which is printed in the ninth Tatler, and is another exquisite piece of this local poetry.

Careful observers may foretell the hour
(By sure prognostics) when to dread a shower;
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more.
Returning home at night, you'll find the sink
Strike your offended sense with double stink.
If you be wise, then go not far to dine,
You'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine.
A coming shower your shooting corns preage,
Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage.
Sauntering in coffee-house is Daimon seen;
He damns the climate, and complains of spleen.
Meanwhile the south, rising with dabbled wings,
A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
That swill'd more liquor than it could contain,
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
While the first drizzling shower is borne alope:
Such is that sprinkling which some careless queen
Flirts on yon from her mop, but not so clean.
You fly, invoke the gods; then, turning, stop
To rail; she, singing, still whirls on her mop.
Not yet the dust had shunn'd th' unequal strike,
But, aided by the wind, fought still for life,
And, wafted with its foe by violent gust,
Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was dust.
Ah! where must needy poet seek for aid,
When dust and rain at once his coat invade?
His only coat, where dust, confus'd with rain,
Roughens the nap, and leaves a mingled stain?†

Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threatening with deluge this devoted town.
To shops in crowds the daggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The templer spruce, while every spot's abroach,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.
The tack'd-up sempstress walks with hasty strides,
While streams run down her oil'd umbrella's sides.
Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.
† Triumphant Tories and desponding Whigs
Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
Box'd in a chair, the beam impatient sks,
While spoons run clattering o'er the roof by fits;
And ever-and-anon with frightful din
The leather sounds; he trembles from within.
So when Troy-chairmen bore the wooden steed,
Preguant with Greeks impatient to be freed
(Those bulky Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
Instead of paying chairmen, run them through,)
Laocoon struck the outside with his spear,
And each imprison'd hero quak'd for fear.
Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go:

* Altered, when Pope published the *Miscellanies*, thus:

† Sole coat; where dust cemented by the rain

† Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy stain.

† Written in the first year of the earl of Oxford's ministry.

Fish of all hues and odours seem to tell,
 What street they sail'd from, by their sight and smell.
 They, as each torrent drives, with rapid force,
 From Smithfield or St. Paul's shape their course,
 And in huge confluent join'd at Snow-hill ridge,
 Fall from the conduit, prone to Holborn-bridge.
 Sweepings from butchers stalls, dung, guts, and blood,
 Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd in mud,
 Dead cats and turnip-tops come tumbling down the flood.*

No. 239.] Thursday, October 19, 1710.

—— Mœcum cœtasse feretor ?
 (Ovid. Met. xiii. 20.)
 Shall he contend with me to get a name ?
 R. WYNN.

From my own Apartment, October 18.

IT is ridiculous for any man to criticise on the works of another, who has not distinguished himself by his own performances. A judge would make but an indifferent figure who had never been known at the bar. Cicero was reputed the greatest orator of his age and country, before he wrote a book 'De Oratore'; and Horace the greatest poet, before he published his 'Art of Poetry.' This observation arises naturally in any one who casts his eye upon this last-mentioned author, where he will find the criticisms placed in the latter end of his book, that is, after the finest odes and satires in the Latin tongue.

A modern, whose name I shall not mention, because I would not make a silly paper sell, was born a *Critic* and an *Examiner*, and, like one of the race of the serpent's teeth, came into the world with a sword in his hand. His works put me in mind of the story that is told of the German monk, who was taking a catalogue of a friend's library, and, meeting with a Hebrew book in it, entered it under the title of, 'A book that has the beginning where the end should be.' This author, in the last of his crudities, has amassed together a heap of quotations, to prove that Horace and Virgil were both of them modester men than myself; and if his works were to live as long as mine, they might possibly give posterity a notion, that Isaac Bickerstaff was a very conceited old fellow, and as vain a man as either Tully or sir Francis Bacon. Had this serious writer fallen upon me only, I could have overlooked it; but to see Cicero abused is, I must confess, what I cannot bear. The censure he passes upon

The scurrilous wretch goes on to say, that I am as bad as Tully. His words are these: 'And yet the Tatler, in his paper of September the twenty-sixth, has outdone him in both. He speaks of himself with more arrogance, and with more insolence of others.' I am afraid, by his discourse, this gentleman has no more read Plutarch than he has Tully. If he had, he would have observed a passage in that historian, wherein he has, with great delicacy, distinguished between two passions which are usually complicated in human nature, and which an ordinary writer would not have thought of separating. Not having my Greek spectacles by me, I shall quote the passage word for word as I find it translated to my hand. 'Nevertheless, though he was intemperately fond of his own praise, yet he was very free from envying others, and most liberally profuse in commending both the ancients and his contemporaries, as is to be understood by his writings; and many of those sayings are still recorded, as that concerning Aristotle, "that he was a river of flowing gold:" of Plato's dialogue, "that if Jupiter were to speak, he would discourse as he did." Theophrastus he was wont to call his peculiar delight; and being asked, "which of Demosthenes his orations he liked best?" He answered, "*The longest.*"

'And as for the eminent men of his own time, either for eloquence or philosophy, there was not one of them which he did not, by writing or speaking favourably of, render more illustrious.'

Thus the critic tells us, that Cicero was excessively vain-glorious and abusive; Plutarch, that he was vain, but not abusive. Let the reader believe which of them he pleases.

After this he complains to the world, that I call him names, and that, in my passion, I said he was a flea, a louse, an owl, a bat, a small wit, a scribbler, and a nibbler. When he has thus bespoken his reader's pity, he falls into that admirable vein of mirth, which I shall set down at length, it being an exquisite piece of raillery, and written in great gayety of heart. 'After this list of names,' viz. flea, louse, owl, bat, &c. 'I was surprised to hear him say, that he has hitherto kept his temper pretty well; I wonder how he will write when he has lost his temper! I suppose, as he is

thing extraordinary, that he scarce knows what he would be; and is as fruitful in his similes as a brother of his whom I lately took notice of. In the compass of a few lines he compares himself to a fox, to Daniel Burgess, to the Knight of the Red Cross, to an oak with ivy about it, and to a great man with an equipage.* I think myself as much honoured by being joined in this part of his paper with the gentleman whom he here calls my brother, as I am in the beginning of it, by being mentioned with Horace and Virgil.

It is very hard that a man cannot publish ten papers without stealing from himself; but to show you that this is only a knack of writing, and that the author is got into a certain road of criticism, I shall set down his remarks on the works of the gentleman whom he here glances upon, as they stand in his sixth paper, and desire the reader to compare them with the foregoing passage upon mine.

'In thirty lines his patron is a river, the *primum mobile*, a pilot, a victim, the sun, any thing, and nothing. He bestows increase, conceals his source, makes the machine move, teaches to steer, expiates our offences, raises vapours, and looks larger as he sets.'

What poem can be safe from this sort of criticism? I think I was never in my life so much offended, as at a wag whom I once met with in a coffee-house. He had in his hand one of the '*Miscellanies*,' and was reading the following short copy of verses, which, without flattery to the author, is, I think, as beautiful in its kind as any one in the English tongue! *

Flavia the least and slightest toy
Can with resistless art employ.
This *fan* in meaner hands would prove
An engine of small force in love;
But she, with such an air and mien,
Not to be told, or safely seen,
Directs its wanton motions so,
That it wounds more than Cupid's bow;
Gives coolness to the matchless dame,
'To every other breast a flame.

When this coxcomb had done reading them, 'Hey-day!' says he, 'what instrument is this that Flavia employs in such a manner as is not to be told, nor safely seen? In ten lines it is a toy, a cupid's bow, a fan, and an engine in love. It has wanton motions, it wounds, it cools, and inflames.'

Such criticisms make a man of sense sick, and a fool merry.

The next paragraph of the paper we are talking of, falls upon some body whom I am at a loss to guess at: but I find the whole invective turns upon a man who, it seems, has been imprisoned for debt. Whoever he was,

I most heartily pity him; but at the same time must put the Examiner in mind, that notwithstanding he is a critic, he still ought to remember he is a Christian. Poverty was never thought a proper subject for ridicule; and I do not remember that I ever met with a satire upon a beggar.

As for those little retortings of my own expressions, of 'being dull by design, witty in October, shining, excelling,' and so forth; they are the common cavils of every witling, who has no other method of showing his parts, but by little variations and repetitions of the man's words whom he attacks.

But the truth of it is, the paper before me, not only in this particular, but in its very essence, is like Ovid's Echo,

—Que nec reticere loquenti,
Nec prior ipsa loqui dicitur— Ovid. Met. iii. 357.
She who in other's words her silence breaks,
Nor speaks herself but when another speaks. Addison.

I should not have deserved the character of a Censor, had I not animadverted upon the above-mentioned author, by a gentle chastisement: but I know my reader will not pardon me, unless I declare, that nothing of this nature for the future, unless it be written with some wit, shall divert me from my care of the public.

No. 240.] Saturday, October 21, 1710.

Ad populum phaleras.— Pers. Sat. iii. 30.
Such pageantry be to the people shown:
There boast thy horse's trappings, and thy own.
Dryden.

From my own Apartment, October 20.

I do not remember that in any of my lucubrations I have touched upon that useful science of physic, notwithstanding I have declared myself more than once a professor of it. I have indeed joined the study of astrology with it, because I never knew a physician recommend himself to the public, who had not a sister art to embellish his knowledge in medicine. It has been commonly observed, in compliment to the ingenious of our profession, that Apollo was god of verse as well as physic; and, in all ages, the most celebrated practitioners of our country were the particular favourites of the muses. Poetry to physic is indeed like the gilding to a pill; it makes the art shine, and covers the severity of the doctor with the agreeableness of the companion.

The very foundation of poetry is good sense, if we may allow Horace to be a judge of the art.

Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons.
Hor. Ars Poet. 309.
Such judgment is the ground of writing well.
Rascommon.

And if so, we have reason to believe, that the same man who writes well can prescribe well,

* Dr. Atterbury was the author of this copy of verses; and it has been commonly believed, that Mrs. Anne Oldfield was the lady here celebrated.

if he has applied himself to the study of both. Besides, when we see a man making profession of two different sciences, it is natural for us to believe he is no pretender in that which we are not judges of, when we find him skilful in that which we understand.

Ordinary quacks and charlatans are thoroughly sensible how necessary it is to support themselves by these collateral assistances, and therefore always lay their claims to some supernumerary accomplishments, which are wholly foreign to their profession.

About twenty years ago it was impossible to walk the streets without having an advertisement thrust into your hand, of a doctor, 'who had arrived at the knowledge of the green and red dragon, and had discovered the female feru-seed.' Nobody ever knew what this meant; but the green and red dragon so amused the people, that the doctor lived very comfortably upon them. About the same time there was pasted a very hard word upon every corner of the streets. This, to the best of my remembrance, was,

TETRACHYMAGOGON,

which drew great shoals of spectators about it, who read the bill that it introduced with unspeakable curiosity; and, when they were sick, would have nobody but this learned man for their physician.

I once received an advertisement of one 'who had studied thirty years by candle-light for the good of his countrymen.' He might have studied twice as long by day-light, and never have been taken notice of. But lucubrations cannot be over-valued. There are some who have gained themselves great reputation for physic by their birth, as the 'seventh son of a seventh son'; and others by not being born at all, as the *unborn doctor*, who, I hear, is lately gone the way of his patients; having died worth five hundred pounds per annum, though he was not born to a halfpenny.

My ingenious friend doctor Saffold succeeded my old contemporary doctor Lilly, in the studies both of physic and astrology, to which he added that of poetry, as was to be seen both upon the

other, faced with patents, certificates, medals, and great seals, by which the several princes of Europe have testified their particular respect and esteem for the doctor. Every great man with a sounding title has been his patient. I believe I have seen twenty mountebanks that have given physic to the czar of Muscovy. The great duke of Tuscany escapes no better. The elector of Brandenburg was likewise a very good patient.

This great condescension of the doctor draws upon him much good will from his audience; and it is ten to one, but if any of them be troubled with an aching tooth, his ambition will prompt him to get it drawn by a person who has had so many princes, kings, and emperors, under his hands.

I must not leave this subject without observing, that as physicians are apt to deal in poetry, apothecaries endeavour to recommend themselves by oratory, and are therefore, without controversy, the most eloquent persons in the whole British nation. I would not willingly discourage any of the arts, especially that of which I am an humble professor; but I must confess, for the good of my native country, I could wish there might be a suspension of physic for some years, that our kingdom, which has been so much exhausted by the wars, might have leave to recruit itself.

As for myself, the only physic which has brought me safe to almost the age of man, and which I prescribe to all my friends, is *abstinence*. This is certainly the best physic for prevention, and very often the most effectual against a present distemper. In short, my recipe is, 'take nothing.'

Were the body politic to be physicked like particular persons, I should venture to prescribe to it after the same manner. I remember when our whole island was shaken with an earthquake some years ago, there was an impudent mountebank who sold pills, which, as he told the country people, were 'very good against an earthquake.' It may, perhaps, be thought as absurd to prescribe a diet for the allaying popular commotions, and national

No. 241.] Tuesday, October 24, 1710.

From my own Apartment, October 23.

A METHOD of spending one's time agreeably is a thing so little studied, that the common amusement of our young gentlemen, especially of such as are at a distance from those of the first breeding, is *drinking*.^{*} This way of entertainment has custom on its side; but, as much as it has prevailed, I believe there have been very few companies that have been guilty of excess this way, where there have not happened more accidents which make against, than for the continuance of it. It is very common that events arise from a debauch which are fatal, and always such as are disagreeable. With all a man's reason and good sense about him, his tongue is apt to utter things out of mere gayety of heart, which may displease his best friends. Who, then, would trust himself to the power of wine without saying more against it, than that it raises the imagination, and depresses the judgment? Were there only this single consideration, that we are less masters of ourselves, when we drink in the least proportion above the exigencies of thirst; I say, were this all that could be objected, it were sufficient to make us abhor this vice. But we may go on to say, that as he who drinks but a little is not master of himself, so he who drinks much is a slave to himself. As for my part, I ever esteemed a *drunkard* of all vicious persons the most vicious: for if our actions are to be weighed and considered according to the intention of them, what can we think of him, who puts himself into a circumstance wherein he can have no intention at all, but incapacitates himself for the duties and offices of life, by a suspension of all his faculties? If a man considers that he cannot, under the oppression of drink, be a friend, a gentleman, a master, or a subject; that he has so long banished himself from all that is dear, and given up all that is sacred to him; he would even then think of a debauch with horror. But when he looks still further, and acknowledges that he is not only expelled out of all the relations of life, but also liable to offend against them all; what words can express the terror and detestation he would have of such a condition? And yet he owns all this of himself, who says he was drunk last night.

As I have all along persisted in it, that all the vicious in general are in a state of death; so I think I may add to the non-existence of drunkards, that they died by their own hands. He is certainly arguilty of suicide who perishes by a slow, as he that is despatched by an immediate poison. In my last lucubration I proposed the general use of water-gruel, and hinted that it might not be amiss at this very season. But as there are some, whose cases, in regard to their families, will not admit of delay, I have

used my interest in several wards of the city, that the wholesome restorative abovementioned may be given in tavern-kitchens to all the morning-draughts-men, within the walls, when they call for wine before noon.^{*} For a further restraint and mark upon such persons, I have given orders, that in all the offices where policies are drawn upon lives, it shall be added to the article which prohibits that the nominee should cross the sea, the words, 'Provided also, that the above-mentioned A. B. shall not drink before dinner during the term mentioned in this indenture.'

I am not without hopes, that by this method I shall bring some unsizeable friends of mine into shape and breadth, as well as others, who are languid and consumptive, into health and vigour. Most of the self-murderers whom I yet binted at, are such as preserve a certain regularity in taking their poison, and make it mix pretty well with their food. But the most conspicuous of those who destroy themselves, are such as in their youth fall into this sort of debauchery; and contract a certain uneasiness of spirit, which is not to be diverted but by tipping as often as they can fall into company in the day, and conclude with downright drunkenness at night. These gentlemen never know the satisfaction of youth; but skip the years of manhood, and are decrepit soon after they are of age. I was godfather to one of these old fellows. He is now three-and-thirty, which is the grand climacteric of a young drunkard. I went to visit the crazy wretch this morning, with no other purpose but to rally him under the pain and uneasiness of being sober.

But as our faults are double when they affect others besides ourselves, so this vice is still more odious in a married than a single man. He that is the husband of a woman of honour, and comes home over-loaded with wine, is still more contemptible in proportion to the regard we have to the unhappy consort of his bestiality. The imagination cannot shape to itself any thing more monstrous and unnatural than the familiarities between *drunkenness* and *chastity*. The wretched Astræa, who is the perfection of beauty and innocence, has long been thus condemned for life. The romantic tales of virgins devoted to the jaws of monsters, have nothing in them so terrible as the gift of Astræa to that bacchanal.

The reflection of such a match as spotless innocence with abandoned lewdness, is what puts this vice in the worst figure it can bear with regard to others; but, when it is looked upon with respect only to the drunkard himself, it has deformities enough to make it disagreeable, which may be summed up in a word,

^{*} To the honour of the present age, the practice of morning-gills is almost wholly out of fashion; nor is drunkenness by any means the predominant vice of the times.

by allowing, that he who resigns his reason, is actually guilty of all that he is liable to from the want of reason.

P. S. Among many other enormities, there are two in the following letters which I think should be suddenly amended; but since they are sins of omission only, I shall not make remarks upon them until I find the delinquents persist in their errors; and the inserting the letters themselves shall be all their present admonition.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

October 16.

Several that frequent divine service at St. Paul's, as well as myself, having, with great satisfaction, observed the good effect which your animadversion had on an excess in performance there; it is requested, that you will take notice of a contrary fault, which is, the unconcerned silence and the motionless postures of others who come thither. If this custom prevails, the congregation will resemble an audience at a play-house, or, rather, a silent meeting of quakers! Your censuring such church-mutes, in the manner you think fit, may make these dissenters join with us, out of fear lest you should further animadvert upon their non-conformity. According as this succeeds, you shall hear from, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

B. B.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

I was the other day in company with a gentleman who, on reciting his own qualifications, concluded every period with these words, *the best of any man in England*. Thus, for example: he kept the best house of any man in England; he understood this, and that, and the other, the best of any man in England. How harsh and ungrateful soever this expression might sound to one of my nation, yet the gentleman was one whom it no ways became me to interrupt; but perhaps a new term put into his *by-words* (as they call a sentence a man particularly affects) may cure him. I therefore took a resolution to apply to you, who, I dare say can easily persuade this gentleman, whom I cannot believe an enemy to the union, to mend his phrase, and be hereafter the wisest of any man in Great Britain. I am, Sir, your most humble servant.

SCOTO-BRITANUS.

age of twenty-five for that liberty; and that all which shall be received above the said sum, of any person, for beholding the inside of that sacred edifice, be forthwith paid to Mr. John Morphew for the use of Mr. Bickerstaff, under pain of further censure on the above-mentioned extortion.

No. 242.] Thursday, October 26, 1710.

Quis iniquus

Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus ut tenet se?

Juv. Sat. l. 30.

To view so lewd a town, and to refrain,
What hoops of iron could my spleen contain.

Dryden.

From my own Apartment, October 25.

It was with very great displeasure I heard this day a man say of a companion of his, with an air of approbation, 'You know Tom never fails of saying a spiteful thing. He has a great deal of wit, but satire is his particular talent. Did you mind how he put the young fellow out of countenance that pretended to talk to him?' Such impertinent applauses, which one meets with every day, put me upon considering, what true raillery and satire were in themselves; and this, methought, occurred to me from reflection upon the great and excellent persons that were admired for talents this way. When I had run over several such in my thoughts, I concluded, however unaccountable the assertion might appear at first sight, that good-nature was an essential quality in a satirist, and that all the sentiments which are beautiful in this way of writing, must proceed from that quality in the author. Good nature produces a disdain of all baseness, vice, and folly; which prompts them to express themselves with smartness against the errors of men, without bitterness towards their persons. This quality keeps the mind in equanimity, and never lets an offence unseasonably throw a man out of his character. When Virgil said, 'he that did not hate Bavius might love Mævius,' he was in perfect good humour; and was not so much moved at their absurdities, as passionately to call them sots, or blockheads in a direct invective, but laughed at them with a delicacy of scorn, without any mixture of anger.

The best good man with the worst-natur'd muse,

are the best qualified for speaking of the offences in human life. These men can behold vice and folly, when they injure persons to whom they are wholly unacquainted, with the same severity as others resent the ills they do to themselves. A good-natured man cannot see an overbearing fellow put a bashful man of merit out of countenance, or out-strip him in the pursuit of any advantage, but he is on fire to succour the oppressed, to produce the merit of the one, and confront the impudence of the other.

The men of the greatest character in this kind were Horace and Juvenal. There is not, that I remember, one ill-natured expression in all their writings, nor one sentence of severity, which does not apparently proceed from the contrary disposition. Whoever reads them, will, I believe, be of this mind; and if they were read with this view, it might possibly persuade our young fellows, that they may be very witty men without speaking ill of any but those who deserve it. But, in the perusal of these writers, it may not be unnecessary to consider, that they lived in very different times. Horace was intimate with a prince of the greatest goodness and humanity imaginable, and his court was formed after his example: therefore the faults that poet falls upon were little inconsistencies in behaviour, false pretences to politeness, or impertinent affectations of what men were not fit for. Vices of a coarser sort could not come under his consideration, or enter the palace of Augustus. Juvenal, on the other hand, lived under Domitian, in whose reign every thing that was great and noble was banished the habitations of the men in power. Therefore he attacks vice as it passes by in triumph, not as it breaks into conversation. The fall of empire, contempt of glory, and a general degeneracy of manners, are before his eyes in all his writings. In the days of Augustus, to have talked like Juvenal had been madness; or in those of Domitian, like Horace. Morality and virtue are every where recommended in Horace, as became a man in a polite court, from the beauty, the propriety, the convenience of pursuing them. Vice and corruption are attacked by Juvenal in a style which denotes, he fears he shall not be heard without he calls to them in their own language, with a barefaced mention of the villanies and obscenities of his contemporaries.

This accidental talk of these two great men carries me from my design, which was to tell some coxcombs that run about this town with the name of smart satirical fellows, that they are by no means qualified for the characters they pretend to, of being severe upon other men; for they want good-nature. There is no foundation in them for arriving at what they aim at; and they may as well pretend to

flatter as rally agreeably, without being good-natured.

There is a certain impartiality necessary to make what a man says bear any weight with those he speaks to. This quality, with respect to men's errors and vices, is never seen but in good-natured men. They have ever such a frankness of mind, and benevolence to all men, that they cannot receive impressions of unkindness without mature deliberation; and writing or speaking ill of a man upon personal considerations, is so irreparable and mean an injury, that no one possessed of this quality is capable of doing it: but in all ages there have been interpreters to authors when living, of the same genius with the commentators into whose hands they fall when dead. I dare say it is impossible for any man of more wit than one of these to take any of the four-and-twenty letters, and form out of them a name to describe the character of a vicious man with greater life, but one of these would immediately cry, 'Mr. Such-a-one is meant in that place.' But the truth of it is, satirists describe the age, and backbiters assign their descriptions to private men.

In all terms of reproof, when the sentence appears to arise from personal hatred or passion, it is not then made the cause of mankind, but a misunderstanding between two persons. For this reason the representations of a good-natured man bear a pleasantry in them, which shows there is no malignity at heart and by consequence they are attended to by his hearers or readers, because they are unprejudiced. This deference is only what is due to him; for no man thoroughly nettled can say a thing general enough, to pass off with the air of an opinion declared, and not a passion gratified. I remember a humorous fellow at Oxford, when he heard any one had spoken ill of him, used to say, 'I will not take my revenge of him until I have forgiven him.' What he meant by this was, that he would not enter upon this subject until it was grown as indifferent to him as any other: and I have by this rule, seen him more than once triumph over his adversary with an inimitable spirit and humour; for he came to the assault against a man full of sore places and he himself invulnerable.

There is no possibility of succeeding in a satirical way of writing or speaking, except a man throws himself quite out of the question. It is great vanity to think any one will attend to a thing, because it is your quarrel. You must make your satire the concern of society in general if you would have it regarded. When it is so, the good-nature of a man of wit will prompt him to many brisk and disdainful sentiments and replies, to which all the malice in the world will not be able to repartee.

Inferi se septus nebula, mirabile dictu !
Per medios, miscetque viris, neque cernitur ulli.
Virg. Æn. i. 413.

Conceal'd in clouds, prodigious to relate !
He mix'd, unmark'd, among the busy throng,
and pass'd unseen along.
Dryden.

From my own Apartment, October 27.

I HAVE somewhere made mention of Gyges's ring ; and intimated to my reader, that it was at present in my possession, though I have not since made any use of it. The tradition concerning this ring is very romantic, and taken notice of both by Plato and Tully, who each of them make an admirable use of it for the advancement of morality. This Gyges was the master shepherd to king Candaules. As he was wandering over the plains of Lydia, he saw a great chasm in the earth, and had the curiosity to enter it. After having descended pretty far into it, he found the statue of a horse in brass, with doors in the sides of it. Upon opening them he found the body of a dead man, bigger than ordinary, with a ring upon his finger, which he took off, and put it upon his own. The virtues of it were much greater than he at first imagined ; for, upon his going into the assembly of shepherds, he observed, that he was invisible when he turned the stone of the ring within the palm of his hand, and visible when he turned it towards his company. Had Plato and Cicero been as well versed in the occult sciences as I am, they would have found a great deal of mystic learning in this tradition : but it is impossible for an adept to be understood by one who is not an adept.

As for myself, I have, with much study and application arrived at this great secret of making myself invisible, and by that means conveying myself where I please ; or, to speak in Rosicrucian lore, I have entered into the cliffs of the earth, discovered the brazen horse, and robbed the dead giant of his ring. The tradition says further of Gyges, that by the means of this ring he gained admission into the most retired parts of the court, and made such use of those opportunities, that he at length became king of Lydia. For my own part, I, who have always rather endeavoured to improve my mind than my fortune, have turned this ring to no other advantage, than to get a thorough insight into the ways of men, and to make such observations upon the errors of others as may be useful to the public, whatever effect they may have upon myself.

a chair, her petticoat in one corner of the room, and her girdle, that had a copy of verses made upon it but the day before, with her thread stockings, in the middle of the floor. I was so foolishly officious, that I could not forbear gathering up her clothes together, to lay them upon the chair that stood by her bed-side ; when, to my great surprise, after a little muttering, she cried out, ' What do you do ? Let my petticoat alone.' I was startled at first, but soon found that she was in a dream ; being one of those who, to use Shakspeare's expression, ' are so loose of thought,' that they utter in their sleep every thing that passes in their imagination. I left the apartment of this female rake, and went into her neighbour's, where there lay a mate coquette. He had a bottle of salts hanging over his head, and upon the table by his bed-side Suckling's poems, with a little heap of black patches on it. His snuff-box was within reach on a chair : but, while I was admiring the disposition which he made of the several parts of his dress, his slumber seemed interrupted by a pang that was accompanied by a sudden oath, as he turned himself over hastily in his bed. I did not care for seeing him in his nocturnal pains, and left the room.

I was no sooner got into another bed-chamber, but I heard very harsh words uttered in a smooth uniform tone. I was amazed to hear so great a volubility in reproach, and thought it too coherent to be spoken by one asleep ; but, upon looking nearer, I saw the head-dress of the person who spoke, which showed her to be a female, with a man lying by her side broad awake, and as quiet as a lamb. I could not but admire his exemplary patience, and discovered by his whole behaviour, that he was then lying under the discipline of a curtain-lecture.

I was entertained in many other places with this kind of nocturnal eloquence ; but observed, that most of those whom I found awake, were kept so either by envy or by love. Some of these were sighing, and others cursing in soliloquy ; some hugged their pillows, and others gnashed their teeth.

The covetous I likewise found to be a very wakeful people. I happened to come into a room where one of them lay sick. His physician and his wife were in close whisper near his bed-side. I overheard the doctor say to the poor gentlewoman, ' he cannot possibly live until five in the morning.' She received it like the mistress of a family, prepared for all

for diverting myself further this way. As I was going home, I saw a light in a garret, and entering into it, heard a voice crying, *and, hand, stand, band, fanned, tanned.* I concluded him by this, and the furniture of his room, to be a lupatic; but, upon listening a little longer, perceived it was a poet, writing a heroic upon the ensuing peace.*

It was now towards morning, an hour when spirits, witches, and conjurers, are obliged to retire to their own apartments, and, feeling the influence of it, I was hastening home, when I saw a man had got half way into a neighbour's house. I immediately called to him, and turning my ring, appeared in my proper person. There is something magisterial in the aspect of the Bickerstaffs, which made him run away in confusion.

As I took a turn or two in my own lodging, I was thinking that, old as I was, I need not go to bed alone, but that it was in my power to marry the finest lady in this kingdom, if I would wed her with this ring. For what a figure would she that should have it make at a visit, with so perfect a knowledge as this would give her of all the scandal in the town? But, instead of endeavouring to dispose of myself and it in matrimony, I resolved to lend it to my loving friend, the author of the 'Atalantis,'† to furnish a new 'Secret History of Secret Memoirs.'

No. 244.] Tuesday, October 31, 1710.

Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno,
Quam sapere, et fari ut possit quæ sentiat?—

Hor. l. Ep. iv. 8.

What can the fondest mother wish for more,
Ev'n for her darling son, than solid sense,
Perceptions clear and flowing eloquence?

R. Wynn.

Will's Coffee-house, October 30.

It is no easy matter, when people are advancing in any thing; to prevent their going too fast for want of patience. This happens in nothing more frequently than in the prosecution of studies. Hence it is, that we meet crowds who attempt to be eloquent before they can speak. They affect the flowers of rhetoric before they understand the parts of speech. In the ordinary conversation of this town, there are so many who can, as they call it, talk well, that there is not one in twenty that talks to be understood. This proceeds from an ambition to excel, or, as the term is, to shine in company. The matter is not to make them-

selves understood, but admired. They come together with a certain emulation, rather than benevolence. When you fall among such companions, the safe way is to give yourself up, and let the orators declaim for your esteem, and trouble yourself no further. It is said, that a poet must be born so; but I think it may be much better said of an orator, especially when we talk of our town poets and orators: but the town poets are full of rules and laws; the town orators go through thick and thin, and are, forsooth, persons of such eminent natural parts, and knowledge of the world, that they despise all men as unexperienced scholastics, who wait for an occasion before they speak, or who speak no more than is necessary. They had half persuaded me to go to the tavern the other night, but that a gentleman whispered me, 'Prythee, Isaac, go with us; there is Tom Varnish will be there, and he is a fellow that talks as well as any man in England.'

I must confess, when a man expresses himself well upon any occasion, and his falling into an account of any subject arises from a desire to oblige the company, or from fulness of the circumstance itself, so that his speaking of it at large is occasioned only by the openness of a companion; I say, in such a case as this, it is not only pardonable, but agreeable, when a man takes the discourse to himself; but when you see a fellow watch for opportunities for being copious, it is excessively troublesome. A man that stammers, if he has understanding, is to be attended to with patience and good-nature; but he that speaks more than he needs, has no right to such an indulgence. The man who has a defect in his speech takes pains to come to you, while a man of weak capacity, with fluency of speech, triumphs in outrunning you. The stammerer strives to be fit for your company; the loquacious man endeavours to show you, you are not fit for him.

With thoughts of this kind do I always enter into that man's company who is recommended as a person that talks well; but if I were to choose the people with whom I would spend my hours of conversation, they should be certainly such as laboured no farther than to make themselves readily and clearly apprehended, and would have patience and curiosity to understand me. To have good sense, and ability to express it, are the most essential and necessary qualities in companions. When thoughts rise in us fit to utter, among familiar friends there needs but very little care in clothing them.

Urbanus is, I take it, a man one might live with whole years, and enjoy all the freedom and improvement imaginable, and yet be insensible of a contradiction to you in all the mistakes you can be guilty of. His great goodwill to his friends, has produced in him such a

* The person alluded to here was perhaps Mr. Thomas Tickell, who probably lived at this time under Addison's roof; and is supposed to have been mentioned before, under the name of Tom Spindle. See Tat. No. 47.

† Mrs. De la Riviere Manley. See Tat. No. 35, and No. 63.

general deference in his discourse, that if he differs from you in his sense of any thing, he introduces his own thoughts by some agreeable circumlocution; or, 'he has often observed such and such a circumstance that made him of another opinion.' Again, where another would be apt to say, 'this I am confident of, I may pretend to judge of this matter as well as any body,' Urbanus says, 'I am verily persuaded; I believe one may conclude.' In a word, there is no man more clear in his thoughts and expressions than he is, or speaks with greater diffidence. You shall hardly find one man of any consideration, but you shall observe one of less consequence form himself after him. This happens to Urbanus; but the man who steals from him almost every sentiment he utters in a whole week, disguises the theft by carrying it with a quite different air. Umbratilis knows Urbanus's doubtful way of speaking proceeds from good-nature and good-breeding, and not from uncertainty in his opinions. Umbratilis, therefore, has no more to do but repeat the thoughts of Urbanus in a positive manner, and appear to the undiscerning a wiser man than the person from whom he borrows: but those who know him, can see the servant in his master's habit; and the more he struts, the less do his clothes appear his own.

In conversation, the medium is neither to affect silence or eloquence; not to value our approbation, and to endeavour to excel us who are of your company, are equal injuries. The great enemies therefore to good company, and those who transgress most against the laws of equality, which is the life of it, are, the clown, the wit, and the pedant. A clown, when he has sense, is conscious of his want of education, and with an awkward bluntness, hopes to keep himself in countenance by overthrowing the use of all polite behaviour. He takes advantage of the restraint good-breeding lays upon others not to offend him, to trespass against them, and is under the man's own shelter while he intrudes upon him. The fellows of this class are very frequent in the repetition of the words *rough* and *manly*. When these people happen to be by their fortunes of the rank of gentlemen, they defend their other absurdities by an impertinent courage; and, to help out the defect of their behaviour, add their being dangerous to their being disagreeable. This gentleman (though he displeases, professes to do so; and knowing that he dares still go on to do so) is not so painful a companion, as he who will please you against your will, and resolves to be a wit.

This man, upon all occasions, and whoever he falls in company with, talks in the same circle, and in the same round of chat which he has learned at one of the tables of this coffee-house. As poetry is in itself an elevation above

ordinary and common sentiments; so there is no fop so very near a madman in indifferent company as a poetical one. He is not apprehensive that the generality of the world are intent upon the business of their own fortune and profession, and have as little capacity as curiosity to enter into matters of ornament or speculation. I remember at a full table in the city, one of these ubiquitous wits was entertaining the company with a soliloquy, for so I call it when a man talks to those who do not understand him, concerning wit and humour. An honest gentleman who sat next to me, and was worth half a plumb, stared at him, and observing there was some sense, as he thought, mixed with his impertinence, whispered me, 'Take my word for it, this fellow is more knave than fool.' This was all my good friend's applause of the wittiest man of talk that I was ever present at, which wanted nothing to make it excellent, but that there was no occasion for it.

The pedant is so obvious to ridicule, that it would be to be one to offer to explain him. He is a gentleman so well known, that there is none but those of his own class who do not laugh at and avoid him. Pedantry proceeds from much reading and little understanding. A pedant among men of learning and sense, is like an ignorant servant giving an account of a polite conversation. You may find he has brought with him more than could have entered into his head without being there, but still that he is not a bit wiser than if he had not been there at all.

No. 245.] Thursday, November 2, 1710.

From my own Apartment, November 1.

The lady hereafter-mentioned, having come to me in very great haste, and paid me much above the usual fee, as a cunning-man, to find her stolen goods, and also having approved my late discourse of advertisements, obliged me to draw up this, and insert it in the body of my paper.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas Bridget Howd'ye, late servant to the Lady Fardingle, a short, thick, lively, hard-favoured wench of about twenty-nine years of age, her eyes small and bleared, and nose very broad at bottom, and turning up at the end, her mouth wide, and lips of an unusual thickness, two teeth out before, the rest black and uneven, the tip of her left ear being of a mouse colour, her voice loud and shrill, quick of speech, and something of a Welsh accent, withdrew herself on Wednesday last from her ladyship's dwelling-house, and, with the help of her consorts, carried off the following goods of her said lady; viz. a *thick wadded callico wrapper*, a musk-coloured velvet mantle lined with squirrel skins, eight night-shifts, four pair of silk stockings curiously

darned, six pair of *laced shoes*, new and ohl, with the heels of half two *inches higher* than their fellows; a quilted petticoat of the largest size, and one of canvas with whale-bone hoops; three pair of stays, bolstered below the left shoulder, *two pair of hips* of the newest fashion, six round-about aprons with pockets, and four striped mualin *night-rails* very little frayed; a silver pot for coffee or chocolate, the lid much bruised; a *broad brimmed flat, silver plate for sugar with Rhenish wine*; a *silver ladle for plumb-porridge*; a silver cheese-toaster with three tongues, an ebony handle, and silvering at the end; a *silver posnet to butter eggs*; one caudle and two cordial-water cups, two cocoa-cups, and an ostrich's egg, with rims and feet of silver, a marrow-spoon with a scoop at the other end, a silver orange-strainer, eight sweet-meat spoons made with forks at the end, an agate-handle knife and fork in a sheath, a silver tongue-scraper, a silver tobacco-box, with a tulip graved on the top; and a bible bound in shagreen, with gilt leaves and clasps, never opened but once. Also a small cabinet, with six drawers inlaid with red tortoise-shell, and brass gilt ornaments at the four corners, in which were *two leather forehead-cloths*, three pair of *oiled dog-skin gloves*, seven *cakes of superfine Spanish wool*, half-a-dozen of Portuguese dishes, and a *quatre of paper from thence*; *two pair of bran-new plumiers*, four black-lead combs, three pair of *fashionable eye-brasses*, two sets of ivory teeth, little the worse for wearing, and one pair of box for common use; Adam and Eve in *bugle work*, without fig-leaves, upon canvas, curiously wrought with her ladyship's own hand; several filigraane curiosities; a crotchet of one hundred and twenty-two diamonds, set strong and deep in silver, with a rump-jewel after the same fashion; bracelets of braided hair, *pomander and seed-pearl*; a large old purple velvet purse, embroidered, and shutting with a spring, containing two pictures in miniature, the features visible; a broad thick gold ring with a hand-in-hand engraved upon it, and within this poetry, 'While life does last, I'll hold thee fast;' another set round with small rubies and sparks, six wanting; another of Turkey stone, cracked through the middle; an Elizabeth and four Jacobus's, one guinea, the first of the coin, an angel with a hole bored through, a broken half of a Spanish piece of gold, a crown-piece with the breeches, an old nine-pence bent both ways by Lilly the almanack maker, for luck at langterahoo, and twelve of the shells called blackmoor's teeth; one small amber box with spoplecticle balsam, and one silver gilt of a larger size for cashu and carraway comfits, to be taken at long sermons, the lid enamelled, representing a cupid fishing for hearts, with a piece of gold on his hook; over his head this rhyme, 'Only with gold, you me shall hold.' In the lower

drawer was a large new gold repeating watch made by a Frenchman; a gold chain, and all the proper appurtenances hung upon steel swivels, to wit, locketts with the hair of dead and living lovers, seals with arms, emblems, and devices cut in cornelian, agate, and onyx, with cupids, hearts, darts, altars, flames, rocks, pickaxes, roses, thorns, and sun-flowers; as also variety of ingenious French mottos; together with gold etuys for quills, seissars, needles, thimbles, and a sponge dipped in Hungary water, left but the night before by a young lady going upon a frolic incag. There was also a bundle of letters, dated between the years one thousand six hundred and seventy, and one thousand six hundred and eighty-two, most of them signed Philander, the next Strephon, Amyntas, Corydon, and Adonis; together with a collection of receipts to make pastes for the hands, pomatums, lip-salves, white-pots, beautifying creams, water of talc, and frog spawn water; decoctions for clearing the complexion, and an approved medicine to procure abortion.

Whoever can discover the aforesaid goods, so that they may be had again, shall have fifty guineas for the whole, or proportionably for any part.

N. B. Her ladyship is pleased to promise ten pounds for the packet of letters over and above, or five for Philander's only, being her first love. 'My lady bestows those of Strephon to the finder, being so written, that they may serve to any woman who reads them.'

P. S. As I am a patron of persons who have no other friend to apply to, I cannot suppress the following complaint:

'SIR

'I am a blackmoor boy, and have, by my lady's order, been christened by the chaplain. The good man has gone further with me, and told me a great deal of good news; as, that I am as good as my lady herself, as I am a Christian, and many other things: but for all this, the parrot, who came over with me from our country, is as much esteemed by her as I am. Besides this, the shock-dog has a collar that cost almost as much as mine. I desire also to know, whether now I am a Christian, I am obliged to dress like a Turk, and wear a turban.

'I am, Sir,

'Your most humble servant, POMPEY.'

No. 246.] Saturday, November 4, 1710.

—Vitis nemo sine nascent; optimus ille
Qui malum argetur Hor. 1 Sat. lib. 3.

—We have all our vices, and the best
Is he, who with the fewest is oppress. Francis.

From my own Apartment, November 3.

WHEN one considers the turn which conversation takes in almost every set of ac-

quaintance, club, or assembly, in this town or kingdom, one cannot but observe, that in spite of what I am every day saying, and all the moral writers since the beginning of the world have said, the subject of discourse is generally upon one another's faults. This in a great measure proceeds from self-conceit, which were to be endured in one or other individual person; but the folly has spread itself almost over all the species; and one cannot only say, Tom, Jack, or Will, but in general, 'that man is a coxcomb.' From this source it is, that any excellence is faintly received, any imperfection unmercifully exposed. But if things were put in a true light, and we would take time to consider, that man, in his very nature, is an imperfect being, our sense of this matter would be immediately altered, and the word *imperfection* would not carry an unkind idea than the word *humanity*. It is a pleasant story that we, forsooth, who are the only imperfect creatures in the universe, are the only beings that will not allow of imperfection. Somebody has taken notice, that we stand in the middle of existences, and are by this one circumstance, the most unhappy of all others. The brutes are guided by instinct, and know no sorrow; the angels have knowledge, and they are happy; but men are governed by opinion, which is I know not what mixture of instinct and knowledge, and are neither indolent nor happy. It is very observable, that critics are a people between the learned and the ignorant, and by that situation enjoy the tranquillity of neither. As critics stand among men, so do men in general between brutes and angels. Thus every man, as he is a critic and a coxcomb, until improved by reason and speculation, is ever forgetting himself, and laying open the faults of others.

At the same time that I am talking of the cruelty of urging people's faults with severity, I cannot but bewail some which men are guilty of for want of admonition. These are such as they can easily mend, and nobody tells them of, for which reason I shall make use of the

There is a very handsome well-shaped youth that frequents the coffee-houses about Charing-cross, and ties a very pretty ribbon with a cross of jewels at his breast.* This being something new, and a thing in which the gentleman may offend the Heralds-office, I have addressed myself to him as I am censor.

'DEAR COUNTRYMAN,

'Was that ensign of honour which you wear given you by a prince, or a lady that you have served? If you hear it as an absent lover, please to hang it on a black ribbon: if as a rewarded soldier, you may have my licence to continue the red. Your faithful servant,

'BICKERSTAFF, Censor.'

These little intimations do great service, and are very useful, not only to the persons themselves, but to inform others how to conduct themselves towards them.

Instead of this honest private method, or a friendly one face to face, of acquainting people with things in their power to explain or amend, the usual way among people is to take no notice of things you can help, and nevertheless expose you for those you cannot.

Plumbeus and Levis are constantly in each other's company: they would, if they took proper methods, be very agreeable companions; but they so extravagantly aim at what they are unfit for, and each of them rallies the other so much in the wrong place, that, instead of doing each other the offices of friends, they do but instruct the rest of the world to laugh at them with more knowledge and skill. Plumbeus is of a saturnine and sullen complexion; Levis of a mercurial and airy disposition. Both these gentlemen have but very slow parts, but would make a very good figure did they pursue what they ought. If Plumbeus would take to business, he would, in a few years, know the forms of orders so well as to direct and dictate with so much ease, as to be thought a solid, able, and, at the same time, a sure man of despatch. Levis, with a little reading, and coming more into company, would soon be

pretend to. Plumbens acknowledges Levis to be a man of great reach, because it is what Plumbens never cared for being thought himself, and Levis allows Plumbens to be an agreeable rake for the same reason. Now, were these dear friends to be free with each other, as they ought to be, they would change characters, and be both as commendable, instead of being as ridiculous, as their capacities will admit of.

Were it not too grave, all that I would urge on this subject is, that men are bewildered when they consider themselves in any other view than that of strangers, who are in a place where it is no great matter whether they can, or unreasonable to expect they should, have every thing about them as well as at their own home. This way of thinking is, perhaps, the only one that can put this being in a proper posture for the ease of society. It is certain, that this would reduce all faults into those which proceed from malice, or dishonesty: it would quite change our manner of beholding one another, and nothing that was not below a man's nature, would be below his character. The arts of this life would be proper advances towards the next; and a very good man would be a very fine gentleman. As it is now, human life is inverted, and we have not learned half the knowledge of this world before we are dropping into another. Thus, instead of the raptures and contemplations which naturally attend a well-spent life from the approach of eternity, even we old fellows are afraid of the ridicule of those who are born since us, and ashamed not to understand, as well as peevish to resign, the mode, the fashion, the ladies, the fiddles, the balls, and what not. Dick Reptile, who does not want humour, is very pleasant at our club when he sees an old fellow touchy at being laughed at for any thing that is not in the mode; and bawls in his ear, 'Pr'ythee do not mind him; tell him thou art mortal.'

No. 247.] Tuesday, November 7, 1710.

*Edepol, nec nos equè sanus omnes inivim viris
Propter paucos, quæ omnes faciunt dignas ut videamur
males.* Ter. Heecy. II. iii. 1.

How unjustly
Do husbands stretch their censure to all wives
For the offences of a few, whose vices
Reflect dishonour on the rest! Colman.

BY MRS. JENNY DISTAFF, HALF-SISTER TO
MR. BICKERSTAFF.

From my own Apartment, November 6.

My brother having written the above piece of Latin, desired me to take care of the rest of the ensuing paper. Towards this he bid me answer the following letter, and said, nothing I could write properly on the subject of * would be disagreeable to the motto. It is

the cause of my sex, and I therefore enter upon it with great alacrity. The epistle is literally thus:

'MR. BICKERSTAFF, I Edinburgh, Oct. 23.

'I presume to lay before you an affair of mine, and begs you'll be very sincere in giving me your judgment and advice in this matter, which is as follows:

'A very agreeable young gentleman, who is endowed with all the good qualities that can make a man complete, has this long time paid love to me in the most passionate manner that was possible. He has left nothing unsaid to make me believe his affections real; and, in his letters, expressed himself so handsomely and so tenderly, that I had all the reason imaginable to believe him sincere. In short, he positively has promised me he would marry me: but I find all he said nothing; for when the question was put to him, he would not; but still would continue my humble servant, and would go on at the usual rate, repeating the assurances of his fidelity, and at the same time has none in him. He now writes to me in the same endearing style he used to do, would have me speak to no man but himself. His estate is in his own hand, his father being dead. My fortune at my own disposal, mine being also dead, and to the full answers his estate. Pray, sir, be ingenious, and tell me cordially, if you don't think I shall do myself an injury if I keep company, or a correspondence any longer with this gentleman. I hope you will favour an honest North-Britain, as I am, with your advice in this amour; for I am resolved just to follow your directions. Sir, you will do me a sensible pleasure, and very great honour, if you will please to insert this poor scrole, with your answer to it, in your Tatler. Pray fail not to give me your answer; for on it depends the happiness of disconsolate

'ALMEIRA.'

'MADAM,

I have frequently read over your letter, and am of opinion, that, as lamentable as it is, it is the most common of any evil that attends our sex. I am very much troubled for the tenderness you express towards your lover, but rejoice at the same time that you can so far surmount your inclination for him, as to resolve to dismiss him when you have my brother's opinion for it. His sense of the matter he desired me to communicate to you. Oh Almeira! the common failing of our sex is to value the merit of our lovers rather from the grace of their address, than the sincerity of their hearts. He has expressed himself so handsomely! Can you say that, after you have reason to doubt his truth? It is a melancholy thing, that in this circumstance of love, which is the most important of all others in female life, we women, who are, they say, always weak, are still weakest. The true way of valuing a man, is to

consider his reputation among the men. For want of this necessary rule towards our conduct, when it is too late, we find ourselves married to the outcast of that sex; and it is generally from being disagreeable among men, that fellows endeavour to make themselves pleasing to us. The little accomplishments of coming into a room with a good air, and telling, while they are with us, what we cannot bear among ourselves, usually make up the whole of a woman's man's merit. But if we, when we began to reflect upon our lovers, in the first place, considered what figures they make in the camp, at the bar, on the exchange, in their country, or at court, we should behold them in quite another view than at present.

'Were we to behave ourselves according to this rule, we should not have the just imputation of favouring the silliest of mortals, to the great scandal of the wisest, who value our favour as it advances their pleasure, not their reputation. In a word, madam, if you would judge aright in love, you must look upon it as in a case of friendship. Were this gentleman treating with you for any thing but yourself, when you had consented to his offer, if he fell off, you would call him a cheat and an impostor. There is, therefore, nothing left for you to do but to despise him, and yourself for doing it with regret. 'I am madam, &c.'

I have heard it often argued in conversation, that this evil practice is owing to the perverted taste of the wits in the last generation. A libertine on the throne could very easily make the language and the fashion turn his own way. Hence it is that woman is treated as a mistress, and not a wife. It is from the writings of those times, and the traditional accounts of the debauches of their men of pleasure, that the coxcombs now-a-days take upon them, forsooth, to be false swains, and perjured lovers. Methinks I feel all the woman rise in me, when I reflect upon the nauseous rogues that pretend to deceive us. Wretches, that can never have it in their power to overreach any thing living but their mistresses! In the name of goodness, if we are designed by nature as suitable companions to the other sex, why are we not treated accordingly? If we have merit, as some allow, why is it not as base in men to injure us, as one another? If we are the insignificants that others call us, where is the triumph in deceiving us? But, when I look at the bottom of this disaster, and recollect the many of my acquaintances whom I have known in the same condition with the 'Northern Lass' that occasions this discourse, I must own I have ever found the perfidiousness of men has been generally owing to ourselves, and we have contributed to our own deceit. The truth is, we do not conduct ourselves as we are courted, but as we are inclined.

When we let our imaginations take this unbridled swing, it is not he that acts best is most lovely, but he that is most lovely acts best. When our humble servants make their addresses, we do not keep ourselves enough disengaged to be judges of their merit; and we seldom give our judgment of our lover, until we have lost our judgment for him.

While Clarinda was passionately attended and addressed to by Strephon, who is a man of sense and knowledge in the world, and Cassio, who has a plentiful fortune, and an excellent understanding, she fell in love with Damon at a ball. From that moment, she that was before the most reasonable creature of all my acquaintance, cannot bear Strephon speak, but it is something 'so out of the way of ladies' conversation:' and Cassio has never since opened his mouth before us, but she whispers me, 'How seldom do riches and sense go together!' The issue of all this is, that for the love of Damon, who has neither experience, understanding, nor wealth, she despises those advantages in the other two which she finds wanting in her lover; or else thinks he has them for no other reason but because he is her lover. This and many other instances, may be given in this town; but I hope thus much may suffice to prevent the growth of such evils at Edinburgh.

No. 248.] Thursday, November 9, 1710.

——*Mediæ sene tollit obvia silvâ,
Virginiæ os habitumque gerens.* Virg. *Æn.* l. 312.

Lo! in the deep recesses of the wood
Before my eyes a beauteous form appears,
A virgin's dress and modest looks she wears.

R. WYNN.

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

From my own Apartment, November 8.

It may perhaps appear ridiculous, but I must confess, this last summer, as I was riding in Enfield-chase, I met a young lady whom I could hardly get out of my head, and for ought I know, my heart, ever since. She was mounted on a pæd, with a very well-fancied furniture: She set her horse with a very graceful air; and, when I saluted her with my hat, she bowed to me so obligingly that whether it was her civility or beauty that touched me so much, I know not; but I am sure I shall never forget her. She dwells in my imagination in a figure so much to her advantage, that if I were to draw a picture of youth, health, beauty, or modesty, I should represent any, or all of them, in the person of that young woman.

I do not find that there are any descriptions in the ancient poets so beautiful as those they draw of nymphs in their pastoral dresses and exercises. Virgil gives Venus the habit of a Spartan huntress when she is to put Æneas in

his way, and relieve his cares with the most agreeable object imaginable. Diana and her train are always described as inhabitants of the woods, and followers of the chase. To be well diverted, is the safest guard to innocence; and, methinks, it should be one of the first things to be regarded among people of condition, to find out proper amusements for young ladies. I cannot but think this of riding might easily be revived among them, when they consider how much it must contribute to their beauty. This would lay up the best portion they could bring into a family, a good stock of health, to transmit to their posterity. Such a charming bloom as this gives the countenance, is very much preferable to the real or affected feebleness or softness, which appear in the faces of our modern beauties.

The comedy, called, 'The Ladies Cure,' represents the affectation of wan looks and languid glances to a very entertaining extravagance. There is, as the lady in the play complains, something so robust in perfect health, that it is with her a point of breeding and delicacy to appear in public with a sickly air. But the natural gayety and spirit which shine in the complexion of such as form to themselves a sort of diverting industry, by choosing recreations that are exercises, surpass all the false ornaments and graces that can be put on by applying the whole dispensary of a toilet. A healthy body, and a cheerful mind, give charms as irresistible as inevitable. The beauteous Dytinna, who came to town last week, has, from the constant prospect in a delicious country, and the moderate exercise and journeys in the visits she made round it, contracted a certain life in her countenance, which will in vain employ both the painters and the poets to represent. The becoming negligence in her dress, the severe sweetness of her looks, and a certain innocent boldness in all her behaviour, are the effect of the active recreations I am talking of.

But instead of such, or any other as innocent and pleasing method of passing away their time with alacrity, we have many in town who spend their hours in an indolent state of body and mind, without either recreations or reflections. I am apt to believe there are some parents imagine their daughters will be accomplished enough, if nothing interrupts their growth, or their shape. According to this method of education, I could name you twenty families, where all the girls hear of, in this life, is, that it is time to rise and to come to dinner, as if they were so insignificant as to be wholly provided for when they are fed and clothed.

It is with great indignation that I see such crowds of the female world lost to human society, and condemned to a laziness, which makes life pass away with less relish than in the hardest labour. Palestris, in her drawing-

room, is supported by spirits to keep off the returns of spleen and melancholy, before she can get over half of the day for want of something to do, while the wench in the kitchen sings and scours from morning to night.

The next disagreeable thing to a lazy lady, is a very busy one. A man of business in good company, who gives an account of his abilities and despatches, is hardly more insupportable than her they call a notable woman, and a manager. Lady Good-day, where I visited the other day, at a very polite circle, entertained a great lady with a recipe for a poultice, and gave us to understand, that she had done extraordinary cures since she was last in town. It seems a countryman had wounded himself with his scythe as he was mowing; and we were obliged to hear of her charity, her medicines, and her humility, in the harshest tone and coarsest language imaginable.

What I would request in all this prattle is, that our females would either let us have their persons, or their minds, in such perfection as nature designed them.

The way to this is, that those who are in the quality of gentlewomen, should propose to themselves some suitable method of passing away their time. This would furnish them with reflections and sentiments proper for the companions of reasonable men, and prevent the unnatural marriages which happen every day between the most accomplished women and the veriest oafs, the worthiest men and the most insignificant females. Were the general turn of women's education of another kind than it is at present, we should want one another for more reasons than we do as the world now goes. The common design of parents, is to get their girls off as well as they can; and they make no conscience of putting into our hands a bargain for our whole life, which will make our hearts ache every day of it. I shall, therefore, take this matter into serious consideration, and will propose, for the better improvement of the fair sex, a 'Female Library.*' This collection of books shall consist of such authors as do not corrupt while they divert, but shall tend more immediately to improve them as they are women. They shall be such as shall not hurt a feature by the austerity of their reflections, nor cause one impertinent glance by the wantonness of them. They shall all tend to advance the value of their innocence as virgins, improve their understanding as wives, and regulate their tenderness as parents. It has been very often said in these lucubrations, 'that the ideas which most frequently pass through our imaginations, leave traces of themselves in our

* Steele in 1714, published three volumes in 8vo. under the title of 'The Lady's Library.'

countenances.' There shall be a strict regard had to this in my Female Library, which shall be furnished with nothing that shall give supplies to ostentation or impertinence; but the whole shall be so digested for the use of my students, that they shall not go out of character in their enquiries, but their knowledge appear only a cultivated innocence.

No. 249.] Saturday, November 11, 1710.

Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,
Tendimus. ———— Virg. Æn. l. 208.

Through various hazards, and events we move.
Dryden.

From my own Apartment, November 10.

I WAS last night visited by a friend of mine who has an inexhaustable fund of discourse, and never fails to entertain his company with a variety of thoughts and hints that are altogether new and uncommon. Whether it were in complaisance to my way of living, or his real opinion, he advanced the following paradox: that it required much greater talents to fill up and become a retired life than a life of business. Upon this occasion he rallied very agreeably the busy men of the age, who only valued themselves for being in motion, and passing through a series of trifling and insignificant actions. In the heat of his discourse, seeing a piece of money lying on my table, 'I defy,' says he, 'any of these active persons to produce half the adventures that this twelve penny-piece has been engaged in, were it possible for him to give us an account of his life.'

My friend's talk made so odd an impression upon my mind, that soon after I was a-bed I fell insensibly into an unaccountable *reverie*, that had neither moral nor design in it, and cannot be so properly called a dream as a *delirium*.

Methought the shilling that lay upon the table reared itself upon its edge, and, turning the face towards me, opened its mouth, and in a soft silver sound, gave me the following account of his life and adventures:

'I was born,' says he, 'on the side of a

unspeakable grief, I fell into the hands of a miserable old fellow, who clapped me into an iron chest, where I found five hundred more of my own quality who lay under the same confinement. The only relief we had, was to be taken out and counted over in the fresh air every morning and evening. After an imprisonment of several years, we heard somebody knocking at our chest and breaking it open with a hammer. This we found was the old man's heir, who, as his father lay dying, was so good as to come to our release. He separated us that very day. What was the fate of my companions I know not: as for myself, I was sent to the *apothecary's shop for a pint of sack*. The apothecary gave me to an herb-woman, the herb-woman to a butcher, the butcher to a brewer, and the brewer to his wife, who made a present of me to a non-conformist preacher. After this manner I made my way merrily through the world, for, as I told you before, we shillings love nothing so much as travelling. I sometimes fetched in a shoulder of mutton, sometimes a play-book, and often had the satisfaction to treat a templer at a twelve-penny ordinary, or carry him with *three friends* to Westminster-hall.

'In the midst of this pleasant progress which I made from place to place, I was arrested by a superstitious old woman, who shut me up in a greasy purse, in pursuance of a foolish saying, "that while she kept a queen Elizabeth's shilling about her she should never be without money." I continued here a close prisoner for many months, until at last I was exchanged for eight-and-forty farthings.

'I thus rambled from pocket to pocket until the beginning of the civil wars, when, to my shame be it spoken, I was employed in raising soldiers against the king: for, being of a very tempting breadth, a serjeant made use of me to inveigle country fellows, and list them into the service of the parliament.

'As soon as he had made one man sure, his way was, to oblige him to take a shilling of a more homely figure, and then practise the same trick upon another. Thus I continued doing great mischief to the crown, until my

very extravagant, gave great demonstrations of joy at receiving the will; but opening it, he found himself disinherited, and cut off from the possession of a fair estate by virtue of my being made a present to him. This put him into such a passion, that after having taken me in his hand, and cursed me, he squirmed me away from him as far as he could fling me. I chanced to light in an unfrequented place under a dead wall, where I lay undiscovered and useless during the usurpation of Oliver Cromwell.

About a year after the king's return, a poor cavalier, that was walking there about dinner-time, fortunately cast his eye upon me, and, to the great joy of us both, carried me to a cook's shop, where he dined upon me, and drank the king's health. When I came again into the world, I found that I had been happier in my retirement than I thought, having probably by that means escaped wearing a monstrous pair of breeches.*

* Being now of great credit and antiquity, I was rather looked upon as a medal than an ordinary coin; for which reason a gamester laid hold of me, and converted me to a counter, having got together some dozens of us for that use. We led a melancholy life in his possession, being busy at those hours wherein current coin is at rest, and partaking the fate of our master; being in a few moments valued at a crown, a pound, or a sixpence, according to the situation in which the fortune of the cards placed us. I had at length the good luck to see my master break, by which means I was again sent abroad under my primitive denomination of a shilling.

I shall pass over many other accidents of less moment, and hasten to that fatal catastrophe when I fell into the hands of an artist, who conveyed me under ground, and, with an unmerciful pair of sheers, cut off my titles, clipped my brims, retrenched my shape, rubbed me to my inmost ring; and, in short so spoiled and pillaged me, that he did not leave me worth a groat. You may think what confusion I was in to see myself thus curtailed and disfigured. I should have been ashamed to have

you now see, I shall take some other opportunity to relate. In the mean time, I shall only repeat two adventures, as being very extraordinary, and neither of them having ever happened to me above once in my life. The first was, my being in a poet's pocket, who was so taken with the brightness and novelty of my appearance, that it gave occasion to the finest burlesque poem in the British language, intitled, from me, *The splendid Shilling*.^o The second adventure, which I must not omit, happened to me in the year 1703, when I was given away in charity to a blind man; but indeed this was by mistake, the person who gave me having thrown me heedlessly into the hat among a penny-worth of farthings.†

No. 250.] Tuesday, November 14, 1710.

Scis enim justum geminâ suspendere lance
Ancipitis libræ? Pers. Sat. iv. 10.

Know'st thou, with equal hand, to hold the scale?
Dryden.

From my own Apartment, November 13.

I LAST winter erected a court of justice for the correcting of several enormities in dress and behaviour, which are not cognizable in any other courts of this realm. The vintner's case, which I there tried, is still fresh in every man's memory. That of the petticoat gave also a general satisfaction: not to mention the more important points of the cane and perspective; in which, if I did not give judgments and decrees according to the strictest rules of equity and justice, I can safely say, I acted according to the best of my understanding. But as for the proceedings of that court, I shall refer my reader to an account of them, written by my secretary; which is now in the press, and will shortly be published under the title of Lillie's 'Reports.'

As I last year presided over a court of justice, it is my intention this year to set myself at the head of a court of honour. There is no court of this nature any where at present, except in France; where, according to the best of my intelligence, it consists of such only as are

necessary qualification, I must confess, I am not able to determine.

As for the court of honour, of which I am here speaking, I intend to sit myself in it as president, with several men of honour on my right hand, and women of virtue on my left, as my assistants. The first place on the bench I have given to an old Tangereen captain with a wooden leg. The second is a gentleman of a long twisted periwig without a curl in it, a muff with very little hair upon it, and a threadbare coat with new buttons; being a person of great worth, and second brother to a man of quality. The third is a gentleman-usher, extremely well read in romances, and grandson to one of the greatest wits in Germany, who was some time master of the ceremonies to the duke of Wolfenbottle.

As for those who sit further on my right hand, as it is usual in public courts,* they are such as will fill up the number of faces upon the bench, and rather serve for ornament than use.

The chief upon my left hand are,

An old maiden lady, that preserves some of the best blood of England in her veins.

A Welsh woman of a little stature, but high spirit.

An old prude, that has censured every marriage for these thirty years, and is lately wedded to a young rake.

Having thus furnished my bench, I shall establish correspondences with the horse-guards, and the veterans of Chelsea-college: the former to furnish me with twelve men of honour as often as I shall have occasion for a grand jury; and the latter, with as many good men and true, for a petty jury.

As for the women of virtue, it will not be difficult for me to find them about-midnight at crimp and basset.

Having given this public notice of my court, I must further add, that I intend to open it on this day sevensnight, being Monday the twentieth instant; and do hereby invite all such as have suffered injuries and affronts, that are not to be redressed by the common

and complaints, in which they shall be relieved with all imaginable expedition.

I am very sensible, that the office I have now taken upon me will engage me in the disquisition of many weighty points, that daily perplex the youth of the British nation; and, therefore, I have already discussed several of them for my future use: as, 'how far a man may brandish his cane in telling a story without insulting his hearer;' 'what degree of contradiction amounts to the lie;' 'how a man shall resent another's staring and cocking a hat in his face;' 'if asking pardon is an atonement for treading upon one's toes;' 'whether a man may put up with a box on the ear, received from a stranger in the dark?' or, 'whether a man of honour may take a blow of his wife;' with several other subtilties of the like nature.

For my direction in the duties of my office, I have furnished myself with a certain astrological pair of scales, which I have contrived for this purpose. In one of them I lay the injuries, in the other the reparations. The first are represented by little weights made of a metal resembling iron, and the other of gold. These are not only lighter than the weights made use of in avoirdupois, but also such as are used in troy-weight. The heaviest of those that represent the injuries amount but to a scruple; and decrease by so many subdivisions, that there are several imperceptible weights which cannot be seen without the help of a very fine microscope. I might acquaint my reader, that these scales were made under the influence of the sun when he was in Libra, and describe many signatures on the weights both of injury and reparation: but as this would look rather to proceed from an ostentation of my own art, than any care for the public, I shall pass it over in silence.

No. 251.] Thursday, November 16, 1710

Quisnam igitur liber? Sapient, sibi qui imperiosus;
Quem neque preces, neque mors, nec vincula terrent;
Responsare cupidinis, contemnere honores

of the world. The sense of other men ought to prevail over us in things of less consideration, but not in concerns where truth and honour are engaged. When we look into the bottom of things, what at first appears a paradox is a plain truth; and those professions, which, for want of being duly weighed, seem to proceed from a sort of romantic philosophy, and ignorance of the world, after a little reflection, are so reasonable, that it is direct madness to walk by any other rules. Thus to contradict our desires, and to conquer the impulses of our ambition, if they do not fall in with what we in our inward sentiments approve, is so much our interest, and so absolutely necessary to our real happiness, that to contemn all the wealth and power in the world, where they stand in competition with a man's honour, is rather good sense than greatness of mind.

Did we consider that the mind of a man is the man himself, we should think it the most unnatural sort of self-murder to sacrifice the sentiment of the soul to gratify the appetites of the body. Bless us! is it possible, that when the necessities of life are supplied, a man would flatter to be rich, or circumvent to be powerful! When we meet a poor wretch, urged with hunger and cold, asking an alms, we are apt to think this a state we could rather starve than submit to: but yet how much more despicable is his condition, who is above necessity, and yet shall resign his reason and his integrity to purchase superfluities! Both these are abject and common beggars; but sure it is less despicable to beg a supply to a man's hunger than his vanity. But custom and general prepossessions have so far prevailed over an unthinking world, that those necessitous creatures, who cannot relish life without applause, attendance, and equipage, are so far from making a contemptible figure, that distressed virtue is less esteemed than successful vice. But if a man's appeal, in cases that regard his honour, were made to his own soul, there would be a basis and standing rule for our conduct, and we should always endeavour rather to be, than appear honourable. Mr. Collier, in his 'Essay on Fortitude,' has treated this subject with great wit and magnanimity. 'What,' says he, 'can be more honourable than to have courage enough to execute the

themselves a conviction, by such noble precepts, that there is nothing honourable which is not accompanied with innocence; nothing mean but what has guilt in it: I say, when they have attained thus much, though poverty, pain, and death, may still retain their terrors; yet riches, pleasures, and honours, will easily lose their charms, if they stand between us and our integrity.

What is here said with allusion to fortune and fame, may as justly be applied to wit and beauty; for these latter are as adventitious as the other, and as little concern the essence of the soul. They are all laudable in the man who possesses them, only for the just application of them. A bright imagination, while it is subservient to an honest and noble soul, is a faculty which makes a man justly admired by mankind, and furnishes him with reflections upon his own actions, which add delicacies to the feast of a good conscience: but when wit descends to wait upon sensual pleasures, or promote the base purposes of ambition, it is then to be contemned in proportion to its excellence. If a man will not resolve to place the foundation of his happiness in his own mind, life is a bewildered and unhappy state, incapable of rest or tranquillity. For to such a one, the general applause of valour, wit, nay of honesty itself, can give him but a very feeble comfort; since it is capable of being interrupted by any one who wants either understanding or good-nature to see or acknowledge such excellencies. This rule is so necessary, that one may very safely say, it is impossible to know any true relish of our being without it. Look about you in common life among the ordinary race of mankind, and you will find merit in every kind is allowed only to those who are in particular districts or sets of company; but, since men can have little pleasure in these faculties which denominate them persons of distinction, let them give up such an empty pursuit, and think nothing essential to happiness but what is in their own power; the capacity of reflecting with pleasure on their own actions, however they are interpreted.

It is so evident a truth, that it is only in our own bosoms we are to search for any thing to make us happy, that it is, methinks, a disgrace to our nature to talk of taking our measures

least deviation from the rules of honour introduces a train of numberless evils, and involves him in inexplicable mazes. He that has entered into guilt has bid adieu to rest; and every criminal has his share of the misery expressed so emphatically in the tragedian,

Macbeth shall sleep no more!

It was with detestation of any other grandeur but the calm command of his own passions, that the excellent Mr. Cowley cries out with so much justice:

*If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat
With any thought so mean as to be great,
Continue, heaven, still from me to remove
The humble blessings of that life I love!*

No. 252.] Saturday, November 18, 1710.

Narrator et prius Catonis
Sæpe nero caluine virtus. Hor. 3 (M. xxi. 11.

_____ of old
Cato's virtue, we are told,
Often with a bumper glow'd.
And with social raptures flow'd. Francis.

From my own Apartment, November 17.

THE following letter, and several others to the same purpose, accuse me of a rigour of which I am far from being guilty, to w.t, the disallowing the cheerful use of wine.

From my Country-house,
October 25.

• MR. BICKERSTAFF,

'Your discourse against drinking, in Tuesday's Tatler, I like well enough in the main; but, in my humble opinion, you are become too rigid, where you say to this effect: "Were there only this single consideration, that we are the less masters of ourselves if we drink the least proportion beyond the exigence of thirst." I hope no one drinks wine to allay this appetite. This seems to be designed for a loftier indulgence of nature; for it were hard to suppose that the Author of Nature, who imposed upon her her necessities and pains, does not allow her her proper pleasures; and we may reckon among the latter the moderate use of the grape. Though I am as much against excess, or whatever approaches it as yourself; yet I conceive one may safely go farther than the bounds you there prescribe, not only without forfeiting the title of being one's own master, but also to possess it in a much greater degree. If a man's expressing himself upon any subject with more life and vivacity, more variety of ideas, more copiously, more fluently, and more to the purpose, argues it; he thinks clearer, speaks more ready, and with greater choice of comprehensive and significant terms. I have the good fortune now to be intimate with a gentleman* remarkable for this temper, who has an inexhaustible source of wit to en-

tertain the curious, the grave, the humorous, and the frolic. He can transform himself into different shapes, and adapt himself to every company; yet in a coffee-house, or in the ordinary course of affairs, he appears rather dull than sprightly. You can seldom get him to the tavern; but when once he is arrived to his pint, and begins to look about and like his company, you admire a thousand things in him, which before lay buried. Then you discover the brightness of his mind, and the strength of his judgment, accompanied with the most graceful mirth. In a word, by this enlivening aid, he is whatever is polite, instructive, and diverting. What makes him still more agreeable is, that he tells a story, serious or comical, with as much delicacy of humour as Cervantes himself. And for all this, at other times, even after a long knowledge of him, you shall scarce discern in this incomparable person, a whit more, than what might be expected from one of a common capacity. Doubtless, there are men of great parts that are guilty of downright bashfulness, that by a strange hesitation and reluctance to speak, murder the finest and most elegant thoughts, and render the most lively conceptions flat and heavy.

'In this case, a certain quantity of my white or red cordial, which you will, is an easy, but an infallible remedy. It awakens the judgment, quickens the memory, ripens the understanding, disperses melancholy, cheers the heart; in a word, restores the whole man to himself and his friends, without the least pain or indisposition to the patient. To be taken only in the evening, in a reasonable quantity, before going to bed. Note: My bottles are sealed with three flower-de-luces and a bunch of grapes. Beware of counterfeits. I am your most humble servant, &c.'

Whatever has been said against the use of wine upon the supposition that it enfeebles the mind, and renders it unfit for the duties of life, bears forcibly to the advantage of that delicious juice in cases where it only heightens conversation, and brings to light agreeable talents, which otherwise would have lain concealed under the oppression of an unjust modesty. I must acknowledge I have seen many of the temper mentioned by this correspondent, and own wine may very allowably be used, in a degree above the supply of mere necessity, by such as labour under melancholy, or are tongue-tied by modesty. It is certainly a very agreeable change, when we see a glass raise a lifeless conversation into all the pleasures of wit and good-humour. But when Caska adds to his natural impudence the fluster of a bottle, that which souls called fire when he was sober, all men abhor as outrage when he is drunk. Thus he, that in the morning was only saucy, is in the evening tumultuous. It makes one

* Mr. Addison.

sick to hear one of these fellows say, 'they love a friend and a bottle.' Noisy mirth has something too rustic in it to be considered without terror by men of politeness: but, while the discourse improves in a well chosen company, from the addition of spirits which flow from moderate cups, it must be acknowledged, that leisure time cannot be more agreeably, or perhaps more usefully, employed, than at such meetings. There is a certain prudence in this, and all other circumstances, which makes right or wrong in the conduct of ordinary life. Sir Geoffrey Wildacre has nothing so much at heart, as that his son should know the world betimes. For this end he introduces him among the sots of his own age, where the boy learns to laugh at his father from the familiarity with which he sees him treated by his equals. This the old fellow calls 'living well with his heir, and teaching him to be too much his friend to be impatient for his estate.' But, for the more exact regulation of society in this and other matters, I shall publish tables of the characters and relations among men, and by them instruct the town in making sets and companies for a bottle. This humour of sir Geoffrey shall be taken notice of in the first place; for there is, methinks, a sort of incest in drunkenness, and sons are not to behold fathers stripped of all reverence.

It is shocking in nature for the young to see those, whom they should have an awe for, in circumstances of contempt. I shall therefore utterly forbid, that those whom nature should admonish to avoid too gross familiarities, shall be received into parties of pleasure where there is the least danger of excess. I should run through the whole doctrine of drinking, but that my thoughts are at present too much employed in the modelling my 'Court of Honour,' and altering the seats, benches, bar, and canopy from that of the court wherein I, last winter, sat upon causes of less moment. By the way, I shall take an opportunity to examine, what method is to be taken to make joiners and other artificers get out of a house they have once entered; not forgetting to tie them under proper regulations. It is for want of such rules that I have, a day or two longer than I expected, been tormented and deafened with hammers; insomuch, that I neither can pursue this discourse, nor answer the following, and many other letters of the highest importance.

'MR. BICKERSTAFF,

'We are man and wife, and have a boy and a girl; the lad seventeen, the maiden sixteen. We are quarrelling about some parts of their education. I, Ralph, cannot bear that I must pay for the girl's learning on the spinnet, when I know she has no ear. I, Bridget, have not patience to have my son whipped because he

cannot make verses, when I know he is a blockhead. Pray, sir, inform us, is it absolutely necessary that all who wear breeches must be taught to rhyme; all in petticoats to touch an instrument? Please to interpose in this and the like cases, to end much solid distress which arises from trifling causes, as it is common in wedlock, and you will very much oblige us and ours,

'RALPH,
'BRIDGET, } YOKEFELLOW.'

No. 253.] Tuesday, November 21, 1710.

— Pietate gravem ac meritis si fortè virum quem
Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus astant.
Virg. Æn. l. 155.

If then some grave and pious man appear,
They hush their noise and lend a listening ear.
Dryden.

From my own Apartment, November 20.

EXTRACT OF THE JOURNAL OF THE COURT OF
HONOUR, 1710.

Die Lunæ, vicesimo Novembris, horâ nonâ antemeridiâ.

THE court being *sat*, an oath, prepared by the Censor, was administered to the assistants on his right hand, who were all sworn upon their honour. The women on his left hand took the same oath upon their reputation. Twelve gentlemen of the horse guards were impanelled, having unanimously chosen Mr. Alexander Truncheon, who is their right-hand man in the troop, for their foreman in the jury. Mr. Truncheon immediately drew his sword, and, holding it with the point towards his own body, presented it to the Censor. Mr. Bickerstaff received it; and, after having surveyed the breadth of the blade, and sharpness of the point, with more than ordinary attention, returned it to the foreman in a very graceful manner. The rest of the jury, upon the delivery of the sword to their foreman, drew all of them together as one man, and saluted the bench with such an air, as signified the most resigned submission to those who commanded them, and the greatest magnanimity to execute what they should command.

Mr. Bickerstaff, after having received the compliments on his right hand, cast his eye upon the left, where the whole female jury paid their respects by a low courtesy, and by laying their hands upon their mouths. The forewoman was a professed Platonist,* that had spent much of her time in exhorting the sex to set a just value upon their persons, and to make the men know themselves.

There followed a profound silence, when at length, after some recollection, the Censor, who continued hitherto uncovered, put on his

* Another allusion to Mrs. Mary Astell, and to her book entitled, 'A serious proposal to the Ladies,' &c.

bat with great dignity; and, after having composed the brims of it in a manner suitable to the gravity of his character, he gave the following charge; which was received with silence and attention, that being the only applause which he admits of, or is ever given in his presence:

‘The nature of my office, and the solemnity of this occasion, requiring that I should open my first session with a speech, I shall cast what I have to say under two principle heads.

‘Under the first I shall endeavour to show the necessity and usefulness of this new erected court; and, under the second, I shall give a word of advice and instruction to every constituent part of it.

‘As for the first, it is well observed by Phædrus, a heathen poet:

Nisi utile est quod facimus, frustra est gloria.

‘Which is the same, ladies, as if I should say, it would be of no reputation for me to be president of a court which is of no benefit to the public. Now the advantages that may arise to the *weal public* from this institution will more plainly appear, if we consider what it suffers for the want of it. Are not our streets daily filled with wild pieces of justice, and random penalties? Are not crimes undetermined, and reparations disproportioned? How often have we seen the lie punished by death, and the liar himself deciding his own cause! nay, not only acting the judge, but the executioner! Have we not known a box on the ear more severely accounted for than manslaughter? In these extra-judicial proceedings of mankind, an unmannerly jest is frequently as capital as a premeditated murder.

‘But the most pernicious circumstance in this case is, that the man who suffers the injury must put himself upon the same foot of danger with him that gave it, before he can have his just revenge; so that the punishment is altogether accidental, and may fall as well upon the innocent as the guilty.

‘I shall only mention a case which happens frequently among the more polite nations of the world, and which I the rather mention, because both sexes are concerned in it, and which, therefore, you gentlemen, and you ladies of the jury, will the rather take notice of; I mean, that great and known case of cuckoldom. Supposing the person who has suffered insults in his dearer and better half; supposing, I say, this person should resent the injuries done to his tender wife; what is the reparation he may expect? Why, to be used worse than his poor lady, run through the body, and left breathless upon the bed of honour. What then, will you on my right hand say, must the man do that is affronted? Must our sides be elbowed, our shins broken? Must the wall, or perhaps our mistress, be taken from us? May a man knit

his forehead into a frown, toss up his arm, or pish at what we say, and must the villain live after it? Is there no redress for injured honour? Yes, gentlemen, that is the design of the judiciary we have here established.

‘A court of conscience, we very well know, was first instituted for the determining of several points of property, that were too little and trivial for the cognizance of higher courts of justice. In the same manner, our court of honour is appointed for the examination of several niceties and punctilios, that do not pass for wrongs in the eye of our common laws. But notwithstanding no legislators of any nation have taken into consideration these little circumstances, they are such as often lead to crimes big enough for their inspection, though they come before them too late for their redress.

‘Besides, I appeal to you ladies, (*here Mr. Bickerstaff turned to his left hand*) if these are not the little stings and thorns in life,* that make it more uneasy than its most substantial evils? Confess ingenuously, did you never lose a morning’s devotions because you could not offer them up from the highest place of the pew? Have you not been in pain even at a ball, because another has been taken out to dance before you? Do you love any of your friends so much as those that are below you? Or, have you any favourites that walk on your right hand? You have answered me in your looks; I ask no more.

‘I come now to the second part of my discourse, which obliges me to address myself in particular to the respective members of the court, in which I shall be very brief.

‘As for you, gentlemen and ladies, my assistants and grand juries, I have made choice of you on my right hand, because I know you very jealous of your honour; and you on my left, because I know you very much concerned for the reputation of others; for which reason I expect great exactness and impartiality in your verdicts and judgments.

‘I must, in the next place, address myself to you, gentlemen of the council: you all know that I have not chosen you for your knowledge in the litigious parts of the law; but because you have all of you formerly fought duels, of which I have reason to think you have repented, as being now settled in the peaceable state of benchers. My advice to you is, only that in your pleadings you will be short and expressive. To which end, you are to banish out of your discourses all synonymous terms, and unnecessary multiplication of verbs and nouns. I do moreover forbid you the use of the words *also* and *likewise*; and must further declare, that if I catch any one among you, upon any pretence whatsoever, using the particle *or*, I shall

Instantly order ...m to be stripped of his gown, and thrown over the bar.

'This is a true copy: CHARLES LILLIE.'

N. B. The sequel of the proceedings of this day will be published on Tuesday next.

No. 254.] Thursday, November 23, 1710.

Splendide mendax.

Hor. 2 Od. ill. 35.

Gloriously false.

Francis.

From my own Apartment, November 22.

THERE are no books which I more delight in than in travels, especially those that describe remote countries, and give the writer an opportunity of showing his parts without incurring any danger of being examined or contradicted. Among all the authors of this kind, our renowned countryman, sir John Mandeville* has distinguished himself by the copiousness of his invention, and the greatness of his genius. The second to sir John I take to have been Ferdinand Mendez Pinto,† a person of infinite adventure, and unbounded imagination. One reads the voyages of these two great wits with as much astonishment as the travels of Ulysses in Homer, or of the Red-cross Knight in Spenser. All is enchanted ground and fairyland.

I have got into my hands, by great chance, several *manuscripts* of these two eminent authors, which are filled with greater wonders than any of those they have communicated to the public; and indeed, were they not so well attested, they would appear altogether improbable. I am apt to think the ingenious authors did not publish them with the rest of their works, lest they should pass for fictions and fables: a caution not unnecessary, when the reputation of their veracity was not yet established in the world. But as this reason has now no further weight, I shall make the public a present of these curious pieces, at such times as I shall find myself unprovided with other subjects.

The present paper I intend to fill with an *extract* from sir John's journal, in which that learned and worthy knight gives an account of the freezing and thawing of several short speeches,‡ which he made in the territories of Nova Zembla. I need not inform my reader,

speaking of abstracted notions clothed in a visible shape, he adds that apt simile.—

'Like words congealed in northern air.'^a

Not to keep my reader any longer in suspense, the relation, put into modern language, is as follows:

'We were separated by a storm in the latitude of *seventy-three*, insomuch, that only the ship which I was in, with a Dutch and French vessel, got safe into a creek of Nova Zembla. We landed, in order to refit our vessels and store ourselves with provisions. The crew of each vessel made themselves a cabin of turf and wood, at some distance from each other, to fence themselves against the inclemencies of the weather, which was severe beyond imagination. We soon observed, that in talking to one another we lost several of our words, and could not hear one another at above two yards distance, and that too when we sat very near the fire. After much perplexity, I found that our words froze in the air before they could reach the ears of the persons to whom they were spoken. I was soon confirmed in this conjecture, [when, upon the increase of the cold, the whole company grew dumb, or rather deaf; for every man was sensible, as we afterwards found, that he spoke as well as ever; but the sounds no sooner took air than they were condensed and lost. It was now a miserable spectacle to see us nodding and gaping at one another, every man talking, and no man heard. One might observe a seaman that could hail a ship at a league's distance, beckoning with his hand, straining his lungs, and tearing his throat; but all in vain:

'—— Nec vox nec verba sequuntur.

Ovid.

'Nor voice, nor words ensued.

'We continued here three weeks in this dismal plight. At length, upon a turn of wind, the air about us began to thaw. Our cabin was immediately filled with a dry clattering sound, which I afterwards found to be the crackling of consonants that broke above our heads, and were often mixed with a gentle hissing, which I imputed to the letter *s*, that occurs so frequently in the English tongue. I soon after felt a breeze of whispers rushing by my ear; for those, being of a soft and gentle substance, immediately liquified in the warm wind that blew across our cabin. These were

the ship's crew to go to-bed." This I knew to be the pilot's voice; and, upon recollecting myself, I concluded that he had spoken these words to me some days before, though I could not hear them until the present thaw. My reader will easily imagine how the whole crew was amazed to hear every man talking, and see no man opening his mouth. In the midst of this great surprise we were all in, we heard a volley of oaths and curses, lasting for a long while, and uttered in a very hoarse voice, which I knew belonged to the boatswain, who was a very ebullient fellow, and had taken his opportunity of cursing and swearing at me when he thought I could not hear him; for I had several times given him the strappado on that account, as I did not fail to repeat it for these his pious soliloquies, when I got him on ship-board.

I must not omit the names of several beauties in Wapping, which were heard every now and then, in the midst of a long sigh that accompanied them; as, "Dear Kate!" "Pretty Mrs. Peggy!" "When shall I see my Sue again!" This betrayed several amours which had been concealed until that time, and furnished us with a great deal of mirth in our return to England.

When this confusion of voices was pretty well over, though I was afraid to offer at speaking, as fearing I should not be heard, I proposed a visit to the Dutch cabin, which lay about a mile farther up in the country. My crew were extremely rejoiced to find they had again recovered their hearing; though every man uttered his voice with the same apprehensions that I had done,

— Et timide verba intermisit retentat.

Ovid. Met. l. 747.

And try'd his tongue, his silence softly broke. *Dryd.*

'At about half-a-mile's distance from our cabin we heard the groanings of a bear, which at first startled us; but, upon enquiry, we were informed by some of our company, that he was dead, and now lay in salt, having been killed upon that very spot about a fortnight before, in the time of the frost. Not far from the same place, we were likewise entertained with some posthumous snarls, and barkings of a fox.

We at length arrived at the little Dutch settlement; and, upon entering the room, found it filled with sighs that smelt of brandy, and several other unseemly sounds, that were altogether inarticulate. My valet, who was an Irishman, fell into so great a rage at what he heard, that he drew his sword; but not knowing where to lay the blame, he put it up again. We were stunned with these confused noises, but did not bear a single word until about half an hour after; which I ascribed to the harsh and obdurate sounds of that language, which wanted more time than ours to melt, and become audible.

'After having here met with a very hearty welcome, we went to the cabin of the French, who, to make amends for their three weeks' silence, were talking and disputing with greater rapidity and confusion than I ever heard in an assembly, even of that nation. Their language, as I found, upon the first giving of the weather, fell asunder and dissolved. I was here convinced of an error into which I had before fallen: for I fancied, that for the freezing of the sound, it was necessary for it to be wrapped up, and, as it were, preserved in breath: but I found my mistake when I heard the sound of a kit playing a minuet over our heads. I asked the occasion of it; upon which one of the company told me that it would play there above a week longer; "for," says he, "finding ourselves bereft of speech, we prevailed upon one of the company, who had his musical instrument about him, to play to us from morning to night; all which time we employed in dancing, in order to dissipate our chagrin, et tuer le temps."

Here sir John gives very good philosophical reasons, why the kit could not be heard during the frost; but, as they are something prolix, I pass them over in silence, and shall only observe, that the honourable author seems, by his quotations, to have been well versed in the ancient poets, which perhaps raised his fancy above the ordinary pitch of historians, and very much contributed to the embellishment of his writings.

No. 255.] *Saturday, November 23, 1710.*

— Nec te tua plurima, Pantheu,

Labentem plectas, nec Apollinis membra textis.

Virg. Ecl. li. 400.

Comes comes the last, the red'ning doctor now
Sighs off reluctant, with his meaning bow;
Dress, letters, wit, and merit, plead in vain,
For bear he must, indigently and pain.

From my own Apartment, November 24.

'To the Censor of Great Britain.

SIR,

'I AM at present under very great difficulties, which it is not in the power of any one, besides yourself, to redress. Whether or no you shall think it a proper case to come before your court of honour, I cannot tell; but thus it is. I am chaplain to an honourable family, very regular at the hours of devotion, and, I hope, of an unblameable life; but for not offering to rise at the second course, I found my patron and his lady, very sullen and out of humour, though at first I did not know the reason of it. At length, when I happened to help myself to a jelly, the lady of the house, otherwise a devout woman, told me, that it did not become a man of my cloth to delight in such frivolous food: but as I still continued to sit out the last course, I was yesterday in-

formed by the butler, that his lordship had no further occasion for my service. All which is humbly submitted to your consideration by,
'Sir, your most humble servant, &c.'

The case of this gentleman deserves pity; especially if he loves sweetmeats, to which, if I may guess by his letter, he is no enemy. In the mean time, I have often wondered at the indecency of discharging the holiest man from the table as soon as the most delicious parts of the entertainment are served up, and could never conceive a reason for so absurd a custom. Is it because a liquorish palate, or a sweet tooth, as they call it, is not consistent with the sanctity of his character? This is but a trifling pretence. No man, of the most rigid virtue, gives offence by any excesses in plum-pudding or plum-porridge, and that because they are *the first parts of the dinner*. Is there any thing that tends to incitation in sweetmeats more than in ordinary dishes? Certainly not. Sugar-plums are a very innocent diet, and con-serves of a much colder nature than your common pickles. I have sometimes thought that the ceremony of the chaplain's flying away from the dessert was typical and figurative, to mark out to the company how they ought to retire from all the luscious baits of temptation, and deny their appetites the gratifications that are most pleasing to them; or, at least, to signify that we ought to stint ourselves in our most lawful satisfactions, and not make our pleasure, but our support, the end of eating. But most certainly, if such a lesson of temperance had been necessary at a table, our clergy would have recommended it to all the lay-masters of families, and not have disturbed other men's tables with such unseasonable examples of abstinence. The original, therefore, of this barbarous custom, I take to have been merely accidental. The chaplain retired, out of pure complaisance, to make room for the removal of the dishes, or possibly for the ranging of the dessert. This by degrees grew into a duty, until at length, as the fashion improved, the good man found himself cut off from the third part of the entertainment; and, if the arrogance of the patron goes on, it is

that stand near him; and distinguishing himself by voraciousness of appetite, as knowing that his time is short. I would fain ask these stiff-necked patrons, whether they would not take it ill of a chaplain, that in his grace after meat should return thanks for the whole entertainment with an exception to the dessert? And yet I cannot but think that, in such a proceeding, he would but deal with them as they deserved. What would a Roman catholic priest think, who is always helped first, and placed next the ladies, should he see a clergyman giving his company the slip at the first appearance of the tarts or sweetmeats? Would not he believe that he had the same antipathy to a candied orange, or a piece of puff-paste, as some have to a Cheshire cheese, or a breast of mutton? Yet, to so ridiculous a height is this foolish custom grown, that even the Christmas pye, which in its very nature is a kind of consecrated cake, and a badge of distinction, is often forbidden to the druid of the family. Strange! that a surloin of beef, whether boiled or roasted, when entire, is exposed to his utmost depredations and incisions; but, if minced into small pieces, and tossed up with plums and sugar, changes its property, and forsooth, is meat for his master.

In this case I know not which to censure, the patron or the chaplain; the insolence of power or the abjectness of dependence. For my own part, I have often blushed to see a gentleman, whom I knew to have much more wit and learning than myself, and who was bred up with me at the university upon the same foot of a liberal education, treated, in such an ignominious manner, and sunk beneath those of his own rank, by reason of that character which ought to bring him honour. This deters men of generous minds from placing themselves in such a station of life, and by that means, frequently excludes persons of quality from the improving and agreeable conversation of a learned and obsequious friend.

Mr. Oldham* lets us know, that he was affrighted from the thought of such an employment, by the scandalous sort of treatment which often accompanies it:

Some think themselves exalted to the sky.

Observe your distance, and be sure to stand
Hard by the cistern with your cap in hand :
There for diversion you may pick your teeth,
Till the kind volder comes for your relief.
Let others, who such meannesses can brook,
Strike countenance to every great man's look ;
I rate my freedom higher.

This author's raillery is the raillery of a friend, and does not turn the sacred order into ridicule ; but is a just censure on such persons as take advantage, from the necessities of a man of merit, to impose on him hardships that are by no means suitable to the dignity of his profession.

No 256.] Tuesday, November 28, 1710.

— Nostrum est tantas componere lites.
Virg. Ecl. lib. 108.

Ths ours such warm contentions to decide.
R. Wynn.

The Proceedings of the Court of Honour, held in Sheer-lane on Monday the twentieth of November, 1710, before Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, Censor of Great Britain.

PETER PLUMB, of London, merchant, was indicted by the honourable Mr. Thomas Gules, of Gule-hall in the county of Salop, for that the said Peter Plumb did, in Lombard-street, London, between the hours of two and three in the afternoon, meet the said Mr. Thomas Gules, and, after a short salutation, put on his hat, value fivepence, while the honourable Mr. Gules stood bare-headed for the space of two seconds. It was further urged against the criminal, that, during his discourse with the prosecutor, he feloniously stole the wall of him, having clapped his back against it in such a manner, that it was impossible for Mr. Gules to recover it again at his taking leave of him. The prosecutor alleged, that he was the cadet of a very ancient family ; and that, according to the principles of all the younger brothers of the said family, he had never sullied himself with business, but had chosen rather to starve, like a man of honour, than do any thing beneath his quality. He produced several witnesses, that he had never employed himself beyond the twisting of a whip, or the making a pair of nut-crackers, in which he only worked for his diversion, in order to make a present now and then to his friends. The prisoner being asked, ' what he could say for himself,' cast several reflections upon the honourable Mr. Gules ; as, ' that he was not worth a groat ; that nobody in the city would trust him for a halfpenny ; that he owed him money, which he had promised to pay him several times, but never kept his word : and, in short, that he was an idle beggarly fellow, and of no use to the public.' This sort of language was very severely reprimanded by the Censor, who told the criminal, ' that he spoke in contempt

of the court, and that he should be proceeded against for contumacy, if he did not change his style.' The prisoner, therefore, desired to be heard by his counsel, who urged in his defence, ' that he put on his hat through ignorance, and took the wall by accident.' They likewise produced several witnesses, that he made several motions with his hat in his hand, which are generally understood as an invitation to the person we talk with to be covered ; and that, the gentleman not taking the hint, he was forced to put on his hat, as being troubled with a cold. There was likewise an Irishman, who deposed, ' that he had heard him cough three-and-twenty times that morning.' And as for the wall, it was alleged, that he had taken it inadvertently, to save himself from a shower of rain which was then falling. The Censor, having consulted the men of honour who sat at his right hand on the bench, found they were all of opinion, that the defence made by the prisoner's counsel did rather aggravate than extenuate his crime ; that the motions and intimations of the hat were a token of superiority in conversation, and therefore not to be used by the criminal to a man of the prosecutor's quality, who was likewise vested with a double title to the wall at the time of their conversation, both as it was the upper hand, and as it was a shelter from the weather. The evidence being very full and clear, the jury, without going out of court, declared their opinion unanimously, by the mouth of their foreman, ' that the prosecutor was bound in honour to make the sun shine through the criminal,' or, as they afterwards explained themselves, ' to whip him through the lungs.'

The Censor knitting his brows into a frown, and looking very sternly upon the jury, after a little pause, gave them to know, ' that this court was erected for the finding out of penalties suitable to offences, and to restrain the outrages of private justice ; and that he expected they should moderate their verdict.' The jury therefore retired, and being willing to comply with the advices of the Censor, after an hour's conversation, delivered their opinion as follows :

' That, in consideration this was Peter Plumb's first offence, and that there did not appear any malice prepense in it, as also that he lived in good reputation among his neighbours, and that his taking the wall was only *se defendendo*, the prosecutor should let him escape with life, and content himself with the slitting of his nose and the cutting off both his ears.' Mr. Bickerstaff, smiling upon the court, told them, ' that he thought the punishment, even under its present mitigation, too severe ; and that such penalties might be of ill consequence in a trading nation.' He therefore pronounced sentence against the criminal in the following manner ; ' that his Aar, which

was the instrument of offence, should be forfeited to the court; that the criminal should go to the warehouse from whence he came, and thence, as occasion should require, proceed to the Exchange, or Garraway's coffee-house, in what manner he pleased; but that neither he, nor any of the family of the Plums, should hereafter appear in the streets of London out of their coaches, that so the foot-way might be left open and undisturbed for their betters.'

Dathan, a pedling Jew, and T. R——, a Welshman, were indicted by the keeper of an alehouse in Westminster, for breaking the peace and two earthen mugs, in a dispute about the antiquity of their families, to the great detriment of the house, and disturbance of the whole neighbourhood. Dathan said for himself, 'that he was provoked to it by the Welshman, who pretended that the Welsh were an ancienter people than the Jews; whereas,' says he, 'I can show by this genealogy in my hand, that I am the son of Meshech, that was the son of Naboth that was the son of Shalem that was the son of ——.' The Welshman here interrupted him, and told him, 'that he could produce *shennalogy* as well as himself; for 'that he was John ap Rice, ap Shenken, ap Shones.' He then turned himself to the Censor, and told him in the same broken accent, and with much warmth, 'that the Jew would needs uphold, that king Cadwallader was younger than Isaacbar.' Mr. Bickerstaff seemed very much inclined to give sentence against Dathan, as being a Jew; but finding reasons, by some expressions which the Welshman let fall in asserting the antiquity of his family, to suspect that the said Welshman was a Præ-Adamite, he suffered the jury to go out, without any previous admonition. After some time they returned, and gave their verdict 'that it appearing the persons at the bar did neither of them wear a sword, and that consequently they had no right to quarrel upon a point of honour; to prevent such frivolous appeals for the future, they should both of them be tossed in the same blanket, and there adjust the superiority as they could agree on it he-

resolved never to depart from, and which, as he conceived, would very much conduce to the shortening the business of the court: I mean, says he, 'never to allow of the lie being given by construction, implication, or induction, but by the sole use of the word itself.' He then proceeded to show the great mischiefs that had arisen to the English nation from that pernicious monosyllable; that it had bred the most fatal quarrels between the dearest friends; that it had frequently thinned the guards, and made great havock in the army; that it had sometimes weakened the city trained-bands; and, in a word, had destroyed many of the bravest men in the isle of Great Britain. For the prevention of which evils for the future, he instructed the jury to present the *word itself* as a nuisance in the English tongue; and further promised them, that he would, upon such their preferment, publish an edict of the court, for the intire banishment and exclusion of it out of the discourses and conversation of all civil societies.

This is a true copy. CHARLES LILLIE.

Monday next is set apart for the trial of several female causes.

N. B. The case of the hassock will come on between the hours of nine and ten.

No. 257.] Thursday, November 30, 1710.

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora: Dii, coeptis, nam vos mutastis et illas.
Aspirate meis! ——— Ovid. Met. l. 1.
Of bodies chang'd to various forms I sing,
Ye gods, from whom these miracles did spring,
Assist me in this arduous task! ———

From my own Apartment, November 29.

EVERY nation is distinguished by productions that are peculiar to it. Great Britain is particularly fruitful in religions, that shoot up and flourish in this climate more than in any other. We are so famous abroad for our great variety of sects and opinions, that an ingenious friend of mine, who is lately returned from his travels, assures me, there is a show at this

other strange creatures, but I never saw so great an assembly of spectators as were met together at the opening of this great piece of wax-work. We were all placed in a large hall, according to the price that we had paid for our seats. The curtain that hung before the show was made by a master of tapestry, who had woven it in the figure of a monstrous hydra that had several heads, which brandished out their tongues, and seemed to hiss at each other. Some of these heads were large and entire; and where any of them had been lopped away, there sprouted up several in the room of them; insomuch, that for one head cut off, a man might see ten, twenty, or a hundred, of a smaller size, creeping through the wound. In short, the whole picture was nothing but confusion and bloodshed. On a sudden,' says my friend, 'I was startled with a flourish of many musical instruments that I had never heard before, which was followed by a short tune, if it might be so called, wholly made up of jars and discords. Among the rest, there was an organ, a bagpipe, a *grooming-board*,* a stentorophonic trumpet, with several wind instruments of a most disagreeable sound, which I do not so much as know the names of. After a short flourish, the curtain was drawn up, and we were presented with the most extraordinary assembly of figures that ever entered into a man's imagination. The design of the workman was so well expressed in the dumb show before us, that it was not hard for an Englishman to comprehend the meaning of it.

The principal figures were placed in a row, consisting of seven persons. The middle figure, which immediately attracted the eyes of the whole company, and was much bigger than the rest, was formed like a matron, dressed in the habit of an elderly woman of quality in queen Elizabeth's days. The most remarkable parts of her dress were, the beaver with the steeple crown, the scarf that was darker than sable, and the lawn apron that was whiter than ermine. Her gown was of the richest black velvet; and, just upon her heart, studded with large diamonds of an inestimable value.

of her, that the tears ran down my face as I looked upon her; and still the more I looked upon her, the more my heart was melted with the sentiments of filial tenderness and duty. I discovered every moment something so charming in this figure, that I could scarce take my eyes off it. On its right hand there sat the figure of a woman so covered with ornaments, that her face, her body, and her hands, were almost entirely hid under them. The little you could see of her face was painted; and, what I thought very odd, had something in it like artificial wrinkles; but I was the less surprised at it, when I saw upon her forehead an old-fashioned tower of gray-hairs. Her head-dress rose very high by three several stories or degrees; her garments had a thousand colours in them, and were embroidered with crosses in gold, silver, and silk. She had nothing on so much as a glove or a slipper, which was not marked with this figure; nay, so superstitiously fond did she appear of it, that she sat cross-legged. I was quickly sick of this tawdry composition of ribbands, silks, and jewels, and therefore cast my eye on a dame which was just the reverse of it. I need not tell my reader, that the lady before described was Popery, or that she I am going to describe is Presbytery. She sat on the left hand of the venerable matron, and so much resembled her in the features of her countenance, that she seemed her sister; but at the same time that one observed a likeness in her beauty, one could not but take notice, that there was something in it sickly and splenetic. Her face had enough to discover the relation; but it was drawn up into a peevish figure, soured with discontent, and overcast with melancholy. She seemed offended at the matron for the shape of her hat, as too much resembling the triple coronet of the person who sat by her. One might see likewise, that she dissented from the white apron and the cross; for which reasons she had made herself a plain homely dowdy, and turned her face towards the sectaries that sat on her left hand, as being afraid of looking upon the matron, lest she should see the harlot by her.

On the right hand of Popery sat Judaism.

'I have now,' continued my friend, 'given you an account of those who were placed on the right hand of the matron, and who, according to the order in which they sat, were Deism, Judaism, and Popery. On the left-hand, as I told you, appeared Presbytery. The next to her was a figure which somewhat puzzled me: it was that of a man looking, with horror in his eyes, upon a silver basin filled with water. Observing something in his countenance that looked like lunacy, I fancied at first, that he was to express that kind of distraction which the physicians call the *Hydrophobia*; but considering what the intention of the show was, I immediately recollected myself, and concluded it to be Anabaptism.

'The next figure was a man that sat under a most profound composure of mind. He wore a hat whose brims were exactly parallel with the horizon. His garment had neither sleeve nor skirt, nor so much as a superfluous button. What they called his cravat, was a little piece of white linen quilled with great exactness, and hanging below his chin about two inches. Seeing a book in his hand, I asked our artist what it was; who told me it was "The Quaker's religion;" upon which I desired a sight of it. Upon perusal, I found it to be nothing but a new-fashioned grammar, or an art of abridging ordinary discourse. The nouns were reduced to a very small number, as *the Light, Friend, Babylon*. The principal of his pronouns was *thou*; and as for *you, ye, and yours*, I found they were not looked upon as parts of speech in this grammar. All the verbs wanted the second person plural; the participles ended all in *ing* or *ed*, which were marked with a particular accent. There were no adverbs besides *yea* and *nay*. The same thrift was observed in the prepositions. The conjunctions were only *hem*! and *ha*! and the interjections brought under the three heads of *sighing, sobbing, and groaning*.

'There was at the end of the grammar a little nomenclature, called, "The Christian Man's Vocabulary," which gave new appellations, or, if you will, Christian names, to almost every thing in life. I replaced the book in the hand of the figure, not without admiring the simplicity of its garb, speech, and behaviour.

'Just opposite to this row of religions, there was a statue dressed in a fool's coat with a cap of bells upon his head, laughing and pointing at the figures that stood before him. This idiot is supposed to say in his heart what David's fool did some thousands of years ago, and was therefore designed as a proper representative of those among us who are called Atheists and Infidels by others, and Free-thinkers by themselves.

'There were many other groups of figures which I did not know the meaning of; but seeing a collection of both sexes turning their

backs upon the company, and laying their heads very close together, I enquired after their religion, and found that they called themselves the Philadelphians, or the family of love.

'In the opposite corner there sat another little congregation of strange figures, opening their mouths as wide as they could gape, and distinguished by the title of the sweet singers of Israel.

'I must not omit, that in this assembly of wax there were several pieces that moved by clock-work, and gave great satisfaction to the spectators. Behind the matron there stood one of these figures, and behind Popery another, which, as the artist told us, were each of them the genius of the person they attended. That behind Popery represented persecution, and the other moderation. The first of these moved by secret springs towards a great heap of dead bodies, that lay piled upon one another at a considerable distance behind the principal figures. There were written on the foreheads of these dead men, several hard words, as, *Pragmatists, Sabbatarians, Cameronians, Mugletonians, Brownists, Independants, Masonites, Camisars*, and the like. At the approach of persecution, it was so contrived, that, as she held up her bloody flag, the whole assembly of dead men, like those in the "Rehearsal," started up and drew their swords. This was followed by great clashings and noise, when, in the midst of the tumult, the figure of moderation moved gently towards this new army, which, upon her holding up a paper in her hand, inscribed "Liberty of conscience," immediately fell into a heap of carcases, remaining in the same quiet posture, in which they lay at first.'

No. 258.] *Saturday, December 2, 1710.*

Oecum miseris orambe repella—

Juv. Sat. vii. 154.

The same stale viands, serv'd up o'er and o'er,
The stomach nauseates—

R. Wynn.

From my own Apartment, December 1.

WHEN a man keeps a constant table, he may be allowed sometimes to serve up a cold dish of meat, or toss up the fragments of a feast in a ragout. I have sometimes, in a scarcity of provisions, been obliged to take the same kind of liberty, and to entertain my reader with the leavings of a former treat. I must this day have recourse to the same method, and beg my guests to sit down to a kind of Saturday's dinner. To let the metaphor rest; I intend to fill up this paper with a bundle of letters, relating to subjects on which I have formerly treated; and have ordered my bookseller to print, at the end of each letter, the minutes with which I indorsed it, after the first perusal of it.

'To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire.

SIR,

Nov. 22, 1710.

'Dining yesterday with Mr. South-British and Mr. William North-Briton, two gentlemen, who, before you ordered it otherwise, were known by the names of Mr. English, and Mr. William Scot: among other things, the maid of the house, who, in her time I believe may have been a North-British warming-pan, brought us up a dish of North-British collops. We liked our entertainment very well; only we observed the table-cloth, being not so fine as we could have wished, was North-British cloth. But the worst of it was, we were disturbed all dinner-time by the noise of the children, who were playing in the paved court at North-British hoppers; so we paid our North-Briton sooner than we designed, and took coach to North Briton Yard, about which place most of us live. We had indeed gone a foot, only we were under some apprehensions lest a North-British mist should wet a South-British man to the skin.

'We think this matter properly expressed, according to the accuracy of the new style, settled by you in one of your late papers. You will please to give your opinion upon it to,

'Sir, your most humble servants,

J. S.
M. P.
N. R.

See if this letter be conformable to the directions given in the Tatler above-mentioned.

'To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire.

SIR,

Kew, Nov. 22, 1710.

'A gentleman in my neighbourhood, who happens to be brother to a lord, though neither his father nor grandfather were so, is perpetually making use of this phrase, "a person of my quality." He has it in his mouth fifty times a-day, to his labourers, his servants, his children, his tenants, and his neighbours. Wet or dry, at home or abroad, drunk or sober, angry or pleased, it is the constant burden of his style. Sir, as you are Censor of Great Britain, as you value the repose of a loyal county, and the reputation of my neighbour, I beg you will take this cruel grievance into your consideration; else, for my own particular, I am resolved to give up my farms, sell

close siege to me, and carry on their attacks with all possible diligence. I know which of them has the first place in my own heart, but would freely cross my private inclinations to make choice of the man who loves me best; which it is impossible for me to know, all of them pretending to an equal passion for me. Let me therefore beg of you, dear Mr. Bickerstaff, to lend me your Ithuriel's spear, in order to touch this troop of rivals; after which I will most faithfully return it to you again, with the greatest gratitude. I am, Sir, &c.'

Query 1. What figure doth this lady think her lover will appear in? or what symptoms will be betray of his passion upon being touched?

2. Whether a touch of her fan may not have the same efficacy as a touch of Ithuriel's spear?

Great Lincoln's-Inn Square,
Nov. 23.

'HONOURED SIR,

'Gratitude obliges me to make this public acknowledgement of the eminent service you have done myself in particular, and the whole body of chaplains, I hope, in general. Coming home on Sunday about dinner-time, I found things strangely altered for the better; the porter smiled in my face when he let me in, the footman bowed to me as I passed him, the steward shook me by the hand, and Mrs. Beatrice dropped me a courtesy as she went along. I was surprised at all this civility, and knew not to what I might ascribe it, except to my bright beaver and shining scarf, that were new that day. But I was still more astonished to find such an agreeable change at the table. My lord helped me to a fat slice of venison with his own hand, and my lady did me the honour to drink to me. I offered to rise at my usual time; but was desired to sit still, with this kind expression, "Come, doctor, a jelly or a conserve will do you no harm; do not be afraid of the dessert." I was so confounded with the favour, that I returned my thanks in a most awkward manner, wondering what was the meaning of this total transformation: but my lord soon put an end to my admiration, by showing me a paper that challenged you, sir, for its author; and rallied me very agreeably on the subject, asking me, "Which was best handled, the lord or his chaplain?" I owned myself to think the banter

'MR. CENSOR,

Oxford, Nov. 27.

'I have read your account of Nova Zembla with great pleasure, and have ordered it to be transcribed in a little hand, and inserted in Mr. Tonson's late edition of Hudibras. I could wish you would furnish us with more notes upon that author, to fill up the place of those dull annotations with which several editions of that book have been incumbered. I would particularly desire of you to give the world the story of Taliacotius, who makes a very eminent figure in the first canto; not having been able to meet with any account of the said Taliacotius in the writings of any other author. I am, with the most profound respect, the most humble of your admirers,

'Q. Z.'

To be answered next Thursday, if nothing more material intervenes.

'MR. CENSOR,

'In your survey of the people, you must have observed crowds of single persons that are qualified to increase the subjects of this glorious island, and yet neglect that duty to their country. In order to reclaim such persons, I lay before you this proposal.

Your most obedient servant,

'TH. CL.*

This to be considered on Saturday next.

No. 259.] Tuesday, December 5, 1710.

— Vexat censura columbas. *Juv. Sat. li. 63.*Censure acquits the crow, condemns the dove.
Anon.

A Continuation of the Journal of the Court of Honour, held in Sheer-lane, on Monday, the twenty-seventh of November, before Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq. Censor of Great Britain.

ELIZABETH MAKEBATE, of the parish of St. Catharine's, spinster, was indicted for surreptitiously taking away the hassock from under the lady Grave-Airs, between the hours of four and five, on Sunday, the twenty-sixth of November. The prosecutor deposed, 'that as she stood up to make a courtesy to a person of quality in a neighbouring pew, the criminal conveyed away the hassock by stealth; inasmuch, that the prosecutor was obliged to sit all the while she was at church, or to say her prayers in a posture that did not become a woman of her quality.' The prisoner pleaded inadvertency; and the jury were going to bring it in chance-medley, had not several witnesses been produced against the said Elizabeth Makebate, that she was an old offender, and a woman of a bad reputation. It appeared in particular, that, on the Sunday before, she had detracted from a new petticoat of Mrs. Mary

Doelittle, having said, in the hearing of several credible witnesses, 'that the said petticoat was scoured,' to the great grief and detriment of the said Mary Doelittle. There were likewise many evidences produced against the criminal, that though she never failed to come to church on Sunday, she was a most notorious sabbath-breaker; and that she spent her whole time, during divine service, in disparaging other people's clothes, and whispering to those who sat next her. Upon the whole, she was found guilty of the indictment, and received sentence 'to ask pardon of the prosecutor upon her bare knees, without either cushion or hassock under her, in the face of the court.

N. B. As soon as the sentence was executed on the criminal, which was done in open court with the utmost severity, the first lady of the bench on Mr. Bickerstaff's right hand stood up, and made a motion to the court, 'that whereas it was impossible for women of fashion to dress themselves before the church was half done; and whereas many confusions and inconveniences did arise thereupon; it might be lawful for them to send a footman in order to keep their places, as was usual in other polite and well-regulated assemblies.' The motion was ordered to be entered in the books, and considered at a more convenient time.

Charles Cambrick, linen-draper, in the city of Westminster, was indicted for speaking obscenely to the lady Penelope Touchwood. It appeared, that the prosecutor and her woman going in a stage-coach from London to Brentford, where they were to be met by the lady's own chariot, the criminal, and another of his acquaintance travelled with them in the same coach, at which time the prisoner talked bawdy for the space of three miles and a half. The prosecutor alleged, 'that over-against the old Fox at Knightsbridge he mentioned the word *linen*; that at the further end of Kensington he made use of the term *smock*; and that, before he came to Hammersmith, he talked almost a quarter of an hour upon *wedding-shifts*.' The prosecutor's woman confirmed what her lady had said, and added further, 'that she had never seen her lady in so great a confusion, and in such a taking, as she was during the whole discourse of the criminal.' The prisoner had little to say for himself, but 'that he talked only in his own trade, and meant no hurt by what he said.' The jury, however, found him guilty, and represented by their forewoman, that such discourses were apt to sully the imagination; and that, by a concatenation of ideas, the word *linen* implied many things that were not proper to be stirred up in the mind of a woman who was of the prosecutor's quality, and therefore gave it as their verdict, 'that the linen-draper should lose his tongue.' Mr. Bickerstaff said he thought the prosecutor's ears were as much to blame as the prisoner's tongue.

and therefore gave sentence as follows : ' that they should both be placed over-against one another in the midst of the court, there to remain for the space of one quarter of an hour, during which time the linen-drawer was to be gagged, and the lady to hold her hands close upon both her ears ;' which was executed accordingly.

Edward Callicoat was indicted as an accomplice to Charles Cambrick, for that he, the said Edward Callicoat, did, by his silence and smiles, seem to approve and abet the said Charles Cambrick in every thing he said. It appeared, that the prisoner was foreman of the shop to the aforesaid Charles Cambrick, and, by this post, obliged to smile at every thing that the other should be pleased to say ; upon which he was acquitted.

Josiah Shallow was indicted in the name of dame Winifred, sole relict of Richard Dainty, esquire, for having said several times in company, and in the hearing of several persons there present, ' that he was extremely obliged to the widow Dainty, and that he should never be able sufficiently to express his gratitude.' The prosecutor urged, that this might blast her reputation, and that it was in effect a boasting of favours which he had never received. The prisoner seemed to be much astonished at the construction which was put upon his words, and said, ' that he meant nothing by them, but that the widow had befriended him in a lease, and was very kind to his younger sister.' The jury finding him a little weak in his understanding, without going out of the court, brought in their verdict, *ignoramus*.

Ursula Goodenough was accused by the lady Betty Wou'dbe, for having said, that she, the lady Betty Wou'dbe, was painted. The prisoner brought several persons of good credit to witness to her reputation, and proved, by undeniable evidences, that she was never at the place where the words were said to have been uttered. The Censor, observing the behaviour of the prosecutor, found reason to believe, that she had indicted the prisoner for no other reason, but to make her complexion be taken notice of ; which, indeed was very fresh and beautiful : he therefore asked the offender, with a very stern voice, how she could presume to spread so groundless a report ? and whether she saw any colours in the lady Wou'dbe's face that could procure credit to such a falsehood ? ' Do you see,' says he, ' any lilies or roses in her cheeks, any bloom, any probability ? ' The prosecutor, not able to bear such language any longer, told him, ' that he talked like a blind old fool, and that she was ashamed to have entertained any opinion of his wisdom : but she was put to silence, and sentenced ' to wear her mask for five months, and not to presume to show her face until the town should be empty.'

Benjamin Buzzard, esquire, was indicted for

having told the lady Everbloom at a public ball, that she looked very well for a woman of her years. The prisoner not denying the fact, and persisting before the court that he looked upon it as a compliment, the jury brought him in *non compos mentis*.

The court then adjourned to Monday, the eleventh instant.'

Copia vera

CHARLES LILLIE.

No. 260.] Thursday, December 7, 1710.

Non cuiusque datum est habere nasum. *Mart.*

The nose, 'tis said, shows both our scorn and pride :
And yet that feature is to some deny'd.—*R. Wylne.*

From my own Apartment, December 6.

WE have a very learned and elaborate dissertation upon thumbs in Montaigne's essays, and another upon ears in the 'Tale of a Tub.' I am here going to write one upon noses, having chosen for my text the following verses out of Hudibras :

So learned Tallacoties from
The brawny part of porter's ban
Cut supplemental noses, which
Lasted as long as parent breech ;
But when the date of neck was out,
Off dropp'd the sympathetic snout.*

Notwithstanding that there is nothing obscene in natural knowledge, and that I intend to give as little offence as may be to readers of a well-bred imagination ; I must, for my own quiet, desire the critics, who in all things have been famous for good noses, to refrain from the lecture of this curious tract. These gentlemen were formerly marked out and distinguished by the little rhinocerial nose, which was always looked upon as an instrument of derision ; and which they were used to cock, toss, or draw up in a contemptuous manner, upon reading the works of their ingenious contemporaries. It is not, therefore, for this generation of men that I write the present transaction,

——Mimus aptus acule
Naribus horum hominum—— *Hor.*

——Unfit
For the brisk petulance of modern wit.
Francis.

but for the sake of some of my philosophical friends in the *Royal Society* who peruse discourses of this nature with a becoming gravity, and a desire of improving by them.

Many are the opinions of learned men concerning the rise of that fatal distemper, which has always taken a particular pleasure in venting its spite upon the nose. I have seen a little burlesque poem in Italian, that gives a very pleasant account of this matter. The fable of it runs thus : Mars, the god of war, having served during the siege of Naples in the shape of a French colonel, received a visit one night

* Hudibras, part I. canto I. line 281.

from Venus, the goddess of love, who had been always his professed mistress and admirer. The poem says, she came to him in the disguise of a suttling wench, with a bottle of brandy under her arm. Let that be as it will, he managed matters so well, that she went away big-bellied, and was at length brought to bed of a little Cupid. This boy, whether it was by reason of any bad food that his father had eaten during the siege, or of any particular malignity in the stars that reigned at his nativity, came into the world with a very sickly look, and crazy constitution. As soon as he was able to handle his bow, he made discoveries of a most perverse disposition. He dipped all his arrows in poison that rotted every thing they touched; and, what was more particular, aimed all his shafts at the nose, quite contrary to the practice of his elder brothers, who had made the human heart their butt in all countries and ages. To break him of this roguish trick, his parents put him to school to Mercury, who did all he could to hinder him from demolishing the noses of mankind; but, in spite of education, the boy continued very unlucky; and, though his malice was a little softened by good instructions, he would very frequently let fly an envenomed arrow, and wound his votaries oftener in the nose than in the heart. Thus far the fable.

I need not tell my learned reader, that Correggio has drawn a cupid taking his lesson from Mercury conformable to this poem; nor that the poem itself was designed as a burlesque upon Fracastorius.

It was a little after this fatal siege of Naples, that Taliacotius* began to practise in a town of Germany. He was the first love-doctor that I meet with in history, and a greater man in his age than our celebrated doctor Wall. He saw his species extremely mutilated and disfigured by this new distemper that was crept into it; and therefore, in pursuance of a very seasonable invention, set up a manufacture of noses; having first got a patent that none should presume to make noses besides himself. His first patient was a great man of Portugal, who had done good services to his country, but in the midst of them unfortunately lost his nose. Taliacotius grafted a new one on the remaining part of the gristle or cartilaginous substance, which would sneeze, smell, take snuff, pronounce the letters M or N; and, in short, do all the functions of a genuine and natural nose. There was, however, one misfortune in this experiment: the Portuguese's complexion was a little upon the subfuse, with very black eyes and dark eye-brows; and the nose being taken from a porter that had a white German skin, and cut out of those parts that are not exposed to the

sun, it was very visible that the features of his face were not fellows. In a word, the Comd^e resembled one of those maimed antique statues that has often a modern nose of fresh marble glued to a face of such a yellow, ivory complexion, as nothing can give but age. To remedy this particular for the future, the doctor got together a great collection of porters, men of all complexions, black, fair, brown, dark, sallow, pale, and ruddy; so that it was impossible for a patient of the most out-of-the-way colour not to find a nose to match it.

The doctor's house was now very much enlarged, and became a kind of college, or rather hospital, for the fashionable cripples of both sexes, that resorted to him from all parts of Europe. Over his door was fastened a large golden snout, not unlike that which is placed over the great gates at Brasen-nose college in Oxford; and, as it is usual for the learned in foreign universities to distinguish their houses by a Latin sentence, the doctor writ underneath this great golden *proboscis* two verses out of Ovid:

Militat omnis amans, habet et sua castra Cupido;
Pontice, crede mihi, militat omnis amans.
Ovid. Amor. El. ix. 1.

The toils of love require a warrior's art;
And every lover plays the soldier's part.

It is reported that Taliacotius had at one time in his house, twelve German counts, nineteen French marquisses, and a hundred Spanish cavaliers, besides one solitary English esquire, of whom more hereafter. Though the doctor had the *monopoly* of noses in his own hands, he is said not to have been unreasonable. Indeed, if a man had occasion for a high Roman nose, he must go to the price of it. A carbuncle nose likewise bore an excessive rate; but for your ordinary short turned-up noses, of which there was the greatest consumption, they cost little or nothing; at least the purchasers thought so, who would have been content to have paid much dearer for them rather than to have gone without them.

The sympathy betwixt the nose and its parent was very extraordinary. Hudibras has told us, that when the porter died, the nose dropped of course, in which case it was always usual to return the nose, in order to have it interred with its first owner. The nose was likewise affected by the pain, as well as death of the original proprietor. An eminent instance of this nature happened to three Spaniards, whose noses were all made out of the same piece of brawn. They found them one day shoot and swell extremely; upon which they sent to know how the porter did; and heard, upon enquiry, that the *parent of the noses* had been severely kicked the day before, and that the porter kept his bed on account of the bruises which he had received. This was highly resented by the Spaniards, who

* Gaspar Taliacotius was a professor of physic and surgery at Bononia, where he was born in 1489, and died in 1553.

found out the person that had used the porter so unmercifully, and treated him in the same manner, as if the indignity had been done to their own noses. In this and several other cases it might be said, that the porters led the gentlemen by the nose.

On the other hand, if any thing went amiss with the nose, the porter felt the effects of it; insomuch, that it was generally articulated with the patient, that he should not only abstain from all his old courses, but should, on no pretence whatsoever, smell pepper, or eat mustard; on which occasion, the part where the incision had been made, was seized with unspeakable twinges and prickings.

The Englishman I before mentioned was so very irregular, and relapsed so frequently into the distemper which at first brought him to the learned Taliacotius, that in the space of two years he wore out five noses; and by that means so tormented the porters, that if he would have given five hundred pounds for a nose, there was not one of them that would accommodate him. This young gentleman was born of honest parents, and passed his first years in fox-hunting; but accidentally quitting the woods, and, coming up to London, he was so charmed with the beauties of the playhouse, that he had not been in town two days before he got the misfortune which carried off this part of his face. He used to be called in Germany 'the Englishman of five noses,' and 'the gentleman that had thrice as many noses as he had ears.' Such was the raillery of those times.

I shall close this paper with an admonition to the young men of this town: which I think the more necessary, because I see several new fresh-coloured faces, that have made their first appearance in it this winter. I must therefore assure them, that the art of making noses is *entirely lost*; and, in the next place, beg them not to follow the example of our ordinary town rakes, who live as if there was a Taliacotius to be met with at the corner of every street. Whatever young men may think, the nose is a very becoming part of the face; and a man

No. 261.] *Saturday, December 9, 1710.*

From my own Apartment, December 8.

It is the duty of all who make philosophy the entertainment of their lives, to turn their thoughts to practical schemes for the good of society, and not pass away their time in fruitless searches which tend rather to the ostentation of knowledge, than the service of life. For this reason I cannot forbear reading even the common bills that are daily put into people's hands as they pass the streets, which give us notice of the present residence, the past travels, and infallible medicines of doctors useful in their generation, though much below the character of the renowned Taliacotius. But, upon a nice calculation of the successes of such adepts, I find their labours tend mostly to the enriching only one sort of men, that is to say, the society of upholders. From this observation, and many others which occur to me when I am numbering the good people of Great Britain, I cannot but favour any proposal which tends to repairing the losses we sustain by eminent cures. The best I have met with in this kind, has been offered to my consideration, and recommended in a letter subscribed Thomas Clement. The title to his printed articles runs thus: 'By the profitable society, at the Wheat-sheaf, over against Tom's coffee-house, in Russel-street, Covent-Garden, new proposals for promoting a contribution towards raising two hundred and fifty pounds, to be made on the baptizing of any infant born in wedlock.' The plan is laid with such proper regulations, as serve, to such as fall in with it for the sake of their posterity, all the uses, without any of the inconveniencies, of settlements. By this means, such whose fortunes depend upon their own industry, or personal qualifications, need not be deterred, by fear of poverty, from that state which nature and reason prescribe to us, as the fountain of the greatest happiness in human life. The Censors of Rome had power vested in them to lay taxes on the unmarried; and I think I cannot show my impartiality

vict. I am not without hopes, that from this slight warning, all the unmarried men of fortune, taste, and refinement, will, without further delay, become lovers and humble servants to such of their acquaintance as are most agreeable to them, under pain of my censures: and it is to be hoped the rest of the world, who remain single for fear of the encumbrances of wedlock, will become subscribers to Mr. Clement's proposal. By these means we shall have a much more numerous account of births in the year 1711, than any ever before known in Great Britain, where merely to be born is a distinction of providence greater than being born to a fortune in another place.

As I was going on in the consideration of this good office which Mr. Clement proposes to do his country, I received the following letter, which seems to be dictated by a like modest and public spirit, that makes use of me also in its design of obliging mankind:

'MR. BICKERSTAFF,

'In the royal lottery for a million and a half I had the good fortune of obtaining a prize. From before the drawing I had devoted a fifth of whatever should arise to me to charitable uses. Accordingly, I lately troubled you with my request and commission for placing half-a-dozen youths with Mr. More,* writing-master in Castle-street, to whom, it is said, we owe all the fine devices, flourishes, and the composition of all the plates, for the drawing and paying the tickets. Be pleased therefore, good sir, to find or make leisure for complying therewith, for I would not appear concerned in this small matter. I am very much

'Your humble servant, &c.'

It is no small pleasure to observe, that in the midst of a very degenerate age, there are still spirits which retain their natural dignity, and pursue the good of their fellow-creatures: some in making themselves useful by professed service, some by secret generosity. Were I at liberty to discover even all the good I know of many men living at this time, there would want nothing but a suitable historian, to make them appear as illustrious as any of the noblest of the ancient Greeks or Romans. The cunning some have used to do handsome and worthy actions, the address to do men services, and escape their notice, has produced so many surprising incidents, which have been laid before me during my Censorship, as, in the opinion of posterity, would absolve this age of all its crimes and follies. I know no way to deal with such delicate minds as these, but by assuring them, that, when they cease to do good, I shall tell all the good they have done already. Let, therefore, the benefactor to the youths

above-mentioned continue such bounties, upon pain of being publicly praised. But there is no probability of his running into that hazard; for a strong habit of virtue can make men suspend the receiving the acknowledgements due to their merit, until they are out of a capacity of receiving them. I am so very much charmed with accidents of this kind, that I have made a collection of all the memorable handsome things done by private men in my time. As a specimen of my manner of noting such actions, take the following fragment, out of much more, which is written in my year-book, on the remarkable will of a gentleman, whom I shall here call Celamico.

'This day died that plain and excellent man, my much-honoured friend, Celamico, who bequeathed his whole estate to a gentleman no way related to him, and to whom he had given no such expectation in his life-time.'

He was a person of a very enlarged soul, and thought the nearest relation among men to be the resemblance of their minds and sentiments. He was not mistaken in the worth of his successor, who received the news of this unexpected good fortune with an air that showed him less moved with the benefit than the loss of the benefactor.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Notice is hereby given, that on Monday, the eleventh instant, the case of the visit comes on, between the hours of ten and eleven, at the Court of Honour; where both persons are to attend, the meeting there not being to be understood as a visit, and the right of the next visit being then to be wholly settled, according to the prayer of the plaintiff.

No. 262.] Tuesday, December 12, 1710.

Verba togæ sequens, junctarâ callidus acri,
Ore teres modico, pallentes radere mores
Doctus, et ingenio culpam deflagare indo.
Pers. Sat. v. 14.

Soft eloquence does thy style renown,
And the sweet accents of the peaceful gown;
Gentle or sharp, according to thy choice,
To laugh at follies, or to lash at vice. *Dryden.*

JOURNAL OF THE COURT OF HONOUR, &c.

TIMOTHY TREATALL, gentleman, was indicted by several ladies of his sister's acquaintance for a very rude affront offered to them at an entertainment, to which he had invited them on Tuesday, the seventh of November last past, between the hours of eight and nine in the evening. The indictment set forth, 'that the said Mr. Treatall, upon the serving up of the supper, desired the ladies to take their places according to their different age and seniority; for that it was the way always at his table to pay respect to years.' The indictment added, 'that this produced an unspeakable

* In Massey's 'Origin and Progress of Letters,' 8vo. 1703, part II. p. 108, is some account of Mr. More.

confusion in the company; for that the ladies, who before had pressed together for a place at the upper end of the table, immediately crowded with the same disorder towards the end that was quite opposite; that Mrs. Frontley had the insolence to clap herself down 'at the very lowest place of the table; that the widow Partlet seated herself on the right hand of Mrs. Frontley, alleging for her excuse, that no ceremony was to be used at a round table; that Mrs. Fidget and Mrs. Fescue disputed above half-an-hour for the same chair, and that the latter would not give up the cause until in was decided by the parish register, which happened to be kept hard by.' The indictment further saith, 'that the rest of the company who sat down did it with a reserve to their right, which they were at liberty to assert on another occasion; and that Mrs. Mary Pippe, an old maid, was placed by the unanimous vote of the whole company at the upper end of the table, from whence she had the confusion to behold several mothers of families among her inferiors.' The criminal alleged in his defence, 'that what he had done was to raise mirth, and avoid ceremony; and that the ladies did not complain of his rudeness until the next morning, having eaten up what he had provided for them with great readiness and alacrity.' The Censor, frowning upon him, told him, 'that he ought not to discover so much levity in matters of a serious nature; and, upon the jury's bringing him in guilty, sentenced him 'to treat the whole assembly of ladies over again,' and to take care that he did it with the decorum which was due to persons of their quality.

Rebecca Shapely, spinster, was indicted by Mrs. Sarah Smack, for speaking many words reflecting upon her reputation, and the heels of her silk slippers, which the prisoner had maliciously suggested to be *two inches* higher than they really were. The prosecutor urged, as an aggravation of her guilt, that the prisoner was herself guilty of the same kind of forgery which she had laid to the prosecutor's charge; for that she, the said Rebecca Shapely, did always wear a pair of steel bodice, and a false rump. The Censor ordered the slippers to be produced in open court, where the heels were adjudged to be of the statutable size. He then ordered the grand jury to search the criminal, who, after some time spent therein, acquitted her of the bodice, but found her guilty of the rump: upon which she received sentence as is usual in such cases.

William Trippet, esquire, of the Middle Temple, brought his action against the lady Elizabeth Prudely, for having refused him her hand as he offered to lead her to her coach from the opera. The plaintiff set forth, that he had entered himself into the list of those volunteers, who officiate every night behind the

boxes as gentlemen-usbers of the playhouse that he had been at a considerable charge in white gloves, periwig, and snuff-boxes, in order to qualify himself for that employment, and in hopes of making his fortune by it. The counsel for the defendant replied, that the plaintiff had given out that he was within a month of wedding their client, and that she had refused her hand to him in ceremony, lest he should interpret it as a promise that she would give it him in marriage. As soon as the pleadings on both sides were finished, the Censor ordered the plaintiff to be cashiered from his office of gentleman-usber to the playhouse, since it was too plain that he had undertaken it with an ill design; and at the same time ordered the defendant either to marry the said plaintiff, or to pay him half-a-crown for the new pair of gloves and coach-hire that he was at the expense of in her service.

The lady Townly brought an action of debt against Mrs. Flambeau, for that the said Mrs. Flambeau had not been to see the lady Townly, and wish her joy, since her marriage with sir Ralph, notwithstanding she, the said lady Townly, had paid Mrs. Flambeau a visit upon her first coming to town. It was urged in the behalf of the defendant, that the plaintiff had never given her any regular notice of her being in town; that the visit she alleged had been made on Monday, which she knew was a day on which Mrs. Flambeau was always abroad, having set aside that only day in the week to mind the affairs of her family: that the servant, who enquired whether she was at home, did not give the visiting knock: that it was not between the hours of five and eight in the evening: that there were *no candles lighted* up: that it was not on Mrs. Flambeau's day; and, in short, that there was not one of the essential points observed that constitute a visit. She further proved by her porter's book, which was produced in court, that she had paid the lady Townly a visit on the twenty-fourth day of March, just before her leaving the town, in the year seventeen hundred and nine-ten,* for which she was still creditor to the said lady Townly. To this the plaintiff only replied, that she was now under covert, and not liable to any debts contracted when she was a single woman. Mr. Bickerstaff finding the cause to be very intricate, and that several points of honour were likely to arise in it, he deferred giving judgment upon it until the next session day, at which time he ordered the ladies on his left hand to present to the court a table of all the laws relating to visits.

Winifred Leer brought her action against

* Not nineteen, but on the very last day of 1709-10. was a nice point; for, according to the manner of reckoning at that time, the year 1710, began on the day following that is, on the 25th of March.

Richard Sly for having broken a marriage-contract, and wedded another woman, after he had engaged himself to marry the said Winifred Leer. She alleged, that he had ogled her twice at an opera, thrice in St. James's church, and once at Powell's puppet-show, at which time he promised her marriage by a side-glance, as her friend could testify that sat by her. Mr. Bickerstaff finding that the defendant had made no further overture of love or marriage, but by looks and ocular engagement; yet at the same time considering how very apt such impudent seducers are to lead the ladies' hearts astray, ordered the criminal 'to stand upon the stage in the Hay-market, between each act of the next opera, there to be exposed to public view as a false ogler.'

Upon the rising of the court, Mr. Bickerstaff having taken one of these counterfeits in the very fact, as he was ogling a lady of the grand jury, ordered him to be seized, and prosecuted upon the statute of ogling. He likewise directed the clerk of the court to draw up an edict against these common cheats, that make women believe they are distracted for them, by staring them out of countenance, and often blast a lady's reputation, whom they never spoke to, by saucy looks and distant familiarities.

No. 263.] Thursday, December 14, 1710.

Minima contentos nocte Britannos.

Juv. Sat. ii. 161.

Britons contented with the shortest night.

From my own Apartment, December 13.

AN old friend of mine being lately come to town, I went to see him on Tuesday last about eight o'clock in the evening, with a design to sit with him an hour or two, and talk over old stories; but, upon enquiry after him, I found he was gone to-bed. The next morning, as soon as I was up and dressed, and had despatched a little business, I came again to my friend's house about eleven o'clock, with a design to renew my visit; but, upon asking for him, his servant told me he was just sat down to dinner. In short, I found that my o'd-fashioned friend religiously adhered to the example of his forefathers, and observed the same hours that had been kept in the family ever since the conquest.

It is very plain, that the night was much longer formerly in this island than it is at present. By the night, I mean that portion of time which nature has thrown into darkness, and which the wisdom of mankind had formerly dedicated to rest and silence. This used to begin at eight o'clock in the evening, and conclude at six in the morning. The curfew, or eight o'clock bell, was the signal throughout the nation for putting out their candles and going to-bed.

Our grandmothers, though they were wont to sit up the last in the family, were all of them fast asleep at the same hours that their daughters are busy at crimp and basset. Modern statesmen are concerting schemes, and engaged in the depth of politics, at the time when their forefathers were laid down quietly to rest, and had nothing in their heads but dreams. As we have thus thrown business and pleasure into the hours of rest, and by that means made the natural night but half as long as it should be, we are forced to piece it out with a great part of the morning; so that near two thirds of the nation lie fast asleep for several hours in broad day light. This irregularity is grown so very fashionable at present, that there is scarce a lady of quality in Great Britain that ever saw the sun rise. And, if the humour increases in proportion to what it has done of late years, it is not impossible but our children may hear the bell-man going about the streets at nine o'clock in the morning, and the watch making their rounds until eleven. This unaccountable disposition in mankind to continue awake in the night, and sleep in the sunshine, has made me enquire, whether the same change of inclination has happened to any other animals? For this reason, I desired a friend of mine in the country to let me know, whether the lark rises as early as he did formerly; and whether the cock begins to crow at his usual hour. My friend has answered me, 'that his poultry are as regular as ever, and that all the birds and beasts of his neighbourhood keep the same hours that they have observed in the memory of man; and the same which, in all probability, they have kept for these five thousand years.'

If you would see the innovations that have been made among us in this particular, you may only look into the hours of colleges, where they still *dine at eleven*, and *sup at six*, which were doubtless the hours of the whole nation at the time when those places were founded. But at present, the courts of justice are scarce opened in Westminster-hall at the time when William Rufus used to go to dinner in it. All business is driven forward. The land-marks of our fathers, if I may so call them, are removed, and planted further up into the day; insomuch, that I am afraid our clergy will be obliged, if they expect full congregations, not to look any more upon ten o'clock in the morning as a canonical hour. In my own memory, the dinner has crept by degrees from *twelve o'clock to three*, and where it will fix nobody knows.

I have sometimes thought to draw up a memorial in the behalf of Supper against Dinner, setting forth, that the said Dinner has made several encroachments upon the said Supper, and entered very far upon his frontiers; that he has banished him out of several families,

and in ail has driven him from his head quarters, and forced him to make his retreat into the hours of midnight; and, in short, that he is now in danger of being entirely confounded and lost in a breakfast. Those who have read Lucian, and seen the complaints of the letter *T* against *S*, upon account of many injuries and usurpations of the same nature, will not, I believe, think such a memorial forced and unnatural. If dinner has been thus postponed, or, if you please, kept back from time to time, you may be sure that it has been in compliance with the other business of the day, and that supper has still observed a proportionable distance. There is a venerable proverb, which we have all of us heard in our infancy, of 'putting the children to bed, and laying the goose to the fire.' This was one of the jocular sayings of our forefathers, but may be properly used in the literal sense at present. Who would not wonder at this perverted relish of those who are reckoned the most polite part of mankind, that prefer sea-coals and candles to the sun, and exchange so many cheerful morning hours, for the pleasures of midnight revels and debauches? If a man was only to consult his health, he would choose to live his whole time, if possible, in daylight; and to retire out of the world into silence and sleep, while the raw damps and unwholesome vapours fly abroad, without a sun to disperse, moderate, or controul them. For my own part, I value an hour in the morning as much as common libertines do an hour at midnight. When I find myself awakened into being, and perceive my life renewed within me, and at the same time see the whole face of nature recovered out of the dark uncomfortable state in which it lay for several hours, my heart overflows with such secret sentiments of joy and gratitude, as are a kind of implicit praise to the great Author of Nature. The mind, in these early seasons of the day, is so refreshed in all its faculties, and borne up with such new supplies of animal spirits, that she finds herself in a state of youth, especially when she is entertained with the breath of flowers, the melody of birds, the dews that hang upon the plants, and all those other sweets of nature that are peculiar to the morning.

It is impossible for a man to have this relish of being, this exquisite taste of life, who does not come into the world before it is in all its noise and hurry; who loses the rising of the sun, the still hours of the day, and, immediately upon his first getting up, plunges himself into the ordinary cares or follies of the world.

I shall conclude this paper with Milton's inimitable description of Adam's awakening his Eve in Paradise, which indeed would have been a place as little delightful as a barren beath or desert to those who slept in it. The fondness of the posture in which Adam is re-

presented, and the softness of his whisper, are passages in this divine poem that are above all commendation, and rather to be admired than praised.

Now Morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam wak'd, so custom'd; for his sleep
Was airy light from pure digestion bred,
And temperate vapours bland, which th' only sound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on every bough; so much the more
His wonder was to find unwak'd Eve,
With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet rest. He on his side
Leaning half-raisd, with looks of cordial love,
Hang over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces. Then with voice
Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus: Awake,
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
Heaven's last best gift, my ever-new delight,
Awake; the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Ours tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweets.
Such whispering wak'd her, but with startled eye
On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake.
O sole! in whom my thoughts find all repose,
My glory, my perfection, glad I see
Thy face, and morn return'd—

Milton's Par. Lost, b. v. l. 1, &c.

No. 264.] Saturday, December 86, 1710.

Favete linguis—
Favour your tongues.

Hor. 1 Od. iii. 2.

From my own Apartment, December 15.

BOCCALINI,* in his 'Parnassus,' indicts a laconic writer for speaking that in three words which he might have said in two, and sentences him for his punishment to read over all the works of Guicciardini.† This Guicciardini is so very prolix and circumstantial in his writings, that I remember our countryman, doctor Donne, speaking of that majestic and concise manner in which Moses has described the creation of the world, adds, 'that if such an author as Guicciardini were to have written on such a subject, the world itself would not have been able to have contained the books that gave the history of its creation.'

I look upon a tedious talker, or what is generally known by the name of a story-teller, to be much more insufferable than even a prolix writer. An author may be tossed out of your hand, and thrown aside when he grows

* Trajan Boccalini, a native of Rome, and a very pathetic writer, died, some say he was murdered, at Venice in 1613, aged about 57.

† Francis Guicciardini, author of a history much esteemed and of some other works, sprung from one of the noblest and most ancient families of Florence, where he was born in 1482, and died in 1540, aged 58.

‡ Donne's 'Sermons,' vol. ii. p. 230.

dull and tiresome ; but such liberties are so far from being allowed towards your orators in common conversation, that I have known a challenge sent a person for going out of the room abruptly, and leaving a man of honour in the midst of a dissertation. This evil is at present so very common and epidemical, that there is scarce a coffee-house in town that has not some speakers belonging to it, who utter their political essays, and draw parallels out of Baker's 'Chronicle' to almost every part of her majesty's reign. It was said of two ancient authors, who had very different beauties in their style, 'that if you took a word from one of them, you only spoiled his eloquence; but if you took a word from the other, you spoiled his sense.' I have often applied the first part of this criticism to several of these coffee-house speakers whom I have at present in my thoughts, though the character that is given to the last of those authors, is what I would recommend to the imitation of my loving countrymen. But it is not only public places of resort, but private clubs and conversations over a bottle, that are infested with this loquacious kind of animal, especially with that species which I comprehend under the name of a story-teller. I would earnestly desire these gentlemen to consider, that no point of wit or mirth at the end of a story can atone for the half hour that has been lost before they come at it. I would likewise lay it home to their serious consideration, whether they think that every man in the company has not a right to speak as well as themselves? and whether they do not think they are invading another man's property, when they engross the time which should be divided equally among the company to their own private use?

What makes this evil the much greater in conversation is, that these humdrum companions seldom endeavour to wind up their narrations into a point of mirth or instruction, which might make some amends for the tediousness of them; but think they have a right to tell any thing that has happened within their memory. They look upon matter of fact to be a sufficient foundation for a story, and give us a long account of things, not because they are entertaining or surprising, but

if I meet him frequently, takes up a great part of my span. A quarter of an hour may be reckoned the eight-and-fortieth part of a day, a day the three hundred and sixtieth part of a year, and a year the threescore and tenth part of life. By this moral arithmetic, supposing a man to be in the talking world one third part of the day, whoever gives another a quarter of an hour's hearing, makes him a sacrifice of more than the four hundred thousandth part of his conversable life.

I would establish but one great general rule to be observed in all conversation, which is this, 'that men should not talk to please themselves, but those that hear them.' This would make them consider, whether what they speak be worth hearing; whether there be either wit or sense in what they are about to say; and, whether it be adapted to the time when, the place where, and the person to whom, it is spoken.

For the utter extirpation of these orators and story-tellers, which I look upon as very great pests of society, I have invented a watch which divides the minute into twelve parts, after the same manner that the ordinary watches are divided into hours: and will endeavour to get a patent, which shall oblige every club or company to provide themselves with one of these watches, that shall lie upon the table, as an hour-glass is often placed near the pulpit,* to measure out the length of a discourse.

I shall be willing to allow a man one round of my watch, that is, a whole minute, to speak in; but if he exceeds that time, it shall be lawful for any of the company to look upon the watch, or to call him down to order.

Provided, however, that if any one can make it appear he is turned of threescore, he may take two, or, if he pleases, three rounds of the watch without giving offence. Provided, also, that this rule be not construed to extend to the fair sex, who shall still be at liberty to talk by the ordinary watch that is now in use. I would likewise earnestly recommend this little automaton, which may be easily carried in the pocket without any incumbrance, to all such as are troubled with this infirmity of speech, that upon pulling out their watches, they may have frequent occasion to consider what they

know, that there is a great difference between *tattle* and *loquacity*, as I shall show at large in a following lucubration; it being my design to throw away a candle upon that subject, in order to explain the whole art of tattling in all its branches and subdivisions.

No. 265.] Tuesday, December 19, 1710.

Arbitrè hic igitur factus de lite jocosâ.

Ovid. Met. lib. 331.

— Him therefore they create
The sovereign umpire of their droll debate.

CONTINUATION OF THE JOURNAL OF THE
COURT OF HONOUR, &c.

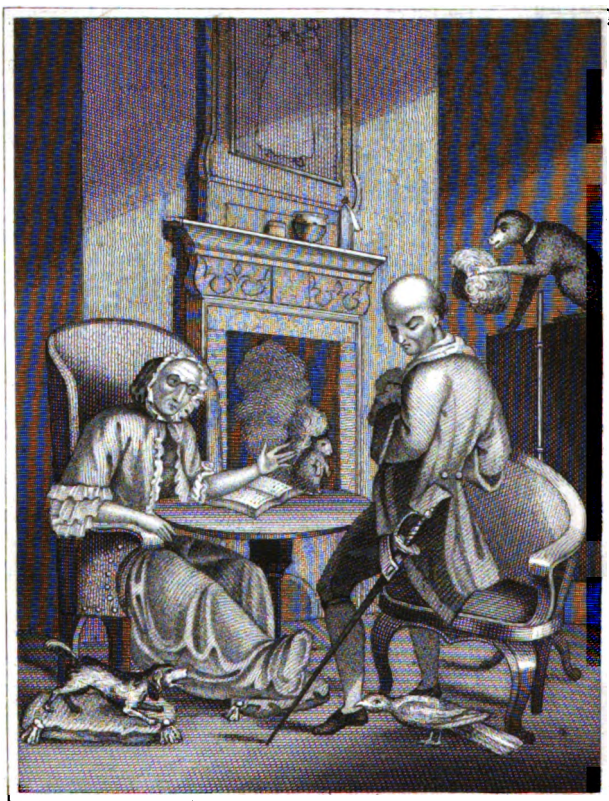
As soon as the court was sat, the ladies of the bench presented, according to order, a table of all the laws now in force relating to visits and visiting-days, methodically digested under their respective heads, which the Censor ordered to be laid upon the table, and afterwards proceeded upon the business of the day.

Henry Heedless, esquire, was indicted by colonel Touchy, of her majesty's trained-bands, upon an action of assault and battery; for that he, the said Mr. Heedless, having espied a feather upon the shoulder of the said colonel, struck it off gently with the end of a walking-staff, value three-pence. It appeared, that the prosecutor did not think himself injured until a few days after the aforesaid blow was given him; but that having ruminated with himself for several days and conferred upon it with other officers of the militia, he concluded that he had in effect been cudgelled by Mr. Heedless, and that he ought to resent it accordingly. The counsel for the prosecutor alleged, that the shoulder was the tenderest part in a man of honour; that it had a natural antipathy to a stick; and that every touch of it, with any thing made in the fashion of a cane, was to be interpreted as a wound in that part, and a violation of the person's honour who received it. Mr. Heedless replied, 'that what he had done was out of kindness to the prosecutor, as not thinking it proper for him to appear at the head of the trained-bands with a feather upon his shoulder;' and further added, 'that the stick he had made use of on this occasion was so very small, that the prosecutor could not have felt it had he broken it on his shoulders.' The censor hereupon directed the jury to examine into the nature of the staff, for that a great deal would depend upon that particular. Upon which he explained to them the different degrees of offence that might be given by the touch of crab-tree from that of cane, and by the touch of cane from that of a plain hazle stick. The jury, after a short perusal of the staff, declared their opinion by the mouth of their foreman, 'that the substance of the staff was British oak.' The censor then

observing that there was some dust on the skirts of the criminal's coat, ordered the prosecutor to beat it off with the aforesaid oaken plant; 'and thus,' said the censor, 'I shall decide this cause by the law of retaliation. If Mr. Heedless did the colonel a good office, the colonel will by this means return it in kind; but if Mr. Heedless should at any time boast that he had cudgelled the colonel, or laid his staff over his shoulders, the colonel might boast, in his turn, that he has brushed Mr. Heedless's jacket, or, to use the phrase of an ingenious author, that he has rubbed him down with an oaken towel.'

Benjamin Busy, of London, merchant, was indicted by Jasper Tattle, esquire, for having pulled out his watch, and looked upon it thrice while the said esquire Tattle was giving him an account of the funeral of the said esquire Tattle's first wife. The prisoner alleged in his defence, that he was going to buy stocks at the time when he met the prosecutor; and that, during the story of the prosecutor, the said stocks rose above two per cent. to the great detriment of the prisoner. The prisoner further brought several witnesses to prove that the said Jasper Tattle, esquire, was a most notorious story-teller; that, before he met the prisoner, he had hindered one of the prisoner's acquaintances from the pursuit of his lawful business, with the account of his second marriage; and that he had detained another by the button of his coat that very morning, until he had heard several witty sayings and contrivances of the prosecutor's eldest son, who was a boy of about five years of age. Upon the whole matter Mr. Bickerstaff dismissed the accusation as frivolous, and sentenced the prosecutor 'to pay damages to the prisoner, for what the prisoner had lost by giving him so long and patient a hearing.' He further reprimanded the prosecutor very severely, and told him 'that if he proceeded in his usual manner to interrupt the business of mankind, he would set a fine upon him for every quarter of an hour's impertinence, and regulate the said fine according as the time of the person so injured should appear to be more or less precious.'

Sir Paul Swash, knight, was indicted by Peter Double, gentleman, for not returning the bow which he received of the said Peter Double, on Wednesday the sixth instant, at the playhouse in the Hay-market. The prisoner denied the receipt of any such bow, and alleged in his defence, that the prosecutor would oftentimes look full in his face, but that when he bowed to the said prosecutor, he would take no notice of it, or bow to somebody else that sat quite on the other side of him. He likewise alleged, that several ladies had complained of the prosecutor, who, after ogling them a quarter of an hour, upon their making a courtesy to him, would not return the civility



VISIT TO M^{RS} FEEBLE.

Engraved by M. Halpin

FROM A PAINTING BY HAYMAN

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of a bow. The censor observing several glances of the prosecutor's eye, and perceiving that when he talked to the court he looked upon the jury, found reason to suspect there was a wrong

old with a much worse grace than the other does; and have ever been of opinion, that there are more well-pleased old women, than old men. I thought it a good reason for this, that

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studying to be wiser, or being contented with our present follies, the ambition of many of us is also to be the same sort of fools we formerly have been. I have often argued, as I am a professed lover of women, that our sex grows

my lady Camomile; and the butler, who had lived long in the family, and seen me often in his master's time, ushered me very civilly into the parlour, and told me though my lady had given strict orders to be denied, he was sure

of a bow. The censor observing several glances of the prosecutor's eye, and perceiving that when he talked to the court he looked upon the jury, found reason to suspect there was a wrong cast in his sight, which, upon examination, proved true. The censor therefore ordered the prisoner, that he might not produce any more confusions in public assemblies, 'never to bow to any body whom he did not at the time call to by name.'

Oliver Bluff and Benjamin Browbeat were indicted for going to fight a duel since the erection of the 'The Court of Honour.' It appeared, that they were both taken up in the street as they passed by the court in their way to the fields behind Montague-house. The criminals would answer nothing for themselves, but that they were going to execute a challenge which had been made a week before the 'Court of Honour' was erected. The censor finding some reason to suspect by the sturdiness of their behaviour, that they were not so very brave as they would have the court believe them, ordered them both to be searched by the grand jury, who found a breast-plate upon the one, and two quires of paper upon the other. The breast plate was immediately ordered to be hung upon a peg over Mr. Bickerstaff's tribunal, and the paper to be laid upon the table for the use of his clerk. He then ordered the criminals to button up their bosoms, and, if they pleased, proceed to their duel. Upon which they both went very quietly out of the court, and retired to their respective lodgings.—The court then adjourned until after the holidays.

Copia versa.

CHARLES LILLIE.

No. 266.] Thursday, December 21, 1710.

Rideat et pulsat lasciva decentius aetas.

Hor. 2 Ep. li. ult.

Let youth, more decent in their follies, scoff

The nauseous scene, and hiss thee reeling off.

Francis.

From my own Apartment, December 20.

It would be a good appendix to 'The art of living and dying,' if any one would write 'The art of growing old,' and teach men to resign their pretensions to the pleasures and gallantries of youth, in proportion to the alteration they find in themselves by the approach of age and infirmities. The infirmities of this stage of life would be much fewer, if we did not affect those which attend the more vigorous and active part of our days; but instead of studying to be wiser, or being contented with our present follies, the ambition of many of us is also to be the same sort of fools we formerly have been. I have often argued, as I am a professed lover of women, that our sex grows

old with a much worse grace than the other does; and have ever been of opinion, that there are more well-pleased old women, than old men. I thought it a good reason for this, that the ambition of the fair sex being confined to advantageous marriages, or shining in the eyes of men, their parts were over sooner, and consequently the errors in the performances of them. The conversation of this evening has not convinced me of the contrary; for one or two fop-women shall not make a balance for the crowds of coxcombs among ourselves, diversified according to the different pursuits of pleasure and business.

Returning home this evening a little before my usual hour, I scarce had seated myself in my easy chair, stirred the fire, and stroked my cat, but I heard somebody come rumbling up stairs. I saw my door opened, and a human figure advancing towards me, so fantastically put together, that it was some minutes before I discovered it to be my old and intimate friend, Sam Trusty. Immediately I rose up, and placed him in my own seat; a compliment I pay to few. The first thing he uttered was, 'Isaac, fetch me a cup of your cherry-brandy before you offer to ask any question.' He drank a lusty draught, sat silent for some time, and at last broke out; 'I am come,' quoth he, 'to insult thee for an old fantastic dotard, as thou art, in ever defending the women. I have this evening visited two widows, who are now in that state I have often heard you call an *after-life*; I suppose you mean by it, an existence which grows out of past entertainments, and is an untimely delight in the satisfactions which they once set their hearts upon too much to be ever able to relinquish. Have but patience,' continued he, 'until I give you a succinct account of my ladies, and of this night's adventure. They are much of an age, but very different in their characters. The one of them, with all the advances which years have made upon her, goes on in a certain romantic road of love and friendship which she fell into in her teens; the other has transferred the amorous passions of her first years to the love of cronies, pets, and favourites, with which she is always surrounded; but the genius of each of them will best appear by the account of what happened to me at their houses. About five this afternoon, being tired with study, the weather inviting, and time lying a little upon my hands, I resolved, at the instigation of my evil genius, to visit them; their husbands having been our contemporaries. This I thought I could do without much trouble; for both live in the very next street. I went first to my lady Camomile; and the butler, who had lived long in the family, and seen me often in his master's time, ushered me very civilly into the parlour, and told me though my lady had given strict orders to be denied, he was sure

might be admitted, and bid the black boy acquaint his lady that I was come to wait upon her. In the window lay two letters, one broke open, the other fresh sealed with a wafer: the first directed to the divine Cosmelia, the second to the charming Lucinda; but both, by the indented characters, appeared to have been writ by very unsteady hands. Such uncommon addresses increased my curiosity, and put me upon asking my old friend the butler, if he knew who those persons were? 'Very well,' says he, 'this is from Mrs. Furbish to my lady, an old school-fellow and great crony of her ladyships; and this the answer.' I enquired in what county she lived. 'Oh dear!' says he, 'but just by, in the neighbourhood. Why, she was here all this morning, and that letter came and was answered within these two hours. They have taken an odd fancy, you must know, to call one another hard names; but, for all that, they love one another hugely.' By this time the boy returned with his lady's humble service to me, desiring I would excuse her; for she could not possibly see me, nor any body else, for it was opera-night.'

'Methinks,' says I, such innocent folly as two old women's courtship to each other, should rather make you merry than put you out of humour. "Peace, good Isaac," says he, "no interruption, I beseech you. I got soon to Mrs. Feeble's; she that was formerly Betty Frisk; you must needs remember her; Tom Feeble of Brazen Nose fell in love with her for her fine dancing. Well, Mrs. Ursula, without further ceremony, carries me directly up to her mistress's chamber, where I found her environed by four of the most mischievous animals that can ever infest a family; an old shock dog with one eye, a monkey chained to one side of the chimney, a great grey squirrel to the other, and a parrot waddling in the middle of the room. However, for a while, all was in a profound tranquillity. Upon the mantle-tree, for I am a pretty curious observer, stood a pot of lambetive electuary, with a stick of liquorice, and near it a phial of rose-water, and powder of tutty. Upon the table lay a pipe filled with betony and colt's-foot, a roll of wax-candle, a silver spitting-pot, and a Seville orange. The lady was placed in a large wicker chair, and her feet wrapped up in flannel, supported by cushions; and in this attitude, would you believe it, Isaac, was she reading a romance with spectacles on. The first compliments over, as she was industriously endeavouring to enter upon conversation, a violent fit of coughing seized her. This awaked Shock, and in a trice the whole room was in an uproar; for the dog barked, the squirrel squealed, the monkey chattered, the parrot screamed, and Ursula, to appease them, was more clamorous than all the rest. You, Isaac, who know how my harsh noise affects my head, may guess

what I suffered from the hideous din of these discordant sounds. At length all was appeased, and quiet restored: a chair was drawn for me; where I was no sooner seated, but the parrot fixed his horny beak, as sharp as a pair of sheers, in one of my heels, just above the shoe. I sprung from the place with an unusual agility and so, being within the monkey's reach, he snatches off my new bob-wig, and throws it upon two apples that were roasting by a sullen sea-coal fire. I was nimble enough to save it from any further damage than singing the fore-top. I put it on; and composing myself as well as I could, I drew my chair towards the other side of the chimney. The good lady, as soon as she had recovered breath, employed it in making a thousand apologies, and, with great eloquence, and a numerous train of words, lamented my misfortune. In the middle of her harangue, I felt something scratching near my knee, and feeling what it should be, found the squirrel had got into my coat pocket. As I endeavoured to remove him from his burrow, he made his teeth meet through the fleshy part of my fore-finger. This gave me an inexpressible pain. The Hungary water was immediately brought to bathe it, and gold-beaters' skin applied to stop the blood. The lady renewed her excuses; but being now out of all patience, I abruptly took my leave, and hobbling down stairs with heedless haste, I set my foot full in a pail of water, and down we came to the bottom together.' Here my friend concluded his narrative, and, with a composed countenance, I began to make him compliments of condolence; but he started from his chair, and said, 'Isaac, you may spare your speeches, I expect no reply. When I told you this, I knew you would laugh at me; but the next woman that makes me ridiculous shall be a young one.'

No. 267.] *Saturday, December 23, 1710.*

Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit, et omnes
Restituit stellas, exortus uti ætheris sol. *Lucr. lib. iii. 1056.*

His genius quite obscur'd the brightest ray
Of human thought, as Sol's effulgent beams
At morn's approach, extinguish all the stars.

R. Wynn.

From my own Apartment, December 23.

I HAVE heard that it is a rule among the conventuals of several orders in the Romish church to shut themselves up at a certain time of the year, not only from the world in general, but from the members of their own fraternity; and to pass away several days by themselves in settling accounts between their Maker and their own souls, in canceling unrepented crimes, and renewing their contracts of obedience for the future. Such stated times for particular acts of devotion, or the exercise of certain religious duties, have been enjoined in all civil

governments, whatever deity they worshipped, or whatever religion they professed. That which may be done at all times, is often totally neglected and forgotten, unless fixed and determined to some time more than another; and therefore, though several duties may be suitable to every day of our lives, they are most likely to be performed, if some days are more particularly set apart for the practice of them. Our church has accordingly instituted several seasons of devotion, when time, custom, prescription, and, if I may so say, the fashion itself, call upon a man to be serious, and attentive to the great end of his being.

I have hinted in some former papers, that the greatest and wisest of men in all ages and countries, particularly in Rome and Greece, were renowned for their piety and virtue. It is now my intention to show, how those in our own nation, that have been unquestionably the most eminent for learning and knowledge, were likewise the most eminent for their adherence to the religion of their country.

I might produce very shining examples from amongst the clergy; but because priest-craft is the common cry of every cavilling, empty scribbler, I shall show that all the laymen who have exerted a more than ordinary genius in their writings, and were the glory of their times, were men whose hopes were filled with immortality, and the prospect of future rewards, and men who lived in a dutiful submission to all the doctrines of revealed religion.

I shall, in this paper, only instance sir Francis Bacon, a man who, for greatness of genius, and compass of knowledge, did honour to his age and country; I could almost say to human nature itself. He possessed at once all those extraordinary talents, which were divided amongst the greatest authors of antiquity. He had the sound, distinct, comprehensive knowledge of Aristotle, with all the beautiful lights, graces, and embellishments of Cicero. One does not know which to admire most in his writings, the strength of reason, force of style, or brightness of imagination.

This author has remarked in several parts of his works, that a thorough insight into philosophy makes a good believer, and that a smattering in it naturally produces such a race of despicable infidels as the little profligate writers of the present age, whom, I must confess, I have always accused to myself, not so much for their want of faith as their want of learning.

I was infinitely pleased to find, among the works of this extraordinary man, a prayer of his own composing, which for the elevation of thought, and greatness of expression, seems rather the devotion of an angel than a man. His principal fault seems to have been the excess of that virtue which covers a multitude of faults. This betrayed him to so great an indul-

gence towards his servants, who made a corrupt use of it, that it stripped him of all those riches and honours which a long series of merits had heaped upon him. But in this prayer, at the same time that we find him prostrating himself before the great mercy-seat, and humbled under afflictions, which at that time lay heavy upon him, we see him supported by the sense of his integrity, his zeal, his devotion, and his love to mankind; which give him a much higher figure in the minds of thinking men, than that greatness had done from which he was fallen. I shall beg leave to write down the prayer itself, with the title with it, as it was found amongst his lordship's papers, written in his own hand; not being able to furnish my readers with an entertainment more suitable to this solemn time.

A Prayer, or Psalm, made by my Lord Bacon, Chancellor of England.

'Most gracious Lord God, my merciful Father; from my youth up my Creator, my Redeemer, my Comforter. Thou, O Lord, soundest and searchest the depths and secrets of all hearts; thou acknowledgest the upright of heart; thou judgest the hypocrite; thou ponderest men's thoughts and doings as in a balance; thou measurest their intentions as with a line; vanity and crooked ways cannot be hid from thee.

'Remember, O Lord! how thy servant hath walked before thee; remember what I have first sought, and what hath been principal in my intentions. I have loved thy assemblies, I have mourned for the divisions of thy church, I have delighted in the brightness of thy sanctuary. This vine, which thy right hand hath planted in this nation, I have ever prayed unto thee that it might have the first and the latter rain, and that it might stretch her branches to the seas, and to the floods. The state and bread of the poor and oppressed have been precious in mine eyes; I have hated all cruelty and hardness of heart; I have, though in a despised weed, procured the good of all men. If any have been my enemies, I thought not of them, neither hath the sun almost set upon my displeasure; but I have been, as a dove, free from superfluity of maliciousness. Thy creatures have been my books, but thy scriptures much more. I have sought thee in the courts, fields, and gardens; but I have found thee in thy temples.

'Thousands have been my sins, and ten thousands my transgressions, but thy sanctifications have remained with me, and my heart, through thy grace, hath been an unquenched coal upon thine altar.

'O Lord, my strength! I have since my youth met with thee in all my ways, by thy fatherly compassions, by thy comfortable chastisements, and by thy most visible providence.

As thy favours have increased upon me, so have thy corrections; so as thou hast been always near me, O Lord! and ever as my worldly blessings were exalted, so secret darts from thee have pierced me; and when I have ascended before men, I have descended in humiliation before thee. And now, when I thought most of peace and honour, thy hand is heavy upon me, and hath humbled me according to thy former loving-kindness, keeping me still in thy fatherly school, not as a bastard, but as a child. Just are thy judgments upon me for my sins, which are more in number than the sands of the sea, but have no proportion to thy mercies; for what are the sands of the sea? Earth, heavens, and all these, are nothing to thy mercies. Besides my innumerable sins, I confess before thee, that I am debtor to thee for the gracious talent of thy gifts and graces, which I have neither put into a napkin, nor put it, as I ought, to exchangers, where it might have made best profit, but misspent it in things for which I was least fit; so I may truly say, my soul hath been a stranger in the course of my pilgrimage. Be merciful unto me, O Lord, for my Saviour's sake, and receive me unto thy bosom, or guide me in thy ways.'

No. 268.] Tuesday, December 26, 1710.

— O te, Bolane, cerebri
Felicem! alebam tacitus, cum quidlibet ille
Garretet. Hor. 1 Sat. ix. 11.
I thus in muttering silence fretted;
'Bolane, happy in a scull
Of proof, impenetrably dull,
O for a portion of thy brains!'

Francis.

From my own Apartment, December 25.

AT my coming home last night, I found upon my table the following petition or project, sent me from Lloyd's coffee-house in the city, with a present of port wine, which had been bought at a late auction held in that place.

'To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, Censor of Great Britain.

Lloyd's Coffee-house, Lombard-street, Dec. 23.

'We, the customers of this coffee-house, observing that you have taken into your consideration the great mischiefs daily done in this city by coffee-house orators, do humbly beg leave to represent to you, that this coffee-house being provided with a pulpit for the benefit of such auctions that are frequently made in this place, it is our custom, upon the first coming in of the news, to order a youth, who officiates as the Kidney of the coffee-house, to get into the pulpit, and read every paper with a loud and distinct voice, while the whole audience are sipping their respective liquors. We do therefore, sir, humbly propose, that there be a pulpit erected within every coffee-house of this city and the adjacent parts; that one of the

waiters of the coffee-house be nominated as reader to the said pulpit; that after the news of the day has been published by the said lecturer, some politician of good note do ascend into the said pulpit; and, after having chosen for his text any article of the said news, that he do establish the authority of such article, clear the doubts that may arise thereupon, compare it with parallel texts in other papers, advance upon it wholesome points of doctrine, and draw from it salutary conclusions for the benefit and edification of all that hear him. We do likewise humbly propose, that upon any such politician's quitting the pulpit, he shall be succeeded by any other orator that finds himself moved by the same public spirit, who shall be at full liberty either to enforce or overthrow what the other has said before him, and may, in the same manner, be succeeded by any other politician, who shall, with the same liberty, confirm or impugn his reasons, strengthen or invalidate his conjectures, enlarge upon his schemes, or erect new ones of his own. We do likewise further propose, that if any person, of what age and rank soever, do presume to cavil at any paper that has been read, or to hold forth upon it longer than the space of one minute, that he be immediately ordered up into the pulpit, there to make good any thing that he has suggested upon the floor. We do likewise further propose, that if any one plays the orator in the ordinary coffee-house conversation, whether it be upon peace or war, on plays or sermons, business or poetry, that he be forthwith desired to take his place in the pulpit. This, sir, we humbly presume, may in a great measure put a stop to those superficial statesmen, who would not dare to stand up in this manner before a whole congregation of politicians, notwithstanding the long and tedious harangues and dissertations which they daily utter in private circles, to the breaking of many honest tradesmen, the seducing of several eminent citizens, the making of numberless malecontents, and to the great detriment and disquiet of her majesty's subjects.'

I do heartily concur with my ingenious friends of the above-mentioned coffee-house in these their proposals: and, because I apprehend there may be reasons to put an immediate stop to the grievance complained of, it is my intention, that, until such time as the aforesaid pulpits can be erected, every orator do place himself within the bar, and from thence dictate whatsoever he shall think necessary for the public good.

And further, because I am very desirous that proper ways and means should be found out for the suppressing of *story-tellers* and *fine talkers* in all ordinary conversations whatsoever, I do insist, that in every private club, company, or

meeting over a bottle, there be always an elbow-chair placed at the table; and that as soon as any one begins a *long story*, or extends his discourse beyond the space of one minute, he be forthwith thrust into the said elbow-chair, unless upon any of the company's calling out, 'to the chair,' he breaks off abruptly, and holds his tongue.

There are two species of men, notwithstanding any thing that has been here said, whom I would exempt from the disgrace of the elbow-chair. The first are those buffoons that have a talent of mimicking the speech and behaviour of other persons, and turning all their patrons, friends, and acquaintance, into ridicule. I look upon your pantomime as a legion in a man, or at least to be, like Virgil's monster, 'with a hundred mouths and as many tongues.'

—Lingæ centum sant, oraque centum.

And, therefore, would give him as much time to talk in, as would be allowed to the whole body of persons he represents, were they actually in the company which they divert by proxy. Provided, however, that the said pantomime do not, upon any pretence whatsoever, utter any thing in his own particular opinion, language, or character.

I would likewise, in the second place, grant an exemption from the elbow-chair to any person who treats the company, and by that means may be supposed to pay for his audience. A guest cannot take it ill, if he be not allowed to talk in his turn by a person who puts his mouth to a better employment, and stops it with good beef and mutton. In this case the guest is very agreeably silenced, and seems to hold his tongue under that kind of bribery which the ancients called *bos in lingua*.*

If I can once extirpate the race of solid and substantial humdrums, I hope, by my wholesome and repeated advices, quickly to reduce the insignificant tittle-tattles, and *matter-of-fact-men*, that abound in every quarter of this great city.

Epictetus, in his little system of morality, prescribes the following rule with that beautiful simplicity which shines through all his precepts: 'Beware that thou never tell thy dreams in company; for, notwithstanding thou mayest take a pleasure in telling thy dreams, the company will take no pleasure in hearing them.'

This rule is conformable to a maxim which I have laid down in a late paper, and must always inculcate into those of my readers who find in themselves an inclination to be very talkative and impertinent, 'that they should not speak to please themselves, but those that hear them.'

* An allusion to the image of a *bull*, *ox*, or *cow*, stamped upon the money then, and there in current use, whence the coin was called *bos*.

It has been often observed by witty essay writers, that the deepest waters are always the most silent; that empty vessels make the greatest sound; and tinkling cymbals the worst music. The marquis of Halifax, in his admirable 'Advice to a daughter,' tells her, 'that good-sense has always something sullen in it:' but as sullenness does not imply silence, but an ill-natured silence, I wish his lordship had given a softer name to it. Since I am engaged unawares in quotations, I must not omit the satire which Horace has written against this impertinent talkative companion; and which, I think, is fuller of humour than any other satire he has written. This great author, who had the nicest taste of conversation, and was himself a most agreeable companion, had so strong an antipathy to a great talker, that he was afraid some time or other it would be mortal to him; as he has very humorously described it in his conversation with an impertinent fellow, who had like to have been the death of him.

Interpellandi locus hic erat! Est tibi mater,
Cognati, quies te salvo est opus? Hand mihi quinquam.
Omnes componi. Felices! nunc ego resto;
Confice; namque instat fatum mihi triste, Sabella
Quod pueri cecidit divina motu anus arua.
Hinc neque dira venena, nec hosticus auferit ensis,
Nec interum dolor, aut tussis, nec tarda podagra.
Garrulus hunc quando consumet canque; loquaces
Si sapiat, vitet, simul atque adoleverit ætas.

Hor. 1 Sat. ix. 26.

Have you no mother, sister, friends,
Whose welfare on your health depends?—
'Not one; I saw them all by turns
Securely settled in their urns.
Thrice happy they, secure from pain!
And I thy victim now remain;
Despatch me; for my goody nurse
Early presaged this heavy curse.
She could it by the sieve and shears—
And now it falls upon my ears—
'Nor poison fell with ruin stor'd,
Nor horrid point of hostile sword,
Nor plensy, nor asthma-cough,
Nor cripple-gout shall cut him off;
A noisy tongue and babbling breath
Shall tease, and talk my child to death.
Let him avoid, as he would hanging,
Your folks long-winded in haranguing.' Francis.

No. 269.] Thursday, December 28, 1710.

—Hæ nage seria decant
In mala ——— Hor. Ars Poet. 451.
———Trifles such as these
To serious mischiefs lead. Francis.

From my own Apartment, December 37.

I FIND my correspondents are universally offended at me for taking notice so seldom of their letters, and I fear people have taken the advantage of my silence to go on in their errors; for which reason I shall hereafter be more careful to answer all lawful questions and just complaints, as soon as they come to my hands. The two following epistles relate to very great mischiefs in the most important articles of life, love and friendship: ed by Google

‘MR. BICKERSTAFF,

‘It is my misfortune to be enamoured of a lady, that is neither very beautiful, very witty, nor at all well-natured; but has the vanity to think she excels in all these qualifications, and therefore is cruel, insolent, and scornful. When I study to please her, she treats me with the utmost rudeness and ill-manners: if I approach her person, she fights, she scratches me: if I offer a civil salute, she bites me; inasmuch, that very lately, before a whole assembly of ladies and gentlemen, she ripped out a considerable part of my left cheek. This is no sooner done, but she begs my pardon in the most handsome and becoming terms imaginable, gives herself worse language than I could find in my heart to do, lets me embrace her to pacify her while she is railing at herself, protests she deserves the esteem of no one living, says I am too good to contradict her when she thus accuses herself. This atones for all; tempts me to renew my addresses, which are ever returned in the same obliging manner. Thus, without some speedy relief, I am in danger of losing my whole face. Notwithstanding all this, I doat upon her, and am satisfied she loves me, because she takes me for a man of sense, which I have been generally thought, except in this one instance. Your reflections upon this strange amour would be very useful in these parts, where we are overrun with wild beauties and romps. I earnestly beg your assistance, either to deliver me from the power of this unaccountable enchantment, or, by some proper animadversions, to civilize the behaviour of this agreeable rustic. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

‘EBENEZER.’

‘MR. BICKERSTAFF,

‘I now take leave to address you in your character of Censor, and complain to you that among the various errors in conversation which you have corrected, there is one which, though it has not escaped a general reproof, yet seems to deserve a more particular severity. It is a humour of jesting on disagreeable subjects, and insisting on the jest, the more it creates uneasiness; and this some men think they have a title to do as friends. Is the design of jesting, to provoke? or does friendship give a privilege to say things with a design to shock? How can that be called a jest which has nothing in it but bitterness? It is generally allowed necessary, for the peace of company, that men should a little study the tempers of each other; but certainly that must be in order to shun what is offensive, not to make it a constant entertainment. The frequent repetition of what appears harsh, will unavoidably leave a rancour that is fatal to friendship; and I doubt much whether it would be an argument of a man’s good-humour, if he should be roused by

Dorsetshire,
Dec. 20.

perpetual teasing, to treat those who do it as his enemies. In a word, whereas, it is a common practice to let a story die, merely because it does not touch, I think such as mention one they find does, are as troublesome to society, and as unfit for it, as *wags*, *men of figure*, *good talkers*, or any other apes in conversation; and therefore, for the public benefit, I hope you will cause them to be branded with such a name as they deserve. I am, Sir, your’s,
‘PATIENT FRIENDLY.

The case of Ebenezer is a very common one, and is always cured by neglect. These fantastical returns of affection proceed from a certain vanity in the other sex, supported by a perverted taste in ours. I must publish it as a rule, that no faults which proceed from the will, either in a mistress or a friend, are to be tolerated: but we should be so complaisant to ladies as to let them displease when they aim at doing it. Pluck up a spirit, Ebenezer; recover the use of your judgment, and her faults will appear, or her beauties vanish. ‘Her faults begin to please me as well as my own,’ is a sentence very prettily put into the mouth of a lover by the comic poet;* but he never designed it for a maxim of life, but the picture of an imperfection. If Ebenezer takes my advice, the same temper which made her insolent to his love will make her submissive to his indifference.

I cannot wholly ascribe the faults, mentioned in the second letter, to the same vanity or pride in companions who secretly triumph over their friends, in being sharp upon them in things where they are most tender. But when this sort of behaviour does not proceed from that source, it does from barrenness of invention, and an inability to support a conversation in a way less offensive. It is the same poverty which makes men speak or write smuttily, that forces them to talk vexingly. As obscene language is an address to the lewd for applause, so are sharp allusions an appeal to the ill-natured. But mean and illiterate is that conversation, where one man exercises his wit to make another exercise his patience.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas Plagius has been told again and again, both in public and private, that he preaches excellently well, and still goes on to preach as well as ever, and all this to a polite and learned audience: this is to desire, that he would not hereafter be so eloquent, except to a country congregation; the proprietors of Tillotson’s works having consulted the learned in the law, whether preaching a sermon they have published, is not to be construed publishing their copy?

Mr. Dogood is desired to consider, that his story is severe upon a weakness, and not a folly.

No. 270.] *Saturday, December 30, 1710.*

Cum pulchris tunicis sumet nova consilia et spes.
Hor. 1 Ep. xviii. 33.

*In gay attire when the vain coxcomb's dress,
Strange hopes and projects fill his labouring breast.*

From my own Apartment, December 29.

ACCORDING to my late resolution, I take the holidays to be no improper season to entertain the town with the addresses of my correspondents. In my walks every day, there appear all round me very great offenders in the point of dress. An *armed* taylor had the impudence yesterday in the Park to smile in my face, and pull of a laced hat to me, as it were in contempt of my authority and censure. However, it is a very great satisfaction that other people, as well as myself, are offended with these improprieties. The following notices, from persons of different sexes and qualities, are a sufficient instance how useful my lucubrations are to the public.

Jack's Coffee-house, near Guildhall,

'COUSIN BICKERSTAFF, Dec. 27.

'It has been the peculiar blessing of our family to be always above the smiles or frowns of fortune, and, by a certain greatness of mind, to restrain all irregular fondnesses or passions. From hence it is, that though a long decay, and a numerous descent, have obliged many of our house to fall into the arts of trade and business, no one person of us has ever made an appearance that betrayed our being unsatisfied with our own station of life, or has ever affected a mien or gesture unsuitable to it.

'You have up and down in your writings very justly remarked, that it is not this or the other profession or quality among men that gives us honour or esteem, but the well or ill behaving ourselves in those characters. It is, therefore, with no small concern, that I behold in coffee-houses and public places my brethren, the tradesmen of this city, put off the smooth, even, and ancient decorum of thriving citizens, for a fantastical dress and figure, improper for their persons and characters, to the utter destruction of that order and distinction, which of right ought to be between St. James's and Milk-street, the Camp and Cheapside.'

'I have given myself some time to find out how distinguishing the frays in a lot of muslins, or drawing up a regiment of thread laces, or making a panegyric on pieces of sagathy or Scotch plaid, should entitle a man to a laced hat or sword, a wig tied up with ribbands, or an embroidered coat. The college say, this enormity proceeds from a sort of delirium in

the brain, which makes it break out first about the head, and, for want of timely remedies, fall upon the left thigh, and from thence, in little mazes and windings, run over the whole body, as appears by pretty ornaments on the buttons, button-holes, garterings, sides of the breeches, and the like. I beg the favour of you to give us a discourse wholly upon the subject of habits, which will contribute to the better government of conversation among us, and in particular oblige, Sir,

'your affectionate cousin,
'FELIX TRANQUILLUS.'

'To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, Censor of Great Britain.

'The humble Petition of Ralph Nab, Haberdasher of Hats, and many other poor Sufferers of the same Trade;

'SHEWETH,

'That for some years last past the use of gold and silver galloon upon hats has been almost universal; being undistinguishably worn by soldiers, esquires, lords, footmen, beaux, sportsmen, traders, clerks, prigs, smarta, cul-lies, pretty fellows, and sharpers.

'That the said use and custom has been two ways very prejudicial to your petitioners. First, in that it has induced men, to the great damage of your petitioners, to wear their hats upon their heads; by which means the said hats last much longer whole, than they would do if worn under their arms. Secondly, in that very often a new dressing and a new lace supply the place of a new hat, which grievance we are chiefly sensible of in the spring-time, when the company is leaving the town; it so happening commonly, that a hat shall frequent, all winter, the finest and best assemblies without any ornament at all, and in May shall be tricked up with gold or silver, to keep company with rustics, and ride in the rain. All which premises your petitioners humbly pray you to take into your consideration, and either to appoint a day in your Court of Honour, when all pretenders to the galloon may enter their claims, and have them approved or rejected, or to give us such other relief as to your great wisdom shall seem meet.

'And your petitioners, &c.'

Order my friend near Temple-bar, the author of the hunting-cock, to assist the court when this petition is read, of which Mr. Lillie to give him notice.

'To Isaac Bickerstaff Esquire, Censor of Great Britain.

'The humble Petition of Elizabeth Slender, Spinster;

'SHEWETH,

'That on the twentieth of this instant December, her friend, Rebecca Hive, and your

petitioner, walking in the Strand, saw a gentleman before us in a gown, whose periwig was so long, and so much powdered, that your petitioner took notice of it, and said, "she wondered that lawyer would so spoil a new gown with powder." To which it was answered, "that he was no lawyer, but a clergyman." Upon a wager of a pot of coffee we overtook him, and your petitioner was soon convinced she had lost.

'Your petitioner, therefore desires your worship to cite the clergymen before you, and to settle and adjust the length of canonical periwigs, and the quantity of powder to be made use of in them, and to give such other directions as you shall think fit.

'And your petitioner, &c.'

Query, whether this gentleman be not chaplain to a regiment, and, in such case, allow powder accordingly

After all that can be thought on these subjects, I must confess, that the men who dress with a certain ambition to appear more than they are, are much more excusable than those who betray, in the adorning their persons, a secret vanity and inclination to shine in things, wherein, if they did succeed, it would rather lessen than advance their character. For this reason I am more provoked at the allegations relating to the clergyman, than any other hinted at in these complaints. I have indeed a long time, with much concern, observed abundance of pretty fellows in sacred orders, and shall in due time let them know, that I pretend to give ecclesiastical as well as civil censures. A man well-bred and well-dressed in that habit, adds to the sacredness of his function an agreeableness not to be met with among the laity. I own I have spent some evenings among the men of wit of that profession with an inexpressible delight. Their habitual care of their character gives such a chastisement to their fancy, that all which they utter in company is as much above what you meet with in other conversation, as the charms of a modest, are superior to those of a light, woman. I therefore earnestly desire our young missionaries from the universities to consider where they are, and not dress, and look, and move like young officers. It is no disadvantage to have a very handsome white hand; but, were I to preach repentance to a gallery of ladies, I would, methinks, keep my gloves on. I have an unfeigned affection to the class of mankind appointed to serve at the altar, therefore am in danger of running out of my way, and growing too serious on this occasion; for which reason I shall end with the following epistle, which, by my interest in Tom Trot, the penny-post, I procured a copy of:

'To the Rev. Mr. Ralph Incease, Chaplain to the countess dowager of Brumpton.

'SIR,

'I heard and saw you preach last Sunday I am an ignorant young woman, and understood not half you said; but ah! your manner, when you held up both your hands towards our pew! Did you design to win me to heaven or yourself? Your humble servant,

'PENITENCE GENTLE.'

No. 271.] Tuesday, January 2, 1710.*

THE printer having informed me, that there are as many of these papers printed as will make four volumes, I am now come to the end of my ambition in this matter, and have nothing further to say to the world under the character of Isaac Bickerstaff. This work has indeed for some time been disagreeable to me, and the purpose of it wholly lost by my being so long understood as the author. I never designed in it to give any man any secret wound by my concealment, but spoke in the character of an old man, a philosopher, a humorist, an astrologer, and a censor, to allure my reader with the variety of my subjects, and insinuate, if I could, the weight of reason with the agreeableness of wit. [The general purpose of the whole has been to recommend truth, innocence, honour, and virtue, as the chief ornaments of life; but I considered, that severity of manners was absolutely necessary to him who would censure others, and for that reason, and that only, chose to talk in a mask.] I shall not carry my humility so far as to call myself a vicious man, but at the same time must confess, my life is at best but pardonable. And, with no greater character than this, a man would make but an indifferent progress in attacking prevailing and fashionable vices, which Mr. Bickerstaff has done with a freedom of spirit, that would have lost both its beauty and efficacy, had it been pretended to by Mr. Steele.

As to the work itself, the acceptance it has met with is the best proof of its value; but I should err against that candour, which an honest man should always carry about him, if I did not own, that the most approved pieces in it were written by others, and those which have been most excepted against, by myself. The hand that has assisted me in those noble discourses upon the immortality of the soul,

* Steele's last Tatler came out to-day. You will see it before this comes to you, and how he takes leave of the world. He never told so much as Addison of it, who was surprised as much as I; but, to say the truth, it was time, for he grew cruel dull and dry. To my knowledge, he had several good hints to go upon; but he was so lazy, and weary of the work, that he would not improve them.

the glorious prospects of another life, and the most sublime ideas of religion and virtue, is a person who is too fondly my friend ever to own them; but I should little deserve to be his, if I usurped the glory of them. I must acknowledge at the same time, that I think the finest strokes of wit and humour in all Mr. Bickerstaff's lucubrations, are those for which he also is beholden to him.

As for the satirical part of these writings, those against the gentlemen who profess gaming are the most licentious; but the main of them I take to come from losing gamblers, as invectives against the fortunate; for in very many of them I was very little else but *the transcriber*. If any have been more particularly marked at, such persons may impute it to their own behaviour, before they were touched upon in publicly speaking their resentment against the author, and professing they would support any man who should insult him. When I mention this subject, I hope major-general Davenport, brigadier Bisset, and my lord Forbes, will accept of my thanks for their frequent good offices, in professing their readiness to partake any danger that should befall me in so just an undertaking, as the endeavour to banish fraud and cozenage from the presence and conversation of gentlemen.

But what I find is the least excusable part of all this work is, that I have, in some places in it, touched upon matters which concern both church and state. All I shall say for this is, that the points I alluded to, are such as concerned every Christian and freeholder in England; and I could not be cold enough to conceal my opinion on subjects which related to either of those characters. But politics apart.

I must confess it has been a most exquisite pleasure to me to frame characters of domestic life, and put those parts of it which are least observed into an agreeable view; to enquire into the seeds of vanity and affectation, to lay before the readers the emptiness of ambition: in a word, to trace human life through all its mazes and recesses, and shew much shorter methods than men ordinarily practise, to be happy, agreeable, and great.

But to enquire into men's faults and weaknesses has something in it so unwelcome, that I have often seen people in pain to act before me, whose modesty only makes them think themselves liable to censure. This, and a thousand other nameless things, have made it an irksome task to me to personate Mr. Bickerstaff any longer; and I believe it does not often happen, that the reader is delighted where the author is displeased.

All I can do now for the further gratification of the town, is to give them a faithful explanation of passages and allusions, and sometimes of persons intended in the several scattered parts of the work. At the same time, I shall discover which of the whole have been written by me, and which by others, and by whom, as far as I am able, or permitted.*

Thus I have voluntarily done what I think all authors should do when called upon. I have published my name to my writings and given myself up to the mercy of the town, as Shakspeare expresses it, 'with all my imperfections on my head.' The indulgent reader's most obliged most obedient, humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

* Addison was the assistant here alluded to.

* This is done in the original preface to the fourth volume of the Tatler; printed at the beginning of the present edition.

THE END.

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THE
G U A R D I A N;

COMPLETE

IN ONE VOLUME.

WITH

NOTES, AND A GENERAL INDEX.



LONDON:
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ORIGINAL DEDICATIONS.

Volume the First.

TO

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL CADOGAN.

SIR,

IN the character of Guardian, it behoves me to do honour to such as have deserved well of society, and laid out worthy and manly qualities, in the service of the public. No man has more eminently distinguished himself this way, than Mr. Cadogan; with a contempt of pleasure, rest, and ease, when called to the duties of your glorious profession, you have lived in a familiarity with dangers, and with a strict eye upon the final purpose of the attempt, have wholly disregarded what should befall yourself in the prosecution of it; thus has life risen to you, as fast as you resigned it, and every new hour, for having so frankly lent the preceding moments to the cause of justice and of liberty, has come home to you, improved with honour: This happy distinction, which is so very peculiar to you, with the addition of industry, vigilance, patience of labour, thirst, and hunger, in common with the meanest soldier, has made your present fortune unenvied. For the public always reap greater ad-

vantage from the example of successful merit, than the deserving man himself can possibly be possessed of; your country knows how eminently you excel in the several parts of military skill, whether in assigning the encampment, accommodating the troops, leading to the charge, or pursuing the enemy: the retreat being the only part of the profession which has not fallen within the experience of those, who learned their warfare under the duke of Marlborough. But the true and honest purpose of this epistle is to desire a place in your friendship, without pretending to add any thing to your reputation, who, by your own gallant actions, have acquired that your name through all ages shall be read with honour, wherever mention shall be made of that illustrious captain.

I am, Sir,

your most obedient,

and most humble servant,

THE GUARDIAN

Volume the Second.

TO

MR. PULTENEY.*

SIR,

THE greatest honour of human life, is to live well with men of merit; and I hope you will pardon me the vanity of publishing, by this means, my happiness in being able to name you among my friends. The conversation of

a gentleman, that has a refined taste of letters, and a disposition in which those letters found nothing to correct, but very much to exert, is a good fortune too uncommon to be enjoyed in silence. In others, the greatest business of learning is to weed the soil; in you, it had nothing else to do, but to bring forth fruit. Affability, complacency, and generosity of heart,

* Afterwards Earl of Bath.

which are natural to you, wanted nothing from literature, but to refine and direct the application of them. After I have boasted I had some share in your familiarity, I know not how to do you the justice of celebrating you for the choice of an elegant and worthy acquaintance, with whom you live in the happy communication of generous sentiments, which contribute not only to your own mutual entertainment and improvement, but to the honour and service of your country. Zest for the public good is the characteristic of a man of honour, and a gentleman, and must take place of pleasures, profits, and all other private gratifications. Whoever wants this motive, is an open enemy, or an inglorious neuter to mankind, in proportion to the misapplied advantages with which nature and fortune have blessed him. But you have a soul animated

with nobler views, and know that the distinction of wealth and plenteous circumstances, is a tax upon an honest mind, to endeavour, as much as the occurrences of life will give him leave, to guard the properties of others, and be vigilant for the good of his fellow-subjects.

This generous inclination, no man possesses in a warmer degree than yourself; which, that heaven would reward with long possession of that reputation into which you have made so early an entrance, the reputation of a man of sense, a good citizen, and agreeable companion, a disinterested friend, and an unbiassed patriot, is the hearty prayer of,

Sir,
your most obliged,
and most obedient,
humble servant,
THE GUARDIAN

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

It is a justice which Mr. Ironside owes gentlemen who have sent him their assistances from time to time, in the carrying on of this work, to acknowledge that obligation, though at the same time he himself dwindles into the character of a mere publisher, by making the acknowledgment. But whether a man does it out of justice or gratitude, or any other virtuous reason or not, it is also a prudential act to take no more upon a man than he can bear. Too large a credit has made many a bankrupt, but taking even less than a man can answer with ease, is a sure fund for extending it whenever his occasions require. All those papers which are distinguished by the mark of a Hand, were written by a gentleman who has obliged the world with productions too sublime to admit that the author of them should receive any addition to his reputation, from such loose occasional thoughts as make up these little treatises; for which reason his name shall be concealed. Those which are marked with a Star, were composed by Mr. Budgell. That upon Dedications, with the Epistle of an

take this opportunity, out of the affection I have for his person, and respect to his merit, to let the world know, that he is now translating Homer's Iliad by subscription. He has given good proof of his ability for the work, and the men of greatest wit and learning of this nation, of all parties, are, according to their different abilities, zealous encouragers, or solicitors for the work.

But to my present purpose. The letter from Gnatho of the Cures performed by Flattery, and that of comparing Dress to Criticism, are Mr. Gay's. Mr. Martin, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Tickell, Mr. Carey, Mr. Eusden, Mr. Ince, and Mr. Hughes, have obliged the town with entertaining discourses in these volumes; and Mr. Berkeley, of Trinity College in Dublin, has embellished them with many excellent arguments in honour of religion and virtue. Mr. Parnell will I hope forgive me, that without his leave I mention, that I have seen his hand on the like occasion. There are some discourses of a less pleasing nature which relate to the divisions amongst us, and such (lest

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THE GUARDIAN.

No. 1.] *Thursday, March 12, 1713.*

—Ille quem requiris. *Mart. Eplg. li. 1.*
He, whom you seek.

THERE is no passion so universal, however diversified or disguised under different forms and appearances, as the vanity of being known to the rest of mankind, and communicating a man's parts, virtues, or qualifications, to the world: this is so strong upon men of great genius, that they have a restless fondness for satisfying the world in the mistakes they might possibly be under, with relation even to their physiognomy. Mr. Airs, that excellent penman, has taken care to affix his own image opposite to the title-page of his learned treatise, wherein he instructs the youth of this nation to arrive at a flourishing hand. The author of *The Key to Interest*, both simple and compound, containing practical rules plainly expressed in words at length for all rates of interest, and times of payment, for what time soever, makes up to us the misfortune of his living at Chester, by following the example of the above-mentioned Airs, and coming up to town, over against his title-page, in a very becoming periwig, and a flowing robe or mantle, inclosed in a circle of foliages; below his portraiture, for our farther satisfaction as to the age of that useful writer, is subscribed '*Johannes Ward de civitat. Cestrie, ætat. suæ 58. An. Dom. 1706.*' The serene aspect of these writers, joined with the great encouragement I observe is given to another, or what is indeed to be suspected, in which he indulges himself, confirmed me in the notion I have of the prevalence of ambition this way. The author whom I hint at shall be nameless, but his countenance is communicated to the public in several views and aspects drawn by the most eminent painters, and forwarded by engravers, artists

by way of mezzotinto, etchers, and the like. There was, I remember, some years ago, one John Gale, a fellow that played upon a pipe, and diverted the multitude by dancing in a ring they made about him, whose face became generally known, and the artists employed their skill in delineating his features, because every man was a judge of the similitude of them. There is little else, than what this John Gale arrived at, in the advantages men enjoy from common fame; yet do I fear it has always a part in moving us to exert ourselves in such things as ought to derive their beginnings from nobler considerations. But I think it is no great matter to the public what is the incentive which makes men bestow time in their service, provided there be any thing useful in what they produce; I shall proceed therefore to give an account of my intended labours, not without some hope of having my vanity, at the end of them, indulged in the sort above-mentioned.

I should not have assumed the title of *Guardian*, had I not maturely considered, that the qualities necessary for doing the duties of that character, proceed from the integrity of the mind more than the excellence of the understanding. The former of these qualifications it is in the power of every man to arrive at; and the more he endeavours that way, the less will he want the advantages of the latter; to be faithful, to be honest, to be just, is what you will demand in the choice of your *Guardian*; or if you find added to this, that he is pleasant, ingenious, and agreeable, there will overflow satisfactions which make for the ornament, if not so immediately to the use of your life. As to the diverting part of this paper, by what assistance I shall be capacitated for that, as well as what proofs I have given of my behaviour as to integrity in former life, will appear from my history to be delivered in

ensuing discourses. The main purpose of the work shall be, to protect the modest, the industrious; to celebrate the wise, the valiant; to encourage the good, the pious; to confront the impudent, the idle; to condemn the vain, the cowardly; and to disappoint the wicked and profane. This work cannot be carried on but by preserving a strict regard, not only to the duties but civilities of life, with the utmost impartiality towards things and persons. The unjust application of the advantages of breeding and fortune, is the source of all calamity, both public and private; the correction therefore, or rather admonition, of a Guardian in all the occurrences of a various being, if given with a benevolent spirit, would certainly be of general service.

In order to contribute as far as I am able to it, I shall publish in respective papers whatever I think may conduce to the advancement of the conversation of gentlemen, the improvement of ladies, the wealth of traders, and the encouragement of artificers. The circumstance relating to those who excel in mechanics, shall be considered with particular application. It is not to be immediately conceived by such as have not turned themselves to reflections of that kind, that Providence, to enforce and endear the necessity of social life, has given one man's hands to another man's head, and the carpenter, the smith, the joiner, are as immediately necessary to the mathematician, as my amanuensis will be to me, to write much fairer than I can myself. I am so well convinced of this truth, that I shall have a particular regard to mechanics; and to show my honour for them, I shall place at their head the painter. This gentleman is, as to the execution of his work, a mechanic; but as to his conception, his spirit, and design, he is hardly below even the poet, in liberal art. It will be from these considerations useful to make the world see the affinity between all works which are beneficial to mankind is much nearer, than the illiberal arrogance of scholars will at all times allow. But I am from experience convinced of the importance of mechanic heads, and shall therefore take them all into my care, from Rowley, who is improving the globes of the earth and heaven in Fleet-street, to Bat. Pigeon, the hair cutter in the Strand.

But it will be objected upon what pretensions I take upon me to put in for the *prochain ami*, or nearest friend of all the world. How my head is accomplished for this employment towards the public, from the long exercise of it in a private capacity, will appear by reading me the two or three next days with diligence and attention. There is no other paper in being which tends to this purpose. They are most of them histories, or advices of public transactions; but as those representations affect the passions of my readers, I shall sometimes take

care, the day after a foreign mail, to give them an account of what it has brought. The parties amongst us are too violent to make it possible to pass them by without observation. As to these matters, I shall be impartial, though I cannot be neuter: I am, with relation to the government of the church, a tory, with regard to the state, a whig.

The charge of intelligence, the pain in compiling and digesting my thoughts in proper style, and the like, oblige me to value my paper a half-penny above all other half-sheets.* And all persons who have any thing to communicate to me, are desired to direct their letters (postage paid) to Nestor Ironside, Esq. at Mr. Tonson's in the Strand. I declare beforehand, that I will at no time be conversed with any other way than by letter: for as I am an ancient man, I shall find enough to do to give orders proper for their service, to whom I am by will of their parents Guardian, though I take that to be too narrow a scene for me to pass my whole life in. But I have got my wards so well off my hands, and they are so able to act for themselves, that I have little to do but give a hint, and all that I desire to be amended is altered accordingly.

My design upon the whole is no less than to make the pulpit, the bar, and the stage, all act in concert in the care of piety, justice, and virtue; for I am past all the regards of this life, and have nothing to manage with any person or party, but to deliver myself as becomes an old man with one foot in the grave, and one who thinks he is passing to eternity. All sorrows which can arrive at me are comprehended in the sense of guilt and pain; if I can keep clear of these two evils, I shall not be apprehensive of any other. Ambition, lust, envy, and revenge, are excrescences of the mind, which I have cut off long ago: but as they are excrescences which do not only deform, but also torment those on whom they grow, I shall do all I can to persuade all others to take the same measures for their cure which I have.

No. 2.] Friday, March 13, 1713.

THE readiest way to proceed in my great undertaking, is to explain who I am myself that promise to give the town a daily half-sheet: I shall therefore enter into my own history, without losing any time in preamble. I was born in the year 1642, at a lone house within half a mile of the town of Brentford, in the county of Middlesex; my parents were of ability to bestow upon me a liberal education, and of a humour to think that a great happiness even in a fortune which was but just enough to keep me above want. In my

* Two-pence was the original price of this paper.

sixteenth year I was admitted a commoner of Magdalen-hall in Oxford. It was one great advantage, among many more, which men educated at our universities do usually enjoy above others, that they often contract friendships there, which are of service to them in all the parts of their future life. This good fortune happened to me; for during the time of my being an under-graduate, I became intimately acquainted with Mr. Ambrose Lizard, who was a fellow-commoner of the neighbouring college. I have the honour to be well known to Mr. Josiah Pullen, of our hall above-mentioned; and attribute the florid old age I now enjoy to my constant morning walks up Hedington-hill in his cheerful company. If the gentleman be still living, I hereby give him my humble service. But as I was going to say, I contracted in my early youth an intimate friendship with young Mr. Lizard, of Northamptonshire. He was sent for a little before he was of bachelor's standing, to be married to Mrs. Jane Lizard, an heiress, whose father would have it so for the sake of the name. Mr. Ambrose knew nothing of it till he came to Lizard-hall on Saturday night, saw the young lady at dinner the next day, and was married, by order of his father, sir Ambrose, between eleven and twelve the Tuesday following. Some years after, when my friend came to be sir Ambrose himself, and finding upon proof of her, that he had lighted upon a good wife, he gave the curate who joined their hands the parsonage of Welt, not far off Wellingborough. My friend was married in the year sixty-two, and every year following, for eighteen years together, I left the college (except that year wherein I was chosen fellow of Lincoln,) and sojourned at sir Ambrose's for the months of June, July, and August. I remember very well that it was on the fourth of July, in the year 1674, that I was reading in an arbour to my friend, and stopt of a sudden, observing he did not attend. 'Lay by your book,' said he, 'and let us take a turn in the grass-walk, for I have something to say to you.' After a silence for about forty yards, walking both of us with our eyes downward, one big to hear, the other to speak a matter of great importance, sir Ambrose expressed himself to this effect: 'My good friend,' said he, 'you may have observed that from the first moment I was in your company at Mr. Willis's chambers, at University college, I ever after sought and courted you, that inclination towards you has improved, from similitude of manners, if I may so say, when I tell you I have not observed in any man a greater candour and simplicity of mind than in yourself. You are a man that are not inclined to launch into the world, but prefer security and ease, in a collegiate or single life, to going into the cares which necessarily attend a public character, or that of a master of

a family. You see within, my son Marmaduke, my only child; I have a thousand anxieties upon me concerning him, the greater part of which I would transfer to you, and when I do so, I would make it, in plain English, worth your while.' He would not let me speak, but proceeded to inform me, that he had laid the whole scheme of his affairs upon that foundation. As soon as we went into the house, he gave me a bill upon his goldsmith* in London, of two thousand pounds, and told me, with that he had purchased me, with all the talents I was master of, to be of his family, to educate his son, and to do all that should ever lie in my power for the service of him and his to my life's end, according to such powers, trusts, and instructions, as I should hereafter receive.

The reader will here make many speeches for me, and without doubt suppose I told my friend he had retained me with a fortune to do that which I should have thought myself obliged to by friendship: but, as he was a prudent man, and acted upon rules of life, which were least liable to the variation of humour, time, or season, I was contented to be obliged by him his own way; and believed I should never enter into any alliance which should divert me from pursuing the interests of his family, of which I should hereafter understand myself a member. * Sir Ambrose told me, he should lay no injunction upon me, which should be inconsistent with any inclination I might have hereafter to change my condition. All he meant was, in general, to insure his family from that pest of great estates, the mercenary men of business who act for them, and in a few years become creditors to their masters in greater sums than half the income of their lands amounts to, though it is visible all which gave rise to their wealth was a slight salary, for turning all the rest, both estate and credit of that estate, to the use of their principals. To this purpose we had a very long conference that evening, the chief point of which was, that his only child Marmaduke was from that hour under my care, and I was engaged to turn all my thoughts to the service of the child in particular, and all the concerns of the family in general. My most excellent friend was so well satisfied with my behaviour, that he made me his executor, and guardian to his son. My own conduct during that time, and my manner of educating his son Marmaduke to manhood, and the interest I had in him to the time of his death also, with my present conduct towards the numerous descendants of my old friend, will make, possibly, a series of history of common life, as useful as the relations of the more pompous passages in the lives of princes and statesmen. The widow of sir Ambrose, and

* A banker at this time was called a goldsmith.

the no less worthy relict of sir Marmaduke, are both living at this time.

I am to let the reader know, that his chief entertainment will arise from what passes at the tea-table of my lady Lizard. That lady is now in the forty-sixth year of her age, was married in the beginning of her sixteenth, is blessed with a numerous offspring of each sex, no less than four sons and five daughters. She was the mother of this large family before she arrived at her thirtieth year: about which time she lost her husband, sir Marmaduke Lizard, a gentleman of great virtue and generosity. He left behind him an improved paternal estate of six thousand pounds a-year to his eldest son, and one year's revenue, in ready money, as a portion to each younger child. My lady's Christian name is Aspasia; and as it may give a certain dignity to our style to mention her by that name, we beg leave at discretion to say lady Lizard, or Aspasia, according to the matter we shall treat of. When she shall be consulting about her cash, her rents, her household affairs, we will use the more familiar name; and when she is employed in the forming the minds and sentiments of her children, exerting herself in the acts of charity, or speaking of matters of religion or piety, for the elevation of style we will use the word Aspasia. Aspasia is a lady of great understanding and noble spirit. She has passed several years in widowhood, with that abstinent enjoyment of life, which has done honour to her deceased husband, and devolved reputation upon her children. As she has both sons and daughters marriageable, she is visited by many on that account, but by many more for her own merit. As there is no circumstance in human life, which may not directly or indirectly concern a woman thus related, there will be abundant matter offer itself from passages in this family to supply my readers with diverting, and perhaps useful notices for their conduct in all the incidents of human life. Placing money on mortgages, in the funds, upon bottomry, and almost all other ways of improving the fortune of a family, are practised by my lady Lizard, with the best skill and advice.

my eye upon a treatise which I could not overlook without an inexcusable negligence, and want of concern for all the civil, as well as religious interests of mankind. This piece has for its title, *A Discourse of Free-thinking*, occasioned by the rise and growth of a sect called Free-thinkers. The author very methodically enters upon his argument, and says, 'by free-thinking, I mean the use of the understanding in endeavouring to find out the meaning of any proposition whatsoever, in considering the nature of the evidence for or against, and in judging of it according to the seeming force or weakness of the evidence.' As soon as he has delivered this definition, from which one would expect he did not design to show a particular inclination for or against any thing before he had considered it, he gives up all title to the character of a free-thinker, with the most apparent prejudice against a body of men, whom of all other a good man would be most careful not to violate, I mean men in holy orders. Persons who have devoted themselves to the service of God, are venerable to all who fear him; and it is a certain characteristic of a dissolute and ungoverned mind, to rail, or speak disrespectfully of them in general. It is certain, that in so great a crowd of men, some will intrude who are of tempers very unbecoming their function: but because ambition and avarice are sometimes lodged in that bosom which ought to be the dwelling of sanctity and devotion, must this unreasonable author vilify the whole order? He has not taken the least care to disguise his being an enemy to the persons against whom he writes, nor any where granted that the institution of religious men to serve at the altar, and instruct such who are not as wise as himself, is at all necessary or desirable; but proceeds, without the least apology, to undermine their credit, and frustrate their labours: whatever clergymen, in disputes against each other, have unguardedly uttered, is here recorded in such a manner as to affect religion itself, by wresting concessions to its disadvantage from its own teachers. If this be true, as sure any man that reads the discourse must allow it is, and if religion is the

were possible to laugh at so melancholy an affair as what hazards salvation, it would be no unpleasant inquiry to ask, what satisfactions they reap, what extraordinary gratification of sense, or what delicious libertinism this sect of free-thinkers enjoy, after getting loose of the laws which confine the passions of other men? Would it not be a matter of mirth to find, after all, that the heads of this growing sect are sober wretches, who prate whole evenings over coffee, and have not themselves fire enough to be any further debauchees, than merely in principle? These sages of iniquity are, it seems, themselves only speculatively wicked, and are contented that all the abandoned young men of the age are kept safe from reflection by dabbling in their rhapsodies, without tasting the pleasures for which their doctrines leave them unaccountable. Thus do heavy mortals, only to gratify a dry pride of heart, give up the interests of another world, without enlarging their gratifications in this: but it is certain there are a sort of men that can puzzle truth, but cannot enjoy the satisfaction of it. This same free-thinker is a creature unacquainted with the emotions which possess great minds when they are turned for religion, and it is apparent that he is untouched with any such sensation as the rapture of devotion. Whatever one of these scornors may think, they certainly want parts to be devout; and a sense of piety towards heaven, as well as the sense of any thing else, is lively and warm in proportion to the faculties of the head and heart. This gentleman may be assured he has not a taste for what he pretends to decry, and the poor man is certainly more a blockhead than an atheist. I must repeat, that he wants capacity to relish what true piety is; and he is as capable of writing an heroic poem, as making a fervent prayer. When men are thus low and narrow in their apprehensions of things, and at the same time vain, they are naturally led to think every thing they do not understand, not to be understood. Their contradiction to what is urged by others, is a necessary consequence of their incapacity to receive it. The atheistical fellows who appeared the last age did not serve the devil for nought, but revelled in excesses suitable to their principles; while in these unhappy days mischief is done for mischief's sake. These free-thinkers, who lead the lives of recluse students, for no other purpose but to disturb the sentiments of other men, put me in mind of the monstrous recreation of those late wild youths, who, without provocation, had a wantonness in stabbing and defacing those they met with. When such writers as this, who has no spirit but that of malice, pretend to inform the age, mobocks and cut-throats may well set up for wits and men of pleasure.

It will be perhaps expected, that I should

produce some instances of the ill intention of this free-thinker, to support the treatment I here give him. In his fifty-second page he says,

'Secondly, The priests throughout the world differ about scriptures, and the authority of scriptures. The Bramins have a book of scripture called the Shaster. The Persees have their Zundavastaw. The Bonzes of China have books written by the disciples of Fo-he, whom they call the 'God and Saviour of the world, who was born to teach the way of salvation, and to give satisfaction for all men's sins.' The Talapoins of Siam have a book of scripture written by Sommonocodom, who, the Siamese say, 'was born of a virgin, and was the God expected by the universe.' The Dervises have their Alcoran.'

I believe there is no one will dispute the author's great impartiality in setting down the accounts of these different religions. And I think it is pretty evident he delivers the matter with an air that betrays that the history of 'one born of a virgin' has as much authority with him from St. Sommonocodom as from St. Matthew. Thus he treats revelation. Then as to philosophy, he tells you, p. 136, 'Cicero produces this as an instance of a probable opinion, that they who study philosophy do not believe there are any Gods;' and then, from consideration of various notions, he affirms Tully concludes, 'that there can be nothing after death.'

As to what he misrepresents of Tully, the short sentence on the head of this paper is enough to oppose; but who can have patience to reflect upon the assemblage of impostures, among which our author places the religion of his country? As for my part, I cannot see any possible interpretation to give this work, but a design to subvert and ridicule the authority of scripture. The peace and tranquillity of the nation, and regards even above those, are so much concerned in this matter, that it is difficult to express sufficient sorrow for the offender, or indignation against him. But if ever man deserved to be denied the common benefits of air and water, it is the author of *A Discourse of Free-thinking*.

No. 4.] *Monday, March 16, 1713.*

It matters not how false or forc'd,
So the best things be said o' th' worst;
It goes for nothing when 'tis said,
Only the arrow's drawn to th' head,
Whether it be a swan or goose
They level at: so shepherds use
To set the same mark on the hip
Both of their sound and rotten sheep.

Hudibras.

THOUGH most things which are wrong in their own nature are at once confessed and absolved in that single word Custom; yet there are some, which as they have a dangerous

tendency, a thinking man will the less excuse on that very account. Among these I cannot but reckon the common practice of dedications, which is of so much the worse consequence, as it is generally used by the people of politeness, and whom a learned education for the most part ought to have inspired with nobler and juster sentiments. This prostitution of praise is not only a deceit upon the gross of mankind, who take their notion of characters from the learned; but also the better sort must by this means lose some part at least of that desire of fame which is the incentive to generous actions, when they find it promiscuously bestowed on the meritorious and undeserving: nay, the author himself, let him be supposed to have ever so true a value for the patron, can find no terms to express it, but what have been already used, and rendered suspected by flatterers. Even truth itself in a dedication is like an honest man in a disguise or vizor-mask, and will appear a cheat by being dressed so like one. Though the merit of the person is beyond dispute, I see no reason that because one man is eminent, therefore another has a right to be impertinent, and throw praises in his face. 'Tis just the reverse of the practice of the ancient Romans, when a person was advanced to triumph for his services. As they hired people to rail at him in that circumstance to make him as humble as they could, we have fellows to flatter him, and make him as proud as they can. Supposing the writer not to be mercenary, yet the great man is no more in reason obliged to thank him for his picture in a dedication, than to thank a painter for that on a sign-post; except it be a less injury to touch the most sacred part of him, his character, than to make free with his countenance only. I should think nothing justified me in this point, but the patron's permission beforehand, that I should draw him, as like as I could; whereas most authors proceed in this affair just as a dauber I have heard of, who, not being able to draw portraits after the life, was used to paint faces at random, and look out afterwards for people whom he might persuade to be like them. To express my notion

but will give us cause to wonder how such things came to be said at all, or how they were said to such persons? I have known a hero complimented upon the decent majesty and state he assumed after victory, and a nobleman of a different character applauded for his condescension to inferiors. This would have seemed very strange to me, but that I happened to know the authors. He who made the first compliment was a lofty gentleman, whose air and gait discovered when he had published a new book; and the other tumbled every night with the fellows who laboured at the press while his own writings were working off. It is observable of the female poets, and ladies dedicatory, that here (as elsewhere) they far exceed us in any strain or rant. As beauty is the thing that sex are piqued upon, they speak of it generally in a more elevated style than is used by the men. They adore in the same manner as they would be adored. So when the authoress of a famous modern romance* begs a young nobleman's permission to pay him her 'kneeling adorations,' I am far from censuring the expression, as some critics would do, as deficient in grammar or sense; but I reflect, that adorations paid in that posture are what a lady might expect herself, and my wonder immediately ceases. These, when they flatter most, do but as they would be done unto: for, as none are so much concerned at being injured by calumnies as they who are readiest to cast them upon their neighbours, so it is certain none are so guilty of flattery to others as those who most ardently desire it themselves.

What led me into these thoughts was a dedication I happened upon this morning. The reader must understand that I treat the least instances or remains of ingenuity with respect, in what places soever found, or under whatever circumstances of disadvantage. From this love to letters I have been so happy in my searches after knowledge, that I have found invaluable repositories of learning in the lining of band-boxes. I look upon these paste-board edifices, adorned with the fragments of the ingenious with the same veneration as

reason of the largeness of the characters, was least defaced by those gothic ornaments of flourishes and foliage, wherewith the compilers of these sort of structures do often industriously obscure the works of the learned. As much of it as I could read with any ease, I shall communicate to the reader, as follows.

*** Though it is a kind of profanation to approach your grace with so poor an offering, yet when I reflect how acceptable a sacrifice of first-fruits was to Heaven, in the earliest and purest ages of religion, that they were honoured with solemn feasts, and consecrated to altars by a divine command, *** upon that consideration, as an argument of particular zeal, I dedicate ***. It is impossible to behold you without adoring; yet dazzled and awed by the glory that surrounds you, men feel a sacred power, that refines their flames, and renders them pure as those we ought to offer to the Deity. *** The shrine is worthy the divinity that inhabits it. In your grace we see what woman was before she fell, how nearly allied to the purity and perfection of angels. And we adore and bless the glorious work !

Undoubtedly these and other periods of this most pious dedication, could not but convince the duchess of what the eloquent authoress assures her at the end, that she was her servant with most ardent devotion. I think this a pattern of a new sort of style, not yet taken notice of by the critics, which is above the sublime, and may be called the celestial; that is, when the most sacred phrases appropriated to the honour of the Deity are applied to a mortal of good quality. As I am naturally emulous, I cannot but endeavour, in imitation of this lady, to be the inventor, or, at least, the first producer of a kind of dedication, very different from hers and most others, since it has not a word but what the author religiously thinks in it. It may serve for almost any book, either prose or verse, that has been, is, or shall be published, and might run in this manner.

The Author to himself.

MOST HONOURED SIR,

These labours, upon many considerations, so properly belong to none as to you. First, as it was your most earnest desire alone that could prevail upon me to make them public. Then as I am secure (from that constant indulgence you have ever shown to all which is mine) that no man will so readily take them into protection, or so zealously defend them. Moreover, there is none can so soon discover the beauties; and there are some parts which, it is possible, few besides yourself are capable of understanding. Sir, the honour, affection, and value I have for you are beyond expression; as great, I am sure, or greater, than any man

else can bear you. As for any defects which others may pretend to discover in you, I do faithfully declare I was never able to perceive them; and doubt not but those persons are actuated purely by a spirit of malice or envy, the inseparable attendants on shining merit and parts, such as I have always esteemed yours to be. It may perhaps be looked upon as a kind of violence to modesty, to say this to you in public; but you may believe me, it is no more than I have a thousand times thought of you in private. Might I follow the impulse of my soul, there is no subject I could launch into with more pleasure than your panegyric. But, since something is due to modesty, let me conclude by telling you, that there is nothing so much I desire as to know you more thoroughly than I have yet the happiness of doing. I may then hope to be capable to do you some real service; but till then can only assure you, that I shall continue to be, as I am more than any man alive,

Dearest Sir,

Your affectionate friend, and
the greatest of your admirers.

No. 5.] Tuesday, March 17, 1713.

Laodantur simili prole poerperæ.

Hor. Lib. 4. Od. v. 23.

The mother's virtues in the daughters shine.

I HAVE, in my second paper, mentioned the family into which I was retained by the friend of my youth; and given the reader to understand, that my obligations to it are such as might well naturalize me into the interests of it. They have, indeed, had their deserved effect, and if it were possible for a man who has never entered into the state of marriage to know the instincts of a kind father to an honourable and numerous house, I may say I have done it. I do not know but my regards, in some considerations, have been more useful than those of a father, and as I wanted all that tenderness, which is the bias of inclination in men towards their own offspring, I have had a greater command of reason when I was to judge of what concerned my wards, and consequently was not prompted, by my partiality and fondness towards their persons, to transgress against their interests.

As the female part of a family is the more constant and immediate object of care and protection, and the more liable to misfortune or dishonour, as being in themselves more sensible of the former, and, from custom and opinion, for less offences more exposed to the latter; I shall begin with the more delicate part of my guardianship, the women of the family of Lizard. The ancient and religious lady, the dowager of my friend sir Ambrose, has for some time estranged herself from con-

versation, and admits only of the visits of her own family. The observation, that old people remember best those things which entered into their thoughts when their memories were in their full strength and vigour, is very remarkably exemplified in this good lady and myself when we are in conversation; I choose, indeed, to go thither, to divert any anxiety or weariness which at any time I find grow upon me from any present business or care. It is said, that a little mirth and diversion are what recreate the spirits upon those occasions: but there is a kind of sorrow from which I draw a consolation that strengthens my faculties and enlarges my mind beyond any thing that can flow from merriment. When we meet, we soon get over any occurrence which passed the day before, and are in a moment hurried back to those days which only we call good ones; the passages of the times when we were in fashion, with the countenances, behaviour, and jollity, so much, forsooth, above what any appear in now, are present to our imaginations, and almost to our very eyes. This conversation revives to us the memory of a friend, that was more than a brother to me; of a husband that was dearer than life to her: discourses about that dear and worthy man generally send her to her closet, and me to the despatch of some necessary business which regards the remains, I would say the numerous descendants of my generous friend. I am got, I know not how, out of what I was going say of this lady; which was, that she is far gone towards a better world; and I mention her (only with respect to this) as she is the object of veneration to those who are derived from her: whose behaviour towards her may be an example to others, and make the generality of young people apprehend, that when the ancient are past all offices of life, it is then the young are to exert themselves in their most laudable duties towards them.

The widow of sir Marmaduke is to be considered in a very different view. My lady is not in the shining bloom of life, but at those years, wherein the gratifications of an ample fortune, those of pomp and equipage, of being much esteemed, much visited, and generally admired, are usually more strongly pursued than in younger days. In this condition she might very well add the pleasures of courtship, and the grateful persecution of being followed by a crowd of lovers; but she is an excellent mother and great economist; which considerations, joined with the pleasure of living her own way, preserve her against the intrusion of love. I will not say that my lady has not a secret vanity in being still a fine woman, and neglecting those addresses, to which perhaps we in part owe her constancy in that her neglect.

Her daughter Jane, her eldest child of that sex, is in the twenty-third year of her age, a lady who forms herself after the pattern of her

mother; but in my judgment, as she happens to be extremely like her, she sometimes makes her court unskilfully, in affecting that likeness in her very mien, which gives the mother an uneasy sense, that Mrs. Jane really is what her parent has a mind to continue to be; but it is possible I am too observing in this particular, and this might be overlooked in them both, in respect to greater circumstances: for Mrs. Jane is the right hand of her mother; it is her study and constant endeavour to assist her in the management of her household, to keep all idle whispers from her, and discourage them before they can come at her from any other hand; to enforce every thing that makes for the merit of her brothers and sisters towards her, as well as the diligence and cheerfulness of her servants. It is by Mrs. Jane's management that the whole family is governed, neither by love nor fear, but a certain reverence which is composed of both. Mrs. Jane is what one would call a perfect good young woman; but neither strict piety, diligence in domestic affairs, or any other avocation, have preserved her against love, which she bears to a young gentleman of great expectation, but small fortune; at the same time that men of very great estates ask her of her mother. My lady tells her that prudence must give way to passion: so that Mrs. Jane, if I cannot accommodate the matter, must conquer more than one passion, and out of prudence banish the man she loves, and marry the man she hates.

The next daughter is Mrs. Annabella, who has a very lively wit, a great deal of good sense, is very pretty, but gives me much trouble for her from a certain dishonest cunning I know in her; she can seem blind and careless, and full of herself only, and entertain with twenty affected vanities; whilst she is observing all the company, laying up store for ridicule, and, in a word, is selfish and interested under all the agreeable qualities in the world. Alas, what shall I do with this girl!

Mrs. Cornelia passes away her time very much in reading, and that with so great attention, that it gives her the air of a student, and has an ill effect upon her, as she is a fine young woman; the giddy part of the sex will have it she is in love; none will allow that she affects so much being alone, but for want of particular company. I have railed at romances before her, for fear of her falling into those deep studies: she has fallen in with my humour that way for the time, but I know not how, my imprudent prohibition has, it seems, only excited her curiosity; and I am afraid she is better read than I know of, for she said of a glass of water in which she was going to wash her hands after dinner, dipping her fingers with a pretty lovely air, 'It is crystalline.' I shall examine farther, and wait for clearer proofs.

Mrs. Betty is (I cannot by what means or methods imagine) grown mightily acquainted with what passes in the town; she knows all that matter of my lord such-a-one's leading my lady such-a-one out from the play; she is prodigiously acquainted, all of a sudden, with the world, and asked her sister Jane the other day in an argument, 'Dear sister, how should you know any thing, that hear nothing but what we do in our own family?' I do not much like her maid.

Mrs. Mary, the youngest daughter, whom they rally and call Mrs. Ironside, because I have named her the Sparkler, is the very quintessence of good-nature and generosity; she is the perfect picture of her grandfather; and if one can imagine all good qualities which adorn human life become feminine, the seeds, nay, the blossom of them, are apparent in Mrs. Mary. It is a weakness I cannot get over, (for how ridiculous is a regard to the bodily perfections of a man who is dead) but I cannot resist my partiality to this child, for being so like her grandfather; how often have I turned from her, to hide the melting of my heart when she has been talking to me! I am sure the child has no skill in it, for artifice could not dwell under that visage; but if I am absent a day from the family, she is sure to be at my lodging the next morning to know what is the matter.

At the head of these children, who have very plentiful fortunes, provided they marry with mine and their mother's consent, is my lady Lizard; who, you cannot doubt, is very well visited. Sir William Oger, and his son almost at age, are frequently at our house on a double consideration. The knight is willing, (for so he very gallantly expresses himself) to marry the mother, or he will consent, whether that be so or not, that his son Oliver shall take any one of the daughters Noll likes best.

Mr. Rigburt, of the same county, who gives in his estate much larger, and his family more ancient, offers to deal with us for two daughters.

Sir Harry Pandolf has writ word from his seat in the country, that he also is much inclined to an alliance with the Lizards, which he has declared in the following letter to my lady; she showed it me this morning.

'MADAM,

'I have heard your daughters very well spoken

No. 6.] *Wednesday, March 18, 1713.*

I HAVE despatched my young women, and the town has them among them; it is necessary for the elucidation of my future discourses, which I desire may be denominated, as they are the precepts of a Guardian, Mr. Ironside's Precautions; I say it is, after what has been already declared, in the next place necessary to give an account of the males of this worthy family, whose annals I am writing. The affairs of women being chiefly domestic, and not made up of so many circumstances as the duties of men are, I fear I cannot despatch the account of the males under my care, in so few words as I did the explanation which regarded my women.

Sir Harry Lizard, of the county of Northampton, son and heir of the late sir Marmaduke, is now entered upon the twenty-sixth year of his age, and is now at his seat in the country.

The estate at present in his hands is above three thousand a-year, after payment of taxes and all necessary charges whatsoever. He is a man of good understanding, but not at all what is usually called a man of shining parts. His virtues are much greater than accomplishments, as to his conversation. But when you come to consider his conduct with relation to his manners and fortune, it would be a very great injury not to allow him [to be] a very fine gentleman. It has been carefully provided in his education, that he should be very ready at calculations. This gives him a quick alarm inwardly upon all undertakings; and in a much shorter time than is usual with men who are not versed in business, he is master of the question before him, and can instantly inform himself with great exactness in the matter of profit or loss that shall arise from any thing proposed to him. The same capacity, joined to an honest nature, makes him very just to other men, as well as to himself. His payments are very punctual, and I dare answer he never did, or ever will, undertake any piece of building, or any ornamental improvement of his house, garden, park, or lands, before the money is in his own pocket wherewith he is to pay for such undertaking. He is too good to purchase labourers or artificers (as by this means he certainly could) at an under rate; but he has by this means what I think he deserves from his su-

serve his pleasures, or regale his friends. His servants, his cattle, his goods, speak their master a rich man. Those about his person, as his bailiff, the groom of his chamber, and his butler, have a cheerful, not a gay air: the servants below them seem to live in plenty, but not in wantonness. As sir Henry is a young man, and of an active disposition, his best figure is on horse-back. But before I speak of that, I should acquaint you, that during his infancy all the young gentlemen of the neighbourhood were welcome to a part of the house, which was called the school; where, at the charge of the family, there was a grammar-master, a plain sober man, maintained (with a salary, besides his diet, of fifty pounds a-year) to instruct all such children of gentlemen or lower people, as would partake of his education. As they grew up, they were allowed to ride out with him upon his horses. There were always ten or twelve for the saddle in readiness to attend him and his favourites, in the choice of whom he showed a good disposition, and distributed his kindness among them by turns, with great good-nature. All horses, both for the saddle and swift draught, were very well bitted, and a skilful rider, with a riding-house, wherein he (the riding master) commanded, had it in order to teach any gentleman's son of the county that would please to learn that exercise. We found our account in this proceeding, as well in real profit, as in esteem and power in the country; for as the whole shire is now possessed by gentlemen who owe sir Harry a part of education which they all value themselves upon, (their horsemanship) they prefer his horses to all others, and it is ten per cent. in the price of a steel, which appears to come out of his riding-house.

By this means it is, that sir Harry, as I was going to say, makes the best figure on horse-back; for his usual hours of being in the field are well known; and at those seasons the neighbouring gentlemen, his friends and school-fellows, take a pleasure in giving him their company, with their servants well behaved, and horses well commanded.

I cannot enough applaud sir Harry for a particular care in his horses. He not only hits all which are ridden, but also all which are for the coach or swift draught, for grace adds mightily to the price of strength; and he finds his account in it at all markets, more especially for the coach or troop horses, of which that county produces the most strong and ostentatious. To keep up a breed for any use whatever, he gives plates for the best performing horse in every way in which that animal can be serviceable. There is such a prize for him that trots best, such for the best walker, such for the best galloper, such for the best pacer; then for him who draws most in such a time to such a place, then to him that carries best such a load on his back. He delights

in this, and has an admirable fancy in the dress of the riders; some admired country girl is to hold the prize, her lovers to trot, and not to mend their pace into a gallop when they are out-trotted by a rival; some known country wit to come upon the best pacer; these, and the like little joyful arts, gain him the love of all who do not know his worth, and the esteem of all who do. Sir Harry is no friend to the race-horse; he is of opinion it is inhuman, that animals should be put upon their utmost strength and mettle for our diversion only. However, not to be particular, he puts in for the queen's plate every year, with orders to his rider never to win or be distanced; and, like a good country gentleman, says, it is a fault in all ministries, that they encourage no kind of horses but those which are swift.

As I write lives, I dwell upon small matters, being of opinion with Plutarch, that little circumstances show the real man better than things of greater moment. But good economy is the characteristic of the Lizards. I remember a circumstance about six years ago, that gave me hopes he would one time or other make a figure in parliament; for he is a landed man, and considers his interest, though he is such, to be impaired or promoted according to the state of trade. When he was but twenty years old, I took an opportunity in his presence, to ask an intelligent woollen-draper, what he gave for his shop [at] the corner of Change-alley? The shop is, I believe, fourteen feet long, and eight broad. I was answered, Ninety pounds a year. I took no notice, but the thought descended into the breast of sir Harry, and I saw on his table the next morning, a computation of the value of land in an island, consisting of so many miles, with so many good ports; the value of each part of the said island, as it lay to such ports, and produced such commodities. The whole of his working was to know why so few yards near the Change, was so much better than so many acres in Northamptonshire; and what those acres in Northamptonshire would be worth, were there no trade at all in this island.

It makes my heart ache, when I think of this young man, and consider upon what plain maxims, and in what ordinary methods men of estate may do good wherever they are seated, that so many should be what they are! It is certain, that the arts which purchase wealth or fame, will maintain them; and I attribute the splendour and long continuance of this family, to the felicity of having the genius of the founder of it run through all his male line. Old sir Harry, the great-grandfather of this gentleman, has written in his own hand upon all the deeds which he ever signed, in the humour of that sententious age, this sentence, 'There are four good mothers, of whom are often born four unhappy daughters; truth be-

gets hatred, happiness pride, security danger, and familiarity contempt.'

No. 7.] Thursday, March 19, 1713.

——— Properat cursu
Vita citato ———

Senec. Trag.

With speedy step life posts away.

I THIS morning did myself the honour to visit lady Lizard, and took my chair at the tea-table, at the upper end of which that graceful woman, with her daughters about her, appeared to me with greater dignity than ever any figure, either of Venus attended by the graces, Diana with her nymphs, or any other celestial who owes her being to poetry.

The discourse we had there, none being present but our own family, consisted of private matters, which tended to the establishment of these young ladies in the world. My lady, I observed, had a mind to make mention of the proposal to Mrs. Jane, of which she is very fond, and I as much avoided, as being equally against it; but it is by no means proper the young ladies should observe we ever dissent; therefore I turned the discourse, by saying, 'it was time enough to think of marrying a young lady, who was but three-and-twenty, ten years hence.' The whole table was alarmed at the assertion, and the Sparkler scalded her fingers, by leaning suddenly forward to look in my face: but my business at present was to make my court to the mother; therefore, without regarding the resentment in the looks of the children, 'Madam,' said I, 'there is a petulant and hasty manner practised in this age, in hurrying away the life of woman, and confining the grace and principal action of it to those years wherein reason and discretion are most feeble, humour and passion most powerful. From the time a young woman of quality has first appeared in the drawing-room, raised a whisper and curiosity of the men about her, had her health drank in gay companies, and distinguished at public assemblies: I say, madam, if within three or four years of her first appearance in town, she is not disposed of, her beauty is grown familiar, her eyes are disarmed, and we seldom after hear her mentioned but with indifference. What doubles my grief on this occasion is, that the more discreetly the lady behaves herself, the sooner is her glory extinguished. Now, madam, if merit had a greater weight in our thoughts, when we form to ourselves agreeable characters of women, men would think, in making their choices, of such as would take care of, as well as supply children for, the nursery. It was not thus in the illustrious days of good queen Elizabeth. I was this morning turning over a folio, called, The Complete Ambassador, consisting chiefly of letters from lord Burleigh,

earl of Leicester, and sir Thomas Smith. Sir Thomas writes a letter to sir Francis Walsingham, full of learned gallantry, wherein you may observe he promises himself the French king's brother (who it seems was but a cold lover) would be quickened by seeing the queen in person, who was then in the thirty-ninth year of her age. A certain sobriety in thoughts, words, and action, which was the praise of that age, kept the fire of love alive; and it burnt so equally, that it warmed and preserved, without tormenting and consuming our beings. The letter I mention is as follows:

"To the Right Worshipful Mr. Francis Walsingham, Ambassador, resident in France.

"SIR,

"I am sorry that so good a matter should, upon so nice a point, be deferred. We may say that the lover will do little, if he will not take the pains once to see his love; but she must first say yea, before he see her, or she him: twenty ways might be devised why he might come over, and be welcome, and possibly do more in an hour than he may in two years. '*Cupido ille qui vincit omnia, in oculis insidet, et ex oculis ejaculatur, et in oculos utriusque videndo non solum, ut ait poeta, femina virum. sed vir feminam;*' that powerful being Cupid, who conquers all things, resides in the eyes, he sends out all his darts from the eyes: by throwing glances at the eyes (according to the poet) not only the woman captivates the man, but also the man the woman. Whatforce, I pray you, can 'hearsay,' and 'I think, and I trust,' do in comparison of that '*cum præsens præsentem tuctur et alloquitur, et furore forsitan amoris ductus, amplectitur;*' when they face to face see and converse with each other, and the lover in a ecstasy, not to be commanded, snatches an embrace, and saith to himself, and openly that she may hear, '*Te-neone te me, an etiamnum somno volunt feminae videri cogi ad id quod maximum capiunt?*' Are you in my arms, my fair one, or do we both dream, and will women even in their sleep seem forced to what they most desire? If we be cold, it is our part, besides the person, the sex requireth it. Why are you cold? Is it not a young man's part to be bold, courageous, and to adventure? If he should have, he should have but '*honorificam repulsam;*' even a repulse here is glorious: the worst that can be said of him is but as of Phaëton, '*Quam si non tenuit magnis tamen excidit ausis;*' though he could not command the chariot of the sun, his fall from it was illustrious. So far as I conceive, '*Hæc est sola nostra anchora, hæc jacenda est in nobis alea;*' this is our only anchor, this die must be thrown. In our instability, '*Unum momentum est uno momento perfectum factum, ac dictum stabilitatem facere potest.*'

one lucky moment would crown and fix all. This, or else nothing is to be looked for but continual dalliance and doubtfulness, so far as I can see.

"Your assured friend,

From Killingworth,
Aug. 22, 1572.

"THOMAS SMITH."

Though my lady was in very good humour, upon the insinuation that, according to the Elizabeth scheme, she was but just advanced above the character of a girl; I found the rest of the company as much disheartened, that they were still but mere girls. I went on, therefore, to attribute the immature marriages which are solemnized in our days to the importunity of the men, which made it impossible for young ladies to remain virgins so long as they wished from their own inclinations, and the freedom of a single life.

There is no time of our life, under what character soever, in which men can wholly divest themselves of an ambition to be in the favour of women. Cardan, a grave philosopher and physician, confesses in one of his chapters, that though he had suffered poverty, repulses, calumnies, and a long series of afflictions, he never was thoroughly dejected, and impatient of life itself, but under a calamity which he suffered from the beginning of his twenty-first to the end of his thirtieth year. He tells us, that the raillery he suffered from others, and the contempt which he had of himself, were afflictions beyond expression. I mention this only as an argument extorted from this good and grave man, to support my opinion of the irresistible power of women. He adds in the same chapter, that there are ten thousand afflictions and disasters attend the passion itself; that an idle word imprudently repeated by a fair woman, and vast expenses to support her folly and vanity, every day reduce men to poverty and death; but he makes them of little consideration to the miserable and insignificant condition of being incapable of their favour.

I make no manner of difficulty of professing I am not surprised that the author has expressed himself after this manner, with relation to love: the heroic chastity so frequently professed by humorists of the fair sex, generally ends in an unworthy choice, after having overlooked overtures to their advantage. It is for this reason that I would endeavour to direct, and not pretend to eradicate the inclinations of the sexes to each other. Daily experience shows us, that the most rude rustic grows humane as soon as he is inspired by this passion; it gives a new grace to our manners, a new dignity to our minds, a new visage to our persons. Whether we are inclined to liberal arts, to arms, or address in our exercise, our improvement is hastened by a particular object whom we would please. Cheerfulness, gentleness, fortitude, liberality, magnificence, and all

the virtues which adorn men, which inspire heroes, are most conspicuous in lovers. I speak of love as when such as are in this company are the objects of it, who can bestow upon their husbands (if they follow their excellent mother) all its joys without any of its anxieties.

No. 8.] Friday, March 20, 1713.

—Anthem regis—

Hor. Lib. 1. Ep. ii. 62.

Govern the mind.

A GUARDIAN cannot bestow his time in any office more suitable to his character, than in representing the disasters to which we are exposed by the irregularity of our passions. I think I speak of this matter in a way not yet taken notice of, when I observe that they make men do things unworthy of those very passions. I shall illustrate this by a story I have lately read in the Royal Commentaries of Peru, wherein you behold an oppressor a most contemptible creature after his power is at an end; and a person he oppressed so wholly intent upon revenge till he had obtained it, that in the pursuit of it he utterly neglected his own safety; but when that motive of revenge was at an end, returned to a sense of danger, in such a manner as to be unable to lay hold of occasions which offered themselves for certain security, and expose himself from fear to apparent hazard. The motives which I speak of are not indeed so much to be called passions, as ill habits arising from passions, such as pride and revenge, which are improvements of our infirmities, and are, methinks, but scorn and anger regularly conducted. But to my story.

Licenciado Esquivel, governor of the city Putocsi, commanded two hundred men to march out of that garrison towards the kingdom of Tucuman, with strict orders to use no Indians in carrying their baggage, and placed himself at a convenient station without the gates, to observe how his orders were put in execution; he found they were wholly neglected, and that Indians were laden with the baggage of the Spaniards, but thought fit to let them march by till the last rank of all came up, out of which he seized one man called Aguire, who had two Indians laden with his goods. Within few days after he was taken in arrest, he was sentenced to receive two hundred stripes. Aguire represented by his friends, that he was the brother of a gentleman, who had in his country an estate, with vassalage of Indians, and hoped his birth would exempt him from a punishment of so much indignity. Licenciado persisted in the kind of punishment he had already pronounced; upon which Aguire petitioned that it might be altered to one that he should not survive; and though a gentleman, and from that quality not liable to

suffer so ignominious a death, humbly besought his excellency that he might be banded. But though Licenciado appeared all his life, before he came into power, a person of an easy and tractable disposition, he was so changed by his office, that these applications from the unfortunate Aguirre did but the more gratify his insolence; and during the very time of their mediation for the prisoner, he insulted them also, by commanding with a haughty tone, that his orders should be executed that very instant. This, as it is usual on such occasions, made the whole town flock together; but the principal inhabitants, abhorring the severity of Licenciado, and pitying a gentleman in the condition of Aguirre, went in a body, and besought the governor to suspend, if not remit the punishment. Their importunities prevailed on him to defer the execution for eight days; but when they came to the prison with his warrant, they found Aguirre already brought forth, stripped, and mounted on an ass, which is the posture wherein the basest criminals are whipped in that city. His friends cried out, 'Take him off, take him off,' and proclaimed their order for suspending his punishment; but the youth, when he heard that it was only put off for eight days, rejected the favour, and said, 'All my endeavours have been to keep myself from mounting this beast, and from the shame of being seen naked; but since things are come thus far, let the sentence proceed, which will be less than the fears and apprehensions I shall have in these eight days ensuing; besides, I shall not need to give further trouble to my friends for intercession on my behalf, which is as likely to be ineffectual as what hath already passed.' After he had said this, the ass was whipped forward, and Aguirre ran the gantlet according to the sentence. The calm manner in which he resigned himself, when he found his disgrace must be, and the scorn of dallying with it under a suspension of a few days, which mercy was but another form of the governor's cruelty, made it visible that he took comfort in some secret resolution to avenge the affront.

After this indignity, Aguirre could not be persuaded (though the inhabitants of Potocsi often importuned him from the spirit they saw in him) to go upon any military undertaking, but excused himself with a modest sadness in his countenance, saying, 'that after such a shame as his was, death must be his only remedy and consolation, which he would endeavour to obtain as soon as possible.'

Under this melancholy he remained in Peru, until the time in which the office of Esquivel expired; after which, like a desperate man, he pursued and followed him, watching an opportunity to kill him, and wipe off the shame of the late affront. Esquivel, being informed of this desperate resolution by his friends, endea-

voured to avoid his enemy, and took a journey of three or four hundred leagues from him, supposing that Aguirre would not pursue him at such a distance; but Esquivel's flight did but increase Aguirre's speed in following. The first journey which Esquivel took was to the city Los Reyes, being three hundred and twenty leagues distant; but in less than fifteen days Aguirre was there with him; whereupon Esquivel took another flight, as far as to the city of Quito, being four hundred leagues distant from Los Reyes; but in a little more than twenty days Aguirre was again with him; which being intimated to Esquivel, he took another leap as far as Cozco, which is five hundred leagues from Quito; but in a few days after he arrived there, came also Aguirre, travelling all the way on foot, without shoes or stockings, saying, 'that it became not the condition of a whipt rascal to travel on horseback, or appear amongst men.' In this manner did Aguirre haunt and pursue Esquivel for three years and four months; who being now tired and wearied with so many long and tedious journeys, resolved to fix his abode at Cozco, where he believed that Aguirre would scarce adventure to attempt any thing against him, for fear of the judge who governed that city, who was a severe man, impartial and inflexible in all his proceedings; and accordingly took a lodging in the middle of the street of the great church, where he lived with great care and caution, wearing a coat of mail under his upper coat, and went always armed with his sword and dagger, which are weapons not agreeable to his profession. However Aguirre followed hither also, and having in vain dogged him from place to place, day after day, he resolved to make the attempt upon him in his own house, which he entered, and wandered from room to room, till at last he came into his study where Licenciado lay on a couch asleep. Aguirre stabbed him with his dagger with great tranquillity, and very leisurely wounded him in other parts of the body, which were not covered with his coat of mail. He went out of the house in safety; but as his resentment was sated, he now began to reflect upon the inexorable temper of the governor of the place. Under this apprehension he had not composure enough to fly to a sanctuary, which was near the place where he committed the fact; but ran into the street, frantic and distracted, proclaiming himself a criminal, by crying out, 'Hide me, hide me.'

The wretched fate and poor behaviour of Licenciado, in flying his country to avoid the same person whom he had before treated with so much insolence, and the high resentment of a man so inconsiderable as Aguirre, when much injured, are good admonitions to little spirits in exalted stations, to take care how they treat brave men in low condition.

No. 9.] *Saturday, March 21, 1713.*

*In tantas brevi creverant opes, sea maritimus sen ter-
restribus fractibus, sea multitudinis incremento, sen sanc-
titate disciplinae.* *Lit.*

They rose in a short time to that pitch of wealth and grandeur, by means of an extensive commerce both by sea and land, by an increase of the people, and by the rigour of their laws and discipline.

MANY of the subjects of my papers will consist of such things as I have gathered from the conversation, or learned from the conduct of a gentleman, who has been very conversant in our family, by name Mr. Charwell.* This person was formerly a merchant in this city, who, by exact economy, great frugality, and very fortunate adventures, was about twenty years since, and the fortieth year of his age, arrived to the estate which we usually call a plum. This was a sum so much beyond his first ambition, that he then resolved to retire from the town and the business of it together. Accordingly he laid out one half of his money upon the purchase of a nobleman's estate, not many miles distant from the country seat of my lady Lizard. From this neighbourhood our first acquaintance began, and has ever since been continued with equal application on both sides. Mr. Charwell visits very few gentlemen in the country; his most frequent airings in the summer time are visits to my lady Lizard. And if ever his affairs bring him up to town during the winter, as soon as these are despatched, he is sure to dine at her house, or to make one at her tea-table, to take her commands for the country.

I shall hardly be able to give an account how this gentleman has employed the twenty years since he made the purchase I have mentioned, without first describing the conditions of the estate.

The estate then consisted of a good large old house, a park of two thousand acres, eight thousand acres more of land divided into farms. The land not barren, but the country very thin of people, and these the only consumers of the wheat and barley that grew upon the premises. A river running by the house, which was in the centre of the estate, but the same not navigable, and the rendering it navigable had been opposed by the generality of the whole country. The roads excessive bad, and no possibility of getting off the tenants' corn, but at such a price of carriage as would exceed the whole value when it came to market. The underwoods all destroyed, to lay the country open to my lord's pleasures; but there was indeed the less want of this fuel, there being large coal-pits in the estate, within two miles

of the house, and such a plenty of coals as was sufficient for whole counties. But then the want of water-carriage made these also a mere drug, and almost every man's for fetching. Many timber-trees were still standing only for want of chapmen, very little being used for building in a country so thin of people, and those at a greater distance being in no likelihood of buying pennyworths, if they must be at the charge of land-carriage. Yet every tree was valued at a much greater price than would be given for it in the place; so was every acre of land in the park; and, as for the tenants, they were all racked to extremity, and almost every one of them beggars. All these things Mr. Charwell knew very well, yet was not discouraged from going on with his purchase.

But in the first place, he resolved that a hundred in family should not ruin him, as it had done his predecessor. Therefore, pretending to dislike the situation of the old house, he made choice of another at a mile distance, higher up the river, at a corner of the park, where, at the expense of four or five thousand pounds, and all the ornaments of the old house, he built a new one, with all convenient offices, more suitable to his revenues, yet not much larger than my lord's dog-kennel, and a great deal less than his lordship's stables.

The next thing was to reduce his park. He took down a great many pales, and with these inclosed only two hundred acres of it near adjoining to his new house. The rest he converted to breeding cattle, which yielded greater profit.

The tenants began now to be very much dissatisfied with the loss of my lord's family, which had been a constant market for great quantities of their corn; and with the disparting so much land, by which provisions were likely to be increased in so dispeopled a country. They were afraid they must be obliged themselves to consume the whole product of their farms, and that they should be soon undone by the economy and frugality of this gentleman.

Mr. Charwell was sensible their fears were but too just; and that, if neither their goods could be carried off to distant markets, nor the markets brought home to their goods, his tenants must run away from their farms. He had no hopes of making the river navigable, which was a point that could not be obtained by all the interest of his predecessor, and was therefore not likely to be yielded up to a man who was not yet known in the country. All that was left for him was to bring the market home to his tenants, which was the very thing he intended before he ventured upon his purchase. He had even then projected in his thoughts the plan of a great town just below the old house; he therefore presently set himself about the execution of his project.

* The person here alluded to, is said to have been the charitable Edward Colston, of Bristol, member of Parliament for that city, who died unmarried in October, 1721, about the close of his eighty-fifth year, 'without decay in his understanding, without labour or sorrow.'

The thing has succeeded to his wish. In the space of twenty years he is so fortunate as to see a thousand new houses upon his estate, and at least five thousand new people, men, women, and children, inhabitants of those houses, who are comfortably subsisted by their own labour, without charge to Mr. Charwell, and to the great profit of his tenants.

It cannot be imagined that such a body of people can be subsisted at less than five pounds per head, or twenty-five thousand pounds per annum, the greatest part of which sum is annually expended for provisions among the farmers of the next adjacent lands. And as the tenants of Mr. Charwell are nearest of all others to the market, they have the best prices for their goods by all that is saved in the carriage.

But some provisions are of that nature, that they will not bear a much longer carriage than from the extreme parts of his lands; and I think I have been told, that for the single article of milk, at a pint every day for every house, his tenants take from this town not much less than five hundred pounds per annum.

The soil of all kinds, which is made every year by the consumption of so great a town, I have heard has been valued at two hundred pounds per annum. If this be true, the estate of Mr. Charwell is so much improved in this very article, since all this is carried out upon his lands by the back carriage of those very carts, which were loaded by his tenants with provisions and other necessaries for the people.

A hundred thousand bushels of coal are necessary to supply so great a multitude with yearly fuel. And as these are taken out of the coal-pits of Mr. Charwell, he receives a penny for every bushel; so that this very article is an addition of four hundred pounds per annum to his revenues. And as the town and people are every year increasing, the revenues in the above-mentioned, and many other articles, are increasing in proportion.

There is now no longer any want of the family of the predecessor. The consumption of five thousand people is greater than can be made by any fifty of the greatest families in

will not be long able to oppose it: their leases are near expiring: and as they are grown very rich, there are many other persons ready to take their farms at more than double the present rents, even though the river should be made navigable, and distant people let in to sell their provisions together with these farmers.

As for Mr. Charwell himself, he is in no manner of pain lest his lands should fall in their value by the cheap carriage of provisions from distant places to his town. He knows very well the cheapness of provisions was one great means of bringing together so great numbers, and that they must be held together by the same means. He seems to have nothing more in his thoughts than to increase his town to such an extent, that all the country for ten miles round about shall be little enough to supply it. He considers that at how great a distance soever provisions shall be brought thither, they must end at last in so much soil for his estate, and that the farmers of other lands will by this means contribute to the improvement of his own.

But by what encouragement and rewards, by what arts and policies, and what sort of people he has invited to live upon his estate, and how he has enabled them to subsist by their own labour, to the great improvement of his lands, will be the subjects of some of my future precautions.

'To the Guardian.

SIR,

March 16.

'By your paper of Saturday last, you give the town hopes that you will dedicate that day to religion. You could not begin it better than by warning your pupils of the poison vented under a pretence to free-thinking. If you can spare room in your next Saturday's paper for a few lines on the same subject, these are at your disposal.

I happened to be present at a public conversation of some of the defenders of this discourse of free-thinking, and others that differed from them; where I had the diversion of hearing the same man in one breath, persuade us to freedom of thought, and in the next, offer to demonstrate that we had no freedom in any

No. 10.] *Monday, March 23, 1713.*

Venit ad me super clamitans—
 Venit ad me super clamitans—
 Venit ad me super clamitans—
 Nihilum ipse est datus propter aequum et bonum.
 Ter. Adolph. Act I. Sc. 1.

He is perpetually coming to me, and ringing in my ears, that I do wrong to indulge him so much in the article of dress: but the fault lies in his own excessive and unreasonable severity.

WHEN I am in deep meditation in order to give my wards proper precautions, I have a principal regard to the prevalence of things which people of merit neglect, and from which those of no merit raise to themselves an esteem: of this nature is the business of dress. It is weak in a man of thought and reflection to be either depressed or exalted from the perfections or disadvantages of his person. However there is a respective conduct to be observed in the habit, according to the eminent distinction of the body, either way. A gay youth in the possession of an ample fortune could not recommend his understanding to those who are not of his acquaintance more suddenly, than by sobriety in his habit; as this is winning at first sight, so a person gorgeously fine, which in itself should avoid the attraction of the beholders' eyes, gives as immediate offence.

I make it my business when my lady Lizard's youngest daughter, miss Molly, is making clothes, to consider her from head to foot, and cannot be easy when there is any doubt lies upon me concerning the colour of a knot, or any other part of her head-dress, which by its darkness or liveliness might too much allay or brighten her complexion. There is something loose in looking as well as you possibly can; but it is also a vice not to take care how you look.

The indiscretion of believing that great qualities make up for the want of things less considerable, is punished too severely in those who are guilty of it. Every day's experience shows us, among variety of people with whom we are not acquainted, that we take impressions too favourable and too disadvantageous of men at first sight from their habit. I take this to be a point of great consideration, and I shall consider it in my future precautions as such. As to the female world, I shall give them my opinion at large by way of comment upon a new suit of the Sparkler's, which is to come home next week. I design it a model for the ladies; she and I have had three private meetings about it. As to the men, I am very glad to hear, being myself a fellow of Lincoln-college, that there is at last in one of our universities risen a happy genius for little things. It is extremely to be lamented, that hitherto we come from the college as unable to put on our own clothes as we do from nurse. We owe many misfortunes, and an unhappy backwardness in urging our way in the world, to the neglect of these less matters. For this reason

I shall authorise and support the gentleman who writes me the following letter; and though, out of diffidence of the reception his proposal should meet with from me, he has given himself too ludicrous a figure; I doubt not but from his notices to make men who cannot arrive at learning in that place, come from thence without appearing ignorant; and such as can, to be truly knowing without appearing bookish.

'To the Guardian.

Oxford, March 18,
1712-13.

'SIR,

'I foresee that you will have many correspondents in this place; but as I have often observed, with grief of heart, that scholars are wretchedly ignorant in the science I profess, I flatter myself that my letter will gain a place in your papers. I have made it my study, sir, in these seats of learning, to look into the nature of dress, and am what they call an academical beau. I have often lamented that I am obliged to wear a grave habit, since by that means I have not an opportunity to introduce fashions amongst our young gentlemen; and so am forced, contrary to my own inclinations, and the expectation of all who know me, to appear in print. I have indeed met with some success in the projects I have communicated to some sparks with whom I am intimate; and I cannot without a secret triumph confess, that the sleeves turned up with green velvet, which now flourish throughout the university, sprang originally from my invention.

'As it is necessary to have the head clear, as well as the complexion, to be perfect in this part of learning, I rarely mingle with the men (for I abhor wine,) but frequent the tea-tables of the ladies. I know every part of their dress, and can name all their things by their names. I am consulted about every ornament they buy; and, I speak it without vanity, have a very pretty fancy to knots, and the like. Sometimes I take a needle, and spot a piece of muslin for pretty Patty Cross-stitch, who is my present favourite, which, she says, I do neatly enough; or read one of your papers, and explain the motto, which they all like mightily. But then I am a sort of petty tyrant amongst them, for I own I have my humours. If any thing be amiss, they are sure Mr. Sleek will find fault; if any huiy-toity things make a fuss, they are sure to be taken to pieces the next visit. I am the dread of poor Celia, whose wrapping-gown is not right India; and am avoided by Thalastris, in her second-hand mantua, which several masters of arts think very fine, whereas I perceived it had been scoured, with half an eye.

'Thus have I endeavoured to improve my understanding, and am desirous to communicate my innocent discoveries to those, who,

like me, may distinguish themselves more to advantage by their bodies than their minds. I do not think the pains I have taken in these my studies, thrown away, since by these means, though I am not very valuable, I am however not disagreeable. Would gentlemen but reflect upon what I say, they would take care to make the best of themselves; for I think it intolerable that a blockhead should be a sloven. Though every man cannot fill his head with learning, it is in any one's power to wear a pretty periwig; let him who cannot say a witty thing, keep his teeth white at least; he who hath no knack at writing sonnets, may however have a soft hand; and he may arch his eye-brows, who hath not strength of genius for the mathematics.

'After the conclusion of the peace, we shall undoubtedly have new fashions from France; and I have some reason to think that some particularities in the garb of their abbés may be transplanted hither to advantage. What I find becoming in their dress I hope I may, without the imputation of being popishly inclined, adopt into our habits; but would willingly have the authority of the Guardian to countenance me in this harmless design. I would not hereby assume to myself a jurisdiction over any of our youth, but such as are capable of improvement any other way. As for the awkward creatures that mind their studies, I look upon them as irreclaimable. But over the afore-mentioned order of men, I desire a commission from you to exercise full authority. Hereby I shall be enabled from time to time to introduce several pretty oddnesses in the taking and tucking up of gowns, to regulate the dimensions of wigs, to vary the tufts upon caps, and to enlarge or narrow the hems of bands, as I shall think most for the public good.

'I have prepared a treatise against the cravat and berdash,* which I am told is not ill done; and have thrown together some hasty observations upon stockings, which my friends assure me I need not be ashamed of. But I shall not offer them to the public until they are approved of at our female club; which I am the more willing to do, because I am sure of their praise; for they own I understand these things better than they do. I shall herein be very proud of your encouragement; for, next to keeping the university clean, my greatest ambition is to be thought.

Sir,
'Your most obedient humble servant,
'SIMON SLEEK.'

No. 11.] Tuesday, March 24, 1713

—Huc propius me,
Dum doceo insanire omnes, vos ordine adite.
Hor. Lib. 2. Sat. iii. 80.

* A kind of neckcloth so called, whence such as sold them are styled *haberdashers*.

Attend my lecture, whilst I plainly show,
That all mankind are mad, from high to low.

THERE is an oblique way of reproof, which takes off from the sharpness of it; and an address in flattery, which makes it agreeable though never so gross: but of all flatterers, the most skilful is he who can do what you like, without saying any thing which argues he does it for your sake; the most winning circumstance in the world being the conformity of manners. I speak of this as a practice necessary in gaining people of sense, who are not yet given up to self-conceit; those who are far gone in admiration of themselves need not be treated with so much delicacy. The following letter puts this matter in a pleasant and uncommon light: the author of it attacks this vice with an air of compliance, and alarms us against it by exhorting us to it.

To the Guardian.

'SIR,

'As you profess to encourage all those who any way contribute to the public good, I flatter myself I may claim your countenance and protection. I am by profession a mad-doctor, but of a peculiar kind, not of those whose aim it is to remove frenzies, but one who makes it my business to confer an agreeable madness on my fellow-creatures, for their mutual delight and benefit. Since it is agreed by the philosophers, that happiness and misery consist chiefly in the imagination, nothing is more necessary to mankind in general than this pleasing delirium, which renders every one satisfied with himself, and persuades him that all others are equally so.

'I have for several years, both at home and abroad, made this science my particular study, which I may venture to say I have improved in almost all the courts of Europe; and have reduced it into so safe and easy a method; as to practise it on both sexes, of what disposition, age, or quality soever, with success. What enables me to perform this great work, is the use of my Obsequium Catholicon, or the Grand Elixir, to support the spirits of human nature. This remedy is of the most grateful flavour in the world, and agrees with all tastes whatever. It is delicate to the senses, delightful in the operation, may be taken at all hours without confinement, and is as properly given at a hall or playhouse as in a private chamber. It restores and vivifies the most dejected minds, corrects and extracts all that is painful in the knowledge of a man's self. One dose of it will instantly disperse itself through the whole animal system, dissipate the first motions of distrust so as never to return, and so exhilarate the brain and rarify the gloom of reflection, as to give the patients a new flow of spirits, a vivacity of behaviour, and a pleasing dependence upon their own capacities.

'Let a person be never so far gone, I advise him not to despair; even though he has been troubled many years with restless reflections, which by long neglect have hardened into settled consideration. Those that have been young with satire may here find a certain antidote, which infallibly disperses all the remains of poison that has been left in the understanding by bad cures. It fortifies the heart against the rancour of pamphlets, the inveteracy of epigrams, and the mortification of lampoons; as has been often experienced by several persons of both sexes, during the seasons of Tunbridge and the Bath.

'I could, as farther instances of my success, produce certificates and testimonials from the favourites and ghostly fathers of the most eminent princes of Europe; but shall content myself with the mention of a few cures, which I have performed by this my grand universal restorative, during the practice of one month only since I came to this city.

Cures in the month of February, 1713.

'George Spondee, Esq. poet, and inmate of the parish of St. Paul's Covent-garden, fell into violent fits of the spleen upon a thin third night. He had been frightened into a vertigo by the sound of cat-calls on the first day; and the frequent hissings on the second made him unable to endure the bare pronunciation of the letter S. I searched into the causes of his distemper; and by the prescription of a dose of my Obsequium, prepared *secundum artem*, recovered him to his natural state of madness. I cast in at proper intervals the words, Ill taste of the town, Envy of critics, Bad performance of the actors, and the like. He is so perfectly cured that he has promised to bring another play upon the stage next winter.

'A lady of professed virtue, of the parish of St. James's, Westminster, who hath desired her name may be concealed, having taken offence at a phrase of double meaning in conversation, undiscovered by any other in the company, suddenly fell into a cold fit of modesty. Upon a right application of praise of her virtue, I threw the lady into an agreeable waking dream, settled the fermentation of her blood into a warm charity, so as to make her look with patience on the very gentleman that offended.

'Hilaria, of the parish of St. Giles's in the fields, a coquette of long practice, was by the

a sudden recovered her dimples, furled her fan, threw round her glances, and for these two Sundays last past has not once been seen in an attentive posture. This the churchwardens are ready to attest upon oath.

'Andrew Terror, of the Middle temple, mock-bock, was almost induced by an aged benecher of the same house to leave off bright conversation, and pore over Coke upon Littleton. He was so ill that his hat began to flap, and he was seen one day in the last term at Westminster-hall. This patient had quite lost his spirit of contradiction; I, by the distillation of a few of my vivifying drops in his ear, drew him from his lethargy, and restored him to his usual vivacious misunderstanding. He is at present very easy in his condition.

'I will not dwell upon the recital of the innumerable cures I have performed within twenty days last past; but rather proceed to exhort all persons of whatever age, complexion, or quality, to take as soon as possible of this my intellectual oil: which applied at the ear seizes all the senses with a most agreeable transport, and discovers its effects, not only to the satisfaction of the patient, but all who converse with, attend upon, or any way relate to him or her that receives the kindly infection. It is often administered by chambermaids, valets, or any the most ignorant domestic; it being one peculiar excellence of this my oil, that it is most prevalent, the more unskilful the person is or appears who applies it. It is absolutely necessary for ladies to take a dose of it just before they take coach to go a visiting.

'But I offend the public, as Horace said, when I trespass on any of your time. Give me leave then, Mr. Ironside, to make you a present of a drachm or two of my oil; though I have cause to fear my prescriptions will not have the effect upon you I could wish: therefore I do not endeavour to bribe you in my favour by the present of my oil, but wholly depend upon your public spirit and generosity; which, I hope, will recommend to the world the useful endeavours of, Sir,

Your most obedient,

'most faithful, most devoted,

'most humble servant and admirer,

'GNATHIO.

'* * * Beware of counterfeits, for such are abroad.

No. 12.] *Wednesday, March 25, 1713.*

Vel quia nil rectum, nil quod placeat sibi, decunt :
 Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus—
Hor. Lib. 2. Ep. l. 84.

IMITATED.

You'd think no fools disgraced the former reign,
 Did not some grave examples yet remain,
 Who scorn a lad should match his father's skill,
 And having once been wrong, will be so still. *Pope.*

WHEN a poem makes its first appearance in the world, I have always observed that it gives employment to a greater number of critics than any other kind of writing. Whether it be that most men, at some time of their lives, have tried their talent that way, and thereby think they have a right to judge; or whether they imagine, that their making shrewd observations upon the polite arts, gives them a pretty figure; or whether there may not be some jealousy and caution in bestowing applause upon those who write chiefly for fame. Whatever the reasons be, we find few discouraged by the delicacy and danger of such an undertaking.

I think it certain that most men are naturally not only capable of being pleased with that which raises agreeable pictures in the fancy, but willing also to own it. But then there are many, who, by false applications of some rules ill understood, or out of deference to men whose opinions they value, have formed to themselves certain schemes and systems of satisfaction, and will not be pleased out of their own way. These are not critics themselves, but readers of critics, who, without the labour of perusing authors, are able to give their characters in general; and know just as much of the several species of poetry, as those who read books of geography do of the genius of this or that people or nation. These gentlemen deliver their opinions sententiously, and in general terms; to which it being impossible readily to frame complete answers, they have often the satisfaction of leaving the board in triumph. As young persons, and particularly the ladies, are liable to be led aside by these tyrants in wit, I shall examine two or three of the many stratagems they use, and subjoin such precautions as may hinder candid readers from being deceived thereby.

The first I shall take notice of is an objection commonly offered, viz. 'that such a poem path indeed some good lines in it, but it is not a regular piece.' This, for the most part, is urged by those whose knowledge is drawn from some famous French critics, who have written upon the epic poem, the drama, and the great kinds of poetry, which cannot subsist without great regularity; but ought by no means to be required in odes, epistles, panegyrics, and the like, which naturally admit of greater liberties. The enthusiasm in odes, and the freedom of epistles, is rarely disputed: but

I have often heard the poems upon public occasions, written in heroic verse, which I choose to call panegyrics, severely censured upon this account; the reason whereof I cannot guess, unless it be, that because they are written in the same kind of numbers and spirit as an epic poem, they ought therefore to have the same regularity. Now an epic poem consisting chiefly in narration, it is necessary that the incidents should be related in the same order that they are supposed to have been transacted. But in works of the above-mentioned kind, there is no more reason that such order should be observed, than that an oration should be as methodical as a history. I think it sufficient that the great hints suggested from the subject, be so disposed, that the first may naturally prepare the reader for what follows, and so on; and that their places cannot be changed without disadvantage to the whole. I will add further, that sometimes gentle deviations, sometimes bold, and even abrupt digressions, where the dignity of the subject seems to give the impulse, are proofs of a noble genius; as winding about and returning artfully to the main design are marks of address and dexterity.

Another artifice made use of by pretenders to criticism, is an insinuation, 'that all that is good is borrowed from the ancients.' This is very common in the mouths of pedants, and perhaps in their hearts too; but is often urged by men of no great learning, for reasons very obvious. Now nature being still the same, it is impossible for any modern writer to paint her otherwise than the ancients have done. If, for example, I was to describe the general's horse at the battle of Blenheim as my fancy represented such a noble beast, and that description should resemble what Virgil hath drawn for the horse of his hero, it would be almost as ill-natured to urge that I had stolen my description from Virgil, as to reproach the duke of Marlborough for fighting only like Æneas. All that the most exquisite judgment can perform is, out of that great variety of circumstances wherein natural objects may be considered, to select the most beautiful; and to place images in such views and lights as will affect the fancy after the most delightful manner. But over and above a just painting of nature, a learned reader will find a new beauty superadded in a happy imitation of some famous ancient, as it revives in his mind the pleasure he took in his first reading such an author. Such copyings as these give that kind of double delight which we perceive when we look upon the children of a beautiful couple; where the eye is not more charmed with the symmetry of the parts, than the mind by observing the resemblance transmitted from parents to their offspring, and the mingled features of the father and mother. The phrases of holy writ, and allusions to several passages in the inspired

writings (though not produced as proofs of doctrine) add majesty and authority to the noblest discourses of the pulpit: in like manner, an imitation of the air of Homer and Virgil, raises the dignity of modern poetry, and makes it appear stately and venerable.

The last observation I shall make at present is upon the disgust taken by those critics, who put on their clothes prettily, and dislike every thing that is not written with ease. I hereby therefore give the genteel part of the learned world to understand, that every thought which is agreeable to nature, and expressed in language suitable to it, is written with ease. There are some things which must be written with strength, which nevertheless are easy. The statue of the gladiator, though represented in such a posture as strains every muscle, is as easy as that of Venus; because the one expresses strength and fury as naturally as the other doth beauty and softness. The passions are sometimes to be roused, as well as the fancy to be entertained; and the soul to be exalted and enlarged, as well as soothed. This often requires a raised and figurative style; which readers of low apprehensions, or soft and languid dispositions (having heard of the words, fustian and bombast) are apt to reject as stiff and affected language. But nature and reason appoint different garbs for different things; and since I write this to the men of dress, I will ask them if a soldier, who is to mount a breach, should be adorned like a beau, who is spruced up for a ball?

No. 13.] *Thursday, March 26, 1713.*

*Placere et liberalitate liberis
Retinere, satius esse credo, quam metu.
Ter. Adelp. Act. I. Sc. 1.*

I esteem it better to keep children in awe by a sense of shame, and a condescension to their inclinations, than by fear.

THE reader has had some account of the whole family of the Lizards, except the younger sons. These are the branches which ordinarily spread themselves, when they happen to be hopeful, into other houses, and new generations, as honourable, numerous, and wealthy, as those from whence they are derived. For this reason it is, that a very peculiar regard is to be had to their education.

Young men, when they are good for any thing, and left to their own inclinations, delight either in those accomplishments we call their exercise, in the sports of the field, or in letters. Mr. Thomas, the second son, does not follow any of these with too deep an attention, but took to each of them enough never to appear ungraceful or ignorant. This general inclination makes him the more agreeable, and saves him from the imputation of pedantry. His carriage is so easy, that he is acceptable

to all with whom he converses; he generally falls in with the inclination of his company, is never assuming, or prefers himself to others. Thus he always gains favour without envy, and has every man's good wishes. It is remarkable, that from his birth to this day, though he is now four-and-twenty, I do not remember that he has ever had a debate with any of his play-fellows or friends.

His thoughts, and present applications are to get into a court life; for which, indeed, I cannot but think him peculiarly formed for he has joined to this complacency of manners a great natural sagacity, and can very well distinguish between things and appearances. That way of life, wherein all men are rivals, demands great circumspection to avoid controversies arising from different interests; but he who is by nature of a flexible temper has his work half done. I have been particularly pleased with his behaviour towards women: he has the skill, in their conversation, to converse with them, as a man would with those from whom he might have expectations, but without making requests. I do not know that I ever heard him make what they call a compliment, or be particular in his address to any lady; and yet I never heard any woman speak of him, but with a peculiar regard. I believe he has been often beloved, but know not that he was ever yet a lover. The great secret among them, is to be amiable without design. He has a voluble speech, a vacant countenance, and easy action, which represents the fact which he is relating with greater delight than it would have been to have been present at the transaction he recounts. For you see it not only your own way by the bare narration, but have the additional pleasure of his sense or it, by this manner of representing it. There are mixed in his talk so many pleasant ironies, that things which deserve the severest language are made ridiculous instead of odious, and you see every thing in the most good-natured aspect it can bear. It is wonderfully entertaining to me to hear him so exquisitely pleasant, and never say an ill-natured thing. He is, with all his acquaintance, the person generally chosen to reconcile any difference, and if it be capable of accommodation, Tom Lizard is an unexceptionable referee. It has happened to him more than once, that he has been employed by each opposite in a private manner, to feel the pulse of the adversary; and when each has proposed the decision of the matter, by any whom the other should name, he has taken hold of the occasion, and put on the authority assigned by them both, so seasonably, that they have begun a new correspondence with each other, fortified by his friendship to whom they both owe the value they have for one another, and consequently, confer a greater measure of their good-will

upon the interposer. I must repeat, that above all, my young man is excellent at raising the subject on which he speaks, and casting a light upon it more agreeable to his company, than they thought the subject was capable of. He avoids all emotion and violence, and never is warm, but on an affectionate occasion. Gentleness is what peculiarly distinguishes him from other men, and it runs through all his words and actions.

Mr. William, the next brother, is not of this smooth make, nor so ready to accommodate himself to the humours and inclinations of other men, but to weigh what passes with some severity. He is ever searching into the first springs and causes of any action or circumstance, insomuch, that if it were not to be expected that experience and conversation would allay that humour, it must inevitably turn him to ridicule. But it is not proper to break in upon an inquisitive temper, that is of use to him in the way of life which he proposes to himself, to wit, the study of the law, and the endeavour to arrive at a faculty in pleading. I have been very careful to kill in him any pretensions to follow men already eminent, any farther than as their success is an encouragement; but make it my endeavour to cherish, in the principal and first place, his eager pursuit of solid knowledge in his profession: for I think that clear conception will produce clear expression, and clear expression proper action: I never saw a man speak very well, where I could not apparently observe this, and it shall be a maxim with me till I see an instance to the contrary. When young and unexperienced men take any particular person for their pattern, they are apt to imitate them in such things, to which their want of knowledge makes them attribute success, and not to the real causes of it. Thus one may have an air, which proceeds from a just sufficiency and knowledge of the matter before him, which may naturally produce some motion of his head and body, which might become the bench better than the bar. How painfully wrong would this be in a youth, at his first appearance, when it is not well even for the sergeant of the greatest weight and dignity. But I will, at this time, with a hint only of his way of life, leave Mr. William at his study in the Temple.

The youngest son, Mr. John, is now in the twentieth year of his age, and has had the good fortune and honour to be chosen last election fellow of All-souls college in Oxford. He is very graceful in his person; has height, strength, vigour, and a certain cheerfulness and serenity that creates a sort of love, which people at first sight observe is ripening into esteem. He has a sublime vein in poetry, and a warm manner in recommending, either in speech or writing, whatever he has earnestly at heart. This excellent young man has de-

voted himself to the service of his Creator; and, with an aptitude to every agreeable quality, and every happy talent, that could make a man shine in a court, or command in a camp, he is resolved to go into holy orders. He is inspired with a true sense of that function, when chosen from a regard to the interests of piety and virtue, and a scorn of whatever men call great in a transitory being, when it comes in competition with what is unchangeable and eternal. Whatever men would undertake from a passion to glory, whatever they would do for the service of their country, this youth has a mind prepared to achieve for the salvation of souls. What gives me great hopes that he will one day make an extraordinary figure in the Christian world is, that his invention, his memory, judgment and imagination, are always employed upon this one view; and I do not doubt, but in my future precautions, to present the youth of this age with more agreeable narrations compiled by this young man on the subject of heroic piety, than any they can meet with in the legends of love and honour.

No. 14.] Friday, March 27, 1713.

Nec sit, quâ sit iter, nec si sciat impetret
Ovid. Met. Lib. II. 170.

— Nor did he know
Which way to turn the reins, or where to go;
Nor would the horses, had he known, obey.
Addison.

'To the Guardian.

SIR,

'You having in your first paper declared, among other things, that you will publish whatever you think may conduce to the advancement of the conversation of gentlemen, I cannot but hope you will give my young masters, when I have told you their age, condition, and how they lead their lives, and who, though I say it, are as docile as any youths in Europe, a lesson which they very much want, to restrain them from the infection of bad company, and squandering away their time in idle and unworthy pursuits. A word from you, I am very well assured, will prevail more with them than any remonstrance they will meet with at home. The eldest is now about seventeen years of age, and the younger fifteen, born of noble parentage, and to plentiful fortunes. They have a very good father and mother, and also a governor, but come very seldom (except against their wills) in the sight of any of them. That which I observe they have most relish to, is horses and cock-fighting, which they too well understand, being almost positive at first sight to tell you which horse will win the match, and which cock the battle; and if you are of another opinion, will lay you what you please on their own, and it is odds but you lose.

What I fear to be the greatest prejudice to them, is their keeping much closer to their horses' heels than their books, and conversing more with their stablemen and lackies than with their relations and gentlemen: and, I apprehend, are at this time better skilled how to hold the reins and drive a coach, than to translate a verse in Virgil or Horace. For, the other day, taking a walk abroad, thee met accidentally in the fields with two young ladies, whose conversation they were very much pleased with, and being desirous to ingratiate themselves further into their favour, prevailed with them, though they had never seen them before in their lives, to take the air in a coach of their father's which waited for them at the end of Gray's-inn-lane. The youths ran with the wings of love, and ordered the coachman to wait at the town's end till they came back. One of our young gentlemen got up before, and the other behind, to act the parts they had long, by the direction and example of their comrades, taken much pains to qualify themselves for, and so galloped off. What these mean entertainments will end in, it is impossible to foresee; but a precaution upon that subject might prevent very great calamities in a very worthy family, who take in your papers, and might perhaps be alarmed at what you lay before them upon this subject.

'I am, Sir,

'Your most humble servant,

'T.S.'

To the Guardian.

'SIR,

'I writ to you on the twenty-first of this month, which you did not think fit to take notice of; it gives me the greater trouble that you did not, because I am confident the father of the young lads whom I mentioned, would have considered how far what was said in my letter concerned himself; upon which it is now too late to reflect. His ingenious son, the coachman, aged seventeen years, has since that time, ran away with, and married one of the girls I spoke of in my last. The manner of carrying on the intrigue, as I have picked it out of the younger brother, who is almost sixteen, still a bachelor, was as follows. One of the young women whom they met in the fields seemed very much taken with my master, the elder son, and was prevailed with to go into a cake-house not far off the town. The girl, it seems, acted her part so well, as to enamour the boy, and make him inquisitive into her place of abode, with all other questions which were necessary toward further intimacy. The matter was so managed, that the lad was made to believe there was no possibility of conversing with her, by reason of a very severe mother, but with the utmost caution. What, it seems, made the mother, forsooth, the more suspicious

was, that because the men said her daughter was pretty, somebody or other would persuade her to marry while she was too young to know how to govern a family. By what I can learn from pretences as shallow as this, she appeared so far from having a design upon her lover, that it seemed impracticable to him to get her, except it were carried on with much secrecy and skill. Many were the interviews these lovers had in four-and-twenty hours time: for it was managed by the mother, that he should run in and out as unobserved by her, and 'girl be called every other instant into the next room, and rated (that she could not stay in a place) in his hearing. The young gentleman was at last so much in love, as to be thought by the daughter engaged far enough to put it to the venture that he could not live without her. It was now time for the mother to appear, who surprised the lovers together in private, and banished the youth her house. What is not in the power of love! the charioteer, attended by his faithful friend, the younger brother, got out the other morning a little earlier than ordinary, and having made a sudden friendship with a lad of their own age the force of ten shillings, who drove a hackney coach, the elder brother took his post in the coach-box, where he could act with a great deal of skill and dexterity, and waited at the corner of the street where his mistress lived, in hopes of carrying her off under that disguise. The whole day was spent in expectation of an opportunity; but in many parts of it he had kind looks from a distant window, which was answered by a brandish of his whip, and a compass taken to drive round and show his activity, and readiness to convey her where she should command him. Upon the approach of the evening, a note was thrown into his coach by a porter, to acquaint him that his mistress and her mother should take coach exactly at seven o'clock; but that the mother was to be set down, and the daughter to go further, and call again. The happy minute came at last, when our hack had the happiness to take in his expected fare, attended by her mother, and the young lady with whom he had first met her. The mother was set down in the Strand, and her daughter ordered to call on her when she came from her cousin's, an hour afterwards. The mother was not so unskillful as not to have instructed her daughter whom to send for, and how to behave herself when her lover should urge her consent. We yet know no further particulars, but that my young master was married that night at Knightsbridge, in the presence of his brother and two or three other persons; and that just before the ceremony he took his brother aside, and asked him to marry the other young woman. Now, sir, I will not harangue upon this adventure, but only observe, that if the education of this compound

creature had been more careful as to his rational part, the animal life in him had not, perhaps, been so forward, but he might have waited longer before he was a husband. However, as the whole town will, in a day or two, know the names, persons, and other circumstances, I think this properly lies before your guardianship to consider, for the admonition of others; but my young master's fate is irrevocable.

'I am, Sir, your most humble servant.'

No 15.] Saturday, March 28, 1713.

— sibi quivis,
Speret idem, sudet multum, frustra que laboret,
Accus idem — Hor. Ars Poet. 240.
All men will try, and hope to write as well,
And (not without much pains) be undeceived.
Roscomon.

I CAME yesterday into the parlour, where I found Mrs. Cornelia, my lady's third daughter, all alone, reading a paper, which as I afterwards found, contained a copy of verses upon love and friendship. She, I believe, apprehended that I had glanced my eye upon the paper, and by the order and disposition of the lines might distinguish that they were poetry; and therefore, with an innocent confusion in her face, she told me I might read them if I pleased, and so withdrew. By the hand, at first sight, I could not guess whether they came from a beau or a lady; but having put on my spectacles, and perused them carefully, I found by some peculiar modes in spelling, and a certain negligence in grammar, that it was a female sonnet. I have since learned, that she hath a correspondent in the country, who is as bookish as herself; that they write to one another by the names of Astrea and Dorinda, and are mightily admired for their easy lines. As I should be loth to have a poetess in our family, and yet am unwilling harshly to cross the bent of a young lady's genius, I chose rather to throw together some thoughts upon that kind of poetry which is distinguished by the name of Easy, than to risk the fame of Mrs. Cornelia's friend, by exposing her work to public view.

I have said in a foregoing paper, that every thought which is agreeable to nature, and expressed in a language suitable to it, is written with ease: which I offered in answer to those who ask for ease in all kinds of poetry; and it is so far true, as it states the notion of easy writing in general, as that is opposed to what is forced or affected. But as there is an easy mein, and easy dress, peculiarly so called; so there is an easy sort of poetry. In order to write easily, it is necessary, in the first place, to think easily. Now, according to different subjects, men think differently; anger, fury, and the rough passions, awaken strong thoughts; glory, grandeur, power, raise great

thoughts; love, melancholy, solitude, and whatever gently touches the soul, inspire easy thoughts.

Of the thoughts suggested by these gentle subjects, there are some which may be set off by style and ornament. Others there are, which the more simply they are conceived, and the more clearly they are expressed, give the soul proportionably the more pleasing emotions. The figures of style added to them serve only to hide a beauty, however gracefully they are put on, and are thrown away like paint upon a fine complexion. But here, not only liveliness of fancy is requisite to exhibit a great variety of images, but also niceness of judgment to cull out those, which, without the advantage of foreign art, will shine by their own intrinsic beauty. By these means, whatsoever seems to demand labour being rejected, that only which appears to be easy and natural will come in; and so art will be hid by art, which is the perfection of easy writing.

I will suppose an author to be really possessed with the passion which he writes upon, and then we shall see how he would acquit himself. This I take to be the safest way to form a judgment of him, since if he be not truly moved, he must at least work up his imagination as near as possible, to resemble reality. I choose to instance in love, which is observed to have produced the most finished performances in this kind. A lover will be full of sincerity, that he may be believed by his mistress; he will, therefore, think simply; he will express himself perspicuously, that he may not perplex her; he will, therefore, write unaffectedly. Deep reflections are made by a head undisturbed; and points of wit and fancy are the work of a heart at ease; these two dangers then, into which poets are apt to run, are effectually removed out of the lover's way. The selecting proper circumstances, and placing them in agreeable lights, are the finest secrets of all poetry; but the recollection of little circumstances, is the lover's sole meditation, and relating them pleasantly the business of his life. Accordingly we find that the most celebrated authors of this rank excel in love-verses. Out of ten thousand instances I shall name one, which I think the most delicate and tender I ever saw.

'To myself I sigh often, without knowing why;
And when absent from Phyllis, methinks I could die.'

A man who hath ever been in love will be touched at the reading of these lines; and every one, who now feels that passion, actually feels that they are true.

From what I have advanced, it appears how difficult it is to write easily. But when easy writings fall into the hands of an ordinary reader, they appear to him so natural and unlaboured, that he immediately resolves to

write, and fancies that all he hath to do is to take no pains. Thus he thinks, indeed simply, but the thoughts, not being chosen with judgement, are not beautiful: he, it is true, expresses himself plainly, but flatly withal. Again, if a man of vivacity takes it in his head to write this way, what self-denial must he undergo, when bright points of wit occur to his fancy! How difficult will he find it to reject florid phrases, and pretty embellishments of style! So true it is, that simplicity of all things is the hardest to be copied, and ease to be acquired with the greatest labour. Our family knows very well how ill lady Flame looked, when she imitated Mrs. Jane in a plain black suit. And I remember, when Frank Courtly was saying the other day, that any man might write easy, I only asked him, if he thought it possible that squire Hawthorn should ever come into a room as he did? He made me a very handsome bow, and answered with a smile, 'Mr. Ironside, you have convinced me.'

I shall conclude this paper by observing that pastoral poetry, which is the most considerable kind of easy writing, hath the oftencast been attempted with ill success, of any sort whatsoever. I shall, therefore, in a little time, communicate my thoughts upon that subject to the public.

No. 16.] *Monday, March 30, 1713.*

— Ne fortè pudori
Sit tibi, musa lyre solers, et cantor Apollo.
Hor. Ars. Poet. 406.

Blush not to patronise the muse's skill.

Two mornings ago a gentleman came in to my lady Lizard's tea-table, who is distinguished in town by the good taste he is known to have in polite writings, especially such as relate to love and gallantry. The figure of the man had something odd and grotesque in it, though his air and manner were genteel and easy, and his wit agreeable. The ladies in complaisance to him turned the discourse to poetry. This soon gave him an occasion of producing two new songs to the company; which, he said, he would venture to recommend as complete performances. The first, continued he, is by a gentleman of an unrivalled reputation in every kind of writing; and the second by a lady who does me the honour to be in love with me, because I am not handsome. Mrs. Annabella upon this (who never lets slip an occasion of doing sprightly things) gives a twitch to the paper with a finger and a thumb, and snatches it out of the gentleman's hands: then casting her eye over it with a seeming impatience she read us the songs; and in a very obliging manner desired the gentleman would let her have a copy of them, together with his judgement upon songs in general; that I may be

able, said she, to judge of gallantries of this nature, if ever it should be my fortune to have a poetical lover. The gentleman complied; and accordingly Mrs. Annabella, the very next morning, when she was at her toilet, had the following packet delivered to her by a spruce valet de chambre.

THE FIRST SONG.

I.

On Belvidera's bosom lying.
Wishing, panting, sighing, dying,
The cold regardless maid to move,
With unavailing prayers I sue:
'You first have taught me how to love,
Ah teach me to be happy too!'

II.

But she, alas! unkindly wise,
To all my sighs and tears replies,
'Tis every prudent maid's concern
Her lover's fondness to improve;
If to be happy you shall learn,
You quickly would forget to love.'

THE SECOND SONG.

I.

Boast not, mistaken swain, thy art
To please my partial eyes;
The charms that have subdued my heart,
Another may despise.

II.

Thy face is to my humour made,
Another it may fright:
Perhaps, by some fond whim betrayed,
In oddness I delight.

III.

Vain youth, to your confusion know,
'Tis to my love's excess
You all your fancied beauties owe,
Which fade as that grows less.

IV.

For your own sake, if not for mine,
You should preserve my fire:
Since you, my swain, no more will shine,
When I no more admire.

V.

By me, indeed, you are allow'd
The wonder of your kind;
But be not of my judgement proud,
Whom love has render'd blind.

'To Mrs. Annabella Lizard.

MADAM,

'To let you see how absolute your commands are over me, and to convince you of the opinion I have of your good sense, I shall without any preamble of compliments, give you my thoughts upon song-writing, in the same order as they have occurred to me, only allow me, in my own defence to say, that I do not remember ever to have met with any piece of criticism upon this subject; so that if I err, or seem singular in my opinions, you will be the more at liberty to differ from them, since I do not pretend to support them by any authority.

In all ages, and in every nation where poetry has been in fashion, the tribe of sonnet-teers have been very numerous. Every pert young fellow that has a moving fancy, and the least jingle of verse in his head, sets up for a

writer of songs, and resolves to immortalize his bottle or his mistress. What a world of insipid productions in this kind have we been pestered with since the revolution, to go no higher! This, no doubt, proceeds in a great measure from not forming a right judgment of the nature of these little compositions. It is true they do not require an elevation of thought, nor any extraordinary capacity, nor an extensive knowledge; but then they demand great regularity, and the utmost nicety; an exact purity of style, with the most easy and flowing numbers; an elegant and unaffected turn of wit, with one uniform and simple design. Greater works cannot well be without some inequalities and oversights, and they are in them pardonable; but a song loses all its lustre if it be not polished with the greatest accuracy. The smallest blemish in it, like a flaw in a jewel, takes off the whole value of it. A song is, as it were, a little image in enamel, that requires all the nice touches of the pencil, a gloss and a smoothness, with those delicate finishing strokes, which would be superfluous and thrown away upon larger figures, where the strength and boldness of a masterly hand gives all the grace.

Since you may have recourse to the French and English translations, you will not accuse me of pedantry, when I tell you that Sappho, Anacreon, and Horace in some of his shorter lyrics, are the completest models for little odes or sonnets. You will find them generally pursuing a single thought in their songs, which is driven to a point, without those interruptions and deviations so frequent in the modern writers of this order. To do justice to the French, there is no living language that abounds so much in good songs. The genius of the people, and the idiom of their tongue, seems adapted to compositions of this sort. Our writers generally crowd into one song, materials enough for several; and so they starve every thought, by endeavouring to nurse up more than one at a time. They give you a string of imperfect sonnets, instead of one finished piece, which is a fault Mr. Waller (whose beauties cannot be too much admired) sometimes falls into. But, of all our countrymen, none are more defective in their songs, through a redundancy of wit, than Dr. Donne and Mr. Cowley. In them, one point of wit flashes so fast upon another, that the reader's attention is dazzled by the continual sparkling of their imagination; you find a new design started almost in every line, and you come to the end without the satisfaction of seeing any one of them executed.

A song should be conducted like an epigram; and the only difference between them is, that one does not require the lyric numbers, and is usually employed upon satirical occasions; whereas the business of the other, for

the most part, is to express (as my lord Roscommon translates it from Horace)

"Love's pleasing cares, and the free joys of wine."

I shall conclude what I have to say upon this subject, by observing, that the French do very often confound the song and the epigram, and take the one reciprocally for the other. An instance of which I shall give you in a remarkable epigram which passes current abroad for an excellent song.

"Tu parles mal par-tout de moi,
Je dis du bien par-tout de toi;
Quel malheur est le nôtre?
L'on ne croit ni l'un ni l'autre."

For the satisfaction of such of your friends as may not understand the original, I shall venture to translate it after my fashion, so as to keep strictly to the turn of thought, at the expense of losing something in the poetry and versification.

'Thou speakest always ill of me,
I speak always well of thee;
But spite of all our noise and pother,
The world believes nor one nor t'other.'

Thus, madam, I have endeavoured to comply with your commands; not out of vanity of erecting myself into a critic, but out of an earnest desire of being thought, upon all occasions,
'Your most obedient servant.'

No. 17.] Tuesday, March 31, 1713.

—Minimumque libidine peccant.—*Juv. Sat. vi. 134.*
Last is the smallest sin they own. *Dryden.*

If it were possible to bear up against the force of ridicule, which fashion has brought upon people for acknowledging a veneration for the most sacred things, a man might say that the time we now are in is set apart for humiliation; and all our actions should at present more particularly tend that way. I remember about thirty years ago an eminent divine, who was also most exactly well-bred, told his congregation at Whitehall, that if they did not vouchsafe to give their lives a new turn, they must certainly go to a place which he did not think fit to name in that courtly audience. It is with me as with that gentleman. I would, if possible, represent the errors of life, especially those arising from what we call gallantry, in such a manner as the people of pleasure may read me. In this case I must not be rough to gentlemen and ladies, but speak of sin as a gentleman. It might not perhaps be amiss, if, therefore, I should call my present precaution, A Criticism upon Fornication; and, by representing the unjust taste they have who affect that way of pleasure, bring a distaste upon it among all those who are judicious in their satisfactions. I will be bold then to lay down for a rule, that he who follows this kind of gratification, "gives up much greater

delight by pursuing it, than he can possibly enjoy from it. As to the common women and the stewes, there is no one but will allow this assertion at first sight; but if it will appear, that they who deal with those of the sex who are less profligate, descend to greater basenesses than if they frequented brothels, it should, methinks, bring this iniquity under some discountenance. The rake who, without sense of character or decency, wallows and ranges in common houses, is guilty no farther than of prostituting himself, and exposing his health to diseases: but the man of gallantry cannot pursue his pleasures without treachery to some man he ought to love, and making despicable the woman he admires. To live in a continual deceit; to reflect upon the dishonour you do some husband, father, or brother, who does not deserve this of you, and whom you would destroy did you know they did the like towards you, are circumstances which pall the appetite, and give a man of any sense of honour very painful mortification. What more need be said against a gentleman's delight, than that he himself thinks himself a base man in pursuing it; when it is thoroughly considered, he gives up his very being as a man of integrity who commences gallant? Let him or her who is guilty this way but weigh the matter a little, and the criminal will find that those whom they most esteemed are of a sudden become the most disagreeable companions: nay, their good qualities are grown odious and painful. It is said, people who have the plague have a delight in communicating the infection: in like manner, the sense of shame, which is never wholly overcome, inclines the guilty this way to contribute to the destruction of others. And women are pleased to introduce more women into the same condition, though they can have no other satisfaction from it, than that the infamy is shared among greater numbers, which they flatter themselves eases the burden of each particular person.

It is a most melancholy consideration, that for momentary sensations of joy, obtained by stealth, men are forced into a constraint of all their words and actions in the general and ordinary occurrences of life. It is an impossibility in this case to be faithful to one person, without being false to all the rest of the world

to admit of these compunctions: if there are such, I am sure they are laying up store for them: but I have better hopes of those who have not yet erased the impressions and advantages of a good education and fortune; they may be assured, 'that whoever wholly give themselves up to lust, will find it the least fault they are guilty of.'

Irreconcilable hatred to those they have injured, mean shifts to cover their offences, envy and malice to the innocent, and a general sacrifice of all that is good-natured or praiseworthy when it interrupts them, will possess all their faculties, and make them utter strangers to the noble pleasures which flow from honour and virtue. Happy are they, who from the visitation of sickness, or any other accident, are awakened from a course which leads to an insensibility of the greatest enjoyments in human life.

A French author, giving an account of a very agreeable man, in whose character he mingles good qualities and infirmities, rather than vices and virtues, tells the following story.

'Our knight,' says he, 'was pretty much addicted to the most fashionable of all faults. He had a loose rogue for a lackey, not a little in his favour, though he had no other name for him when he spoke of him but "the rascal," or, to him, but "sirrah." One morning when he was dressing, "Sirrah," says he, "be sure you bring home this evening a pretty wench." The fellow was a person of diligence and capacity, and had for some time addressed himself to a decayed old gentlewoman, who had a young maiden to her daughter, beautiful as an angel, not yet sixteen years of age. The mother's extreme poverty, and the insinuations of this artful lackey concerning the soft disposition and generosity of his master, made her consent to deliver up her daughter. But many were the entreaties and representations of the mother to gain her child's consent to an action, which she said she abhorred, at the same time she exhorted her to it; "but child," says she, "can you see your mother die for hunger?" The virgin argued no longer, but bursting into tears, said she would go any where. The lackey conveyed her with great obsequiousness and secrecy to his master's lodging, and placed her in a commodious apartment till he came home.

conducted his master to the room where she was, and retired. The knight, when he saw her bathed in tears, said in some surprise, "Don't you know, young woman, why you are brought hither? The unhappy maid fell on her knees, and with many interruptions of sighs and tears, said to him "I know, alas! too well why I am brought hither; my mother, to get bread for her and myself, has sent me to do what you pleased; but would it would please Heaven I could die, before I am added to the number of those miserable wretches who live without honour!" With this reflection she wept anew, and beat her bosom. The knight, stepping back from her, said, "I am not so abandoned as to hurt your innocence against your will."

'The novelty of the accident surprised him into virtue; and, covering the young maid with a cloak, he led her to a relation's house, to whose care he recommended her for that night. The next morning he sent for her mother, and asked her if her daughter was a maid? The mother assured him, that when she delivered her to his servant, she was a stranger to man. "Are not you then," replied the knight, "a wicked woman to contrive the debauchery of your own child?" She held down her face with fear and shame, and in her confusion uttered some broken words concerning her poverty. "Far be it," said the gentleman, "that you should relieve yourself from want by a much greater evil: your daughter is a fine young creature; do you know of none that ever spoke of her for a wife?" The mother answered, "There is an honest man in our neighbourhood that loves her, who has often said he would marry her with two hundred pounds." The knight ordered his man to reckon out that sum, with an addition of fifty to buy the bride clothes, and fifty more as a help to her mother.'

I appeal to all the gallants in the town, whether possessing all the beauties in Great Britain could give half the pleasure as this young gentleman had in the reflection of having relieved a miserable parent from guilt and poverty, an innocent virgin from public shame, and bestowing a virtuous wife upon an honest man?

As all men who are guilty this way have not fortunes or opportunities for making such atonements for their vices, yet all men may do what is certainly in their power at this good season. For my part, I do not care how ridiculous the mention of it may be, provided I hear it has any good consequence upon the wretched, that I recommend the most abandoned and miserable of mankind to the charity of all in prosperous conditions under the same guilt with those wretches. The Lock hospital in Kent street, Southwark, for men; that in Kingsland for women, is a receptacle for all sufferers mangled by this iniquity. Penitents

should in their own hearts take upon them all the shame and sorrow they have escaped; and it would become them to make an oblation for their crimes, by charity to those upon whom vice appears in that utmost misery and deformity, which they themselves are free from by their better fortune, rather than greater innocence. It would quicken our compassion in this case, if we considered there may be objects there, who would now move horror and loathing, that we have once embraced with transport: and as we are men of honour (for I must not speak as we are Christians) let us not desert our friends for the loss of their noses.

No. 18.] *Wednesday, April 1, 1713.*

—Animæque capaces

Mortis —

Lacrimæ.

Souls, undismay'd by death.

THE prospect of death is so gloomy and dismal, that if it were constantly before our eyes, it would embitter all the sweets of life. The gracious Author of our being hath therefore so formed us, that we are capable of many pleasing sensations and reflections, and meet with so many amusements and solitudes, as divert our thoughts from dwelling upon an evil, which, by reason of its seeming distance, makes but languid impressions upon the mind. But how distant soever the time of our death may be, since it is certain that we must die, it is necessary to allot some portion of our life to consider the end of it; and it is highly convenient to fix some stated times to meditate upon the final period of our existence here. The principle of self-love, as we are men, will make us inquire, what is like to become of us after our dissolution; and our conscience, as we are Christians, will inform us, that according to the good or evil of our actions here, we shall be translated to the mansions of eternal bliss or misery. When this is seriously weighed, we must think it madness to be unprepared against the black moment: but when we reflect that perhaps that black moment may be to-night, how watchful ought we to be!

I was wonderfully affected with a discourse I had lately with a clergyman of my acquaintance upon this head, which was to this effect: 'The consideration,' said the good man, 'that my being is precarious, moved me many years ago to make a resolution, which I have diligently kept, and to which I owe the greatest satisfaction that a mortal man can enjoy. Every night before I address myself in private to my Creator, I lay my hand upon my heart, and ask myself, whether if God should require my soul of me this night, I could hope for mercy from him? The bitter agonies I underwent in this my first acquaintance with myself

were so far from throwing me into despair of that mercy which is over all God's works, that they rather proved motives to greater circumspection in my future conduct. The oftener I exercised myself in meditations of this kind, the less was my anxiety; and by making the thoughts of death familiar, what was at first so terrible and shocking, is become the sweetest of my enjoyments. These contemplations have indeed made me serious, but not sullen; nay, they are so far from having soured my temper, that as I have a mind perfectly composed, and a secret spring of joy in my heart, so my conversation is pleasant, and my countenance serene; I taste all the innocent satisfactions of life pure and sincere; I have no share in pleasures that leave a sting behind them, nor am I cheated with that kind of mirth, "in the midst of which there is heaviness."

Of all the professions of men, a soldier's, chiefly, should put him upon this religious vigilance. His duty exposes him to such hazards, that the evil which to men in other stations may seem far distant, to him is instant, and ever before his eyes. The consideration, that what men in a martial life purchase is gained with danger and labour, and must perhaps be parted with very speedily, is the cause of much licence and riot. As moreover it is necessary to keep up the spirits of those who are to encounter the most terrible dangers, offences of this nature meet with great indulgence. But there is a courage better founded than this animal fury. The secret assurance, that all is right within, that if he falls in battle, he will the more speedily be crowned with true glory, will add strength to a warrior's arm, and intrepidity to his heart.

One of the most successful stratagems whereby Mahomet became formidable, was the assurance that impostor gave his votaries, that whoever was slain in battle should be immediately conveyed to that luxurious paradise his wanton fancy had invented. The ancient Druids taught a doctrine which had the same effect, though with this difference from Mahomet's, that the souls of the slain should transmigrate into other bodies, and in them be rewarded according to the degrees of their merit. This is told by Lucan with his usual spirit.

* You teach that souls, from fleshy chains unbound,
Seek not pale shades and Erebus profound,
But fleeing hence to other regions stray,
Once more to mix with animated clay:

I am particularly pleased to find that he hath translated the whole book of Psalms into English verse. A friend of mine informs me, that he hath the manuscript by him, which is said in the title to have been done, 'By the most noble and virtuous Gent. Sir Philip Sidney, Knight.' They having been never printed, I shall present the public with one of them, which my correspondent assures me he hath faithfully transcribed, and wherein I have taken the liberty only to alter one word.

PSALM CXXXVII.*

I.

Nigh seated where the river flows,
That watereth Babel's thankful plain,
Which then our tears, in pearly show,
Did help to water with the rain:
The thought of Sion bred such woes,
That though our harps we did retain,
Yet useless and untouch'd there,
On willows only hang'd they were.

II.

Now while our harps were hang'd so,
The men whose captives then we lay,
Did on our griefs insulting go,
And more to grieve us thus did say:
You that of music make much show,
Come sing us now a Sion's lay:
Oh no! we have nor voice nor hand
For such a song in such a land.

III.

Though far I be, sweet Sion hill,
In foreign soil exil'd from thee,
Yet let my hand forget his skill
If ever thou forgotten be;
And let my tongue fast glewed still
Unto my roof, lie mute in me;
If thy neglect within me spring,
Or aught I do but Salem sing.

IV.

But thou, O Lord, shalt not forget
To quit the pains of Edom's race,
Who causelessly, yet hotly set
Thy holy city to deface,
Did thus the bloody victors whet,
What time they enter'd first the place,
Down, down with it at any hand,
Make all a waste, let nothing stand!

V.

And Babylon, that didst us waste,
Thyself shalt one day wasted be:
And happy be, who what thou hast
Unto us done, shall do to thee;
Like bitterness shall make thee taste,
Like woeful objects make thee see:
Yes, happy who thy little ones
Shall take and dash against the stones.

No. 19.] Thursday, April 2, 1715.

Ne te semper Inops agitet vixetque capido;
Ne pavor, et rerum mediocriter utilium spes.

and lust; one which tastes of nothing but pain, as envy; the rest have a mixture of pleasure and pain, as anger and pride. But when a man considers the state of his own mind, about which every member of the Christian world is supposed at this time to be employed, he will find that the best defence against vice is preserving the worthiest part of his own spirit pure from any great offence against it. There is a magnanimity which makes us look upon ourselves with disdain, after we have been betrayed by sudden desire, opportunity of gain, the absence of a person who excels us, the fault of a servant, or the ill fortune of an adversary, into the gratification of lust, covetousness, envy, rage, or pride; when the more sublime part of our souls is kept alive, and we have not repeated infirmities till they are become vicious habits.

The vice of covetousness is what enters deepest into the soul of any other; and you may have seen men, otherwise the most agreeable creatures in the world, so seized with the desire of being richer, that they shall startle at indifferent things, and live in a continual guard and watch over themselves from a remote fear of expense. No pious man can be so circumspect in the care of his conscience, as the covetous man is in that of his pocket.

If a man would preserve his own spirit, and his natural approbation of higher and more worthy pursuits, he could never fall into this littleness, but his mind would be still open to honour and virtue, in spite of infirmities and relapses. But what extremely discourages me in my precautions as a Guardian, is, that there is a universal defection from the admiration of virtue. Riches and outward splendour have taken up the place of it; and no man thinks he is mean, if he is not poor. But alas this despicable spirit debases our very being, and makes our passions take a new turn from their natural bent.

It was a cause of great sorrow and melancholy to me some nights ago at a play, to see a crowd in the habits of the gentry of England, stupid to the noblest sentiments we have. The circumstance happened in the scene of distress betwixt Percy and Anna Bullen. One of the centinels, who stood on the stage to prevent the disorders which the most unmannerly race of young men that ever were seen in any age frequently raise in public assemblies, upon Percy's beseeching to be heard, burst into tears; upon which the greatest part of the audience fell into a loud and ignorant laughter; which others, who were touched with the liberal compassion in the poor fellow, could hardly suppress by their clapping. But the man, without the least confusion or shame in his countenance for what had happened, wiped away the tears and was still intent upon the play. The distress still rising, the soldier was

so much moved, that he was obliged to turn his face from the audience, to their no small merriment. Percy had the gallantry to take notice of his honest heart; and, as I am told, gave him a crown to help him in his affliction. It is certain this poor fellow, in his humble condition, had such a lively compassion as a soul unwedded to the world; were it otherwise, gay lights and dresses, with appearances of people of fashion and wealth, to which his fortune could not be familiar, would have taken up all his attention and admiration.

It is every thing that is praise-worthy, as well as pure religion (according to a book too sacred for me to quote), 'to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unpotted from the world.' Every step that a man makes beyond moderate and reasonable provision, is taking so much from the worthiness of his own spirit; and he that is entirely set upon making a fortune, is all that while undoing the man. He must grow deaf to the wretched, estrange himself from the agreeable, learn hardness of heart, disrelish every thing that is noble, and terminate all in his despicable self. Indulgence in any one immoderate desire or appetite engrosses the whole creature, and his life is sacrificed to that one desire or appetite; but how much otherwise is it with those that preserve alive in them something that adorns their condition, and shows the man, whether a prince or a beggar, above his fortune!

I have just now recorded a foot-soldier for the politest man in a British audience, from the force of nature, untainted with the singularity of an ill-applied education. A good spirit that is not abused, can add new glories to the highest state in the world, as well as give beauties to the meanest. I shall exemplify this, by inserting a prayer of Harry the Fourth of France just before a battle, in which he obtained an entire victory.

'O Lord of hosts, who canst see through the thickest veil and closet disguise, who viewest the bottom of my heart, and the deepest designs of my enemies, who hast in thy hands, as well as before thine eyes, all the events which concern human life; if thou knowest that my reign will promote thy glory and the safety of thy people; if thou knowest that I have no other ambition in my soul, but to advance the honour of thy holy name, and the good of this state; favour, O great God, the justice of my arms, and reduce all the rebels to acknowledge him whom thy sacred decrees, and the order of a lawful succession, have made their sovereign: but, if thy good providence has ordered it otherwise, and thou seest that I should prove one of those kings whom thou givest in thine anger, take from me, O merciful God, my life and my crown, make me this day a sacrifice to thy will, let my death end the calamities of

France, and let my blood be the last that is spilt in this quarrel.'

The king uttered this generous prayer in a voice, and with a countenance, that inspired all who heard and beheld him with like magnanimity: then turning to the squadron, at the head of which he designed to charge, 'My fellow-soldiers,' said he, 'as you run my fortune, so do I yours; your safety consists in keeping well your ranks; but if the heat of the action should force you to disorder, think of nothing but rallying again; if you lose the sight of your colours and standards, look round for the white plume in my beaver; you shall see it wherever you are, and it shall lead you to glory and to victory.'

The magnanimity of this illustrious prince was supported by a firm of reliance on Providence, which inspired him with a contempt of life, and an assurance of conquest. His generous scorn of royalty, but as it consisted with the service of God, and good of his people, is an instance, that the mind of man, when it is well disposed, is always above its condition, even though it be that of a monarch.

No. 20.] Friday, April 3, 1713.

Minot
Semper et infirmi est animi exilique voluptas
Ultio ————— Juv. Sat. xiii. 189.

— Revenge, which still we find
The weakest frailty of a feeble mind. Creech.

ALL gallantry and fashion, one would imagine, should rise out of the religion and laws of that nation wherein they prevail; but, alas! in this kingdom, gay characters, and those which lead in the pleasure and inclinations of the fashionable world, are such as are readiest to practise crimes the most abhorrent to nature, and contradictory to our faith. A Christian and a gentleman are made inconsistent appellations of the same person; you are not to expect eternal life, if you do not forgive injuries; and your mortal life is uncomfortable if you are not ready to commit a murder in resentment for an affront: for good sense as well as religion is so utterly banished the world, that men glory in their very passions, and pursue trifles with the utmost vengeance; so little do they know, that to forgive is the most arduous pitch human nature can arrive at. A coward has often fought, a coward has

so intense a forgiveness as the love of them, is not to be in the least accounted for by the force of constitution, but is a more spirited and refused moral, introduced by him who died for those that persecuted him; yet very justly delivered to us, when we consider ourselves offenders, and to be forgiven on the reasonable terms of forgiving; for who can ask what he will not bestow, especially when that gift is attended with a redemption from the cruellest slavery to the most acceptable freedom? For when the mind is in contemplation of revenge, all its thoughts must surely be tortured with the alternate pangs of rancour, envy, hatred, and indignation; and they who profess a sweet in the enjoyment of it, certainly never felt the consummate bliss of reconciliation. At such an instant the false ideas we received unravel, and the shyness, the distrust, the secret scorn, and all the base satisfactions men had in each other's faults and misfortunes, are dispelled, and their souls appear in their native whiteness, without the least streak of that malice or distaste which sullied them: and perhaps those very actions, which, when we looked at them in the oblique glance with which hatred doth always see things, were horrid and odious; when observed with honest and open eyes, are beautiful and ornamental.

But if men are averse to us in the most violent degree, and we can never bring them to an amicable temper, then indeed we are to exert an obstinate opposition to them; and never let the malice of our enemies have so effectual an advantage over us, as to escape our good-will. For the neglected and despised tenets of religion are so generous, and in so transcendent and heroic a manner disposed for public good, that it is not in a man's power to avoid their influence; for the Christian is as much inclined to your service when your enemy, as the moral man when your friend.

But the followers of a crucified Saviour must rout out of their hearts all sense that there is any thing great and noble in pride or haughtiness of spirit; yet it will be very difficult to fix that idea in our souls, except we can think as worthily of ourselves, when we practise the contrary virtues. We must learn, and be convinced, that there is something sublime and heroic in true meekness and humility, for they arise from a great, not a grovelling idea of things; for as certainly as pride proceeds from a mean and narrow view of the little advan-

and humble, you have acquainted us that such a person has arrived at the hardest task in the world, in a universal observation round him, to be quick to see his own faults, and other men's virtues, and at the height of pardoning every man sooner than himself; you have also given us to understand, that to treat him kindly, sincerely, and respectfully, is but a mere justice to him that is ready to do us the same offices. This temper of soul keeps us always awake to a just sense of things, teaches us that we are as well akin to worms as to angels; and as nothing is above these, so is nothing below those. It keeps our understanding tight about us, so that all things appear to us great or little, as they are in nature and the sight of heaven, not as they are gilded or sullied by accident or fortune.

It were to be wished that all men of sense would think it worth their while to reflect upon the dignity of Christian virtues; it would possibly enlarge their souls into such a contempt of what fashion and prejudice have made honourable, that their duty, inclination, and honour, would tend the same way, and make all their lives a uniform act of religion and virtue.

As to the great catastrophe of this day, on which the Mediator of the world suffered the greatest indignities and death itself for the salvation of mankind, it would be worth gentlemen's consideration, whether from his example it would not be proper to kill all inclinations to revenge; and examine whether it would not be expedient to receive new notions of what is great and honourable.

This is necessary against the day wherein he who died ignominiously for us 'shall descend from heaven to be our judge, in majesty and glory.' How will the man who shall die by the sword of pride and wrath, and in contention with his brother, appear before him, at 'whose presence nature shall be in an agony, and the great and glorious bodies of light be obscured; when the sun shall be darkened, the moon turned into blood, and all the powers of heaven shaken; when the heavens themselves shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements dissolve with fervent heat; when the earth also, and all the works that are therein, shall be burnt up!'

What may justly damp in our minds the diabolical madness, which prompts us to decide our petty animosities by the hazard of eternity, is, that in that one act, the criminal does not only highly offend, but forces himself into the presence of his judge; that is certainly his case who dies in a duel. I cannot but repeat it, he that dies in a duel knowingly offends God, and in that very action rushes into his offended presence. Is it possible for the heart of man to conceive a more terrible image than that of a departed spirit in this condition? Could we

but suppose it has just left its body, and struck with the terrible reflection, that to avoid the laughter of fools, and being the by-word of idiots, it has now precipitated itself into the din of demons, and the howlings of eternal despair, how willingly now would it suffer the imputation of fear and cowardice, to have one moment left not to tremble in vain!

The scriptures are full of pathetic and warm pictures of the condition of a happy or miserable futurity; and I am confident, that the frequent reading of them would make the way to a happy eternity so agreeable and pleasant, that he who tries it will find the difficulties, which he before suffered in shunning the allurements of vice, absorbed in the pleasure he will take in the pursuit of virtue: and how happy must that mortal be, who thinks himself in the favour of an Almighty, and can think of death as a thing which it is an infirmity not to desire?

No. 21.] *Saturday, April 4, 1713.*

Munere—Fungar inani
Virg. Æn. vi. 885.

An empty office I'll discharge.

DOCTOR TYLLOTSON, in his discourse concerning the Danger of all known sin, both from the light of nature and revelation, after having given us the description of the last day out of holy writ, has this remarkable passage:

'I appeal to any man, whether this be not a representation of things very proper and suitable to that great day, wherein he who made the world shall come to judge it? And whether the wit of man ever devised any thing so awful, and so agreeable to the majesty of God, and the solemn judgment of the whole world? The description which Virgil makes of the Elysian Fields, and the Infernal Regions, how infinitely do they fall short of the majesty of the holy scripture, and the description there made of heaven and hell, and of the great and terrible day of the Lord! so that in comparison they are childish and trifling; and yet perhaps he had the most regular and most governed imagination of any man that ever lived, and observed the greatest decorum in his characters and descriptions. But who can declare the great things of God, but he to whom God shall reveal them?'

This observation was worthy a most polite man, and ought to be of authority with all who are such, so far as to examine whether he spoke that as a man of a just taste and judgment, or advanced it merely for the service of his doctrine as a clergyman.

I am very confident whoever reads the gospels, with a heart as much prepared in favour of them as when he sits down to Virgil or Homer, will find no passage there which is not told with more natural force than any episode

in either of those wits, which were the chief of mere mankind.

The last thing I read was the twenty-fourth chapter of St. Luke, which gives an account of the manner in which our blessed Saviour, after his resurrection, joined with two disciples on the way to Emmaus as an ordinary traveller, and took the privilege as such to inquire of them, what occasioned a sadness he observed in their countenances; or whether it was from any public cause? Their wonder that any man so near Jerusalem should be a stranger to what had passed there; their acknowledgement to one they met accidentally, that they had believed in this prophet; and that now, the third day after his death, they were in doubt as to their pleasing hope, which occasioned the heaviness he took notice of; are all represented in a style which men of letters call 'the great and noble simplicity.' The attention of the disciples when he expounded the scriptures concerning himself, his offering to take his leave of them, their fondness of his stay, and the manifestation of the great guest whom they had entertained while he was yet at meat with them, are all incidents which wonderfully please the imagination of a Christian reader; and give to him something of that touch of mind which the brethren felt, when, they said one to another, 'Did not our hearts burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the scriptures?'

I am very far from pretending to treat these matters as they deserve; but I hope those gentlemen who are qualified for it, and called to it, will forgive me, and consider that I speak as a mere secular man, impartially considering the effect which the sacred writings will have upon the soul of an intelligent reader; and it is some argument, that a thing is the immediate work of God, when it so infinitely transcends all the labours of man. When I look upon Raphael's picture of our Saviour appearing to his disciples after his resurrection, I cannot but think the just disposition of that piece has in it the force of many volumes on the subject. The evangelists are easily distinguished from the rest by a passionate zeal and love which the painter has thrown in their faces; the

no small step in the progress of religion, if it is as evident as it ought to be, that he wants the best taste and best sense a man can have, who is cold to the 'beauty of holiness.'

As for my part, when I have happened to attend the corpse of a friend to his interment, and have seen a graceful man at the entrance of a church-yard, who became the dignity of his function, and assumed an authority which is natural to truth, pronounce 'I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die: I say, upon such an occasion, the retrospect upon past actions between the deceased whom I followed and myself, together with the many little circumstances that strike upon the soul, and alternately give grief and consolation, have vanished like a dream; and I have been relieved as by a voice from heaven, when the solemnity has proceeded, and after a long pause I again heard the servant of God utter, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself, and my eyes shall behold, and not another.' How have I been raised above this world and all its regards, and how well prepared to receive the next sentence which the holy man has spoken! 'We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out; the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!'

There are, I know, men of heavy temper without genius, who can read these expressions of scripture with as much indifference as they do the rest of these loose papers. However, I will not despair but to bring men of wit into a love and admiration of sacred writings; and, as old as I am, I promise myself to see the day when it shall be as much in fashion among men of politeness to admire a rapture of Saint Paul, as any fine expression in Virgil or Horace; and to see a well-dressed young man produce an evangelist out of his pocket, and be no more out of countenance than if it were a classic printed by Elzevir.

My next desire is, void of care and strife,
To lead a soft, secure, inglorious life,
A country cottage near a crystal flood,
A winding valley, and a lofty wood. *Dryden.*

PASTORAL poetry not only amuses the fancy the most delightfully, but is likewise more indebted to it than any other sort whatsoever. It transports us into a kind of fairy-land, where our ears are soothed with the melody of birds, bleating flocks, and purling streams; our eyes enchanted with flowery meadows and springing greens; we are laid under cool shades, and entertained with all the sweets and freshness of nature. It is a dream, it is a vision, which we wish may be real, and we believe that it is true.

Mrs. Cornelia Lizard's head was so far turned with these imaginations, when we were last in the country, that she lost her rest by listening to nightingales; she kept a pair of turtles cooing in her chamber, and had a tame lamb running after her up and down the house. I used all gentle methods to bring her to herself; as having had a design heretofore of turning shepherd myself, when I read Virgil or Theocritus at Oxford. But as my age and experience have armed me against any temptation to the pastoral life, I can now with the greater safety consider it; and shall lay down such rules, as those of my readers, who have the aforesaid design, ought to observe, if they would follow the steps of the shepherds and shepherdesses of ancient times.

In order to form a right judgment of pastoral poetry, it will be necessary to cast back our eyes on the first ages of the world. For since that way of life is not now in being, we must inquire into the manner of it when it actually did exist. Before mankind was formed into large societies, or cities were built, and commerce established, the wealth of the world consisted chiefly in flocks and herds. The tending of these, we find to have been the employment of the first princes, whose subjects were sheep and oxen, and their dominions the adjoining vales. As they lived in great affluence and ease, we may presume that they enjoyed such pleasures as that condition afforded, free and uninterrupted. Their manner of life gave them vigour of body and serenity of mind. The abundance they were possessed of secured them from avarice, ambition, or envy; they could scarce have any anxieties or contentions, where every one had more than he could tell what to do with. Love indeed might occasion some rivalships amongst them, because many lovers fix upon one object, for the loss of which they will be satisfied with no compensation. Otherwise it was a state of ease, innocence, and contentment; where plenty begot pleasure, and pleasure begot singing, and singing begot poetry, and poetry begot pleasure again.

Thus happy was the first race of men, but rude withal, and uncultivated. For before

they could make any considerable progress in arts and sciences, the tranquillity of the rural life was destroyed by turbulent and ambitious spirits; who, having built cities, raised armies, and studied policies of state, made vassals of the defenceless shepherds, and rendered that which was before easy and unrestrained, a mean, laborious, miserable condition. Hence, if we consider the pastoral period before learning, we shall find it unpolished, if after, we shall find it unpleasant.

The use that I would make of this short review of the country life *is*, be this: An author that would amuse himself by writing pastorals, should form in his fancy a rural scene of perfect ease and tranquillity where innocence, simplicity, and joy abound. It is not enough that he writes about the country; he must give us what is agreeable in that scene, and hide what is wretched. It is, indeed, commonly affirmed, that truth well painted will certainly please the imagination; but it is sometimes convenient not to discover the whole truth, but that part which only is delightful. We must sometimes show only half an image to the fancy; which if we display in a lively manner, the mind is so dexterously deluded, that it doth not readily perceive that the other half is concealed. Thus in writing pastorals, let the tranquillity of that life appear full and plain, but hide the meanness of it; represent its simplicity as clear as you please, but cover its misery. I would not hereby be so understood, as if I thought nothing that is irksome or unpleasant should have a place in these writings; I only mean that this state of life in general should be supposed agreeable. But as there is no condition exempt from anxiety, I will allow shepherds to be afflicted with such misfortunes as the loss of a favourite lamb, or a faithless mistress. He may, if you please, pick a thorn out of his foot; or vent his grief for losing the prize in dancing; but these being small torments, they recommend that state which only produces such trifling evils. Again, I would not seem so strict in my notions of innocence and simplicity, as to deny the use of a little railing, or the liberty of stealing a kid or a sheep-hook. For these are likewise such petty enormities, that we must think the country happy where these are the greatest transgressions.

When a reader is placed in such a scene as I have described, and introduced into such company as I have chosen, he gives himself up to the pleasing delusion; and since every one doth not know how it comes to pass, I will venture to tell him why he is pleased.

The first reason is, because all mankind love ease. Though ambition and avarice employ most men's thoughts, they are such uneasy habits, that we do not indulge them out of choice, but from some necessity, real or ima-

ginary. We seek happiness, in which ease is the principal ingredient, and the end proposed in our most restless pursuits is tranquillity. We are therefore soothed and delighted with the representation of it, and fancy we partake of the pleasure.

A second reason is our secret approbation of innocence and simplicity. Human nature is not so much depraved, as to hinder us from respecting goodness in others, though we ourselves want it. This is the reason why we are so much charmed with the pretty prattle of children, and even the expressions of pleasure or uneasiness in some part of the brute creation. They are without artifice or malice; and we love truth too well to resist the charms of sincerity.

A third reason is our love of the country. Health, tranquillity, and pleasing objects are the growth of the country; and though men, for the general good of the world, are made to love populous cities, the country hath the greatest share in an uncorrupted heart. When we paint, describe, or any way indulge our fancy, the country is the scene which supplies us with the most lovely images. This state was that wherein God placed Adam when in Paradise; nor could all the fanciful wits of antiquity imagine any thing that could administer more exquisite delight in their Elysium.

No. 23.] Tuesday, April 7, 1713.

Extrema per illos
Iusticia exortens terribis vestigia fecit.

Virg. Georg. II. 473.

From hence Astræa took her flight, and here
The prints of her departing steps appear. Dryden.

HAVING already conveyed my reader into the fairy or pastoral land, and informed him what manner of life the inhabitants of that region lead; I shall, in this day's paper, give him some marks whereby he may discover whether he is imposed upon by those who pretend to be of that country; or, in other words,

here lies the difference. Men, who, by long study and experience have reduced their ideas to certain classes, and consider the general nature of things abstracted from particulars, express their thoughts after a more concise, lively, surprising manner. Those who have little experience, or cannot abstract, deliver their sentiments in plain descriptions, by circumstances, and those observations which either strike upon the senses, or are the first motions of the mind. And though the former raises our admiration more, the latter gives more pleasure, and soothes us more naturally. Thus a courtly lover may say to his mistress:

'With thee for ever I in woods could rest,
Where never human foot the ground hath prest;
Thou e'en from dangerous darkness canst exclude,
And from a desert banish solitude.'

A shepherd will content himself to say the same thing more simply:

'Come, Rosalind, oh! come, for without thee
What pleasure can the country have for me!'

Again, since shepherds are not allowed to make deep reflections, the address required is so to relate an action, that the circumstances put together shall cause the reader to reflect. Thus, by one delicate circumstance, Corydon tells Alexis that he is the finest songster of the country:

'Of seven smooth joints a mellow pipe I have,
Which with his dying breath Damocles gave:
And said, "This, Corydon, I leave to thee,
For only thou deserv'st it after me."

As in another pastoral writer, after the same manner a shepherd informs us how much his mistress likes him:

'As I to cool me bath'd one sultry day,
Fond Lydia lurking in the sedges lay.
The wanton laugh'd, and seem'd to haste to fly,
Yet often stopp'd, and often turn'd her eye.'

If ever a reflection be pardonable in pastorals, it is where the thought is so obvious, that it seems to come easily to the mind; as in the following admirable improvement of Virgil and Theocritus:

'Fair is my flock, nor yet uncouthly I,

' Once Delta slept on easy moss reclin'd,
Her lovely limbs half bare, and rude the wind:
I smooth'd her coats, and stole a silent kiss:
Condemn me, shepherds, if I did amiss.'

A third sign of a swain is, that something of religion, and even superstition is part of his character. For we find that those who have lived easy lives in the country, and contemplate the works of nature, live in the greatest awe of their Author. Nor doth this humour prevail less now than of old. Our peasants as sincerely believe the tales of goblins and fairies, as the neathens those of fauns, nymphs, and satyrs. Hence we find the works of Virgil and Theocritus sprinkled with left-handed ravens, blasted oaks, witchcrafts, evil eyes, and the like. And I observe with great pleasure that our English author of the pastorals I have quoted hath practised this secret with admirable judgment.

I will yet add another mark, which may be observed very often in the above-named poets, which is agreeable to the character of shepherds, and nearly allied to superstition, I mean the use of proverbial sayings. I take the common similitudes in pastoral to be of the proverbial order, which are so frequent, that it is needless, and would be tiresome to quote them. I shall only take notice upon this head, that it is a nice piece of art to raise a proverb above the vulgar style, and still keep it easy and unaffected. Thus the old wish, 'God rest his soul,' is finely turned:

' Then gentle Sidney liv'd, the shepherd's friend,
Eternal blessings on his shade attend!'

No. 24.] *Wednesday, April 8, 1713.*

— Dicenda tacendaque calles? *Pers. Sat. iv. 6.*

— Dost thou, so young,
Know when to speak, and when to hold thy tongue?
Dryden.

JACK LIZARD was about fifteen when he was first entered in the university, and being a youth of a great deal of fire, and a more than ordinary application to his studies, it gave his conversation a very particular turn. He had too much spirit to hold his tongue in company; but at the same time so little acquaintance with the world, that he did not know how to talk like other people.

After a year and a half's stay at the university, he came down among us to pass away a month or two in the country. The first night after his arrival, as we were at supper, we were all of us very much improved by Jack's table-talk. He told us, upon the appearance of a dish of wild fowl, that according to the opinion of some natural philosophers they might be lately come from the moon. Upon which the Sparkler bursting out into a laugh, he insulted her with several questions relating to the bigness and distance of the moon and stars; and after every interrogatory would be

winking upon me, and smiling at his sister's ignorance. Jack gained his point; for the mother was pleased, and all the servants stared at the learning of their young master. Jack was so encouraged at this success, that for the first week he dealt wholly in paradoxes. It was a common jest with him to pinch one of his sister's lap-dogs, and afterwards prove he could not feel it. When the girls were sorting a set of knots, he would demonstrate to them that all the ribands were of the same colour; or rather, says Jack, of no colour at all. My lady Lizard herself, though she was not a little pleased with her son's improvements, was one day almost angry with him; for having accidentally burnt her fingers as she was lighting the lamp for her tea-pot, in the midst of her anguish Jack laid hold of the opportunity to instruct her that there was no such thing as heat in fire. In short, no day passed over our heads, in which Jack did not imagine he made the whole family wiser than they were before.

That part of his conversation which gave me the most pain, was what passed among those country gentlemen that came to visit us. On such occasions Jack usually took upon him to be the mouth of the company; and thinking himself obliged to be very merry, would entertain us with a great many old sayings and absurdities of their college-cook. I found this fellow had made a very strong impression upon Jack's imagination; which he never considered was not the case of the rest of the company, till after many repeated trials he found that his stories seldom made any body laugh but himself.

I all this while looked upon Jack as a young tree shooting out into blossoms before its time; the redundancy of which, though it was a little unseasonable, seemed to foretell an uncommon fruitfulness.

In order to wear out the vein of pedantry which ran through his conversation, I took him out with me one evening, and first of all insinuated to him this rule, which I had myself learned from a very great author, 'To think with the wise, but talk with the vulgar.' Jack's good sense soon made him reflect that he had exposed himself to the laughter of the ignorant by a contrary behaviour; upon which he told me, that he would take care for the future to keep his notions to himself, and converse in the common received sentiments of mankind. He at the same time desired me to give him any other rules of conversation which I thought might be for his improvement. I told him I would think of it; and accordingly, as I have a particular affection for the young man, I gave him the next morning the following rules in writing, which may perhaps have contributed to make him the agreeable man he now is.

The faculty of interchanging our thoughts

with one another, or what we express by the word conversation, has always been represented by moral writers as one of the noblest privileges of reason, and which more particularly sets mankind above the brute part of the creation.

Though nothing so much gains upon the affections as this extempore eloquence, which we have constantly occasion for, and are obliged to practise every day, we very rarely meet with any who excel in it.

The conversation of most men is disagreeable, not so much for want of wit and learning, as of good-breeding and discretion.

If you resolve to please, never speak to gratify any particular vanity or passion of your own, but always with a design either to divert or inform the company. A man who only aims at one of these, is always easy in his discourse. He is never out of humour at being interrupted, because he considers that those who hear him are the best judges whether what he was saying could either divert or inform them.

A modest person seldom fails to gain the good-will of those he converses with, because nobody envies a man who does not appear to be pleased with himself.

We should talk extremely little of ourselves. Indeed what can we say? It would be as imprudent to discover our faults, as ridiculous to count over our fancied virtues. Our private and domestic affairs are no less improper to be introduced in conversation. What does it concern the company how many horses you keep in your stables? or whether your servant is most knave or fool?

A man may equally affront the company he is in, by engrossing all the talk, or observing a contemptuous silence.

Before you tell a story, it may be generally not amiss to draw a short character, and give the company a true idea of the principal persons concerned in it. The beauty of most things consisting not so much in their being said or done, as in their being said or done by such a particular person, or on such a particular occasion.

Notwithstanding all the advantages of youth,

any particular science, for which he is remarkably famous. There is not, methinks, a handsomer thing said of Mr. Cowley in his whole life, than, that none but his intimate friends ever discovered he was a great poet by his discourse: besides the decency of this rule. It is certainly founded in good policy. A man who talks of any thing he is already famous for, has little to get, but a great deal to lose. I might add, that he who is sometimes silent on a subject where every one is satisfied he could speak well, will often be thought no less knowing in other matters, where perhaps he is wholly ignorant.

Women are frightened at the name of argument, and are sooner convinced by a happy turn, or witty expression, than by demonstration.

Whenever you commend, add your reasons for doing so; it is this which distinguishes the approbation of a man of sense from the flattery of sycophants, and admiration of fools.

Railery is no longer agreeable than while the whole company is leaved with it. I would least of all be understood to except the person rallied.

Though good humour, sense, and discretion, can seldom fail to make a man agreeable, it may be no ill policy sometimes to prepare yourself in a particular manner for conversation, by looking a little further than your neighbours into whatever is become a reigning subject. If our armies are besieging a place of importance abroad, or our house of commons debating a bill of consequence at home, you can hardly fail of being heard with pleasure, if you have nicely informed yourself of the strength, situation, and history of the first, or of the reasons for and against the latter. It will have the same effect, if when any single person begins to make a noise in the world, you can learn some of the smallest accidents in his life or conversation, which though they are too fine for the observation of the vulgar, give more satisfaction to men of sense (as they are the best openings to a real character) than the recital of his most glaring actions. I know but one ill consequence to be feared from this

thing for the mere pleasure of saying it, when an opposite behaviour, full as innocent, might have preserved his friend, or made his fortune.

It is not impossible for a man to form to himself as exquisite a pleasure in complying with the humour and sentiments of others, as of bringing others over to his own; since it is the certain sign of a superior genius, that can take and become whatever dress it pleases.

I shall only add, that, besides what I have here said, there is something which can never be learnt but in the company of the polite. The virtues of men are catching as well as their vices; and your own observations added to these will soon discover what it is that commands attention in one man, and makes you tired and displeased with the discourse of another.

No. 25.] Thursday, April 9, 1713.

— Quis tam Lucili tantor ineptæ est,
Uti non hoc fatetur? *Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. x. 2.*

— What friend of his
So blindly partial, to deny me this? *Creech.*

THE prevailing humour of crying up authors that have writ in the days of our forefathers, and of passing slightly over the merit of our contemporaries, is a grievance that men of a free and unprejudiced thought have complained of through all ages in their writings.

I went home last night full of these reflections from a coffee-house, where a great many excellent writings were arraigned, and as many very indifferent ones applauded, more (as it seemed to me) upon the account of their date, than upon any intrinsic value or demerit. The conversation ended with great encomiums upon my lord Verulam's History of Henry the VIIth. The company were unanimous in their approbation of it. I was too well acquainted with the traditional vogue of that book throughout the whole nation, to venture my thoughts upon it. Neither would I now offer my judgment upon that work to the public (so great a veneration have I for the memory of a man whose writings are the glory of our nation,) but that the authority of so leading a name may perpetuate a vicious taste amongst us, and betray future historians to copy after a model which I cannot help thinking far from complete.

As to the fidelity of the history, I have nothing to say: to examine it impartially in that

and so as even to outrun the impatience of the reader, if possible. This can only be done by being very sparing and choice in words, by retrenching all cold and superfluous circumstances in an action, and by dwelling upon such alone as are material, and fit to delight or instruct a serious mind. This is what we find in the great models of antiquity, and in a more particular manner in Livy, whom it is impossible to read without the warmest emotions.

But my lord Verulam, on the contrary, is ever in the tedious style of declaimers, using two words for one; ever endeavouring to be witty, and as fond of out-of-the-way similes as some of our old play-writers. He abounds in low phrases, beneath the dignity of history, and often condescends to little conceits and quibbles. His political reflections are frequently false, almost every where trivial and puerile. His whole manner of turning his thoughts is full of affectation and pedantry; and there appears throughout his whole work more the air of a reclusive scholar, than of a man versed in the world.

After passing so free a censure upon a book which for these hundred years and upwards has met with the most universal approbation, I am obliged in my own defence to transcribe some of the many passages I formerly collected for the use of my first charge, sir Marmaduke Lizard. It would be endless should I point out the frequent tautologies and circumlocutions that occur in every page, which do, as it were, rarify, instead of condensing his thoughts and matter. It was, in all probability, his application to the law that gave him a habit of being so wordy; of which I shall put down two or three examples.

'That all records, wherein there was any memory or mention of the king's attainder, should be defaced, cancelled, and taken off the file.—Divers secret and nimble scouts and spies, &c. to learn, search, and discover all the circumstances and particulars.—To assail, sap, and work into the constancy of sir Robert Clifford.'

I leave the following passages to every one's consideration, without making any farther remarks upon them.

'He should be well enough able to scatter the Irish as a flight of birds, and rattle away his swarm of bees with their king.—The rebels

ble the waters in Italy, that he might fish the better, casting the net not out of St. Peter's, but out of Borgia's bark.—And therefore upon the first grain of incense that was sacrificed upon the altar of peace at Bulloigne, Perkin was smoked away.—This was the end of this little cockatrice of a king, that was able to destroy those that did not espy him first.—It was observed, that the great tempest which drove Philip into England, blew down the Golden Eagle from the spire of St. Paul's; and in the fall, it fell upon a sign of the Black Eagle, which was in Paul's church-yard, in the place where the school-house now standeth, and battered it, and broke it down: which was a strange stooping of a hawk upon a fowl.—The king began to find where his shoe did wring him.—In whose bosom or budget most of Perkin's secrets were laid up.—One might know afar off where the owl was by the flight of birds.—Bold men, and careless of fame, and that took toll of their master's grist.—Empson and Dudley would have cut another chop out of him.—Peter Hialas, some call him Elias; surely he was the forerunner of, &c.—Lionel, bishop of Concordia, was sent as nuncio, &c. but, notwithstanding he had a good ominous name to have made a peace, nothing followed.—Taxing him for a great taxer of his people.—Not by proclamations, but by court-fames, which commonly print better than printed proclamations.—Sir Edward Poynings was enforced to make a wild chace upon the wild Irish.—In sparing of blood by the bleeding of so much treasure.—And although his own case had both steel and parchment more than the other; that is to say, a conquest in the field, and an act of parliament.—That pope knowing that king Henry the Sixth was reputed in the world abroad but for a simple man, was afraid it would but diminish the estimation of that kind of honour, if there were not a distance kept between innocents and saints.' ..

Not to trouble my reader with any more instances of the like nature, I must observe that the whole work is ill conducted, and the story of Perkin Warbeck (which should have been only like an episode in a poem) is spun out to near a third part of the book. The character of Henry the Seventh, at the end, is rather an abstract of his history than a cha-

my lord Verulam, that he lived in an age wherein chaste and correct writing was not in fashion, and when pedantry was the mode even at court; so that it is no wonder if the prevalent humour of the times bore down his genius, though superior in force, perhaps, to any of our countrymen that have either gone before or succeeded him.

No. 26.] Friday, April 10, 1713.

*Non ego illam mihi dotem esse puto, quæ deo dicitur,
Sed pudicitiam et pudorem et sedatam captivum.*
Plaut.

A woman's true dowry, in my opinion, is not that which is usually so called; but virtue, modesty, and restrained desires.

A HEALTHY old fellow, that is not a fool, is the happiest creature living. It is at that time of life only, men enjoy their faculties with pleasure and satisfaction. It is then we have nothing to manage, as the phrase is; we speak the downright truth, and whether the rest of the world will give us the privilege or not, we have so little to ask of them, that we can take it. I shall be very free with the women from this one consideration; and, having nothing to desire of them, shall treat them as they stand in nature, and as they are adorned with virtue, and not as they are pleased to form and disguise themselves. A set of fops, from one generation to another, has made such a pother with 'bright eyes, the fair sex, the charms, the air,' and something so incapable to be expressed but with a sigh, that the creatures have utterly gone out of their very being, and there are no women in all the world. If they are not nymphs, shepherdesses, graces, or goddesses, they are to a woman, all of them 'the ladies.' Get to a christening at any alley in the town, and at the meanest artificer's, and the word is, 'Well, who takes care of the ladies?' I have taken notice that ever since the word Forsooth was banished for Madam, the word Woman has been discarded for Lady. And as there is now never a woman in England, I hope I may talk of women without offence to the ladies. What puts me in this present disposition to tell them their own, is, that in the holy week I very civilly desired all delinquents in point of chastity to make some atone-

servants of criminals of condition. A poor chamber-maid has sent in ten shillings out of her hush-money, to expiate her guilt of being in her mistress's secret; but says she dare not ask her ladyship for any thing, for she is not to suppose that she is locked up with a young gentleman, in the absence of her husband, three hours together, for any harm; but, as my lady is a person of great sense, the girl does not know but that they were reading some good book together; but because she fears it may be otherwise, she has sent her ten shillings for the guilt of concealing it. We have a thimble from a country girl that owns she has had dreams of a fine gentleman who comes to their house, who gave her half-a-crown, and bid her have a care of the men in this town; but she thinks he does not mean what he says, and sends the thimble because she does not hate him as she ought. The ten shillings, this thimble, and an occamy spoon from some other unknown poor sinner, are all the atonement which is made for the body of sin in London and Westminster. I have computed that there is one in every three hundred who is not chaste; and if that be a modest computation, how great a number are those who make no account of my admonition! It might be expected one or two of the two hundred and ninety-nine honest, might, out of mere charity and compassion to iniquity, as it is a misfortune, have done something upon so good a time as that wherein they were solicited. But major Crab-tree, a sour pot companion of mine, says, the two hundred ninety and nine are one way or other as little virtuous as the three hundredth unchaste woman—I would say lady. It is certain, that we are infested with a parcel of jildirts, who are not capable of being mothers of brave men, for the infant partakes of the temper and disposition of its mother. We see the unaccountable effects which sudden frights and longings have upon the offspring; and it is not to be doubted, but the ordinary way of thinking of the mother has its influence upon what she bears about her nine months. Thus, from the want of care in this particular of choosing wives, you see men after much care, labour, and study, surprised with prodigious starts of ill-nature and passion, that can be accounted for no otherwise but from hence, that it grew upon them in embryo, and the man was determined surly, peevish, froward, sullen, or outrageous, before he saw the light. The last time I was in a public place I fell in love by proxy for sir Harry Lizard. The young woman happens to be of quality. Her father was a gentleman of as noble a disposition as any I ever met with. The widow, her mother, under whose wing she loves to appear, and is proud of it, is a pattern to persons of condition. Good sense, heightened and exerted with good breeding, is the parent's distinguishing cha-

acter; and if we can get this young woman into our family, we shall think we have a much better purchase than others, who, without her good qualities, may bring into theirs the greatest accession of riches. I sent sir Harry by last night's post the following letter on the subject.

‘DEAR SIR HARRY,

‘Upon our last parting, and as I had just mounted the little roan I am so fond of, you called me back; and when I stooped to you, you squeezed me by the hand, and with allusion to some pleasant discourse we had had a day or two before in the house, concerning the present mercantile way of contracting marriages, with a smile and a blush you bid me look upon some women for you, and send word how they went. I did not see one to my mind till the last opera before Easter. I assure you I have been as unquiet ever since, as I wish you were till you had her. Her height, her complexion, and every thing but her age, which is under twenty, are very much to my satisfaction: there is an ingenuous shame in her eyes, which is to the mind what the bloom of youth is to the body; neither implies that there are virtuous habits and accomplishments already attained by the possessor, but they certainly show an unprejudiced capacity towards them. As to the circumstance of this young woman's age, I am reconciled to her want of years, because she pretends to nothing above them; you do not see in her the odious forwardness to I know not what, as in the assured countenances, naked bosoms, and confident glances of her cotemporaries.

‘I will vouch for her, that you will have her whole heart, if you can win it; she is in no familiarities with the fops, her fan has never been yet out of her own hand, and her brother's face is the only man's she ever looked in stedfastly.

‘When I have gone thus far, and told you that I am very confident of her as to her virtue and education, I may speak a little freely to you as you are a young man. There is a dignity in the young lady's beauty, when it shall become her to receive your friends with a good air, and affable countenance; when she is to represent that part of you which you must delight in, the frank and cheerful reception of your friends, her beauties will do as much honour to your table, as they will give you pleasure in your bed.

‘It is no small instance of felicity to have a woman, from whose behaviour your friends are more endeared to you; and for whose sake your children are as much valued as for your own.

‘It is not for me to celebrate the lovely height of her forehead, the soft pulp of her lips, or to describe the amiable profile which her fine hair, cheeks, and neck, made to the

beholders that night, but shall leave them to your own observation when you come to town; which you may do at your leisure, and be time enough, for there are many in town richer than her whom I recommend.

‘I am Sir, your most obedient
and most humble servant.
’NESTOR IRONSIDE.’

No. 27.] Saturday, April 11, 1713.

*Multa putans, sortemque animo miseratus iniquam.
Virg. Æn. vi. 332.*

Struck with compassion of so sad a state.

IN compassion to those gloomy mortals, who by their unbelief are rendered incapable of feeling those impressions of joy and hope which the celebration of the late glorious festival naturally leaves on the mind of a Christian, I shall in this paper endeavour to evince that there are grounds to expect a future state, without supposing in the reader any faith at all, not even the belief of a Deity. Let the most steadfast unbeliever open his eyes, and take a survey of the sensible world, and then say if there be not a connexion, and adjustment, and exact and constant order discoverable in all the parts of it. Whatever be the cause, the thing itself is evident to all our faculties. Look into the animal system, the passions, senses, and locomotive powers; is not the like contrivance and propriety observable in these too? Are they not fitted to certain ends, and are they not by nature directed to proper objects?

Is it possible, then, that the smallest bodies should, by a management superior to the wit of man, be disposed in the most excellent manner agreeable to their respective natures; and yet the spirits or souls of men be neglected, or managed by such rules as fall short of man's understanding? Shall every other passion be rightly placed by nature, and shall that appetite of immortality natural to all mankind be alone misplaced, or designed to be frustrated? Shall the industrious application of the inferior animal powers in the meanest vocations be answered by the ends we propose, and shall not the generous efforts of a virtuous mind be rewarded? In a word, shall the corporeal world be all order and harmony, the intellectual, discord and confusion? He who is bigot enough to believe these things, must bid adieu to that natural rule of ‘reasoning from analogy;’ must run counter to that maxim of common sense, ‘That men ought to form their judgments of things unexperienced, from what they have experienced.’

If any thing looks like a recompense of calamitous virtue on this side the grave, it is either an assurance that thereby we obtain the favour and protection of heaven, and shall, whatever we fall in this, in another life meet with a just

return; or else that applause and reputation which is thought to attend virtuous actions. The former of these, our free-thinkers, out of their singular wisdom and benevolence to man kind, endeavour to erase from the minds of men. The latter can never be justly distributed in this life, where so many ill actions are reputable, and so many good actions disesteemed or misinterpreted; where subtle hypocrisy is placed in the most engaging light, and modest virtue lies concealed; where the heart and the soul are hid from the eyes of men, and the eyes of men are dimmed and vitiated. Plato's sense in relation to this point is contained in his *Gorgias*, where he introduces Socrates speaking after this manner.

‘It was in the reign of Saturn provided by a law, which the gods have since continued down to this time, That they who had lived virtuously and piously upon earth, should after death enjoy a life full of happiness, in certain islands appointed for the habitation of the blessed: but that such as have lived wickedly should go into the receptacle of damned souls, named Tartarus, there to suffer the punishments they deserved. But in all the reign of Saturn, and in the beginning of the reign of Jove, living judges were appointed, by whom each person was judged in his lifetime, in the same day on which he was to die. The consequence of which was, that they often passed wrong judgments. Pluto, therefore, who presided in Tartarus, and the guardians of the blessed islands, finding that, on the other side, many unfit persons were sent to their respective dominions, complained to Jove, who promised to redress the evil. He added, The reason of these unjust proceedings are that men are judged in the body. Hence many conceal the blemishes and imperfections of their minds by beauty, birth, and riches; not to mention, that at the time of trial there are crowds of witnesses to attest their having lived well. These things mislead the judges, who being themselves also of the number of the living, are surrounded each with his own body, as with a veil thrown over his mind. For the future, therefore, it is my intention that men do not come on their trial till after death, when they shall appear before the judge, disrobed of all their corporeal ornaments. The judge himself too shall be a pure unveiled spirit, beholding the very soul, the naked soul of the party before him. With this view I have already constituted my sons, Minos and Rhadamanthus, judges, who are natives of Asia; and Æacus, a native of Europe. These, after death, shall hold their court in a certain meadow, from which there are two roads, leading the one to Tartarus the other to the Islands of “the blessed.”’

From this, as from numberless other passages of his writings, may be seen Plato's opinion of a future state. A thing therefore in regard to

us so comfortable, in itself so just and excellent, a thing so agreeable to the analogy of nature, and so universally credited by all orders and ranks of men, of all nations and ages, what is it that should move a few men to reject? Surely there must be something of prejudice in the case. I appeal to the secret thoughts of a free-thinker, if he does not argue within himself after this manner: 'The senses and faculties I enjoy at present are visibly designed to repair or preserve the body from the injuries it is liable to in its present circumstances. But in an eternal state, where no decays are to be repaired, no outward injuries to be fenced against, where there are no flesh and bones, nerves or blood-vessels, there will certainly be none of the senses: and that there should be a state of life without the senses is inconceivable.'

But as this manner of reasoning proceeds from a poverty of imagination, and narrowness of soul in those that use it, I shall endeavour to remedy those defects, and open their views, by laying before them a case which, being naturally possible, may perhaps reconcile them to the belief of what is supernaturally revealed.

Let us suppose, a person blind and deaf from his birth, who, being grown to man's estate, is, by the dead palsy, or some other cause deprived of his feeling, tasting, and smelling, and at the same time has the impediment of his hearing removed, and the film taken from his eyes. What the five senses are to us, that the touch, taste, and smell, were to him. And any other ways of perception of a more refined and extensive nature were to him as inconceivable, as to us those are which will one day be adapted to perceive those things which 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.' And it would be just as reasonable in him to conclude, that the loss of those three senses could not possibly be succeeded by any new inlets of perception, as in a modern free-thinker to imagine there can be no state of life and perception without the senses he enjoys at present. Let us further suppose the same person's eyes, at their first opening, to be struck with a great variety of the most gay and pleasing objects, and his ears with a melodious concert of vocal and instrumental music. Behold him amazed, ravished, transported; and you have some distant representation, some faint and glimmering idea of the ecstatic state of the soul in that article in which she emerges from this sepulchre of flesh into life and immortality.

N. B. It has been observed by the Christians, that a certain ingenious foreigner,* who

* M. Deslandes, who was a free-thinker, and had published a historical list of all who died laughing. He had the small-pox here in England, of which he recovered.

has published many exemplary jests for the use of persons in the article of death, was very much out of humour in a late fit of sickness, till he was in a fair way of recovery.

No. 28.] Monday, April 13, 1713.

*Elas parentum pejor avis tulit
Non nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiore.*

Hor. Lib. 5. Od. vi. 46.

Our fathers have been worse than theirs,
And we than ours: next age will see
A race more profligate than we. *Roscommon.*

THEOCRITUS, Bion, and Moschus are the most famous amongst the Greek writers of pastorals. The two latter of these are judged to be far short of Theocritus, whom I shall speak of more largely, because he rivals the greatest of all poets, Virgil himself. He hath the advantage confessedly of the Latin, in coming before him, and writing in a tongue more proper for pastoral. The softness of the Doric dialect, which this poet is said to have improved beyond any who came before him, is what the ancient Roman writers owned their language could not approach. But besides this beauty, he seems to me to have had a soul more softly and tenderly inclined to this way of writing than Virgil, whose genius led him naturally to sublimity. It is true that the great Roman, by the niceness of his judgment, and great command of himself, has acquitted himself dexterously this way. But a penetrating judge will find there the seeds of that fire which burned afterwards so bright in the Georgics, and blazed out in the *Æneid*. I must not, however, dissemble that these bold strokes appear chiefly in those Eclogues of Virgil which ought not to be numbered amongst his pastorals, which are indeed generally thought to be all of the pastoral kind; but by the best judges are only called his select poems, as the word *Eclogue* originally means.

Those who will take the pains to consult Scaliger's comparison of these two poets, will find that Theocritus hath outdone him in those very passages which the critic hath produced in honour of Virgil. There is, in short, more innocence, simplicity, and whatever else hath been laid down as the distinguishing marks of pastoral, in the Greek than the Roman: and all arguments from the exactness, propriety, conciseness, and nobleness of Virgil, may very well be turned against him. There is, indeed, sometimes a grossness and clownishness in Theocritus, which Virgil, who borrowed his greatest beauties from him, hath avoided. I will, however, add, that Virgil out of the excellence of genius only, hath come short of Theocritus: and had possibly excelled him, if in greater subjects he had not been born to excel all mankind.

The Italians were the first amongst the moderns that fell into pastoral writing. It is observed, that the people of that nation are very profound and abstruse in their poetry as well as politics; fond of surprising conceits and far-fetched imaginations, and labour chiefly to say what was never said before. From persons of this character, how can we expect that air of simplicity and truth which hath been proved so essential to shepherds? There are two pastoral plays in this language, which they boast of as the most elegant performances in poetry that the latter ages have produced; the *Aminta* of Tasso, and Guarini's *Pastor Fido*. In these the names of the persons are indeed pastoral, and the sylvan gods, the dryads, and the satyrs, appointed with the equipage of antiquity; but neither the language, sentiments, passions, or designs, like those of the pretty triflers in Virgil and Theocritus. I shall produce an example out of each, which are commonly taken notice of, as patterns of the Italian way of thinking in pastoral. Sylvia, in Tasso's poem, enters adorned with a garland of flowers, and views herself in a fountain with such self-admiration, that she breaks out into a speech to the flowers on her head, and tells them, 'she doth not wear them to adorn herself, but to make them ashamed.' In the *Pastor Fido*, a shepherdess reasons after an abstruse philosophical manner about the violence of love, and expostulates with the gods, 'for making laws so rigorous to restrain us, and at the same time giving us invincible desires.' Whoever can bear these, may be assured he hath no taste for pastoral.

When I am speaking of the Italians, it would be unpardonable to pass by Sannazarius. He hath changed the scene in this kind of poetry from woods and lawns, to the barren beach and boundless ocean: introduces sea-caves in the room of kids and lambs, sea-mews for the lark and the linnet, and presents his mistress with oysters instead of fruits and flowers. How good soever his style and thoughts may be, yet who can pardon him for his arbitrary change of the sweet manners and pleasing objects of the country, for what in their own nature are uncomfortable and dreadful? I think he hath few or no followers, or, if any, such as knew little of his beauties, and only copied his faults, and so are lost and forgotten.

The French are so far from thinking abstrusely, that they often seem not to think at all. It is all a run of numbers, common-place descriptions of woods, floods, groves, loves, &c. Those who write the most accurately fall into the manner of their country, which is gallantry. I cannot better illustrate what I would say of the French than by the dress in which they make their shepherds appear in their pastoral interludes upon the stage, as I find it described

by a celebrated author. 'The shepherds,' saith he, 'are all embroidered, and acquit themselves in a ball better than our English dancing-masters. I have seen a couple of rivers appear in red-stockings; and Alpheus, instead of having his head covered with sedges and bull-rushes, making love in a fair full-bottomed perriwig and a plume of feathers; but with a voice so full of shakes and quavers, that I should have thought the murmurs of a country brook the much more agreeable music.'

No. 29.] Tuesday, April 14, 1713.

Ride si sapis — Mart. Lib. 2. Epig. xii. 1.
Laugh if you are wise.

In order to look into any person's temper, I generally make my first observation upon his laugh, whether he is easily moved, and what are the passages which throw him into that agreeable kind of convulsion. People are never so much unguarded, as when they are pleased; and laughter being a visible symptom of some inward satisfaction, it is then, if ever, we may believe the face. There is, perhaps, no better index to point us to the particularities of the mind than this, which is in itself one of the chief distinctions of our rationality. For, as Milton says,

'Smiles from reason flow, to brutes deny'd,
And are of love the food ———'

It may be remarked in general under this head, that the laugh of men of wit is for the most part but a faint constrained kind of half-laugh, as such persons are never without some diffidence about them: but that of fools is the most honest, natural, open laugh in the world.

I have often had thoughts of writing a treatise upon this faculty, wherein I would have laid down rules for the better regulation of it at the theatre. I would have criticised on the laughs now in vogue, by which our comic writers might the better know how to transport an audience into this pleasing affection. I had set apart a chapter for a dissertation on the talents of some of our modern comedians; and as it was the manner of Plutarch to draw comparisons of his heroes and orators, to set their actions and eloquence in a fairer light; so I would have made the parallel of Pinkethman, Norris, and Bullock; and so far shown their different methods of raising mirth, that any one should be able to distinguish whether the jest was the poet's or the actor's.

As the playhouse affords us the most occasions of observing upon the behaviour of the face, it may be useful (for the direction of those who would be critics this way) to remark, that the virgin ladies usually dispose themselves in the front of the boxes, the young married women compose the second row, while the rear

is generally made up of mothers of long standing, undesigned maids, and contented widows. Whoever will cast his eye upon them under this view, during the representation of a play, will find me so far in the right, that a double entendre strikes the first row into an affected gravity, or careless indolence, the second will venture at a smile, but the third take the conceit entirely, and express their mirth in a downright laugh.

When I descend to particulars, I find the reserved prude will relapse into a smile at the extravagant freedoms of the coquette; the coquette in her turn laughs at the starchiness and awkward affectation of the prude; the man of letters is tickled with the vanity and ignorance of the fop; and the fop confesses his ridicule at the unpoliteness of the pedant.

I fancy we may range the several kinds of laughers under the following heads:

The Dimplers.

The Smilers.

The Laughers.

The Grinners.

The Horse-laughers.

The dimple is practised to give a grace to the features, and is frequently made a bait to entangle a gazing lover; this was called by the ancients the Chian laugh.

The smile is for the most part confined to the fair sex, and their male retainers. It expresses our satisfaction in a silent sort of approbation, doth not too much disorder the features, and is practised by lovers of the most delicate address. This tender motion of the physiognomy the ancients called the Ionic laugh.

The laugh among us is the common Risus of the ancients.

The grin by writers of antiquity is called the Syncrusian; and was then, as it is at this time, made use of to display a beautiful set of teeth.

The horse-laugh, or the Sardonic, is made use of with great success in all kinds of disputation. The proficient in this kind, by a well-timed laugh, will baffle the most solid argument. This upon all occasions supplies the want of reason, is always received with great applause in coffee-house disputes; and that side the laugh joins with, is generally observed to gain the better of his antagonist.

The prude hath a wonderful esteem for the Chian laugh or dimple: she looks upon all the other kinds of laughter as excesses of levity; and is never seen upon the most extravagant jests to disorder her countenance with the ruffle of a smile. Her lips are composed with a primness peculiar to her character, all her modesty seems collected into her face, and she but very rarely takes the freedom to sink her cheek into a dimple.

The young widow is only a Chian for a time; her smiles are confined by decorum, and she is

obliged to make her face sympathize with her habit; she looks demure by art, and by the strictest rules of decency is never allowed the smile till the first offer or advance towards her is over.

The effeminate fop, who by the long exercise of his countenance at the glass, hath reduced it to an exact discipline, may claim a place in this clan. You see him upon any occasion, to give spirit to his discourse, admire his own eloquence by a dimple.

The Ionics are those ladies that take a greater liberty with their features; yet even these may be said to smother a laugh, as the former to stifle a smile.

The beau is an Ionic out of complaisance, and practises the smile the better to sympathize with the fair. He will sometimes join in a laugh to humour the spleen of a lady, or applaud a piece of wit of his own, but always takes care to confine his mouth within the rules of good breeding; he takes the laugh from the ladies, but is never guilty of so great an indecorum as to begin it.

The Ionic laugh is of universal use to men of power at their levées; and is esteemed by judicious place-hunters a more particular mark of distinction than the whisper. A young gentleman of my acquaintance valued himself upon his success, having obtained this favour after the attendance of three months only.

A judicious author, some years since published a collection of sonnets, which he very successfully called, *Laugh and be Fat*; or, *Pills to purge Melancholy*: I cannot sufficiently admire the facetious title of these volumes, and must censure the world of ingratitude, while they are so negligent in rewarding the jocose labours of my friend Mr. D'Urfe, who was so large a contributor to this treatise, and to whose humorous productions so many rural squires in the remotest parts of this island are obliged for the dignity and state which corpulency gives them. The story of the sick man's breaking an imposthume by a sudden fit of laughter, is too well known to need a recital. It is my opinion, that the above pills would be extremely proper to be taken with asses milk, and mightily contribute towards the renewing and restoring decayed lungs. Democritus is generally represented to us as a man of the largest size, which we may attribute to his frequent exercise of his risible faculty. I remember Juvenal says of him,

Perpetuo risu pulmonem agitare solebat.—Sat. x. 33.

He shook his sides with a perpetual laugh.

That sort of man whom a late writer has called the Batt, is a great promoter of this healthful agitation, and is generally stocked with so much good humour, as to strike in with the gayety of conversation, though some innocent blunder of his own be the subject of the railery.

I shall range all old amorous dotards under the denomination of Grinners; when a young blooming wench touches their fancy, by an endeavour to recall youth into their cheeks, they immediately overstrain their muscular features, and shrivel their countenance into this frightful merriment.

The wag is of the same kind, and by the same artifice labours to support his impotence of wit: but he very frequently calls in the horse-laugh to his assistance.

There are another kind of grinners, which the ancients call Megarics; and some moderns have, not injudiciously, given them the name of the Sneerers. These always indulge their mirth at the expense of their friends, and all their ridicule consists in unseasonable ill-nature. I could wish these laughers would consider, that let them do what they can, there is no laughing away their own follies by laughing at other people's.

The mirth of the tea-table is for the most part Megaric; and in visits the ladies themselves very seldom scruple the sacrificing a friendship to a laugh of this denomination.

The coquette hath a great deal of the Megaric in her; but, in short, she is a proficient in laughter, and can run through the whole exercise of the features; she subdues the formal lover with the dimple, accosts the fop with the smile, joins with the wit in the downright laugh, to vary the air of her countenance frequently rallies with the grin, and when she has ridiculed her lover quite out of his understanding, to complete his misfortunes, strikes him dumb with the horse-laugh.

The horse-laugh is a distinguishing characteristic of the rural hoyden, and it is observed to be the last symptom of rusticity that forsakes her under the discipline of the boarding-school.

Punsters, I find, very much contribute towards the Sardonic, and the extremes of either wit or folly seldom fail of raising this noisy kind of applause. As the ancient physicians held the Sardonic laugh very beneficial to the lungs; I should, methinks, advise all my countermen of consumptive and hectic con-

sults easier upon us, than when we now and then discharge ourselves in a symphony of laughter, which may not improperly be called, The Chorus of Conversation.

No. 30.] Wednesday, April 15, 1713.

— redeunt Saturnia Regna.
Virg. Eccl. iv. 6.

— Saturnian times
Roll round again. *Dryden.*

THE Italians and French being despatched, I come now to the English, whom I shall treat with such meekness as becomes a good patriot; and shall so far recommend this our island as a proper scene for pastoral, under certain regulations, as will satisfy the courteous reader that I am in the landed interest.

I must in the first place observe, that our countrymen have so good an opinion of the ancients, and think so modestly of themselves, that the generality of pastoral writers have either stolen all from the Greeks and Romans, or so servilely imitated their manners and customs, as makes them very ridiculous. In looking over some English pastorals a few days ago, I perused at least fifty lean flocks, and reckoned up a hundred left-handed ravens, besides blasted oaks, withering meadows, and weeping deities. Indeed most of the occasional pastorals we have, are built upon one and the same plan. A shepherd asks his fellow, 'Why be is so pale? if his favourite sheep hath strayed? if his pipe be broken? or Phyllis unkind?' He answers, 'None of these misfortunes have befallen him, but one much greater, for Damon (or sometimes the god Pan) is dead.' This immediately causes the other to make complaints, and call upon the lofty pines and silver streams to join in the lamentation. While he goes on, his friend interrupts him, and tells him that Damon lives, and shews him a track of light in the skies to confirm it; then invites him to chesnuts and cheese. Upon this scheme most of the noble families in Great Britain have been comforted; nor can I meet with any right honourable shepherd that doth not die and live

Britain, what occasion is there for that profusion of hyacinths and Pæstan roses, and that cornucopia of foreign fruits which the British shepherds never heard of? How much more pleasing is the following scene to an English reader!

'This place may seem for shepherds' leisure made,
So lovingly these elms anite their shade.
Th' ambitious woodbine, how it climbs to breathe
Its balmy sweets around on all beneath!
The ground with grass of cheerful green bespread,
Thro' which the springing flow'r appears its head!
Lo here the king-cup of a golden hue
Medley'd with daisies white, and endive blue!
Hark, how the gaudy goldfinch and the thrush,
With tuneful warblings fill that bramble bush!
In pleasing concert all the birds combine,
And tempt us in the various song to join.

The theology of the ancient pastoral is so very pretty, that it were pity entirely to change it; but I think that part only is to be retained which is universally known, and the rest to be made up out of our own rustical superstition of hob-trushes, fairies, goblins, and witches. The fairies are capable of being made very entertaining persons, as they are described by several of our poets; and particularly by Mr. Pope:

'About this spring (if ancient fame say true)
The dapper elves their moon-light sports pursue,
Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,
In circling dances gambol'd on the green,
While tuneful sprites a merry concert made,
And airy music warbled through the shade.'

What hath been said upon the difference of climate, soil, and theology, reaches the proverbial sayings, dress, customs and sports of shepherds. The following examples of our pastoral sports are extremely beautiful:

'Whilome did I, all as this poplar fair,
Upraise my heedless head, devoid of care,
'Mong rustic routs the chief for wanton game;
Nor could they merry make till Lobbin came.
Who better seen than I in shepherds arts,
To please the lads, and win the ladies hearts?
How deftly to mine oaten reed, so sweet,
Wont they upon the green to shift their feet?
And when the dance was done, how would they yearn
Some well devised tale from me to learn?
For many songs, and tales of mirth had I,
To chase the ling'ring sun adown the sky.'

—O now! if ever, bring
The laurel green, the smelling eglantine,
And tender branches from the mantling vine,
The dewy cowslip that in meadow grows,
The fountain violet, and garden rose:
Your hamlet strew, and every public way,
And consecrate to mirth Albino's day.
Myself will lavish all my little store:
And deal about the goblet flowing o'er:
Old Moulin there shall harp, young Mico sing,
And Cuddy dance the round amidst the ring,
And Hobbinol his antic gambols play.'

The reason why such changes from the ancients should be introduced is very obvious; namely, that poetry being imitation, and that imitation being the best which deceives the most easily, it follows that we must take up the customs which are most familiar, or universally known, since no man can be deceived

or delighted with the imitation of what he is ignorant of.

It is easy to be observed that these rules are drawn from what our countrymen Spenser and Philips have performed in this way. I shall not presume to say any more of them, than that both have copied and improved the beauties of the ancients, whose manner of thinking I would above all things recommend. As far as our language would allow them, they have formed a pastoral style according to the Doric of Theocritus, in which I dare not say they have excelled Virgil! but I may be allowed, for the honour of our language, to suppose it more capable of that pretty rusticity than the Latin. To their works I refer my reader to make observations upon the pastoral style: where he will sooner find that secret than from a folio of criticisms.

No. 31.] Thursday, April 16, 1713.

Fortem posee animum—

Juv. Sat. x. 337.

Ask of the gods content and strength of mind.

My lady Lizard is never better pleased than when she sees her children about her engaged in any profitable discourse. I found her last night sitting in the midst of her daughters, and forming a very beautiful semicircle about the fire. I immediately took my place in an elbow chair, which is always left empty for me in one corner.

Our conversation fell insensibly upon the subject of happiness, in which every one of the young ladies gave her opinion, with that freedom and unconcernedness which they always use when they are in company only with their mother and myself.

Mrs. Jane declared, that she thought it the greatest happiness to be married to a man of merit, and placed at the head of a well-regulated family. I could not but observe, that in her character of a man of merit, she gave us a lively description of Tom Worthy, who has long made his addresses to her. The sisters did not discover this at first, till she began to run down fortune in a lover, and, among the accomplishments of a man of merit, unluckily mentioned white teeth and black eyes.

Mrs. Annabella, after having rallied her sister upon her man of merit, talked much of conveniences of life, affluence of fortune, and easiness of temper, in one whom she should pitch upon for a husband. In short, though the baggage would not speak out, I found the sum of her wishes was a rich fool, or a man so turned to her purposes, that she might enjoy his fortune, and insult his understanding.

The romantic Cornelia was for living in a wood among choirs of birds, with zephyrs, echos, and rivulets, to make up the concert. she would not seem to include a husband in

her scheme, but at the same time talked so passionately of cooing turtles, mossy banks, and beds of violets, that one might easily perceive she was not without thoughts of a companion in her solitudes.

Miss Betty placed her *summum bonum* in equipages, assemblies, balls, and birth-nights, talked in raptures of sir Edward Shallow's gilt coach, and my lady Tattle's room, in which she saw company; nor would she have easily given over, had she not observed that her mother appeared more serious than ordinary, and by her looks showed that she did not approve such a redundancy of vanity and impertinence.

My favourite, the Sparkler, with an air of innocence and modesty, which is peculiar to her, said that she never expected such a thing as happiness, and that she thought the most any one could do was to keep themselves from being uneasy; for, as Mr. Ironside has often told us, says she, we should endeavour to be easy here, and happy hereafter: at the same time she begged me to acquaint them by what rules this ease of mind, or if I would please to call it happiness, is best attained.

My lady Lizard joined in the same request with her youngest daughter, adding, with a serious look, The thing seemed to her of so great consequence, that she hoped I would for once forget they were all women, and give my real thoughts of it with the same justness I would use among a company of my own sex. I complied with her desire, and communicated my sentiments to them on this subject as near as I can remember, pretty much to the following purpose.

As nothing is more natural than for every one to desire to be happy, it is not to be wondered at that the wisest men in all ages have spent so much time to discover what happiness is, and wherein it chiefly consists. An eminent writer, named Varro, reckons up no less than two hundred eighty-eight different opinions upon this subject; and another, called Lucian, after having given us a long catalogue of the notions of several philosophers, endeavours to show the absurdity of all of them,

make a stoic cry out 'that Zeno, his master, taught him false, when he told him that pain was no evil.'

But, besides this, virtue is so far from being alone sufficient to make a man happy, that the excess of it in some particulars, joined to a soft and feminine temper, may often give us the deepest wounds, and chiefly contribute to render us uneasy. I might instance in pity, love, and friendship. In the two last passions it often happens, that we so entirely give up our hearts, as to make our happiness wholly depend upon another person; a trust for which no human creature, however excellent, can possibly give us a sufficient security.

The man, therefore, who would be truly happy, must, besides an habitual virtue, attain to such a 'strength of mind,' as to confine his happiness within himself, and keep it from being dependent upon others. A man of this make will perform all those good-natured offices that could have been expected from the most bleeding pity, without being so far affected at the common misfortunes of human life, as to disturb his own repose. His actions of this kind are so much more meritorious than another's, as they flow purely from a principle of virtue, and a sense of his duty; whereas a man of a softer temper, even while he is assisting another, may in some measure be said to be relieving himself.

A man endowed with that 'strength of mind' I am here speaking of, though he leaves it to his friend or mistress to make him still more happy, does not put it in the power of either to make him miserable.

From what has been already said, it will also appear, that nothing can be more weak than to place our happiness in the applause of others, since by this means we make it wholly independent of ourselves. People of this humour, who place their chief felicity in reputation and applause, are also extremely subject to envy, the most painful as well as the most absurd of all passions.

The surest means to attain that 'strength of mind,' and independent state of happiness I am here recommending, is a virtuous mind suffi-

duce a pleasure very little inferior to the former in persons of much weaker heads. As the first, therefore, may not be improperly called, 'the heaven of a wise man,' the latter is extremely well represented by our vulgar expression, which terms it 'a fool's paradise.' There is, however, this difference between them, that as the first naturally produces that strength and greatness of mind I have been all along describing as so essential to render a man happy, the latter is ruffled and discomposed by every accident, and lost under the most common misfortune.

It is this 'strength of mind' that is not to be overcome by the changes of fortune, that rises at the sight of dangers, and could make Alexander (in that passage of his life so much admired by the prince of Condé,) when his army mutinied, bid his soldiers return to Macedon, and tell their countrymen that they had left their king conquering the world; since for his part he could not doubt of raising an army wherever he appeared. It is this that chiefly exerts itself when a man is most oppressed, and gives him always in proportion to whatever malice or injustice would deprive him of. It is this, in short, that makes the virtuous man insensibly set a value upon himself, and throws a varnish over his words and actions, that will at last command esteem, and give him a greater ascendant over others, than all the advantages of birth and fortune.

No. 32.] Friday, April 17, 1713.

— ipse vocans, facillique sequetur,
 Si te fata vocant: aliter non viribus ullis
 Vincam ————— *Virg. Æn. vi. 140.*

The willing metal will obey thy hand,
 Following with ease, if, favour'd by thy fate,
 Thou art foredoom'd to view the Stygian state:
 If not no labour can the tree constrain:
 And strength of stubborn arms and steel are vain.
Dryden.

HAVING delivered my thoughts upon pastoral poetry, after a didactic manner, in some foregoing papers, wherein I have taken such hints from the oracles as I thought rational, and departed from them according to the best of my judgment, and substituted others in their place, I shall close the whole with the following fable or allegory.

In ancient times there dwelt in a pleasant vale of Arcadia a man of very ample possessions, named Menalcas; who, deriving his pedigree from the god Pan, kept very strictly up to the rules of the pastoral life, as it was in the golden age. He had a daughter, his only child, called Amaryllis. She was a virgin of a most enchanting beauty, of a most easy and unaffected air; but having been bred up wholly in the country, was bashful to the last degree. She had a voice that was exceeding sweet, yet had a rusticity in its tone, which, however, to most

who heard her seemed an additional charm. Though in her conversation in general she was very engaging, yet to her lovers, who were numerous, she was so coy, that many left her in disgust after a tedious courtship, and matched themselves where they were better received. For Menalcas had not only resolved to take a son-in-law who should inviolably maintain the customs of his family, but had received one evening as he walked in the fields, a pipe of an antique form from a faun, or, as some say, from Oberon the fairy, with a particular charge not to bestow his daughter upon any one who could not play the same tune upon it as at that time he entertained him with.

When the time that he had designed to give her in marriage was near at hand, he published a decree, whereby he invited the neighbouring youths to make trial of this musical instrument, with promise that the victor should possess his daughter, on condition that the vanquished should submit to what punishment he thought fit to inflict. Those who were not yet discouraged, and had high conceits of their own worth, appeared on the appointed day, in a dress and equipage suitable to their respective fancies.

The place of meeting was a flowery meadow, through which a clear stream murmured in many irregular meanders. The shepherds made a spacious ring for the contending lovers: and in one part of it there sat upon a little throne of turf, under an arch of eglantine and wood-bines, the father of the maid, and at his right hand the damsel crowned with roses and lilies. She wore a flying robe of a slight green stuff; she had her sheep-hook in one hand, and the fatal pipe in the other.

The first who approached her was a youth of a graceful presence and courtly air, but dressed in a richer habit than had ever been seen in Arcadia. He wore a crimson vest, cut indeed after the shepherd's fashion, but so enriched with embroidery, and sparkling with jewels, that the eyes of the spectators were diverted from considering the mode of the garment by the dazzling of the ornaments. His head was covered with a plume of feathers, and his sheep-hook glittered with gold and enamel. He accosted the damsel after a very gallant manner, and told her, 'Madam, you need not to consult your glass to adorn yourself to-day; you may see the greatness of your beauty in the number of your conquests.*' She having never heard any compliment so polite, could give him no answer, but presented the pipe. He applied it to his lips, and began a tune which he set off with so many graces and quavers, that the shepherds and shepherdesses (who had paired themselves in order to dance) could not follow it; as indeed it required great skill and regularity of steps, which they had never been bred

* Vide Fontenelle.

to. Menalcas ordered him to be stripped of his costly robes, and to be clad in a russet weed, and confined him to tend the flocks in the vallies for a year and a day.

The second that appeared was in a very different garb. He was clothed in a garment of rough goat-skins, his hair was matted, his beard neglected; in his person uncouth, and awkward in his gait. He came up fleeing to the nymph, and told her 'he had bugged his lambs, and kissed his young kids, but he hoped to kiss one that was sweeter.* 'The fair one blushed with modesty and anger, and prayed secretly against him as she gave him the pipe. He snatched it from her, but with some difficulty made it sound; which was in such harsh and jarring notes, that the shepherds cried one and all that he understood no music. He was immediately ordered to the most craggy parts of Arcadia, to keep the goats, and commanded never to touch a pipe any more.

The third that advanced appeared in clothes that were so strait and uneasy to him, that he seemed to move with pain. He marched up to the maiden with a thoughtful look and stately pace, and said, 'Divine Amaryllis, you wear not those roses to improve your beauty, but to make them ashamed.† As she did not comprehend his meaning, she presented the instrument without reply. The tune that he played was so intricate and perplexing, that the shepherds stood stock-still, like people astonished and confounded. In vain did he plead that it was the perfection of music, and composed by the most skilful master in Hesperia. Menalcas, finding that he was a stranger, hospitably took compassion on him, and delivered him to an old shepherd, who was ordered to get him clothes that would fit him, and teach him to speak plain.

The fourth that stepped forwards was young Amyntas, the most beautiful of all the Arcadian swains, and secretly beloved by Amaryllis. He wore that day the same colours as the maid for whom he sighed. He moved towards her with an easy but unassured air: she blushed as he came near her, and when she gave him the fatal present, they both trembled, but neither could speak. Having secretly breathed his vows to the gods, he poured forth such melodious notes, that though they were a little wild and irregular, they filled every heart with delight. The swains immediately mingled in the dance; and the old shepherds affirmed, that they had often heard such music by night, which they imagined to be played by some of the rural deities. The good old man leaped from his throne, and, after he had embraced him, presented him to his daughter, which caused a general acclamation.

While they were in the midst of their joy,

they were surprised with a very odd appearance. A person in a blue mantle, crowned with sedges and rushes, stepped into the middle of the ring. He had an angling rod in his hand, a pannier upon his back, and a poor meagre wretch in wet clothes carried some oysters before him. Being asked, whence he came, and what he was? He told them, he was come to invite Amaryllis from the plains to the sea-shore, and that his substance consisted in sea-calves, and that he was acquainted with the Nereids and the Naiads. 'Art thou acquainted with the Naiads?' said Menalcas: 'to them then shalt thou return.' The shepherds immediately hoisted him up as an enemy to Arcadia, and plunged him in the river, where he sunk, and was never heard of since.

Amyntas and Amaryllis lived a long and happy life, and governed the vales of Arcadia. Their generation was very long-lived, there having been but four descents in above two thousand years. His heir was called Theocritus, who left his dominions to Virgil; Virgil left his to his son Spenser; and Spenser was succeeded by his eldest-born, Philips.

No. 33. *Saturday, April 18, 1713.*

—Dignum sapiente, bonoque est.

Hor. Lib. 1. Ep. iv. 3.

Worthy a wise man, and a good.

I HAVE made it a rule to myself, not to publish any thing on a Saturday, but what shall have some analogy to the duty of the day ensuing. It is an unspeakable pleasure to me, that I have lived to see the time when I can observe such a law to myself, and yet turn my discourse upon what is done at the playhouse. I am sure the reader knows I am going to mention the tragedy of Cato. The principal character is moved by no consideration but respect to that sort of virtue, the sense of which is retained in our language under the word Public Spirit. All regards to his domestic are wholly laid aside, and the hero is drawn as having by this motive, subdued instinct itself, and taking comfort from the distresses of his family, which are brought upon them by their adherence to the cause of truth and liberty. There is nothing uttered by Cato but what is worthy the best of men; and the sentiments which are given him are not only the most warm for the conduct of this life, but such as we may think will not need to be erased, but consist with the happiness of the human soul in the next. This illustrious character has its proper influence on all below it: the other virtuous personages are, in their degree, as worthy, and as exemplary, as the principal; the conduct of the lovers (who are more warm, though more discreet, than ever yet appeared on the stage) has in it a constant sense of the great catastrophe which was expected from the ap-

* Vide Theocritus.

† Virg. Tasso.

proach of Cæsar. But to see the modesty of a heroine, whose country and family were at the same time in the most imminent danger, preserved, while she breaks out into the most fond and open expressions of her passion for her lover, is an instance of no common address. Again, to observe the body of a gallant young man brought before us, who, in the bloom of his youth, in the defence of all that is good and great, had received numberless wounds: I say, to observe that this dead youth is introduced only for the example of his virtue, and that his death is so circumstantiated, that we are satisfied, for all his virtue, it was for the good of the world, and his own family, that his warm temper was not to be put upon farther trial, but his task of life ended while it was yet virtuous, is an employment worthy the consideration of our young Britons. We are obliged to authors, that can do what they will with us, that they do not play our affections and passions against ourselves; but to make us so soon resigned to the death of Marcus, of whom we were so fond, is a power that would be unfortunately lodged in a man without the love of virtue.

Were it not that I speak, on this occasion, rather as a Guardian than a critic, I could proceed to the examination of the justness of each character, and take notice that the Numidian is as well drawn as the Roman. There is not an idea in all the part of Syphax which does not apparently arise from the habits which grow in the mind of an African; and the scene between Juba and his general, where they talk for and against a liberal education, is full of instruction. Syphax urges all that can be said against philosophy, as it is made subservient to ill ends, by men who abuse their talents; and Juba sets the less excellencies of activity, labour, patience of hunger, and strength of body, which are the admired qualifications of a Numidian, in their proper subordination to the accomplishments of the mind. But this play is so well recommended by others, that I will not for that, and some private reasons, enlarge any farther. Doctor Garth has very agreeably rallied the mercenary traffic between men and women of this age, in the epilogue, by Mrs. Porter, who acted Lucia. And Mr. Pope has prepared the audience for a new scene of passion and transport on a more noble foundation than they have before been entertained with, in the prologue. I shall take the liberty to gratify the impatience of the town by inserting these two excellent pieces, as earnest of the work itself, which will be printed within few days.

PROLOGUE TO CATO, BY MR. POPE.

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;

To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
For this the tragic muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream thro' every age;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying love we but our weakness show,
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more generous cause,
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:
He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes;
Virtue confest'd in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and god-like Cato was.
No common object to your sight displays;
But what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys,
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies every deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state;
As her dead father's rev'rend image past,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast,
The triumph ceas'd—tears gush'd from ev'ry eye;
The world's great victor past unheeded by;
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.
Britons attend: be worth like this approv'd,
And show you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first-fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd.
Our scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation, and Italian song:
Dare to have sense yourselves, assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage:
Such plays alone should please a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

EPILOGUE TO CATO, BY DR. GARTH.

SPOKEN BY MRS. PORTER.

What odd fantastic things we women do!
Who would not listen when young lovers woo?
What! die a maid yet have the choice of two!
Ladies are often cruel to their cost:
To give you pain, themselves they punish most.
Vows of virginity should well be weigh'd;
Too oft they're cancel'd, tho' in convents made.
Would you revenge such rash resolves—you may
Be spiteful—and believe the thing we say;
We hate you when you're easily said Nay.
How needless, if you knew us, were your fears;
Let love have eyes, and beauty will have ears.
Our hearts are form'd as you yourselves would choose.
Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse:
We give to merit, and to wealth we sell;
He sighs with most success that settles well.
The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix;
Tis best repenting in a coach and six.
Blame not our conduct, since we but pursue
Those lively lessons we have learned from you:
Your breasts no more the fire of beauty warm;
But wicked wealth usurps the power of charms:
What pains to get the gaudy thing you hate,
To swell in show, and be a wretch in state!
At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow;
Ev'n churches are no sanctuaries now:
There golden kials all your vows receive:
She is no goddess who has taught to give.
Oh may once more the happy age appear,
When words were artless, and the soul sincere;
When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,
And crowns less coveted than groves and springs.
Love then shall only mourn when truth complains,
And constancy feel transport in its chains;
Sighs with success their own soft anguish tell,
And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal;

Virtue again to its bright station climb,
And beauty fear no enemy but time:
The fair shall listen to desert alone,
And every Lucia find a Cato's son.

No. 34.] *Monday, April 20, 1713.*

— Mores inultorem vidit —

Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 142.

He many men and many manners saw.

It is a most vexatious thing to an old man, who endeavours to square his notions by reason, and to talk from reflection and experience, to fall in with a circle of young ladies at their afternoon tea-table. This happened very lately to be my fate. The conversation, for the first half-hour, was so very rambling, that it is hard to say what was talked of, or who spoke least to the purpose. The various motions of the fan, the tossings of the head, intermixed with all the pretty kinds of laughter, made up the greatest part of the discourse. At last, this modish way of shining, and being witty, settled into something like conversation, and the talk ran upon 'fine gentlemen.' From the several characters that were given, and the exceptions that were made, as this or that gentleman happened to be named, I found that a lady is not difficult to be pleased, and that the town swarms with fine gentlemen. A nimble pair of heels, a smooth complexion, a full-bottom wig, a laced shirt, an embroidered suit, a pair of fringed gloves, a hat and feather; any one or more of these and the like accomplishments ennoble a man, and raises him above the vulgar, in a female imagination. On the contrary, a modest serious behaviour, a plain dress, a thick pair of shoes, a leathern belt, a waistcoat not lined with silk, and such like imperfections, degrade a man, and are so many blots in his escutcheon. I could not forbear smiling at one of the prettiest and liveliest of this gay assembly, who excepted to the gentility of sir William Hearty, because he wore a frieze coat, and breakfasted upon toast and ale. I pretended to admire the fineness of her taste; and to strike in with her in ridiculing those awkward healthy gentlemen, that seem to make

many serious reflections upon what had passed and though, in complaisance, I disguised my sentiments, to keep up the good humour of my fair companions, and to avoid being looked upon as a testy old fellow, yet out of the goodwill I bear to the sex, and to prevent for the future their being imposed upon by counterfeits, I shall give them the distinguishing marks of 'a true fine gentleman.'

When a good artist would express any remarkable character in sculpture, he endeavours to work up his figure into all the perfections his imagination can form; and to imitate not so much what is, as what may or ought to be. I shall follow their example, in the idea I am going to trace out of a fine gentleman, by assembling together such qualifications as seem requisite to make the character complete. In order to this I shall premise in general, that by a fine gentleman I mean a man completely qualified as well for the service and good, as for the ornament and delight of society. When I consider the frame of mind peculiar to a gentleman, I suppose it graced with all the dignity and elevation of spirit than human nature is capable of. To this I would have joined a clear understanding, a reason free from prejudice, a steady judgment, and an extensive knowledge. When I think of the heart of a gentleman, I imagine it firm and intrepid, void of all inordinate passions, and full of tenderness, compassion, and benevolence. When I view the fine gentleman with regard to his manners, methinks I see him modest without bashfulness, frank and affable without impertinence, obliging and complaisant without servility, cheerful and in good humour without noise. These amiable qualities are not easily obtained; neither are there many men that have a genius to excel this way. A finished gentleman is perhaps the most uncommon of all the great characters in life. Besides the natural endowments with which this distinguished man is to be born, he must run through a long series of education. Before he makes his appearance and shines in the world, he must be principled in religion, instructed in

wise a great many men of honour to be found. Men of courage, men of sense, and men of letters are frequent; but a true fine gentleman is what one seldom sees. He is properly a compound of the various good qualities that embellish mankind. As the great poet animates all the different parts of learning by the force of his genius, and irradiates all the compass of his knowledge by the lustre and brightness of his imagination; so all the great and solid perfections of life appear in the finished gentleman, with a beautiful gloss and varnish; every thing he says or does is accompanied with a manner, or rather a charm, that draws the admiration and good-will of every beholder.

ADVERTISEMENT.

For the benefit of my female readers.

N. B. The gilt chariot, the diamond ring, the gold snuff-box, and brocade sword-knot, are no essential parts of a fine gentleman; but may be used by him, provided he casts his eye upon them but once a day.

No. 35.] Tuesday, April 21, 1713.

O vitam Philosophia dux, virtutis indagatrix! Cicero.

O Philosophy, thou guide of life, and discoverer of virtue!

'To Nestor Ironside, Esquire.

'SIR,

'I AM a man who have spent great part of that time in rambling through foreign countries which young gentlemen usually pass at the university; by which course of life, although I have acquired no small insight into the manners and conversation of men, yet I could not make proportionable advances in the way of science and speculation. In my return through France, as I was one day setting forth this my case to a certain gentleman of that nation, with whom I had contracted a friendship; after some pause, he conducted me into his closet, and opening a little amber cabinet, took from thence a small box of snuff, which he said was given him by an uncle of his, the author of *The Voyage to the World of Descartes*; and, with many professions of gratitude and affection, made me a present of it, telling me, at the same time, that he knew no readier way to furnish and adorn a mind with knowledge in the arts and sciences, than that same snuff rightly applied.

"You must know," said he, "that Descartes was the first who discovered a certain part of the brain, called by anatomists the Pineal Gland, to be the immediate receptacle of the soul, where she is affected with all sorts of perceptions, and exerts all her operations by the intercourse of the animal spirits which run through the nerves that are thence extended to all parts of the body." He added, "that the same philosopher having considered the body as a machine,

or piece of clock-work, which performed all the vital operations without the concurrence of the will, began to think a way may be found out for separating the soul for some time from the body, without any injury to the latter; and that, after much meditation on that subject, the above-mentioned virtuoso composed the snuff he then gave me; which, if taken in a certain quantity, would not fail to disengage my soul from my body. Your soul (continued he) being at liberty to transport herself with a thought wherever she pleases, may enter into the pineal gland of the most learned philosopher, and being so placed, become spectator of all the ideas in his mind, which would instruct her in a much less time than the usual methods." I returned him thanks, and accepted his present, and with it a paper of directions.

"You may imagine it was no small improvement and diversion, to pass my time in the pineal glands of philosophers, poets, beaux, mathematicians, ladies, and statesmen. One while to trace a theorem in mathematics through a long labyrinth of intricate turns, and subtleties of thought; another to be conscious of the sublime ideas and comprehensive views of a philosopher, without any fatigue or wasting of my own spirits. Sometimes to wander through perfumed groves, or enameled meadows, in the fancy of a poet: at others to be present when a battle or a storm raged, or a glittering palace rose in his imagination; or to behold the pleasures of a country life, the passion of a generous love, or the warmth of devotion wrought up to rapture. Or (to use the words of a very ingenious author) to

'Behold the raptures which a writer knows,
When in his breast a vein of fancy glows,
Behold his business while he works the mine,
Behold his temper when he sees it shine.

Essay on the different styles of poetry.

'These gave me inconceivable pleasure. Nor was it an unpleasant entertainment, sometimes to descend from these sublime and magnificent ideas to the impertinencies of a beau, the dry schemes of a coffee-house politician, or the tender images in the mind of a young lady. And, as in order to frame a right idea of human happiness, I thought it expedient to make a trial of the various manners wherein men of different pursuits were affected, I one day entered into the pineal gland of a certain person, who seemed very fit to give me an insight into all that which constitutes the happiness of him who is called a Man of Pleasure. But I found myself not a little disappointed in my notion of the pleasures which attend a voluptuary, who has shaken off the restraints of reason.

'His intellectuals, I observed, were grown unserviceable by too little use, and his senses were decayed and worn out by too much. That perfect inaction of the higher powers prevented appetite in prompting him to sensual

gratifications; and the outrunning natural appetite produced a loathing instead of a pleasure. I there beheld the intemperate cravings of youth, without the enjoyments of it; and the weakness of old age, without its tranquillity. When the passions were teased and roused by some powerful object, the effect was not to delight or sooth the mind, but to torture it between the returning extremes of appetites, and satiety. I saw a wretch racked at the same time, with a painful remembrance of past miscarriages, a distaste of the present objects that solicit his senses, and a secret dread of futurity. And I could see no manner of relief or comfort in the soul of this miserable man, but what consisted in preventing his cure, by inflaming his passions, and suppressing his reason. But though it must be owned he had almost quenched that light which his Creator had set up in his soul, yet, in spite of all his efforts, I observed at certain seasons frequent flashes of remorse strike through the gloom, and interrupt that satisfaction he enjoyed in hiding his own deformities from himself.

'I was also present at the original formation or production of a certain book in the mind of a free-thinker, and believing it may not be unacceptable to let you into the secret manner and internal principles by which that phenomenon was formed, I shall in my next give you an account of it.

'I am, in the mean time,

'Your most obedient humble servant,

'ULYSSES COSMOPOLITA.'

N. B. Mr. Ironside has lately received out of France ten pounds avoirdupois weight of this philosophical snuff, and gives notice that he will make use of it, in order to distinguish the real from the professed sentiments of all persons of eminence in court, city, town, and country.

No. 36.] Wednesday, April 22, 1713.

Puissies se quantis attollet gloria rebus!
Virg. Æn. iv. 40.

What rebus's exalt the punnic fame!

THE gentleman who doth me the favour to write the following letter, saith as much for himself as the thing will bear. I am particularly pleased to find, that in his Apology for Punning, he only celebrates the art, as it is

that I trust you will not suffer any art to be vilified which helps to polish and adorn us. I do not know any sort of wit that hath been used so reproachfully as the Pun: and I persuade myself that I shall merit your esteem, by recommending it to your protection; since there can be no greater glory to a generous soul, than to succour the distressed. I shall, therefore, without farther preface, offer to your consideration the following Modest Apology for Punning; wherein I shall make use of no double meanings or equivocations: since I think it unnecessary to give it any other praises than truth and common sense, its professed enemies, are forced to grant.

'In order to make this a useful work, I shall state the nature and extent of the pun, I shall discover the advantages that flow from it, the moral virtues that it produces, and the tendency that it hath to promote vigour of body and ease of mind.'

'The pun is defined by one, who seems to be no well-wisher to it, to be "A conceit arising from the use of two words that agree in the sound, but differ in the sense." Now if this be the essence of the pun, how great must we allow the dignity of it to be, when we consider that it takes in most of the considerable parts of learning; for is it not most certain, that all learned disputes are rather about sounds than sense? Are not the controversies of divines about the different interpretations of terms? Are not the disputations of philosophers about words, and all their pompous distinctions only so many unravellings of double meanings? Who ever lost his estate in Westminster-hall, but complained that he was quibbled out of his right? or what monarch ever broke a treaty, but by virtue of equivocation? In short, so great is the excellence of this art, so diffusive its influence, that when I go into a library, I say to myself, "What volumes of puns do I behold!" When I look upon the men of business, I cry out, "How powerful is the tribe of the quibblers!" When I see statesmen and ambassadors, I reflect, "How splendid the equipage of the quirk! in what pomp do the punsters appear!"

'But as there are serious puns, such as I have instanced in, so likewise there are puns comical. These are what I would not

quality. This error may produce unnecessary folios amongst grammarians yet unborn. But to proceed. A man of learning hath, in this manner of wit, great advantages; as indeed, what advantages do not flow from learning? If the pun fails in English, he may have speedy recourse to the Latin, or the Greek, and so on. I have known wonders performed by this secret. I have heard the French assisted by the German, the Dutch mingle with the Italian, and where the jingle hath seemed desperate in the Greek, I have known it revive in the Hebrew. My friend Dick Babel hath often, to show his parts, started a conceit at the equinoctial, and pursued it through all the degrees of latitude; and, after he had punned round the globe, hath sat down like Alexander, and mourned that he had no more worlds to conquer.

'Another advantage in punning is, that it ends disputes, or, what is all one, puns comical destroy puns serious. Any man that drinks a bottle knows very well, that about twelve, people that do not kiss, or cry, are apt to debate. This often occasions heats and heart-burnings, unless one of the disputants vouchsafes to end the matter with a joke. How often have Aristotle and Cartesius been reconciled by a merry conceit! how often have whigs and tories shook hands over a quibble! and the clashing of swords been prevented by the jingling of words!

'Attention of mind is another benefit enjoyed by punsters. This is discoverable from the perpetual gape of the company where they are, and the earnest desire to know what was spoken last, if a word escapes any one at the table. I must add, that quick apprehension is required in the hearer, readily to take some things which are very far-fetched; as likewise great vivacity in the performer, to reconcile distant and even hostile ideas by the mere mimicry of words, and energy of sound.

'Mirth or good-humour is the last advantage, that, out of a million, I shall produce to recommend punning. But this will more naturally fall in when I come to demonstrate its operation upon the mind and body. I shall now discover what moral virtues it promotes; and shall content myself with instancing in those which every reader will allow of.

'A punster is adorned with humility. This our adversaries will not deny; because they hold it to be a condescension in any man to trifle, as they arrogantly call it, with words. I must, however, confess, for my own share, I never punned out of the pride of my heart, nor did I ever know one of our fraternity, that seemed to be troubled with the thirst of glory.

'The virtue called urbanity by the moralists, or a courtly behaviour, is much cultivated by this science. For the whole spirit of urbanity consists in a desire to please the company, and

what else is the design of the punster? Accordingly we find such bursts of laughter, such agitations of the sides, such contortions of the limbs, such earnest attempts to recover the dying laugh, such transport in the enjoyment of it in equivocating assemblies, as men of common sense are amazed at, and own they never felt.

'But nothing more displays itself in the punster, than justice, the queen of all the virtues. At the quibbling board every performer hath its due. The soul is struck at once, and the body recognizes the merit of each joke, by sudden and comical emotions. Indeed, how should it be otherwise, where not only words, but even syllables have justice done them; where no man invades the right of another, but, with perfect innocence and good-nature, takes as much delight in his neighbour's joy as in his own?

'From what hath been advanced, it will easily appear, that this science contributes to ease of body, and serenity of mind. You have, in a former pre caution, advised your hectical readers to associate with those of our brotherhood, who are, for the most part, of a corpulent make, and a round vacant countenance. It is natural the next morning, after a merriment, to reflect how we behaved ourselves the night before: and I appeal to any one, whether it will not occasion greater peace of mind to consider, that he hath only been waging harmless war with words, than if he had stirred his brother to wrath, grieved the soul of his neighbour by calumny, or increased his own wealth by fraud. As for health of body, I look upon punning as a nostrum, a *Medicina Gymnastica*, that throws off all the bad humours, and occasions such a brisk circulation of the blood, as keeps the lamp of life in a clear and constant flame. I speak, as all physicians ought to do from experience. A friend of mine, who had the ague this spring, was, after the failing of several medicines and charms, advised by me to enter into a course of quibbling. He threw his electuaries out at his window, and took Abracadabra off from his neck, and by the mere force of punning upon that long magical word, threw himself into a fine breathing sweat and a quiet sleep. He is now in a fair way of recovery, and says pleasantly, he is less obliged to the Jesuits for their powder, than for their equivocation.

'Sir, this is my Modest Apology for Punning; which I was the more encouraged to undertake, because we have a learned university where it is in request, and I am told that a famous club hath given it protection. If this meets with encouragement, I shall write a vindication of the rebus, and do justice to the conundrum. I have indeed looked philosophically into their natures, and made a sort of *Arbor Porphyriana* of the several subordinations and divisions of low wit. This the

ladies perhaps may not understand; but I shall thereby give the beaux an opportunity of showing their learning.

'I am Sir,

'With great respect

'Your most obedient humble servant.'

No. 37.] Thursday, April 23, 1713.

Mc duce damnosas homines comperite caras.

Ovid. Rem. Amor. ver. fig.

Learn, mortals, from my precepts to controul
The furious passions that disturb the soul.

IT is natural for an old man to be fond of such entertainments as revive in his imagination the agreeable impressions made upon it in his youth: the set of wits and beauties he was first acquainted with, the balls and drawing-rooms in which he made an agreeable figure, the music and actors he heard and saw when his life was fresh, and his spirits vigorous and quick, have usually the preference in his esteem to any succeeding pleasures that present themselves when his taste is grown more languid. It is for this reason I never see a picture of sir Peter Lely's, who drew so many of my first friends and acquaintance, without a sensible delight; and I am in raptures when I reflect on the compositions of the famous Mr. Henry Laws, long before Italian music was introduced into our nation. Above all, I am pleased in observing that the tragedies of Shakspeare, which in my youthful days have so frequently filled my eyes with tears, hold their rank still, and are the great support of our theatre.

It was with this agreeable prepossession of mind, I went some time ago, to see the old tragedy of Othello, and took my female wards with me, having promised them a little before to carry them to the first play of Shakspeare's which should be acted. Mrs. Cornelia, who is a great reader, and never fails to peruse the play-bills, which are brought to her every day, gave me notice of it early in the morning. When I came to my lady Lizard's at dinner, I found the young folks all dressed, and expecting the performance of my promise. I went with them at the proper time, placed them together in the boxes, and myself by them in a corner seat. As I have the chief scenes of the play by heart, I did not look much on the stage,

Annabella had a rambling eye, and for some time was more taken up with observing what gentleman looked at her, and with criticising the dress of the ladies, than with any thing that passed on the stage. Mrs. Cornelia, who I have often said is addicted to the study of romances, commended that speech in the play in which Othello mentions his 'hair-breadth escapes in th' imminent deadly breach,' and recites his travels and adventures with which he had captivated the heart of Desdemona. The Sparkler looked several times frightened; and as the distress of the play was heightened, their different attention was collected, and fixed wholly on the stage, till I saw them all, with a secret satisfaction, betrayed into tears.

I have often considered this play as a noble, but irregular, production of a genius which had the power of animating the theatre beyond any writer we have ever known. The touches of nature in it are strong and masterly; but the economy of the fable, and in some particulars the probability, are too much neglected. If I would speak of it in the most severe terms, I should say as Waller does of the Maid's Tragedy,

'Great are its faults, but glorious is its flame.'

But it would be a poor employment in a critic to observe upon the faults, and show no taste for the beauties, in a work that has always struck the most sensible part of our audiences in a very forcible manner.

The chief subject of this piece is the passion of jealousy, which the poet has represented at large, in its birth, its various workings and agopies, and its horrid consequences. From this passion and the innocence and simplicity of the person suspected, arises a very moving distress.

It is a remark, as I remember, of a modern writer, who is thought to have penetrated deeply into the nature of the passions, that 'the most extravagant love is nearest to the strongest hatred.' The Moor is furious in both these extremes. His love is tempestuous, and mingled with a wildness peculiar to his character, which seems very artfully to prepare for the change which is to follow.

How savage, yet how ardent is that expression of the raptures of his heart, when, looking after Desdemona as she withdraws, he breaks

his obscure suggestions to raise the curiosity of the Moor; his personated confusion, and refusing to explain himself while Othello is drawn on, and held in suspense till he grows impatient and angry; then his throwing in the poison, and naming to him in a caution the passion he would raise,

‘——O beware of jealousy!——’

are inimitable strokes of art, in that scene which has always been justly esteemed one of the best which was ever represented on the theatre.

To return to the character of Othello; his strife of passions, his starts, his returns of love, and threatenings to Iago, who put his mind on the rack, his relapses afterwards to jealousy, his rage against his wife, and his asking pardon of Iago, whom he thinks he had abused for his fidelity to him, are touches which no one can overlook that has the sentiments of human nature, or has considered the heart of man in its frailties, its penances, and all the variety of its agitations. The torments which the Moor suffers are so exquisitely drawn, as to render him as much an object of compassion, even in the barbarous action of murdering Desdemona, as the innocent person herself who falls under his hand.

But there is nothing in which the poet has more shown his judgment in this play, than in the circumstance of the handkerchief, which is employed as a confirmation to the jealousy of Othello already raised. What I would here observe is, that the very slightness of this circumstance is the beauty it. How finely has Shakspere expressed the nature of jealousy in those lines, which, on this occasion, he puts into the mouth of Iago,

‘Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous, confirmation strong
As proofs of holy writ.’

It would be easy for a tasteless critic to turn any of the beauties I have here mentioned into ridicule; but such a one would only betray a mechanical judgment, formed out of borrowed rules and common-place reading, and not arising from any true discernment in human nature, and its passions.

ourselves for acting with reason and equality, will take fire precipitantly. It will on a sudden flame too high to be extinguished. The short story I am going to tell is a lively instance of the truth of this observation, and a just warning to those of jealous honour to look about them, and begin to possess their souls as they ought, for no man of spirit knows how terrible a creature he is, till he comes to be provoked.

Don Alonzo, a Spanish nobleman, had a beautiful and virtuous wife, with whom he had lived for some years in great tranquillity. The gentleman, however, was not free from the faults usually imputed to his nation; he was proud, suspicious, and impetuous. He kept a Moor in his house, whom, on a complaint from his lady, he had punished for a small offence with the utmost severity. The slave vowed revenge, and communicated his resolution to one of the lady's women with whom he lived in a criminal way. This creature also hated her mistress, for she feared she was observed by her; she therefore undertook to make Don Alonzo jealous, by insinuating that the gardener was often admitted to his lady in private, and promising to make him an eye-witness of it. At a proper time agreed on between her and the Morisco, she sent a message to the gardener, that his lady, having some hasty orders to give him, would have him come that moment to her in her chamber. In the mean time she had placed Alonzo privately in an outer room, that he might observe who passed that way. It was not long before he saw the gardener appear. Alonzo had not patience, but following him into the apartment, struck him at one blow with a dagger to the heart; then dragging his lady by the hair without inquiring father, he instantly killed her.

Here he paused, looking on the dead bodies with all the agitations of a demon of revenge; when the wench who had occasioned these terrors, distracted with remorse, threw herself at his feet, and in a voice of lamentation, without sense of the consequence, repeated all her guilt. Alonzo was overwhelmed with all the violent passions at one instant, and uttered the broken voices and motions of each of them for a moment, till at last he recollected himself enough to end his agony of love, anger,

beaux, and men of sense have given up all pretence to it. The highest any of them contend for, is the character of a 'pretty gentleman;' for here the dress may be more careless, and some wit is thought necessary; whereas a fine gentleman is not obliged to converse further than the offering his snuff-box round the room. However, the pretty gentleman must have his airs: and though they are not so pompous as those of the other, yet they are so affected, that few who have understanding can bring themselves to be proficient in this way, though ever so useful towards being well received; but if they fail here, they succeed with some difficulty in being allowed to have 'much of the gentleman' in them. To obtain this epithet, a man of sense must arrive at a certain desire to appear more than is natural to him; but as the world goes, it is fit he should be encouraged in this attempt, since nothing can mend the general taste, but setting the true character in as public a view as the false. This, indeed, can never be done to the purpose, while the majority is so great on the wrong side; one of a hundred will have the shout against him; but if people of wit would be as zealous to assist old Ironside, as he is to promote them and their interest, a little time would give these things a new turn. However, I will not despair but I shall be able to summon all the good sense in the nation to my assistance, in my ambition to produce a new race of mankind, to take the places of such as have hitherto pretended to engross the fashion. The university scholar shall be called upon to learn his exercise, and frequent mixt company; the military, and the travelled man, to read the best authors; the country gentleman, to divide his time, so as, together with the care of his estate, to make an equal progress in learning and breeding; and when the several candidates think themselves prepared, I shall appoint under officers to examine their qualifications, and, as I am satisfied with their report, give out my passports recommending them to all companies as 'the Guardian's fine gentlemen.' If my recommendations appear just, I will not doubt but some of the present fine gentlemen will see the necessity of retirement, till they can come abroad with approbation. I have indeed already given out orders

man;' you cannot be cheated at play, but it is certainly done by 'a very gentleman-like man;' you cannot be deceived in your affairs, but it was done in some 'gentlemanly manner;' you cannot be wronged in your bed, but all the world will say of him that 'did the injury, it must be allowed 'he is very much of a gentleman.' Here is a very pleasant fellow, a correspondent of mine, that puts in for that appellation even to highwaymen. I must confess the gentleman he personates is very apparently such, though I did not look upon that sort of fellow in that light, till he favoured me with his letter, which is as follows:

'MR. IRONSIDE,

'I have been upon the highway these six years, in the Park, at the Play, at Bath, Tunbridge, Epsom, and at every other place where I could have any prospect of stealing a fortune; but have met with no success, being disappointed either by some of your damned Ironside race, or by old cursed curs, who put more bolts on their doors and bars in their windows than are in Newgate. All that see me own I am 'a gentleman-like man;' and, whatever rascally things the grave folks say I am guilty of, they themselves acknowledge I am a 'gentlemanly kind of man,' and in every respect accomplished for running away with a lady. I have been bred up to no business, am illiterate, have spent the small fortune I had in purchasing favours from the fair sex. The bounty of their purses I have received, as well as the endearments of their persons, but I have gratefully disposed of it among themselves, for I always was a keeper when I was kept. I am fearless in my behaviour, and never fail of putting your bookish sort of fellows, your men of merit, forsooth, out of countenance. I triumph when I see a modest young woman blush at an assembly, or a virgin betrayed into tears at a well-wrought scene in a tragedy. I have long forgot shame, for it proceeds from a consciousness of some defect; and I am, as I told you, 'a gentlemanly man.' I never knew any but you musty philosophers applaud blushes, and you yourselves will allow that they are caused either by some real imperfection, or the apprehension of defect where there is not any; but for my part I hate mistakes. and shall not

by necessity, misfortune, or driven out of an honest way of life, to answer the wants of a craving family,) are much more excusable than those of their fraternity, who join the conversations of gentlemen, and get into a share of their fortunes without one good art about them. What a crowd of these gentleman-like men are about this town? For from an unjust modesty, and incapacity for common life, the ordinary failings of men of letters and industry in our nation, it happens that impudence suppresses all virtue, and assumes the reward and esteem which are due to it. Hence it is that worthless rogues have the smiles of the fair, and the favours of the great: to be well dressed and in health, and very impudent, in this licentious undistinguishing age, is enough to constitute a person 'very much of a gentleman;' and to this pass are we come, by the prostitution of wit in the cause of vice, which has made the most unreasonable and unnatural things prevail against all the suggestions of common sense. Nobody denies that we live in a Christian country, and yet he who should decline, upon respective opportunities, to commit adultery or murder, would be thought 'very little of a gentleman.'

N. 39.] *Saturday, April 25, 1718.*

— *Egri somnia.*

Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 7.

A sick man's dreams.

My correspondent who has acquired the faculty of entering into other men's thoughts, having, in pursuance to a former letter, sent me an account of certain useful discoveries he has made by the help of that invention, I shall communicate the same to the public in this paper.

'MR. IRONSIDE,

'On the eleventh day of October, in the year 1712, having left my body locked up safe in my study, I repaired to the Grecian coffee-house, where entering into the pineal gland of a certain eminent free-thinker, I made directly to the highest part of it, which is the seat of the understanding, expecting to find there a comprehensive knowledge of all things, human and divine; but to my no small astonishment, I found the place narrower than ordinary, inasmuch that there was not any room for a miracle, prophecy, or separate spirit.

'This obliged me to descend a story lower, into the imagination, which I found larger, indeed, but cold and comfortless. I discovered Prejudice, in the figure of a woman, standing in a corner, with her eyes close shut, and her fore-fingers stuck in her ears; many words in a confused order, but spoken with great emphasis, issued from her mouth. These, being condensed by the coldness of the place, formed

a sort of mist, through which methought I saw a great castle with a fortification cast round it, and a tower adjoining to it, that through the windows appeared to be filled with racks and halters. Beneath the castle I could discern vast dungeons, and all about it lay scattered the bones of men. It seemed to be garrisoned by certain men in black, of a gigantic size, and most terrible forms. But as I drew near, the terror of the appearance vanished; and the castle I found to be only a church, whose steeple with its clock and bell-ropes was mistaken for a tower filled with racks and halters. The terrible giants in black shrunk into a few innocent clergymen. The dungeons were turned into vaults designed only for the habitation of the dead; and the fortifications proved to be a church-yard, with some scattered bones in it, and a plain stone wall round it.'

'I had not been long here before my curiosity was raised by a loud noise that I heard in the inferior region. Descending thither I found a mob of the passions assembled in a riotous manner. Their tumultuary proceedings soon convinced me, that they affected a democracy. After much noise and wrangle, they at length all hearkened to Vanity, who proposed the raising of a great army of notions, which she offered to lead against those dreadful phantoms in the imagination that had occasioned all this uproar.

'Away posted Vanity, and I after her, to the storehouse of ideas; where I beheld a great number of lifeless notions confusedly thrown together, but upon the approach of Vanity they began to crawl. Here were to be seen, among other odd things, sleeping deities, corporeal spirits, and worlds formed by chance; with an endless variety of heathen notions, the most irregular and grotesque imaginable; and with these were jumbled several of Christian extraction; but such was the dress and light they were put in, and their features were so distorted, that they looked little better than heathens. There was likewise assembled no small number of phantoms in strange habits, who proved to be idolatrous priests of different nations. Vanity gave the word, and straitway the Talopains, Faquirs, Bramins, and Bonres, drew up in a body. The right wing consisted of ancient heathen notions, and the left, of Christians naturalized. All these together, for numbers, composed a very formidable army; but the precipitation of Vanity was so great, and such was their own inbred aversion to the tyranny of rules and discipline, that they seemed rather a confused rabble than a regular army. I could, nevertheless, observe, that they agreed in a squinting look, or cast of their eye towards a certain person in a mask, who was placed in the centre, and whom, by sure signs and tokens, I discovered to be Atheism.

'Vanity had no sooner led her forces into the imagination, but she resolved upon storming the castle, and giving no quarter. They began the assault with a loud outcry and great confusion. I, for my part, made the best of my way, and re-entered my own lodging. Some time after, inquiring at a bookseller's for a Discourse on Free-thinking, which had made some noise, I met with the representatives of all those notions drawn up in the same confused order upon paper. Sage Nestor,

'I am,
'Your most obedient humble servant.'
ULYSSES COSMOPOLITA.'

'N. B. I went round the table, but could not find a wit, or mathematician among them.'

I imagine the account here given may be useful in directing to the proper cure of a free-thinker. In the first place, it is plain his understanding wants to be opened and enlarged, and he should be taught the way to order and methodise his ideas; to which end the study of the mathematics may be useful. I am farther of opinion, that as his imagination is filled with amusements arising from prejudice, and the obscure or false lights in which he sees things, it will be necessary to bring him into good company, and now and then carry him to church; by which means he may in time come to a right sense of religion, and wear off the ill impressions he has received. Lastly, I advise whoever undertakes the reformation of a modern free thinker, that above all things he be careful to subdue his vanity; that being the principal motive which prompts a little genius to distinguish itself by singularities that are hurtful to mankind.

Or, if the passion of vanity, as it is for the most part very strong in your free-thinkers, cannot be subdued, let it be won over to the interest of religion, by giving them to understand that the greatest geni of the age have a respect for things sacred; that their rhapsodies find no admirers, and that the name Free-thinker has, like Tyrant of old, degenerated from its original signification, and is now supposed to denote something contrary to wit and reason. In fine, let them know that whatever temptations a few men of parts might formerly have had, from the novelty of the thing, to oppose the received opinions of Christians, yet that now the humour is worn out, and blasphemy and irreligion are distinctions which have long since descended down to lackeys and drawers.

But it must be my business to prevent all pretenders in this kind from hurting the ignorant and unwary. In order to this, I communicated an intelligence which I received of a gentleman's appearing very sorry that he was not well during a late fit of sickness, contrary to his own doctrine, which obliged him to be

merry upon that occasion, except he was sure of recovering. Upon this advice to the world, the following advertisement got a place in the post-boy:

'Whereas in the paper called the Guardian of Saturday, the eleventh of April, instant, a corollary reflection was made on Monsieur D——, a member of the royal academy of sciences in Paris, author of a book lately published, entitled,

'A Philological Essay, or Reflections on the death of Free-thinkers, with the characters of the most eminent persons of both sexes, ancient and modern, that died pleasantly and unconcerned, &c. Sold by J. Baker in Paternoster-row: Suggesting, as if that gentleman, now in London, "was very much out of humour, in a late fit of sickness, till he was in a fair way of recovery." This is to assure the public, that the said gentleman never expressed the least concern at the approach of death, but expected the fatal minute with a most heroic and philosophical resignation; of which a copy of verses he writ, in the serene intervals of his distemper, is an invincible proof.'

All that I contend for, is, that this gentleman was out of humour when he was sick; and the advertiser, to confute me, says, that 'in the serene intervals of his distemper,' that is, when he was not sick, he writ verses. I shall not retract my advertisement till I see those verses, and I will choose what to believe then, except they are underwritten by his nurse, nor then neither, except she is a house-keeper. I must tie this gentleman close to the argument; for if he had not actually his fit upon him, there is nothing courageous in the thing, nor does it make for his purpose, nor are they heroic verses.

The point of being merry at the hour of death is a matter that ought to be settled by divines; but the publisher of the Philological Essay produces his chief authorities from Lucertius, the earl of Rochester, and Mr. John Dryden, who were gentlemen that did not think themselves obliged to prove all they said, or else proved their assertions by saying or swearing they were all fools that believed to the contrary. If it be absolutely necessary that a man should be facetious at his death, it would be very well if these gentlemen, Monsieur D—— and Mr. B—— would repent betimes, and not trust to a death-bed ingenuity; by what has appeared hitherto they have only raised our longing to see their posthumous works.

The author of *Poeta Rusticantis Meritum Otium* is but a mere phraseologist, the philological publisher is but a translator: but I expected better usage from Mr. Abel Roper, who is an original.

No. 40.] Monday, April 27, 1713.

Compluranteque greges Corydon et Thyrsis in unum:
Ex illo Corydon, Corydon est tempore nobis.
Virg. Ecl. vii. 2.

Their sheep and goats together graz'd the plains—
Since when 'tis Corydon among the swains,
Young Corydon without a rival reigns. Dryden.

I DESIGNED to have troubled the reader with no farther discourses of pastorals; but being informed that I am taxed of partiality in not mentioning an author, whose eclogues are published in the same volume with Mr. Philips's, I shall employ this paper in observations upon him, written in the free spirit of criticism, and without apprehension of offending the gentleman, whose character it is, that he takes the greatest care of his works before they are published, and has the least concern for them afterwards.

I have laid it down as the first rule of pastoral, that its idea should be taken from the manners of the golden age, and the moral formed upon the representation of innocence; it is therefore plain that any deviations from that design degrade a poem from being true pastoral. In this view it will appear that Virgil can only have two of his eclogues allowed to be such. His first and ninth must be rejected, because they describe the ravages of armies, and oppressions of the innocent; Corydon's criminal passion for Alexis throws out the second; the calumny and railing in the third are not proper to that state of concord; the eighth represents unlawful ways of procuring love by enchantments, and introduces a shepherd whom an inviting precipice tempts to self-murder. As to the fourth, sixth and tenth, they are given up by Heinsius, Salmasius, Rapin, and the critics in general.* They likewise observe that but eleven of all the Idyllia of Theocritus are to be admitted as pastorals; and even out of that number the greater part will be excluded, for one or other of the reasons above-mentioned. So that when I remarked in a former paper, that Virgil's eclogues, taken altogether, are rather select poems than pastorals, I might have said the same thing, with no less truth, of Theocritus. The reason of this I take to be yet unobserved by the critics, viz. 'They never meant them all for pastorals;' which it is plain Philips hath done, and in that particular excelled both Theocritus and Virgil.

As simplicity is the distinguishing characteristic of pastoral, Virgil has been thought guilty of too courtly a style: his language is perfectly pure, and he often forgets he is among peasants. I have frequently wondered that since he was so conversant in the writings of Ennius, he had not imitated the rusticity of the Doric, as well, by the help of the old obsolete Roman language, as Philips hath by the antiquated English. For

example, might he not have said 'quos' instead of 'cui,' 'quoque' for 'cujum,' 'vult' for 'vult,' &c. as well as our modern hath 'well-taday' for 'alas,' 'whilome' for 'of old,' 'make mock' for 'deride,' and 'witless younglings' for 'simple lambs,' &c. by which means he had attained as much of the air of Theocritus, as Philips hath of Spenser?

Mr. Pope hath fallen into the same error with Virgil. His clowns do not converse in all the simplicity proper to the country. His names are borrowed from Theocritus and Virgil, which are improper to the scene of his pastorals. He introduces Daphnis, Alexis, and Thyrsis on British plains, as Virgil had done before him on the Mantuan: whereas Philips, who hath the strictest regard to propriety, makes choice of names peculiar to the country, and more agreeable to a reader of delicacy; such as Hobbino, Lobbin, Cuddy, and Colin Clout.

So easy as pastoral writing may seem (in the simplicity we have described it), yet it requires great reading, both of the ancients and moderns, to be a master of it. Philips hath given us manifest proofs of his knowledge of books; it must be confessed his competitor hath imitated some single thoughts of the ancients well enough, if we consider he had not the happiness of a university education; but he hath dispersed them here and there, without that order and method which Mr. Philips observes, whose whole third pastoral is an instance how well he hath studied the fifth of Virgil, and how judiciously reduced Virgil's thoughts to the standard of pastoral; as his contention of Colin Clout and the Nightingale, shows with what exactness he hath imitated Strada.

When I remarked it as a principal fault to introduce fruits and flowers of a foreign growth, in descriptions where the scene lies in our country, I did not design that observation should extend also to animals, or the sensitive life; for Philips hath with great judgment described wolves in England, in his first pastoral. Nor would I have a poet slavishly confine himself (as Mr. Pope hath done) to one particular season of the year, one certain time of the day, and one unbroken scene in each eclogue. It is plain Spenser neglected this pedantry, who, in his pastoral of November, mentions the mournful song of the nightingale.

* Sad Philomel her song in tears doth steep.

And Mr. Philips, by a poetical creation, hath raised up finer beds of flowers than the most industrious gardener; his roses, lilies and daffodils, blow in the same season.

But the better to discover the merits of our two contemporary pastoral writers, I shall endeavour to draw a parallel of them, by setting several of their particular thoughts in the same

light, whereby it will be obvious how much Philips hath the advantage. With what simplicity he introduces two shepherds singing alternately:

- Hobb.* Come, Rosalind, O come, for without thee
What pleasure can the country have for me.
Come, Rosalind, O come: My brinded kine,
My snowy sheep, my farm, and all, is thine.
Lang. Come, Rosalind, O come; here shady bowers,
Here are cool fountains, and here springing flow'rs.
Come, Rosalind; here ever let us stay,
And sweetly waste our live long time away.

Our other pastoral writer, in expressing the same thought, deviates into downright poetry.

- Stroph.* In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
But Delia always; fore'd from Delia's sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.
Daph. Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day;
Ev'n spring displeases when she shines not here:
But, blest with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

In the first of these authors, two shepherds thus innocently describe the behaviour of their mistresses.

- Hobb.* As Marian bath'd, by chance I pass'd by;
She blush'd, and at me cast a side-long eye:
Then swift beneath the crystal wave she try'd
Her beauteous form, but all in vain to hide.
Lang. As I to cool me bath'd one sultry day,
Fond Lydia lurking in the sedge lay;
The wanton laugh'd, and seem'd in haste to fly;
Yet often stopp'd, and often turn'd her eye.

The other modern (who it must be confessed hath a knack of versifying) hath it as follows:

- Stroph.* Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then, hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
But feigns a laugh, to see me search around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.
Daph. The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green;
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
While a kind glance at her praiser flies,
How natch at variance are her feet and eyes!

There is nothing the writers of this kind of poetry are fonder of, than descriptions of pastoral presents. Philips says thus of a sheep-hook:

Of season'd elm; where studs of brass appear,
To speak the giver's name, the month, and year,
The hook of polish'd steel, the handle turn'd,
And richly by the graver's skill adorn'd.

The other of a bowl embossed with figures:

—where wanton ivy twines;
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines;
Four figures rising from the work appear,
The various seasons of the rolling year;
And what is that which binds the radiant sky,
Where twelve bright signs in beauteous order lie?

The simplicity of the swain in this place, who forgets the name of the Zodiac, is no ill imitation of Virgil; but how much more plainly and unaffectedly would Philips have dressed this thought in his Doric?

And what that bright, which girds the Welkin sheen,
Where twelve gay signs in meet array are seen?

If the reader would indulge his curiosity any farther in the comparison of particulars, he

may read the first pastoral of Philips with the second of his contemporary, and the fourth and sixth of the former, with the fourth and first of the latter; where several parallel places will occur to every one.

Having now shown some parts, in which these two writers may be compared, it is a justice I owe to Mr. Philips, to discover those in which no man can compare with him. First that beautiful rusticity, of which I shall only produce two instances, out of a hundred not yet quoted:

O woful day! O day of woe, quoth he,
And woful I, who live the day to see!

That simplicity of diction, the melancholy flowing of the numbers, the solemnity of the sound, and the easy turn of the words, in this dirge (to make use of our author's expression) are extremely elegant.

In another of his pastorals a shepherd utters a dirge not much inferior to the former, in the following lines:

Ah me the while! ah me, the luckless day!
Ah luckless lad, the rather might I say;
Ah silly I! more silly than my sheep,
Which on the flow'ry plains I once did keep.

How he still charms the ear with these artful repetitions of the epithets; and how significant is the last verse! I defy the most common reader to repeat them without feeling some motions of compassion. In the next place I shall rank his proverbs, in which I formerly observed he excels. For example,

A rolling stone is ever bare of moss;
And, to their cost, green years old proverbs cross.
—He that late lies down, as late will rise,
And, sluggard like, till noon-day morning lies,
Against ill luck all cunning foresight fails;
Whether we sleep or wake it nought avails.
—Nor fear, from upright sentence, wrong.

Lastly, his elegant dialect, which alone might prove him the eldest born of Spenser, and our only true Arcadian; I should think it proper for the several writers of pastoral, to confine themselves to their several counties: Spenser seems to have been of this opinion; for he hath laid the scene of one of his pastorals in Wales, where, with all the simplicity natural to that part of our island, one shepherd bids the other good-morrow in an unusual and elegant manner.

Diggon Davey, I bid hur God-day;
Or Diggon hur is, or I mis-say.

Diggon answers,

Hur was hur while it was day light;
But now hur is a most wretched wight, &c.

But the most beautiful example of this kind that I ever met with, is a very valuable piece which I chanced to find among some old manuscripts, entitled, A Pastoral Ballad; which I think, for its nature and simplicity, may (notwithstanding the modesty of the title) be

allowed a perfect pastoral. It is composed in the Somersetshire dialect, and the names such as are proper to the country people. It may be observed, as a farther beauty of this pastoral, the words Nymph, Dryad, Naiad, Faun, Cupid, or Satyr, are not once mentioned through the whole. I shall make no apology for inserting some few lines of this excellent piece. Cicily breaks thus into the subject, as she is going a milking:

Cicily. Rager go vetch the kee,* or else the zun
Will quite be go, bevore c'have half a don.

Roger. Thon should'st not ax ma twecce, but I've a be
To dreave our bull to bull the parson's kee.

It is to be observed, that this whole dialogue is formed upon the passion of jealousy; and his mentioning the parson's kine naturally revives the jealousy of the shepherdess Cicily, which she expresses as follows:

Cicily. Ah Rager, Rager, chez was zore avrald
When in yond vield you kins'd the parson's maid:
Is this the love that once to me you zed [bread?]
When from the wake thou brought'st me ginger-

Roger. Cicily thou charg'st me false—I'll swear to thee,
The parson's maid is still a maid for me.

In which answer of his are expressed at once that 'spirit of religion,' and that 'innocence of the golden age,' so necessary to be observed by all writers of pastoral.

At the conclusion of this piece, the author reconciles the lovers, and ends the eclogue the most simply in the world:

So Rager parted vor to vetch the kee,
And vor her bucket lu went Cicily.

I am loth to show my fondness for antiquity so far as to prefer this ancient British author to our present English writers of pastoral; but I cannot avoid making this obvious remark, that both Spenser and Philips have hit into the same road with this old west country bard of ours.

After all that hath been said I hope none can think it any injustice to Mr. Pope, that I forbore to mention him as a pastoral writer; since upon the whole he is of the same class with Muschus and Bion, whom we have excluded that rank; and of whose eclogues, as well as some of Virgil's, it may be said, that according to the description we have given of this sort of poetry, they are by no means pastorals, but 'something better.'

No. 41.] Tuesday, April 28, 1713.

E'en churches are no sanctuaries now.
Epilogue to Cato.

THE following letter has so much truth and reason in it, that I believe every man of sense and honour in England, will have a just indignation against the person who could commit so great a violence, as that of which my correspondent complains.

'To the Author of the Guardian.

'SIR,

'I claim a place in your paper for what I now write to you, from the declaration which you made at your first appearance, and the very title you assume to yourself.

'If the circumstance which I am going to mention is over-looked by one who calls himself Guardian, I am sure honour and integrity, innocence and virtue, are not the objects of his care.—The Examiner ends his discourse of Friday, the twenty-fourth instant, with these words:

"No sooner was D—* among the whigs, and confirmed past retrieving, but lady Char—† is taken knotting in St. James's chapel during divine service, in the immediate presence both of God and her majesty, who were affronted together, that the family might appear to be entirely come over. I spare the beauty for the sake of her birth; but certainly there was no occasion for so public a proof, that her fingers are more dexterous in tying a knot, than her father's brains in perplexing the government."

'It is apparent that the person here intended is by her birth a lady, and daughter of an earl of Great Britain; and the treatment this author is pleased to give her, he makes no scruple to own she is exposed to by being his daughter. Since he has assumed a licence to talk of this nobleman in print to his disadvantage, I hope his lordship will pardon me, that out of the interest which I, and all true Englishmen, have in his character, I take the liberty to defend him.

'I am willing on this occasion, to allow the claim and pretension to merit to be such, as the same author describes in his preceding paper.

"By active merit (says the Examiner of the twenty-first) I understand, not only the power and ability to serve, but the actual exercise of any one or more virtues, for promoting the good of one's country, and a long and steady course of real endeavours to appear useful in a government; or where a person eminently qualified for public affairs, distinguishes himself in some critical juncture, and at the expense of his ease and fortune, or with the hazard of his person, exposes himself to the malice of a designing faction, by thwarting their wicked purposes, and contributing to the safety, repose, and welfare of a people."

Let us examine the conduct of this noble earl by this description. Upon the late glorious revolution, when it was in debate in what manner the people of England should express their gratitude to their deliverer, this lord,

* Earl of Nottingham.

† His daughter, lady Charlotte Finch, afterwards duchess of Somerset

* That is, kine or cows.

from the utmost tenderness and loyalty to his unhappy prince, and apprehensive of the danger of so great a change, voted against king William's accession to the throne. However, his following services sufficiently testified the truth of that his memorable expression, "Though he could not make a king, he could obey him." The whole course and tenour of his life ever since has been visibly animated, by a steady and constant zeal for the monarchy and episcopacy of these realms. He has been ever reviled by all who are cold to the interests of our established religion, or dissenters from it, as a favourer of persecution, and a bigot to the church, against the civil rights of his fellow-subjects. Thus it stood with him at the trial of doctor Sacheverell, when this noble earl had a very great share in obtaining the gentle sentence which the house of lords pronounced on that occasion. But, indeed, I have not heard that any of his lordship's dependents joined saint Harry in the pilgrimage which "that meek man" took afterwards round England, followed by drum, trumpet, and acclamations, to "visit the churches."—Civil prudence made it, perhaps, necessary to throw the public affairs into such hands as had no pretensions to popularity in either party, but from the distribution of the queen's favours.

During such, and other later transactions (which are too fresh to need being recounted) the earl of Nottingham has had the misfortune to differ with the lords who have the honour to be employed in the administration; but even among these incidents he has highly distinguished himself in procuring an act of parliament, to prevent that those who dissent from the church should serve in the state.

I hope these are great and critical junctures, wherein this gentleman has shown himself a patriot and lover of the church in as eminent manner, as any other of his fellow-subjects. "He has at all times, and in all seasons, shown the same steady abhorrence to all innovations." But it is from this behaviour, that he has deserved so ill of the Examiner, as to be termed a "late convert" to those whom he calls factious, and introduced in his profane dialogue of April the sixth, with a servant and a mad woman. I think I have, according to the Examiner's own description of merit, shown

tioned in a public paper, much more to be named in a libellous manner, as having offended God and man.

"But the wretch, as dull as he is wicked, felt it strike on his imagination, that knotting and perplexing would make a quaint sting at the end of his paper, and had no compunction, though he introduced his witticism at the expense of a young lady's quiet, and (as far as in him lies) her honour. Does he thus finish his discourse of religion? This is indeed "to lay at us and make every blow fell to the ground."

"There is no party concerned in this circumstance; but every man that hopes for a virtuous woman to his wife, that would defend his child, or protect his mistress, ought to receive this insolence as done to himself. "In the immediate presence of God and her majesty, that the family might appear to be entirely come over," says the fawning miscreant.—It is very visible which of those powers (that he has put together) he is the more fearful of offending. But he mistakes his way in making his court to a pious sovereign, by naming her with the Deity, in order to find protection for insulting a virtuous woman, who comes to call upon him in the royal chapel.

"If life be (as it ought to be with people of their character, whom the Examiner attacks) less valuable and dear than honour and reputation, in that proportion is the Examiner worse than an assassin, we have stood by and tamely heard him aggravate the disgraces of the brave and the unfortunate, we have seen him double the anguish of the unhappy man, we have seen him trample on the ashes of the dead; but all this has concerned greater life, and could touch only public characters, they did but remotely affect our private and domestic interests; but when due regard is not had to the honour of women, all human society is assaulted. The highest person in the world is of that sex, and has the utmost sensibility of an outrage committed against it. She, who was the best wife that ever prince was blessed with, will, though she sits on a throne, jealously regard the honour of a young lady who has not entered into that condition.

"Lady Char—te's quality will make it impossible that this cruel usage can escape her

well, with so much humour and life, that it caused a great deal of mirth at the tea-table. His brother Will, the Templar, was highly delighted with it, and the next day being with some of his inns-of-court acquaintance, resolved (whether out of the benevolence, or the pride of his heart, I will not determine) to entertain them with what he called 'a pleasant humour enough.' I was in great pain for him when I heard him begin, and was not at all surprised to find the company very little moved by it. Will blushed, looked round the room, and with a forced laugh, 'Faith, gentlemen,' said he, 'I do not know what makes you look so grave; it was an admirable story when I heard it.'

When I came home I fell into a profound contemplation upon story-telling, and as I have nothing so much at heart as the good of my country, I resolved to lay down some precautions upon this subject.

I have often thought that a story-teller is born, as well as a poet. It is, I think, certain, that some men have such a peculiar cast of mind, that they see things in another light than men of grave dispositions. Men of a lively imagination, and a mirthful temper, will represent things to their hearers in the same manner as they themselves were affected with them; and whereas serious spirits might perhaps have been disgusted at the sight of some odd occurrences in life; yet the very same occurrences shall please them in a well-told story, where the disagreeable parts of the images are concealed, and those only which are pleasing exhibited to the fauety. Story-telling is therefore not an art, but what we call 'a knack'; it doth not so much subsist upon wit as upon humour; and I will add, that it is not perfect without proper gesticulations of the body, which naturally attend such merry emotions of the mind. I know very well, that a certain gravity of countenance sets some stories off to advantage, where the hearer is to be surprised in the end; but this is by no means a general rule; for it is frequently convenient to aid and assist by cheerful looks, and whimsical agitations. I will go yet further, and affirm that the success of a story very often depends upon the make of the body, and formation of the features, of him who relates it. I have been of this opinion ever since I criticised upon the chin of Dick Dewlap. I very often had the weakness to repine at the prosperity of his conceits, which made him pass for a wit with the widow at the coffee-house, and the ordinary mechanics that frequent it; nor could I myself forbear laughing at them most heartily, though upon examination I thought most of them very flat and insipid. I found after some time, that the merit of his wit was founded upon the shaking of a fat paunch, and the toasting up of a pair of rosy joles. Poor Dick had a fit of sickness, which robbed him of his fat and his fame

at once; and it was full three months before he regained his reputation, which rose in proportion to his floridity. He is now very jolly and ingenious, and hath a good constitution for wit.

Those who are thus adorned with the gifts of nature, are apt to show their parts with too much ostentation: I would therefore advise all the professors of this art never to tell stories but as they seem to grow out of the subject matter of the conversation, or as they serve to illustrate or enliven it. Stories that are very common are generally irksome; but may be aptly introduced, provided they be only hinted at, and mentioned by way of allusion. Those that are altogether new should never be ushered in without a short and pertinent character of the chief persons concerned; because, by that means, you make the company acquainted with them; and it is a certain rule, that slight and trivial accounts of those who are familiar to us, administer more mirth, than the brightest points of wit in unknown characters. A little circumstance in the complexion or dress of the man you are talking of sets his image before the hearer, if it be chosen aptly for the story. Thus, I remember Tom Lizard, after having made his sisters merry with an account of a formal old man's way of complimenting, owned very frankly, that his story would not have been worth one farthing, if he had made the hat of him whom he represented one inch narrower. Besides the marking distinct characters, and selecting pertinent circumstances, it is likewise necessary to leave off in time, and end smartly. So that there is a kind of drama in the forming of a story, and the manner of conducting and pointing it, is the same as in an epigram. It is a miserable thing, after one hath raised the expectation of the company by humorous characters, and a pretty conceit, to pursue the matter too far. There is no retreating, and how poor it is for a story-teller to end his relation by saying, 'that's all!'

As the choosing of pertinent circumstances is the life of a story, and that wherein humour principally consists; so the collectors of impertinent particulars are the very bane and opiates of conversation. Old men are great transgressors this way. Poor Ned Poppy,—he's gone—was a very honest man, but was so excessively tedious over his pipe, that he was not to be endured. He knew so exactly what they had for dinner; when such a thing happened; in what ditch his bay stone-horse had his sprain at that time, and how his man John,—no! 'twas William, started a hare in the common field; that he never got to the end of his tale. Then he was extremely particular in marriages and inter-marriages, and cousins twice or thrice removed; and whether such a thing happened at the latter end of July, or the beginning of August. He had a marvelous

tendency likewise to digressions; insomuch that if a considerable person was mentioned in his story, he would straightway launch out into an episode of him; and again, if in that person's story he had occasion to remember a third man, he broke off, and gave us his history, and so on. He always put me in mind of what sir William Temple informs us of the tale-tellers in the north of Ireland, who are hired to tell stories of giants and iuchanters to lull people asleep. These historians are obliged, by their bargain, to go on without stopping; so that after the patient hath, by this benefit, enjoyed a long nap, he is sure to find the operator proceeding in his work. Ned procured the like effect in me the last time I was with him. As he was in the third hour of his story, and very thankful that his memory did not fail him, I fairly nodded in the elbow chair. He was much affronted at this, till I told him, 'Old friend, you have your infirmity, and I have mine.'

But of all evils in story-telling, the humour of telling tales one after another, in great numbers, is the least supportable. Sir Harry Pandolf and his son gave my lady Lizard great offence in this particular. Sir Harry hath what they call a string of stories, which he tells over every Christmas. When our family visits there, we are constantly, after supper, entertained with the Glastonbury Thorn. When we have wondered at that a little, 'Ay, but, father,' saith the son, 'let us have the Spirit in the Wood.' After that hath been laughed at, 'Ay, but father,' cries the booby again, 'tell us how you served the robber.' 'Alack-a-day,' saith sir Harry, with a smile, and rubbing his forehead, 'I have almost forgot that; but 'tis a pleasant conceit, to be sure.' Accordingly he tells that and twenty more in the same independent order, and without the least variation, at this day, as he hath done to my knowledge, ever since the revolution. I must not forget a very odd compliment that sir Harry always makes my lady when he dines here. After dinner he strokes his belly, and says with a feigned concern in his countenance, 'Madam, I have lost by you to-day.' 'How so, sir Harry?' replies my lady; 'Madam,' says he, 'I have lost an excellent stomach.' At this, his son and heir laughs immoderately, and winks upon Mrs. Annabella. This is the thirty-third time that sir Harry hath been thus arch, and I can bear it no longer.

As the telling of stories is a great help and life to conversation, I always encourage them, if they are pertinent and innocent; in opposition to those gloomy mortals, who disdain every thing but matter of fact. Those grave fellows are my aversion, who sift every thing with the utmost nicety, and find the malignity of a lie in a piece of humour, pushed a little beyond exact truth. I likewise have a poor opinion of those, who have got a trick of keeping a

steady countenance, that cock their hats, and look glum when a pleasant thing is said, and ask, 'Well! and what then?' Men of wit and parts should treat one another with benevolence: and I will lay it down as a maxim, that if you seem to have a good opinion of another man's wit, he will allow you to have judgment.

No. 43.] Thursday, April 30, 1713.

*Effritre leves indigna Tragedia versas,
Ut festus matrona moveri jussu diebus
Hic. Ars Poet. ver. 531.*

Tragedy should blush as much to stoop
To the low mimic follies of a farce,
As a grave matron would to dance with girls.
Racine.

I HAD for some days observed something in agitation, which was carried by smiles and whispers between my lady Lizard and her daughters, with a professed declaration that Mr. Ironside should not be in the secret. I would not trespass upon the integrity of the Sparkler so much as to solicit her to break her word even in a trifle; but I take it for an instance of her kindness to me, that as soon as she was at liberty, she was impatient to let me know it, and this morning sent me the following billet.

'SIR,

'My brother Tom waited upon us all last night to Cato; we sat in the first seats in the box of the eighteen-penny gallery. You must come hither this morning, for we shall be full of debates about the characters. I was for Marcia last night, but find that partiality was owing to the awe I was under in her father's presence; but this morning Lucia is my woman. You will tell me whether I am right or no when I see you; but I think it is a more difficult virtue to forbear going into a family, though she was in love with the heir of it, for no other reason but because her happiness was inconsistent with the tranquillity of the whole house to which she should be allied. I say, I think it a more generous virtue in Lucia to conquer her love from this motive, than in Marcia to suspend hers in the present circumstances of her father and her country: but pray be here to settle these matters.

'I am, your most obliged

'and obedient humble servant,

'MARY LIZARD.'

I made all the haste imaginable to the family, where I found Tom with the play in his hand, and the whole company with a sublime cheerfulness in their countenance, all ready to speak to me at once: and before I could draw my chair, my lady herself repeated:

'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,
The tincture of a skin that I admire;
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,

Fades in his eye, and pulls upon the sense.
The virtuous *Isabella* towers above her sex:
True, she is fair; (oh, how divinely fair!)
But still the lovely maid improves her charms
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
And sanctity of manners.'

I was going to speak, when Mrs. Cornelia stood up, and with the most gentle accent and sweetest tone of voice succeeded her mother:

So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains
Of rushing torrents and descending rains,
Works itself clear, and as it runs refines,
Till by degrees the floating mirror shines,
Reflects each flower that on the border grows,
And a new heaven in its fair bosom shows.

I thought now they would have given me time to draw a chair; but the Sparkler took hold of me, and I heard her with the utmost delight pursue her admiration of Lucia in the words of Portius:

— Athwart the terrors that thy vow
Has planted round thee, thou appear'st more fair,
More amiable, and risest in thy charms,
Loveliest of women! Heaven is in thy soul;
Beauty and virtue shine for ever round thee,
Bright'ning each other; thou art all divine!

When the ladies had done speaking, I took the liberty to take my place; while Tom, who, like a just courtier, thinks the interest of his prince and country the same, dwelt upon these lines:

Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
The generous plan of power deliver'd down
From age to age, by your renowned forefathers,
(So dearly bought, the price of so much blood.)
O let it never perish in your hands!
But piously transmit it to your children.

Though I would not take notice of it at that time, it went to my heart that *Annabella*, for whom I have long had some apprehensions, said nothing on this occasion, but indulged herself in the sneer of a little mind, to see the rest so much affected. Mrs. Betty also, who knows forsooth more than us all, overlooked the whole drama, but acknowledged the dresses of *Syphax* and *Juba* were very prettily imagined. The love of virtue, which has been so warmly roused by this admirable piece in all parts of the theatre, is an unanswerable instance of how great force the stage might be towards the improvement of the world, were it regarded and encouraged as much as it ought. There is no medium in this case, for the advantages of action, and the representation of vice and virtue in an agreeable or odious manner before our eyes, are so irresistibly prevalent, that the theatre ought to be shut up, or carefully governed, in any nation that values the promotion of virtue on guard of innocence among its people; Speeches or sermons will ever suffer, in some degree, from the characters of those that make them; and mankind are so unwilling to reflect on what makes for their own mortification, that they are ever cavilling against the lives of those who speak in the cause of goodness, to keep themselves in countenance, and con-

tinue in beloved infirmities. But in the case of the stage, envy and detraction are baffled, and none are offended, but all insensibly won by personated characters, which they neither look upon as their rivals, or superiors; every man that has any degree of what is laudable in a theatrical character, is secretly pleased, and encouraged in the prosecution of that virtue without fancying any man about him has more of it. To this purpose I fell a talking at the tea-table, when my lady Lisard, with a look of some severity towards *Annabella* and Mrs. Betty, was pleased to say, that it must be from some trifling prepossession of mind that any one could be unmoved with the characters of this tragedy; nor do I yet understand to what circumstance in the family her ladyship alluded, when she made all the company look serious, and rehearsed, with a tone more exalted, those words of the heroine,

In spite of all the virtues we can boast,
The woman that deliberates is lost.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas *Bat Pigeon* in the Strand, hair-cutter to the family of the *Lizards*, has attained to great proficiency in his art, Mr. Ironside advises all persons of fine heads, in order to have justice done them, to repair to that industrious mechanic.

N. B. Mr. Pigeon has orders to talk with, and examine into the parts and characters of young persons, before he thins the covering near the seat of the brain.

No. 44.] Friday, May 1, 1715.

— Hac iter Elysium nobis. Virg. *Æd.* vi. 549.
This path conducts us to th' Elysian fields.

I HAVE frequently observed in the walks belonging to all the inns of court, a set of old fellows who appear to be humorists, and wrapped up in themselves; but have long been at a loss when I have seen them smile, and name my name as I passed by, and say, *Old Ironside* wears well. I am a mere boy to some of them who frequent *Gray's Inn*, but am not a little pleased to find they are even with the world, and return upon it its neglect towards them, which is all the defence we old fellows have against the petulance of young people. I am very glad to observe that these sages of this peripatetic sect study tranquillity and indolence of body and mind, in the neighbourhood of so much contention as is carried on among the students of *Littleton*. The following letter gives us some light into the manners and maxims of these philosophers,

'To the Guardian.

'SIR,
'As the depredations of time and fortune have been lamented in all ages, those persons

who have resisted and disputed the tyranny of either of these, have employed the sublimest speculations of the writers in all languages. As these deceased heroes have had their places judiciously assigned them already in the temple of fame, I would immortalise some persons now alive, who to me are greater objects of envy, both as their bravery is exercised with the utmost tranquillity and pleasure to themselves, and as they are substantially happy on this side the grave, in opposition to all the Greek and Latin scraps to the contrary.

'As therefore I am naturally subject to cruel inroads from the spleen, as I affirm all evil to come from the east, as I am the weather-glass of every company I come into, I sometimes, according to Shakespeare. i

Sit like my grandaie cut in alabaster,
Sleep whilst I wake, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish. —————

'I would furnish out a table of merry fame, in envious admiration of those jovial blades, who disappoint the strokes of age and fortune with the same gayety of soul, as when through youth or affluence they were in their prime for fancy, frolic, and achievement. There are, you may observe, in all public walks, persons who by a singular shabbiness of their attire, make a very ridiculous appearance in the opinion of the men of dress. They are very sullen and involved, and appear in such a state of distress and tribulation as to be thought inconsolable. They are generally of that complexion which was in fashion during the pleasurable reign of Charles the second. Some of them, indeed, are of a lighter brown, whose fortunes fell with that of king James. Now these, who are the jest of such as take themselves, and the world usually takes, to be in prosperity, are the very persons whose happiness, were it understood, would be looked upon with burning envy. I fell into the discovery of them in the following manner. One day last summer, being particularly under the dominion of the spleen, I resolved to sooth my melancholy in the company of such, whose appearance promised a full return of any complaints I could possibly utter. Living near Gray's-inn walk, I went thither in search of the persons above described, and found some of them seated upon a bench, where, as Milton sings,

———— the unpierced shade
Imbrowed their noontide bower.

'I squeezed in among them, and they did not only receive my moanings with singular humanity, but gave me all possible encouragement to enlarge them. If the blackness of my spleen raised any imaginary distemper of body, some one of them immediately sympathized with me. If I spoke of any disappointment in my fortune, another of them would

abate my sorrowing by recounting to me his own defeat upon the very same circumstances. If I touched upon overlooked merit, the whole assembly seemed to condole with me very feelingly upon that particular. In short, I could not make myself so calamitous in mind, body, or circumstances, but some one of them was upon a level with me. When I had wound up my discourse, and was ripe for their intended raillery, at first they crowned my narration with several piteous sighs and groans, but after a short pause, and a signal given for the onset, they burst out into a most incomprehensible fit of laughter. You may be sure I was notably out of countenance, which gave occasion to a second explosion of the same mirth. What troubled me most was, that their figure, age, and short swords, preserved them from any imputation of cowardice upon refusal of battle, and their number from insult. I had now no other way to be upon good terms with them, but desiring I might be admitted into this fraternity. This was at first vigorously opposed, it being objected to me, that I affected too much the appearance of a happy man to be received into a society so proud of appearing the most afflicted. However, as I only seemed to be what they really were, I am admitted by way of triumph upon probation for a year: and if within that time it shall be possible for them to infuse any of their gayety into me, I can, at Monmouth-street, upon mighty easy terms, purchase the robes necessary for my installment into this order; and when they have made me as happy, shall be willing to appear as miserable as any of this assembly. I confess I have ever since been ashamed, that I should once take that place to be sacred to the disconsolate, which I now must affirm to be the only Elysium on this side the Styx; and that ever I should look upon those personages as lively instances of the outrage of time and fortune, who disallow their empire with such inimitable bravery. Some of these are pretty good classical scholars, and they follow these studies always walking, upon account of a certain sentence in Pliny's epistles to the following effect. "Tis inconceivable how much the understanding is enlivened by the exercise of the body." If therefore their author is a little difficult, you will see them fleeting with a very precipitate pace, and when it has been very perplexed and abstruse, I have seen a couple of these students prepare their apprehensions by still quicker motions, till they run into wisdom. These courses do not only make them go through their studies with pleasure and profit, but there is more spirit and vigour in their dialogues after the heat and hurry of these perambulations. This place was chosen as the peculiar resort of these sages, not only upon account of its air and situation, but in regard to certain edifices and seats therein

raised with great magnificence and convenience: and here, after the toils of their walks, and upon any stress of weather, these blessed inhabitants assemble themselves. There is one building particularly, in which, if the day permit, they have the most frequent conferences, not so much because of the loveliness of its eminence, as a sentence of literature incircling the extremities of it, which I think is as follows: "*Franciscus Bacon Eques Auratus Executor Testamenti Jeremie Bettenham Huius Hospitii Viri Abstemii et Contemplativi Hanc Sedem posuit in Memorium Ejusdem.*" Now this structure being erected in honourable memory of the abstemious, the contemplative Mr. Bettenham, they take frequent occasion to rally this erudition, which is to continue the remembrance of a person, who, according to their translation of the words, being confessed to have been of most splenetic memory, ought rather to lie buried in oblivion.

Least they should flag in their own way of conversation, they admit a fair-one to relieve them with hers. There are two or three thin existences among them, which I think I may call the ghosts of departed beaux, who pay their court more particularly to this lady, though their passion never rises higher than a kiss, which is always

Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet reluctant amorous delay. *Milton.*

'As it is the character of this fraternity to turn their seeming misfortunes to their advantage, they affirm it to be the greatest indulgence imaginable in these amours, that nature perpetuates their good inclinations to the fair, by an inability to extinguish them.

'During my year of probation, I am to prepare myself with such parts of history as have engaged their application during the leisure of their ill-fortune; I am therefore to read Rushworth and Clarendon, in the perusal of which authors I am not obliged to enter into the justness of their reflections and characters, but am desired to read, with an eye particularly curious, the battles of Marston-moor and Edgehill, in one of which every man of this assembly has lost a relation; and each has a story which none who has not read those battles is able to taste.

'I had almost forgot to mention a most unexampled piece of their gallantry. Some time since, in a prodigious foggy morning, I went in search of these persons to their usual place of resort, and perhaps shall hardly be believed, when I affirm, that, notwithstanding they tucked in so condensed and poisonous an æther, I found them enjoying themselves with as much vivacity, as if they had breathed in the serenity of Montpelier.

'I am, Sir,
'your most humble servant,

'J. W.'

No. 45.] *Saturday, May 2, 1713.*

I do not know that I have been more intimately moved with pity in my whole life, than when I was reading a letter from a young woman, not yet nineteen, in which there are these lamentable words, 'Alas! whither shall I fly? he has deceived, ruined, and left me.' The circumstances of her story are only those ordinary ones, that her lover was a man of greater fortune than she could expect would address to her upon honourable terms; but she said to herself, 'She had wit and beauty, and such charms as often captivate so far as to make men forget those meaner considerations, and innocent freedoms were not to be denied. A gentleman of condition is not to be shunned purely for being such; and they who took notice of it, did it only out of malice, because, they were not used by him with the same distinction.' But I would have young women, who are orphans, or unguarded with powerful alliances, consider with horror the insolence of wealth. Fortune does in a great measure denominate what is vice and virtue; or if it does not go so far, innocence is helpless, and oppression unpunished without its assistance; for this reason it is, that I would strictly recommend to my young females not to dally with men whose circumstances can support them against their falsehood, and have the fashion of a base self-interested world on their side, which, instead of avenging the cause of an abused woman, will proclaim her dishonour; while the person injured is shunned like a pestilence, he who did the wrong sees no difference in the reception he meets with, nor is he the less welcome to the rest of the sex, who are still within the pale of honour and innocence.

What makes this circumstance the more lamentable, is, that it frequently falls upon those who have greatest merit and understanding. Gentleness of disposition, and taste of polite conversation, I have often known snares toward vice in some, whilst sullenness and disrelish of any thing that was agreeable, have been the only defences of virtue in others. I have my unhappy correspondent's letter before me; and she says she is sure, he is so much a gentleman, and he has that natural softness, that he reads any thing moving on this subject in my paper, it will certainly make him think. Poor girl! 'Caesar ashamed! Has not he seen Pharsalia?' Does the poor creature imagine that a scrip of paper, a collection of sentences, and an old man's talk of pleasures which he is past, will have an effect upon him who could go on in a series of falsehood; let drop ambiguous sentences in her absence, to give her false hope from the repetition of them by some friend that heard them; that could pass as much time in the pursuit of her, as would have attained some useful art or science: and that only to

attain a short revel of his senses, under a stupor of faith, honour, and conscience! No; the destruction of a well-educated young woman is not accomplished by the criminal who is guilty of it, in a sudden start of desire; he is not surprised into it by frailty; but arrives at it by care, skill, and meditation. It is no small aggravation of the guilt, that it is a thousand times conquered and resisted, even while it is prosecuted. He that waits for fairer occasions, for riper wishes, for the removal of a particular objection, or the conquest of any certain scruple, has it in his power to obey his conscience, which often calls him, during the intrigue, a villain and a destroyer. There can be nothing said for such an evil; but that the restraints of shame and ignominy are broken down by the prevalence of custom. I do not, indeed, expect that my precautions will have any great weight with men of mode; but I know not but they may be some way efficacious on those who have not yet taken their party, as to vice and virtue, for life; but I know not how it is, but our sex has usurped a certain authority to exclude chastity out of the catalogue of masculine virtues, by which means females adventure all against those who have nothing to lose; and they have nothing but empty sighs, tears, and reproaches, against those who reduced them to real sorrow and infamy. But as I am now talking to the world yet untainted, I will venture to recommend chastity as the noblest male qualification.

It is, methinks, very unreasonable, that the difficulty of attaining all other good habits is what makes them honourable, but in this case the very attempt is become ridiculous. But, in spite of all the railery of the world, truth is still truth, and will have beauties inseparable from it. I should upon this occasion bring examples of heroic chastity, were I not afraid of having my paper thrown away by the modish part of the town, who go no farther, at best, than the mere absence of ill, and are contented to be rather irreproachable than praiseworthy. In this particular, a gentleman in the court of Cyrus reported to his majesty the charms and

he had, save the bread which he did eat,' he was so unhappy as to appear irresistibly beautiful to his mistress; but when this shameless woman proceeds to solicit him, how gallant is his answer! 'Behold my master wotteth not what is with me in the house, and hath committed all that he hath to my hand, there is none greater in the house than I, neither hath he kept back any thing from me but thee, because thou art his wife.' The same argument, which a base mind would have made to itself for committing the evil, was to this brave man the greatest motive for forbearing it, that he could do it with impunity; the malice and falsehood of the disappointed woman naturally arose on that occasion, and there is but a short step from the practice of virtue, to the hatred of it. It would therefore be worth serious consideration in both sexes, and the matter is of importance enough to them, to ask themselves whether they would change lightness of heart, indolence of mind, cheerful meals, untroubled slumbers, and gentle dispositions, for a constant pruriency, which shuts out all things that are great or indifferent, clouds the imagination with insensibility and prejudice to all manner of delight, but that which is common to all creatures that extend their species.

A loose behaviour and an inattention to every thing that is serious, flowing from some degree of this petulancy, is observable in the generality of the youth of both sexes in this age. It is the one common face of most public meetings, and breaks in upon the sobriety, I will not say severity, that we ought to exercise in churches. The pert boys and flippant girls are but faint followers of those in the same inclinations, at more advanced years. I knew not who can oblige them to mend their manners; all that I pretend to is, to enter my protest that they are neither fine gentlemen nor fine ladies for this behaviour. As for the portraiture which I would propose as the images of agreeable men and women, if they are not imitated or regarded, I can only answer, as I remember Mr. Dryden did on the like occasion, when a young fellow, just come from the play of Cleomenes, told him in rail-

great and shining qualities, so as to draw upon themselves the envy of their own sex, and the admiration of ours. My lady has been curious in collecting the lives of the most famous, of which she has a considerable number, both in print and manuscript. This naturally led me to speak of Madam Maintenon: and, at the request of my lady and her daughters, I have undertaken to put together such circumstances of her life, as I had formerly gathered out of books, and picked up from conversation in my travels.

Madam Maintenon was born a gentlewoman, her name is Frances Daubigné. Monsieur Daubigné, her grandfather, was not only a person of condition, but likewise of great merit. He was born in the year 1550, and died in 1630, the eightieth year of his age. A little before his death he writ his own epitaph, which is engraven upon his tomb-stone in the cloister of St. Peter's church at Geneva, and may be seen in Spon's history of that republic. He was a leading man among the protestants in France, and much courted to come over to the opposite party. When he perceived there was no safety for him any longer in his own country, he fled for refuge to Geneva, about the year 1619. The magistrates and the clergy there, received him with great marks of honour and distinction: and he passed the remaining part of his life amongst them in great esteem. Mezeray (the French historian) says, that he was a man of great courage and boldness, of a ready wit, and of a fine taste in polite learning, as well as of good experience in matters of war.

The son of this Daubigné was father to the present madam Maintenon. This gentleman was thrown into prison when he was but a youth, for what reason I cannot learn; but his life it seems, was in question, if the keeper of the prison's daughter (touched with his misfortunes and his merit) had not determined with herself to set him at liberty. Accordingly, a favourable opportunity presenting itself, she set the prisoner at large, and accompanied him herself in his flight. The lovers finding themselves now in no danger of being apprehended, monsieur Daubigné acquitted himself of the promise he had given his fair deliverer, and married her publicly. To provide against their immediate want in a strange place, she had taken with her what she found at home most valuable and easy to be carried off. All this was converted into money; and while their little treasure lasted, our new-married couple thought themselves the happiest persons living. But their provision now began to fail, and monsieur Daubigné, who plainly saw the straits to which they must be in a little time reduced, notwithstanding all his love and tenderness, thought he should soon be in a far worse condition, than that from which he had so lately escaped. But what most afflicted him was to see that his

wife, whom he loved so tenderly, must be reduced to the utmost necessity, and that too at a time when she was big with child.

Monsieur Daubigné, pressed with these difficulties, formed to himself a very hazardous resolution; and since the danger he saw in it was only to his person, he put it in execution without ever consulting his wife. The purpose he entered upon, was to venture back into France, and to endeavour there to get up some of his effects, and in a short time to have the pleasure of returning to his wife with some little means of subsistence. He flattered himself, that he was now no longer thought of in his own country, and that, by the help of a friend, he might continue there unknown for some time. But upon trial it happened quite otherwise, for he was betrayed by those in whom he confided; so that he was a second time cast into prison. I should have mentioned, that he left his wife without ever taking leave: and that the first notice she had of his design was by a letter, which he sent her from the place where he lay the first night. Upon the reading of it, she was immediately alarmed for the life of a husband so very dear to her; but she fell into the last affliction when she received the news of his being imprisoned again, of which she had been apprehensive from the beginning. When her concern was a little abated, she considered that the afflicting of herself could give him no relief; and despairing ever to be able a second time to bring about the delivery of her husband, and likewise finding it impossible for her to live long separated from him, she resolved to share in his misfortunes, and to live and die with him in his prison. Therefore, without the least regard to the danger of a woman's travelling in her condition (for she was now far gone with child) she entered upon her journey, and having found out her husband, voluntarily gave herself up to remain a prisoner with him. And here it was that she was delivered of that daughter, who has since proved the wonder of her age.

The relations of monsieur Daubigné, dissatisfied with his conduct and his marriage, had all of them abandoned him, excepting madam Villete, his sister, who used to visit him. She could not but be touched with the condition in which she found him, entirely destitute of all the conveniences, and almost the very necessities of life. But that which most moved her compassion was, to see in the arms of a disconsolate mother, the poor helpless infant exposed amidst her cries, to cold, to nakedness, and hunger. In this extremity madam Villete took the child home with her, and gave her to the care of her daughter's nurse, with whom she was bred up for some time, as a foster-sister. Besides this, she sent the two prisoners several necessities. Some time after, monsieur Daubigné found means, by changing his religion,

to get out of prison, upon condition he would quit the kingdom; to which he consented.

Monsieur Daubigné, knowing he was never like to see France more, got together what little substance he could, in order to make a long voyage; and so, with a small family, he embarked for America; where he and his wife lived in quiet, and made it their principal care to give their children (a son and a daughter) good education.

These unfortunate parents died both in their exile, leaving their children very young. The daughter, who was elder than her brother, as she grew up began to be very desirous of seeing her native country; this, together with the hopes she had of recovering something of that which once belonged to her father, made her willing to take the first opportunity of returning into France. Finding therefore a ship that was ready to sail thither, she went on board, and landed at Rochelle. From thence she proceeded directly to Poitou, and there made it her business first, to inquire out madam Villete, her aunt, who she knew very well was the person to whom she owed her life. Madam Villete received her with great marks of affection; and after informing her, that she must not expect to recover any thing of what had belonged to her father, since that was all irreparably lost and dissipated by his banishment, and the proceedings against him, she added, that she should be welcome, if she thought fit, to live with her, where at least she should never be reduced to want a subsistence.

Mademoiselle Daubigné accepted the offer which her aunt made her, and studied by all means imaginable to render herself necessary and agreeable to a person upon whom she saw that she must entirely depend for every thing. More especially she made it her business to insinuate herself into the affections of her cousin, with whom she had one common nurse. And, to omit nothing that might please them, she expressed a great desire to be instructed in the religion of her ancestors; she was impatient to have some conversation with ministers, and to frequent their sermons; so that

a manner forced by violence from madam Villete, who was the only relation that ever had taken any care of her. She shed abundance of tears at parting, and assured her aunt, and her cousin (who was now married to monsieur Saint Hermine) that she should always preserve, with the remembrance of their kindness, the good impressions she had received of their religion, and never fail to acknowledge both the one and the other, when she found a time and occasion proper for it.

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No. 47.] Tuesday, May 5, 1713.

MADemoiselle DAUBIGNÉ was conducted from madam Villete's to a relation, who had a law-suit then depending at Paris; and being for that reason obliged to go thither, she carried mademoiselle Daubigné with her. This lady hired apartments in the same house where the famous Scaron was lodged. She made an acquaintance with him; and one day, being obliged to go abroad alone upon a visit, she desired he would give her cousin leave, in the mean time, to come and sit with him; knowing very well that a young lady was in no danger from such a person, and that perhaps it might turn to her advantage. Monsieur Scaron was, of all men living, the most unhappy in an untoward frame of body, being not only deformed, but likewise very infirm. In consideration of his wit and parts, he had a yearly pension from the court of five hundred crowns. Scaron was charmed with the conversation of mademoiselle Daubigné; and her kinswoman took frequent opportunities of leaving her with him. This gave Scaron occasion to discover still new beauties in her from time to time. She would sometimes entertain him with the story of her adventures and her misfortunes, beginning even with what she suffered before she was born; all which she knew how to describe in so expressive and moving a manner, that he found himself touched with a strong compassion towards her; and resolved with himself, if not to make her happy, at least to set her at ease, by placing her in a nunnery at

according to your inclinations, in the choice of the one or the other: or, if neither of them please you, to refuse them both. My fortunes are too narrow to enable me to make yours answerable to your merit; all that I am capable of doing is, either to make you a joint partaker with myself of the little I have, or to place you, at my own expense, in any convent you shall choose. I wish it were in my power to do more for you. Consult your own inclinations, and do what you think will be most agreeable to yourself. As for my person, I do not pretend to recommend it to you; I know I make but an ungainly figure; but I am not able to new-mould it; I offer myself to you such as I am; and yet, such as you see me, I do assure you that I would not bestow myself upon another; and that I must have a very great esteem for you, ever to propose a marriage, which, of all things in the world, I have had the least in my thoughts hitherto. Consider, therefore, and take your final resolutions, either to turn nun, or to marry me, or to continue in your present condition, without repining, since these do all of them depend upon your own choice.

Mademoiselle Daubigné returned monsieur Scaron the thanks he so well deserved. She was too sensible of the disagreeableness of a dependant state, not to be glad to accept of a settlement that would place her at least above want. Finding, therefore, in herself no call towards a nunnery, she answered monsieur Scaron without hesitation, that, 'she had too great a sense of her obligations to him not to be desirous of that way of life that would give her the most frequent occasions of showing her gratitude to him.' Scaron, who was prepossessed with the flattering hopes of passing his life with a person he liked so well, was charmed with her answer. They both came to a resolution, that he should ask her relation's consent that very evening. She gave it very frankly; and this marriage, so soon concluded, was, as it were, the inlet to all the future fortunes of madam Maintenon. She made a good wife to Scaron, living happily with him, and wanted no conveniencies during

that she has always been of a grateful temper, and mindful, in her high fortunes, of her old friends, to whom she had formerly been obliged.

Her husband's friends did all they could to prevail upon the court to continue to her the pension which monsieur Scaron had enjoyed. In order to this, petitions were frequently given in, which began always with, 'The widow Scaron most humbly prays your majesty,' &c. But all these petitions signified nothing; and the king was so weary of them that he has been heard to say, 'Must I always be pestered with the widow Scaron?' Notwithstanding which, her friends were resolved not to be discouraged in their endeavours to serve her.

After this, she quitted the convent, and went to live in the hotel d'Albert, where her husband had always been very much esteemed. Here (it is said) something very remarkable happened to her, which I shall relate, because I find it so confidently affirmed upon the knowledge of a certain author. There were masons at work in the hotel d'Albert, not far from the apartment of madam Scaron. One of them came into her chamber, and, finding two or three visitants of her own sex, desired he might speak with her in private; she carried him into her closet, where he took upon him to tell her all the future events of her life. But whence he drew this knowledge (continues my author) which time has so wonderfully verified, is a mystery still to me. As to madam Scaron, she saw then so little appearance of probability in his predictions, that she hardly gave the least heed to them. Nevertheless, the company, upon her return, remarked some alteration in her countenance; and one of the ladies said, 'Surely this man has brought you some very pleasing news, for you look with a more cheerful air than you did before he came in.' 'There would be sufficient reason for my doing so,' replied she, 'if I could give any credit to what this fellow has promised me. And I can tell you,' says she, smiling, 'that if there should be any thing in it, you will do well to begin to make your court to me beforehand.' These ladies could not prevail upon



with so good a grace, that madam Mountespan, pitying her circumstances, and resolving to make them more easy, took upon her to carry a petition from her to the king, and to deliver it with her own hands. The king, upon her presenting it to him, said 'What! the widow Scaron again? Shall I never see any thing else?' 'Indeed, sir,' says madam Mountespan, 'it is now a long time since you ought not to have had her name mentioned to you any more; and it is something extraordinary that your majesty has done nothing all this while for a poor woman, who, without exception, deserves a much better condition, as well upon the account of her own merit, as of the reputation of her late husband.' The king, who was always glad of an opportunity to please madam Mountespan, granted the petitioner all that was desired. Madam Scaron came to thank her patroness; and madam Mountespan took such a liking to her, that she would by all means present her to the king, and, after that, proposed to him, that she might be made governante to their children. His majesty consented to it; and madam Scaron, by her address and good conduct, won so much upon the affections and esteem of madam Mountespan, that in a little time she became her favourite and confidant.

It happened one night that madam Mountespan sent for her, to tell her, that she was in great perplexity. She had just then, it seems, received a billet from the king, which required an immediate answer; and though she did by no means want wit, yet in that instant she found herself incapable of writing any thing with spirit. In the mean time the messenger waited for an answer, while she racked her invention to no purpose. Had there been nothing more requisite, but to say a few tender things, she needed only to have copied the dictates of her heart; but she had, over and above, the reputation of her style and manner of writing to maintain, and her invention played her false in so critical a juncture. This reduced her to the necessity of desiring madam Scaron to help her out; and giving her the king's billet, she bid her make an answer to it immediately. Madam Scaron would, out of modesty, have excused herself; but madam Mountespan laid her absolute commands upon her: so that she obeyed, and writ a most agreeable billet, full of wit and tenderness. Madam Mountespan was very much pleased with it, she copied it, and sent it. The king was infinitely delighted with it. He thought madam Mountespan had surpassed herself; and he attributed her more than ordinary wit upon this occasion to an increase of tenderness. The principal part of his amusement that night, was to read over and over again this letter, in which he discovered new beauties upon every reading. He thought himself the happiest

and the most extraordinary man living, to be able to inspire his mistress with such surprising sentiments and turns of wit.

Next morning, as soon as he was drest, he went directly to make a visit to madam Mountespan. 'What happy genius, madam,' says he, upon his first coming into her chamber, 'influenced your thoughts last night? Never certainly was there any thing so charming, and so finely writ, as the billet you sent me! and if you truly feel the tenderness you have so well described, my happiness is complete.' Madam Mountespan was in confusion with these praises, which properly belonged to another; and she could not help betraying something of it by her blushes. The king perceived the disorder she was in, and was earnest to know the cause of it. She would fain have put it off; but the king's curiosity still increasing, in proportion to the excuses she made, she was forced to tell him all that had passed, lest he should of himself imagine something worse. The king was extremely surprised, though in civility he dissembled his thoughts at that time, nevertheless he could not help desiring to see the author of the letter that had pleased him so much; to satisfy himself whether her wit in conversation was equal to what it appeared in writing. Madam Scaron now began to call to mind the predictions of the mason; and from the desire the king had to see her, conceived no small hopes. Notwithstanding she now had passed the flower of her age, yet she flattered herself that her destiny had reserved this one conquest in store for her, and this mighty monarch to be her captive. She was exactly shaped, had a noble air, fine eyes, and a delicate mouth, with fresh ruddy lips. She has, besides, the art of expressing every thing with her eyes, and of adjusting her looks to her thoughts in such a manner, that all she says goes directly to the heart. The king was already prepossessed in her favour; and, after three or four times conversing with her, began visibly to cool in his affections towards madam Mountespan.

The king in a little time purchased for madam Scaron those lands which carry the name of Maintenon, a title which she from that time has taken. Never was there an instance of any favourite having so great a power over a prince, as what she has hitherto maintained. None can obtain the least favour but by immediate application to her. Some are of opinion that she has been the occasion of all the ill treatment which the protestants have met with, and consequently of the damage the whole kingdom has received from those proceedings. But it is more reasonable to think that whole revolution was brought about by the contrivances of the Jesuits; and she has always been known to be too little a favourer of that order of men to promote their intrigues.

Besides, it is not natural to think that she, who formerly had a good opinion of the reformed religion, and was pretty well instructed in the protestant faith and way of worship, should ever be the author of a persecution against those innocent people, who never had in any thing offended her.

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No. 48.] *Wednesday, May 6, 1713.*

It is the general opinion, that madam Maintenon has of late years influenced all the measures of the court of France. The king, when he has taken the air after dinner, never fails of going to sit with her till about ten o'clock; at which time he leaves her to go to his supper. The comptroller general of the finances likewise comes to her apartments to meet the king. While they are in discourse madam Maintenon sits at her wheel towards the other end of the room, not seeming to give the least attention to what is said. Nevertheless, the minister never makes a proposition to the king, but his majesty turns towards her, and says, 'What think you, madam, of this?' She expresses her opinion after a modest manner; and whatsoever she says is done. Madam Maintenon never appears in public, except when she goes with the king to take the air; and then she sits on the same seat with the king, with her spectacles on, working a piece of embroidery, and does not seem to be so much as sensible of the great fortunes and honours to which she has raised herself. She is always very modestly drest, and never appears with any train of servants. Every morning she goes to St. Cyr, to give her orders there, it being a kind of a nursery founded by herself for the education of young ladies of good families, but no fortune. She returns from thence about the time the king rises, who never fails to pay her a morning visit. She goes to mass always by break of day, to avoid the concourse of people. She is rarely seen by any, and almost inaccessible to every body, excepting three or four particular acquaintance of her own sex. Whether it be, that she would by this conduct avoid envy, as some think; or, as others would have it, that she is afraid the rank which she thinks due to her should be disputed in all visits and public places, is doubtful. It is certain, that upon all occasions she declines the taking of any rank; and the title of Marquise (which belongs to the lands the king purchased for her) is suppressed before her name; neither will she accept of the title of a duchess, aspiring in all probability at something still higher, as will appear by what follows.

From several particulars in the conduct of the French king, as well as in that of madam Maintenon, it has for some years been the prevailing opinion of the court that they are mar-

ried. And it is said, that her ambition of being declared queen broke out at last; and that she was resolved to give the king no quiet till it was done. He for some time resisted all her solicitations upon that head, but at length, in a fit of tenderness and good nature, he promised her, that he would consult his confessor upon that point. Madam Maintenon was pleased with this, not doubting but that father La Chaise would be glad of this occasion of making his court to her; but he was too subtle a courtier not to perceive the danger of engaging in so nice an affair; and for that reason evaded it, by telling the king, that he did not think himself a casuist able enough to decide a question of so great importance, and for that reason desired he might consult with some man of skill and learning, for whose secrecy he would be responsible. The king was apprehensive lest this might make the matter too public; but as soon as father La Chaise named monsieur Fenelon, the archbishop of Cambray, his fears were over; and he bid him go and find him out. As soon as the confessor had communicated the business he came upon to the bishop, he said, 'What have I done, father, that you should ruin me! But 'tis no matter; let us go to the king.' His majesty was in his closet expecting them. The bishop was no sooner entered, but he threw himself at the king's feet, and begged of him not to sacrifice him. The king promised him that he would not; and then proposed the case to him. The bishop, with his usual sincerity, represented to him the great prejudice he would do himself by declaring his marriage, together with the ill consequences that might attend such a proceeding. The king very much approved his reasons, and resolved to go no farther in this affair. Madam Maintenon still pressed him to comply with her, but it was now all to no purpose; and he told her it was not a thing to be done. She asked him, if it was father La Chaise who dissuaded him from it. He for some time refused to give her any answer, but at last, overcome by her importunities, he told her every thing as it had passed. She upon this dissembled her resentment, that she might be the more able to make it prove effectual. She did by no means think the Jesuit was to be forgiven; but the first marks of her vengeance fell upon the archbishop of Cambray. He and all his relations were, in a little time, put out of all their employments at court; upon which he retired to live quietly upon his bishopric; and there have no endeavours been spared to deprive him even of that. As a farther instance of the uncontrollable power of this great favourite, and of her resenting even the most trivial matters that she thinks might tend to her prejudice, or the diminution of her honour it is remarkable, that the Italian comedians

were driven out of Paris, for playing a comedy called *La Fausse Prude*, which was supposed to reflect upon madam Maintenon in particular.

It is something very extraordinary, that she has been able to keep entire the affections of the king so many years, after her youth and beauty were gone, and never fall into the least disgrace; notwithstanding the number of enemies she has had, and the intrigues that have been formed against her from time to time. This brings into my memory a saying of king William's, that I have heard on this occasion;

That the king of France was in his conduct quite opposite to other princes; since he made choice of young ministers, and an old mistress. But this lady's charms have not lain so much in her person, as in her wit and good sense. She has always had the address to flatter the vanity of the king, and to mix always something solid and useful with the more agreeable parts of her conversation. She has known how to introduce the most serious affairs of state into their hours of pleasure; by telling his majesty, that a monarch should not love, nor do any thing, like other men; and that he, of all men living, knew best how to be always a king, and always like himself, even in the midst of his diversions. The king now converses with her as a friend, and advises with her upon his most secret affairs. He has a true love and esteem for her; and has taken care, in case he should die before her, that she may pass the remainder of her life with honour, in the abbey of St. Cyr. There are apartments ready fitted up for her in this place; she and all her domestics are to be maintained out of the rents of the house, and she is to receive all the honours due to a foundress. This abbey stands in the park of Versailles; it is a fine piece of building, and the king has endowed it with large revenues. The design of it, (as I have mentioned before) is to maintain and educate young ladies, whose fortunes do not answer to their birth. None are accounted duly qualified for this place but such as can give sufficient proofs of the nobility of their family on the father's side for a hundred and forty years; besides which, they must have a certificate of their poverty under the hand of their bishop. The age at which persons are capable of being admitted here is from seven years old till twelve. Lastly, it is required, that they should have no defect or blemish of body or mind; and for this reason there are persons appointed to visit and examine them before they are received into the college. When these young ladies are once admitted, their parents and relations have no need to put themselves to any farther expense or trouble about them. They are provided with all necessaries for maintenance and education. They style themselves of the order of

St. Lewis. When they arrive to an age to be able to choose a state of life for themselves, they may either be placed as nuns in some convent at the king's expense, or be married to some gentleman, whom madam Maintenon takes care, upon that condition, to provide for, either in the army or in the finances; and the lady receives besides, a portion of four hundred pistoles. Most of these marriages have proved very successful; and several gentlemen have by them made great fortunes, and been advanced to very considerable employments.

I must conclude this short account of madam Maintenon with advertising my readers, that I do not pretend to vouch for the several particulars that I have related. All I can say is, that a great many of them are attested by several writers; and that I thought this sketch of a woman so remarkable all over Europe, would be no ill entertainment to the curious, till such a time as some pen, more fully instructed in her whole life and character, shall undertake to give it to the public.

No. 49.] Thursday, May 7, 1713.

— — — quæ possit facere et servare beatum.
Hor. Lib. 1. Ep. vi. 2.

To make men happy and to keep them so. *Ovcrck.*

It is of great use to consider the pleasures which constitute human happiness, as they are distinguished into natural and fantastical. Natural pleasures I call those, which, not depending on the fashion and caprice of any particular age or nation, are suited to human nature in general, and were intended by Providence as rewards for the using our faculties agreeably to the ends for which they were given us. Fantastical pleasures are those which, having no natural fitness to delight our minds, presuppose some particular whim or taste accidentally prevailing in a set of people, to which it is owing that they please.

Now I take it, that the tranquillity and cheerfulness with which I have passed my life, are the effect of having, ever since I came to years of discretion, continued my inclinations to the former sort of pleasures. But as my experience can be a rule only to my own actions, it may probably be a stronger motive to induce others to the same scheme of life, if they would consider that we are prompted to natural pleasures by an instinct impressed on our minds by the Author of our nature, who best understands our frames, and consequently best knows what those pleasures are which will give us the least uneasiness in the pursuit, and the greatest satisfaction in the enjoyment of them. Hence it follows, that the objects of our natural desires are cheap, or easy to be obtained, it being a maxim that holds throughout the

whole system of created beings, 'that nothing is made in vain,' much less the instincts and appetites of animals, which the benevolence as well as wisdom of the Deity, is concerned to provide for. Nor is the fruition of those objects less pleasing than the acquisition is easy; and the pleasure is heightened by the sense of having answered some natural end, and the consciousness of acting in concert with the Supreme Governor of the universe.

Under natural pleasures I comprehend those which are universally suited, as well to the rational as the sensual part of our nature. And of the pleasures which affect our senses, those only are to be esteemed natural that are contained within the rules of reason, which is allowed to be as necessary an ingredient of human nature as sense. And, indeed, excesses of any kind are hardly to be esteemed pleasures, much less natural pleasures.

It is evident, that a desire terminated in money is fantastical; so is the desire of outward distinctions, which bring no delight of sense, nor recommend us as useful to mankind; and the desire of things merely because they are new or foreign. Men who are indisposed to a due exertion of their higher parts are driven to such pursuits as these from the restlessness of the mind, and the sensitive appetites being easily satisfied. It is, in some sort, owing to the bounty of Providence, that disdaining a cheap and vulgar happiness, they frame to themselves imaginary goods, in which there is nothing can raise desire, but the difficulty of obtaining them. Thus men become the contrivers of their own misery, as a punishment on themselves for departing from the measures of nature. Having by an habitual reflection on these truths made them familiar, the effect is, that I, among a number of persons who have debauched their natural taste, see things in a peculiar light, which I have arrived at, not by any uncommon force of genius, or acquired knowledge, but only by unlearning the false notions instilled by custom and education.

The various objects that compose the world were by nature formed to delight our senses, and as it is this alone that makes them desirable to an uncorrupted taste, a man may be said naturally to possess them, when he possesseth those enjoyments which they are fitted by nature to yield. Hence it is usual with me to consider myself as having a natural property in every object that administers pleasure to me. When I am in the country, all the fine seats near the place of my residence, and to which I have access, I regard as mine. The same I think of the groves and fields where I walk, and muse on the folly of the civil landlord in London, who has the fantastical pleasure of draining dry rent into his coffers, but is a stranger to fresh air and rural enjoyments. By these principles I am possessed of half a

dozen of the finest seats in England, which in the eye of the law belong to certain of my acquaintance, who being men of business choose to live near the court.

In some great families, where I choose to pass my time, a stranger would be apt to rank me with the other domestics; but in my own thoughts, and natural judgment, I am master of the house, and he who goes by that name is my steward, who eases me of the care of providing for myself the conveniences and pleasures of life.

[When I walk the streets, I use the foregoing natural maxim (viz. That he is the true possessor of a thing who enjoys it, and not he that owns it without the enjoyment of it,) to convince myself that I have a property in the gay part of all the gilt chariots that I meet, which I regard as amusements designed to delight my eyes, and the imagination of those kind people who sit in them gaily attired only to please me. I have a real, and they only an imaginary pleasure from their exterior embellishments. Upon the same principle, I have discovered that I am the natural proprietor of all the diamond necklaces, the crosses, stars, brocades, and embroidered clothes, which I see at a play or birth-night, as giving more natural delight to the spectator than to those that wear them. And I look on the beaus and ladies as so many paroquets in an aviary, or tulips in a garden, designed purely for my diversion. A gallery of pictures, a cabinet, or library, that I have free access to, I think my own. In a word, all that I desire is the use of things, let who will have the keeping of them. By which maxim I am grown one of the richest men in Great Britain; with this difference, that I am not a prey to my own cares, or the envy of others.

The same principles I find of great use in my private economy. As I cannot go to the price of history-painting, I have purchased at easy rates several beautifully designed pieces of landscape and perspective, which are much more pleasing to a natural taste than unknown faces or Dutch gambols, though done by the best masters; my couches, beds, and window-curtains are of Irish stuff, which those of that nation work very fine, and with a delightful mixture of colours. There is not a piece of china in my house; but I have glasses of all sorts, and some tinged with the finest colours, which are not the less pleasing, because they are domestic, and cheaper than foreign toys. Everything is neat, entire, and clean, and fitted to the taste of one who had rather be happy than be thought rich.

Every day, numberless innocent and natural gratifications occur to me, while I behold my fellow-creatures labouring in a toilsome and absurd pursuit of trifles; one that he may be called by a particular appellation; another, that he

may wear a particular ornament, which I regard as a bit of riband that has an agreeable effect on my sight, but is so far from supplying the place of merit where it is not, that it serves only to make the want of it more conspicuous. Fair weather is the joy of my soul; about noon I behold a blue sky with rapture, and receive great consolation from the rosy dashes of light which adorn the clouds of the morning and evening. When I am lost among green trees I do not envy a great man with a great crowd at his levée. And I often lay aside thoughts of going to an opera, that I may enjoy the silent pleasure of walking by moonlight, or viewing the stars sparkle in their azure ground; which I look upon as part of my possessions, not without a secret indignation at the tastelessness of mortal men, who in their race through life overlook the real enjoyments of it.

But the pleasure which naturally affects a human mind with the most lively and transporting touches, I take to be the sense that we act in the eye of infinite wisdom, power, and goodness, that will crown our virtuous endeavours here, with a happiness hereafter, large as our desires, and lasting as our immortal souls. This is a perpetual spring of gladness in the mind. This lessens our calamities, and doubles our joys. Without this the highest state of life is insipid, and with it the lowest is a paradise. What unnatural wretches then are those who can be so stupid as to imagine a merit, in endeavouring to rob virtue of her support, and a man of his present as well as future bliss? But as I have frequently taken occasion to animadvert on that species of mortals, so I propose to repeat my animadversions on them till I see some symptoms of amendment.

No. 50.] *Friday, May 8, 1713.*

O rus, quando ego te aspiciam? —

Hor. Lib. 2. Sat. vi. 60.

O! when shall I enjoy my country seat?

Creech.

THE perplexities and diversions, recounted in the following letter, are represented with some pleasantry; I shall, therefore, make this epistle the entertainment of the day.

'To Nestor Ironside, Esquire.

'SIR,

'The time of going into the country drawing near, I am extremely enlivened with the agreeable memorial of every thing that contributed to my happiness when I was last there. In the recounting of which, I shall not dwell so much upon the verdure of the fields, the shade of woods, the trilling of rivulets, or melody of birds, as upon some particular satisfactions, which, though not merely rural, must

naturally create a desire of seeing that place, where only I have met with them. As to my passage I shall make no other mention, than of the pompous pleasure of being whirled along with six horses, the easy grandeur of lolling in a handsome chariot, the reciprocal satisfaction the inhabitants of all towns and villages received from, and returned to, passengers of such distinction. The gentleman's seat (with whom, among others, I had the honour to go down) is the remains of an ancient castle which has suffered very much for the loyalty of its inhabitants. The ruins of the several turrets and strong holds gave my imagination more pleasant exercise than the most magnificent structure could, as I look upon the honourable wounds of a defaced soldier with more veneration than the most exact proportion of a beautiful woman. As this desolation renewed in me a general remembrance of the calamities of the late civil wars, I began to grow desirous to know the history of the particular scene of action in this place of my abode. I here must beseech you not to think me tedious in mentioning a certain barber, who, for his general knowledge of things and persons, may be had in equal estimation with any of that order among the Romans. This person was allowed to be the best historian upon the spot; and the sequel of my tale will discover that I did not choose him so much for the soft touch of his hand, as his abilities to entertain me with an account of the Leaguer Time, as he calls it, the most authentic relations of which, through all parts of the town are derived from this person. I found him, indeed, extremely loquacious, but withal a man of as much veracity as an impetuous speaker could be. The first time he came to shave me, before he applied his weapon to my chin, he gave a flourish with it, very like the salutation the prize-fighters give the company with theirs, which made me apprehend incision would as certainly ensue. The dexterity of this overture consists in playing the razor, with a nimble wrist, mighty near the nose without touching it: convincing him, therefore, of the dangerous consequence of such an unnecessary agility, with much persuasion I suppressed it. During the perusal of my face he gives me such accounts of the families in the neighbourhood, as tradition and his own observation have furnished him with. Whenever the precipitation of his account makes him blunder, his cruel right-hand corresponds, and the razor discovers on my face, at what part of it he was in the peaceable, and at what part in the bloody incidents of his narrative. But I had long before learned to expose my person to any difficulties that might tend to the improvement of my mind. His breath, I found, was very pestiferous, and being obliged to utter a great deal of it, for the carrying on his narrations,

I beseeched him, before he came into my room, to go into the kitchen and mollify it with a breakfast. When he had taken off my beard, with part of my face, and dressed my wounds in the capacity of a barber-surgeon, we traversed the outworks about the castle, where I received particular information in what places any of note among the besiegers, or the besieged, received any wound, and I was carried always to the very spot where the fact was done, howsoever dangerous (scaling part of the walls, or stumbling over loose stones) my approach to such a place might be; it being conceived impossible to arrive at a true knowledge of those matters without this hazardous explanation upon them; insomuch that I received more contusions from these speculations, than I probably could have done, had I been the most bold adventurer at the demolition of this castle. This, as all other his informations, the barber so lengthened and husbanded with digressions, that he had always something new to offer, wisely concluding that when he had finished the part of a historian, I should have no occasion for him as a barber.

‘Whenever I looked at this ancient pile of building, I thought it perfectly resembled any of those castles, which in my infancy I had met with in romances, where several unfortunate knights and ladies, were, by certain giants, made prisoners irrecoverably, till “the knight of the burning pestle,” or any other of equal hardness, should deliver them from a long captivity. There is a park adjoining, pleasant beyond the most poetical description, one part of which is particularly private by being inaccessible to those that have not great resolution. This I have made sacred to love and poetry, and after having regularly invoked the goddess I adore, I here compose a tender couplet or two, which, when I come home, I venture to show my particular friends, who love me so well as to conceal my follies. After my poetry sinks upon me, I relieve the labour of my brain by a little manuscript with my pen-knife; while, with Rochester,

‘Here on a beech, like amorous sot,
I sometime carve a true-love’s knot;
There a tall oak her name does bear,
In a large spreading character.’

‘I confess once whilst I was engraving one of my most curious conceits upon a delicate smooth bark, my feet, in the tree which I had gained with much skill, deserted me; and the lover, with much amazement, came plump into the river; I did not recover the true spirit of amour under a week, and not without applying myself to some of the softest passages in Cassandra and Cleopatra.

‘These are the pleasures I met without doors; those within were as follow. I had the happiness to lie in a room that had a large

hole opening from it, which, by unquestionable tradition, had been formerly continued to an abbey two miles from the castle, for a communication betwixt the austere creatures of that place, with others not altogether so contemplative. And the keeper’s brother assures me that when he formerly lay in this room, he had seen some of the spirits of this departed brotherhood, enter from the hole into this chamber, where they continued with the utmost civility to flesh and blood till they were oppressed by the morning air. And if I do not receive his account with a very serious and believing countenance, he ventures to laugh at me as a most ridiculous infidel. The most unaccountable pleasure I take is with a fine white young owl, which strayed one night in at my window, and which I was resolved to make a prisoner, but withal to give all the indulgence that its confinement could possibly admit of. I so far insinuated myself into his favour, by presents of fresh provisions, that we could be very good company together. There is something in the eye of that creature, of such merry lustre, something of such human cunning in the turn of his visage, that I found vast delight in the survey of it. One objection indeed I at first saw, that this bird being the bird of Pallas, the choice of this favourite might afford curious matter of raillery to the ingenious, especially when it shall be known, that I am as much delighted with a oat as ever Montaigne was. But, notwithstanding this, I am so far from being ashamed of this particular humour, that I esteem myself very happy in having my odd taste of pleasure provided for upon such reasonable terms. What heightened all the pleasures I have spoke of, was the agreeable freedom with which the gentleman of the house entertained us; and every one of us came into, or left the company as he thought fit; dined in his chamber, or the parlour, as a fit of spleen or study directed him; nay, sometimes every man rode or walked a different way, so that we never were together but when we were perfectly pleased with ourselves and each other.

‘I am, Sir,
‘Your most obedient humble servant,’
‘R. B.’

P. S. I had just given my orders for the press, when my friend Mrs. Bicknell made me a visit. She came to desire I would show her the wardrobe of the Lizards, (where the various habits of the ancestors of that illustrious family are preserved) in order to furnish her with a proper dress for the Wife of Bath. Upon sight of the little ruffs, she snatched one of them from the pin, clapt it round her neck, and turning briskly towards me repeated a speech out of her part in the comedy of that name. If the rest of the actors enter into their several

parts with the same spirit, the humorous characters of this play cannot but appear excellent on the theatre: for very good judges have informed me, that the author has drawn them with great propriety, and an exact observation of the manners.

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

No. 51.] *Saturday, May 9, 1713.*

— Res antiquæ landis et artis
Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.
Virg. Georg. II. 174.

Of arts disclos'd in ancient days, I sing,
And venture to unlock the sacred spring.

It is probable the first poets were found at the altar, that they employed their talents in adorning and animating the worship of their gods: the spirit of poetry and religion reciprocally warmed each other, devotion inspired poetry, and poetry exalted devotion; the most sublime capacities were put to the most noble use; purity of will, and fineness of understanding, were not such strangers as they have been in latter ages, but were most frequently lodged in the same breast, and went, as it were, hand in hand to the glory of the world's great Ruler, and the benefit of mankind. To reclaim our modern poetry, and turn it into its due and primitive channel, is an endeavour altogether worthy a far greater character than the Guardian of a private family. Kingdoms might be the better for the conversion of the muses from sensuality to natural religion, and princes on their thrones might be obliged and protected by its power.

Were it modest, I should profess myself a great admirer of poesy, but that profession is in effect telling the world that I have a heart tender and generous, a heart that can swell with the joys, or be depressed with the misfortunes of others, nay more, even of imaginary persons; a heart large enough to receive the greatest ideas nature can suggest, and delicate enough to relish the most beautiful; it is desiring mankind to believe that I am capable of entering into all those subtle graces, and all that divine elegance, the enjoyment of which is to be felt only, and not expressed.

All kinds of poesy are amiable; but sacred poesy should be our most especial delight. Other poetry leads us through flowery meadows or beautiful gardens, refreshes us with cooling breezes or delicious fruits, soothes us with the murmur of waters or the melody of birds, or else conveys us to the court or camp; dazzles our imagination with crowns and sceptres, embattled hosts, or heroes shining in burnished steel; but sacred numbers seem to admit us into a solemn and magnificent temple, they encircle us with every thing that is holy and divine, they superadd an agreeable awe and reverence to all those pleasing emotions we feel

from other lays, an awe and reverence that exalts, while it chastises: its sweet authority restrains each undue liberty of thought, word, and action: it makes us think better and more nobly of ourselves, from a consciousness of the great presence we are in, where saints surround us, and angels are our fellow worshippers:

O let me glory, glory in my choice!
Whom should I sing, but him who gave me voice!
This theme shall last, when Homer's shall decay,
When arts, arms, kings, and kingdoms melt away.
And can it, powers immortal, e'en it be,
That this high province was reserved for me?
What'er the new, the rash adventure cost,
In wide eternity I dare be lost.
I dare launch out, and show the masses more
Than e'er the learned sisters saw before.
In narrow limits they were wont to sing,
To teach the swain, or celebrate the king:
I grasp the whole, no more to parts confin'd,
I lift my voice, and sing to human-kind;
I sing to men and angels: angels join
(While such the theme) their sacred hymns with mine.*

But besides the greater pleasure which we receive from sacred poesy, it has another vast advantage above all other: when it has placed us in that imaginary temple (of which I just now spoke) methinks the mighty genius of the place covers us with an invisible hand, secures us in the enjoyments we possess. We find a kind of refuge in our pleasure, and our diversion becomes our safety. Why then should not every heart that is addicted to the muses, cry out in the holy warmth of the best poet that ever lived, 'I will magnify thee, O Lord, my king, and I will praise thy name for ever, and ever.'

That greater benefit may be reaped from sacred poesy than from any other, is indisputable; but is it capable of yielding such exquisite delight? Has it a title only to the regard of the serious and aged? Is it only to be read on Sundays, and to be bound in black? Or does it put in for the good esteem of the gay, the fortunate, the young? Can it rival a ball or a theatre, or give pleasure to those who are conversant with beauty, and have their palates set high with all the delicacies and poignancy of human wit?

That poetry gives us the greatest pleasure which affects us most, and that affects us most which is on a subject in which we have the deepest concern; for this reason it is a rule in epic poetry that the tale should be taken from the history of that country to which it is written, or at farthest from their distant ancestors. Thus Homer sung Achilles to the descendants of Achilles; and Virgil to Augustus that hero's voyage,

— Genus unde Latium
Albanique patres, atque alta monia Romæ.

Æn. I. 6.

From whence the race of Alban fathers come,
And the long glories of majestic Rome.

Dryden.

* Dr. Young's Last Day Book II. 7, &c.

Had they changed subjects, they had certainly been worse poets at Greece and Rome, whatever they had been esteemed by the rest of mankind; and in what subjects have we the greatest concern, but in those at the very thought of which "This world grows less and less, and all its glories fade away?"

All other poetry must be dropt at the gate of death, this alone can enter with us into immortality; it will admit of an improvement only, not (strictly speaking) an entire alteration, from the converse of cherubim and seraphim. It shall not be forgotten when the sun and moon are remembered no more; it shall never die, but (if I may so express myself) be the measure of eternity, and the laudable ambition of heaven.

How then can any other poetry come in competition with it?

Whatever great or dreadful has been done,
Within the view of conscious stars or sun,
Is far beneath my darling! I look down
On all the splendours of the British crown;
This globe is for my verse a narrow bound:
Attend me, all ye glorious worlds around;
Oh all ye spirits, howsoever disjoin'd,
Of every various order, place, and kind,
Hear and assist a feeble mortal's lays:
'Tis your Eternal King I strive to praise.

These verses, and those quoted above, are taken out of a manuscript poem on the Last Day, which will shortly appear in public.

To the Guardian.

'SIR,

'When you speak of the good which would arise from the labours of ingenious men, if they could be prevailed upon to turn their thoughts upon the sublime subjects of religion, it should, methinks, be an attractive to them, if you would please to lay before them, that noble ideas aggrandise the soul of him who writes with a true taste of virtue. I was just now reading David's lamentation over Saul and Jonathan, and that divine piece was peculiarly pleasing to me, in that there was such an exquisite sorrow expressed in it without the least allusion to the difficulties from whence David was extricated by the fall of those great men in his way to empire. When he received the tidings of Saul's death, his generous mind has in it no reflection upon the merit of the unhappy man who was taken out of his way, but what raises his sorrow, instead of giving him consolation.

"The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen!

"Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon: Lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.

"Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings: For there the shield of the

mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil.

"Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided: they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions.

"Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, who clothed you in scarlet, with other delights, who put on ornaments of gold upon your apparel."

"How beautiful is the more amiable and noble parts of Saul's character, represented by a man whom that very Saul pursued to death! But when he comes to mention Jonathan, the sublimity ceases, and not able to mention his generous friendship, and the most noble instances ever given by man, he sinks into a fondness that will not admit of high language or allusions to the greater circumstances of their life, and turns only upon their familiar converse.

"I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women."

"In the mind of this admirable man, grandeur, majesty, and worldly power were despicable considerations, when he cast his eye upon the merit of him who was so suddenly snatched from them: And when he began to think of the great friendship of Jonathan, his panegyric is uttered only in broken exclamations, and tender expressions of how much they both loved, not how much Jonathan deserved.

"Pray pardon this, which was to hint only that the virtue, not the elegance of fine writing, is the thing principally to be considered by a Guardian.

'I am Sir,

'Your humble servant,

'C. F.'

No. 52.] *Monday, May 11, 1713.*

——— tota solis in orbe

Cæsar liber erit———

LUCAS.

Cæsar alone, of all mankind, is free.

I SHALL not assume to myself the merit of every thing in these papers. Wheresoever in reading or conversation, I observe any thing that is curious and uncommon, useful or entertaining, I resolve to give it to the public. The greatest part of this very paper is an extract from a French manuscript, which was lent me by my good friend Mr. Charwell. He tells me he has had it about these twenty years in his possession; and he seems to me to have taken from it very many of the maxims he has pursued in the new settlement, I have heretofore spoken of, upon his lands. He has given me full liberty to make what use of it I shall think fit: either to publish it entire, or to re-

tail it out by pennyworths. I have determined to retail it, and for that end I have translated divers passages, rendering the words *livre*, *sous*, and many others of known signification in France, into their equivalent sense, that I may the better be understood by my English readers. The book contains several memoirs concerning monsieur Colbert, who had the honour to be secretary of state to his most christian majesty, and superintendant or chief director of the arts and manufactures of his kingdom. The passage for to-day is as follows:

It happened that the king was one day expressing his wonder to this minister, that the United Provinces should give him so much trouble, that so great a monarch as he was should not be able to reduce so small a state, with half the power of his whole dominions. To which monsieur Colbert is said to have made the following answer:

'Sir, I presume upon your indulgence to speak what I have thought upon this subject, with that freedom which becomes a faithful servant, and one who has nothing more at heart than your majesty's glory and the prosperity of your whole people. Your territories are vastly greater than the United Netherlands; but, sir, it is not land that fights against land, but the strength and riches of one nation, against the strength and riches of another. I should have said only riches, since it is money that feeds and clothes the soldier, furnishes the magazine, provides the train of artillery, and answers the charge of all other military preparations. Now the riches of a prince, or state, are just so much as they can levy upon their subjects, still leaving them sufficient for their subsistence. If this shall not be left, they will desert to other countries for better usage; and I am sorry to say it, that too many of your majesty's subjects are already among your neighbours, in the condition of footmen and valets for their daily bread; many of your artisans too are fled from the severity of your collectors, they are at this time improving the manufactures of your enemies. France has lost the benefit of their hands for ever, and your majesty all hopes of any future excises by their consumption. For the extraordinary sums of one year, you have parted with an inheritance. I am never able, without the utmost indignation, to think of that minister, who had the confidence to tell your father, his subjects were but too happy, that they were not yet reduced to eat grass: as if starving his people were the only way to free himself from their seditions. But people will not starve in France, as long as bread is to be had in any other country. How much more worthy of a prince was that saying of your grandfather of glorious memory, that he hoped to see that day, when every house-keeper in his dominions should be able to allow his family a capon for

their Sunday's supper? I lay down this therefore as my first principle, that your taxes upon your subjects must leave them sufficient for their subsistence, at least as comfortable a subsistence as they will find among your neighbours.

'Upon this principle I shall be able to make some comparison between the revenues of your majesty, and those of the States-general. Your territories are near thirty times as great, your people more than four times as many, yet your revenues are not thirty, no, nor four times as great, nor indeed as great again, as those of the United Netherlands.

'In what one article are you able to raise twice as much from your subjects as the states can do from theirs? Can you take twice as much from the rents of the lands and houses? What are the yearly rents of your whole kingdom? and how much of these will your majesty be able to take without ruining the landed interest? You have, sir, above a hundred millions of acres, and not above thirteen millions of subjects, eight acres to every subject; how inconsiderable must be the value of land, where so many acres are to provide for a single person! where a single person is the whole market for the product of so much land! And what sort of customers are your subjects to these lands? what clothes is it that they wear? what provisions do they consume? Black bread, onions, and other roots, are the usual diet of the generality of your people; their common drink the pure element; they are dressed in canvass and wooden shoes, I mean such of them as are not bare-foot, and half-naked. How very mean must be the eight acres which will afford no better subsistence to a single person! Yet so many of your people live in this despicable manner, that four pounds will be easily believed to exceed the annual expenses of every one of them at a medium. And how little of this expense will be coming to the land-owner for his rent? or, which is the same thing, for the mere product of his land? Of every thing that is consumed, the greatest part of the value is the price of labour that is bestowed upon it; and it is not a very small part of their price that is paid to your majesty in your excises. Of the four pounds expense of every subject, it can hardly be thought that more than four-and-twenty shillings are paid for the mere product of the land. Then if there are eight acres to every subject, and every subject for his consumption pays no more than four and twenty shillings to the land, three shillings at a medium must be the full yearly value of every acre in your kingdom. Your lands, separated from the buildings, cannot be valued higher.

'And what then shall be thought the yearly value of the houses, or, which is the same thing, of the lodgings of your thirteen millions of subjects? What numbers of these are begging

their bread throughout your kingdom? If your majesty were to walk incognito through the very streets of your capital, and would give a farthing to every beggar that asks you alms in a walk of one hour, you would have nothing left of a pistole. How miserable must be the lodgings of these wretches! even those that will not ask your charity, are huddled together, four or five families in a house. Such is the lodging in your capital. That of your other towns is yet of less value; but nothing can be more ruinous than the cottages in the villages. Six shillings for the lodging of every one of your thirteen millions of subjects, at a medium, must needs be the full yearly value of all the houses. So that at four shillings for every acre, and six shillings for the lodging of every subject, the rents of your whole kingdom will be less than twenty millions, and yet a great deal more than they were ever yet found to be by the most exact survey that has been taken.

'The next question then is, how much of these rents your majesty will think fit to take to your own use? Six of the twenty millions are in the hands of the clergy; and little enough for the support of three hundred thousand ecclesiastics, with all their necessary attendants; it is no more than twenty pounds a year for every one of the masters. These, sir, are your best guards; they keep your subjects loyal in the midst of all their misery. Your majesty will not think it your interest to take any thing from the church. From that which remains in the hands of your lay subjects, will you be able to take more than five millions to your own use? This is more than seven shillings in the pound; and then, after necessary reparations, together with losses by the failing of tenants, how very little will be left to the owners! These are gentlemen who have never been bred either to trade or manufactures, they have no other way of living than by their rents; and when these shall be taken from them, they must fly to your armies, as to an hospital, for their daily bread.

'Now sir, your majesty will give me leave to examine what are the rents of the United Netherlands, and how great a part of these their governors may take to themselves, without oppression of the owners. There are in those provinces three millions of acres, and as many millions of subjects, a subject for every acre. Why should not then the single acre there, be as valuable as the eight acres in France, since it is to provide for as many mouths? Or if great part of the provisions of the people are fetched in by their trade from the sea or foreign countries, they will end at last in the improvement of their lands. I have often heard, and am ready to believe, that thirty shillings, one with another, is less than the yearly value of every acre in those provinces.

'And how much less than this will be the yearly value of lodging for every one of their subjects? There are no beggars in their streets, scarce a single one in a whole province. Their families in great towns are lodged in palaces, in comparison with those of Paris. Even the houses in their villages are more costly than in many of your cities. If such is the value of their three millions of acres, and of lodging for as many millions of subjects, the yearly rents of lands and houses are nine millions in those provinces.

'Then how much of this may the States take without ruining the land-owners, for the defence of their people? Their lands there, by the custom of descending in equal shares to all the children, are distributed into so many hands, that few or no persons are subsisted by their rents; land-owners, as well as others, are chiefly subsisted by trade and manufactures; and they can therefore with as much ease part with half of their whole rents, as your majesty's subjects can a quarter. The States-general may as well take four millions and a half from their rents, as your majesty can five from those of your subjects.

'It remains now only to compare the excises of both countries. And what excises can your majesty hope to receive by the consumption of the half-starved, and half-naked beggars in your streets? How great a part of the price of all that is eat, or drunk, or consumed by those wretched creatures? How great a part of the price of canvas cloth and wooden shoes, that are every where worn throughout the country? How great a part of the price of their water, or their black bread and onions, the general diet of your people? If your majesty were to receive the whole price of those things, your exchequer would hardly run over. Yet so much the greatest part of your subjects live in this despicable manner, that the annual expense of every one at a medium, can be no more than I have mentioned. One would almost think they starve themselves to defraud your majesty of your revenues. It is impossible to conceive that more than an eighth part can be excised from the expenses of your subjects, who live so very poorly, and then, for thirteen millions of people, your whole revenue by excises will amount to no more than six millions and a half.

'And how much less than this sum will the States be able to levy by the same tax upon their subjects? There are no beggars in that country. The people of their great towns live at a vastly greater charge than yours. And even those in their villages are better fed and clothed than the people of your towns. At a medium, every one of their subjects live at twice the cost of those of France. Trade and manufactures are the things that furnish them with money for this expense. Therefore, if thrice as much shall be excised from the ex-

pense of the Hollanders, yet still they will have more left than the subjects of your majesty, though you should take nothing at all from them. I must believe therefore that it will be as easy to levy three as much by excises upon the Dutch subject as the French, thirty shillings upon the former, as easily as ten upon the latter, and consequently four millions and a half of pounds upon their three millions of subjects; so that in the whole, by rents and excises, they will be able to raise nine millions within the year. If of this sum, for the maintenance of their clergy, which are not so numerous as in France, the charge of their civil list, and the preservation of their dikes, one million is to be deducted; yet still they will have eight for their defence, a revenue equal to two thirds of your majesty's.

'Your majesty will now no longer wonder that you have not been able to reduce these provinces with half the power of your whole dominions, yet half is as much as you will be ever able to employ against them; Spain and Germany will be always ready to espouse their quarrel, their forces will be sufficient to cut out work for the other half; and I wish too you could be quiet on the side of Italy and England.

'What then is the advice I would presume to give your majesty? To disband the greatest part of your forces, and save so many taxes to your people. Your very dominions make you too powerful to fear any insult from your neighbours. To turn your thoughts from war, and cultivate the arts of peace, the trade and manufactures of your people; this shall make you the most powerful prince, and at the same time your subjects the richest of all other subjects. In the space of twenty years they will be able to give your majesty greater sums with ease, than you can now draw from them with the greatest difficulty. You have abundant materials in your kingdom to employ your people, and they do not want capacity to be employed. Peace and trade shall carry out their labour to all the parts of Europe, and bring back yearly treasures to your subjects. There will be always fools enough to purchase the manufactures of France, though France should be prohibited to purchase those of other countries. In the mean time your majesty shall never want sufficient sums to buy now and then an important fortress from one or other of your indigent neighbours. But, above all, peace shall ingratiate your majesty with the Spanish nation, during the life of their crazy king; and after his death a few seasonable presents among his courtiers shall purchase the reversion of his crown, with all the treasures of the Indies, and then the world must be your own.'

'This was the substance of what was then said by monsieur Colbert. The king was not at all offended with this liberty of his minister.

He knew the value of the man, and soon after made him the chief director of the trade and manufactures of his people.'

No. 53.] Tuesday, May 12, 1713.

—Desistat
Malotiecre, malefacta ne nocant em.
Ter. Profl. ad Andr.

Let them cease to speak ill of others, lest they bear it of their own misdeeds.

It happens that the letter, which was in one of my papers concerning a lady ill treated by the Examiner, and to which he replies by taxing the Tatler with the like practice, was written by one Steele, who put his name to the collection of papers called *Lucubrations*. It was a wrong thing in the Examiner to go any farther than the Guardian for what is said in the Guardian; but since Steele owns the letter, it is the same thing. I apprehend, by reading the Examiner over a second time, that he insinuates, by the words close to the royal stamp, he would have the man turned out of his office. Considering he is so malicious, I cannot but think Steele has treated him very mercifully in his answer, which follows. This Steele is certainly a very good sort of a man, and it is a thousand pities he does not understand politics; but, if he is turned out, my lady Lizard will invite him down to our country-house. I shall be very glad of his company, and I'll certainly leave something to one of his children.

'To Nestor Ironside, Esq.

'SIR,

'I am obliged to fly to you for refuge from severe usage, which a very great author, the Examiner, has been pleased to give me for what you have lately published in defence of a young lady.* He does not put his name to his writings, and therefore he ought not to reflect upon the characters of those who publicly answer for what they have produced. The Examiner and the Guardian might have disputed upon any particular they had thought fit, without having introduced any third person, or making any allusions to matters foreign to the subject before them. But since he has thought fit, in his paper of May the eighth, to defend himself by my example, I shall beg leave to say to the town (by your favour to me, Mr. Ironside) that our conduct would still be very widely different, though I should allow that there were particular persons pointed at in the places which he mentions in the Tatlers. When a satirist feigns a name, it must be the guilt of the person attacked, or his being notoriously understood guilty before the satire was written, that can make him liable to come under the fictitious appellation. But when the licence of printing letters of people's real names is used, things

may be affixed to men's characters which are in the utmost degree remote from them. Thus it happens in the case of the earl of Nottingham, whom that gentleman asserts to have left the church; though nothing is more evident than that he deserves better of all men in holy orders, or those who have any respect for them, or religion itself, than any man in England can pretend to. But as to the instances he gives against me: Old Downes is a fine piece of railery, of which I wish I had been author. All I had to do in it, was to strike out what related to a gentlewoman about the queen, whom I thought a woman free from ambition, and I did it out of regard to innocence. Powel of the Bath is reconciled to me, and has made me free of his show. Tun, Gun, and Pistol from Wapping, laughed at the representation which was made of them, and were observed to be more regular in their conduct afterwards. The character of Lord Timon is no odious one; and to tell you the truth, Mr. Ironside, when I writ it, I thought it more like me myself, than any other man; and if I had in my eye any illustrious person who had the same faults with myself, it is no new, nor very criminal self-love to flatter ourselves, that what weaknesses we have, we have in common with great men. For the exaltation of style, and embellishing the character, I made Timon a lord, and he may be a very worthy one for all that I have said of him. I do not remember the mention of don Diego; nor do I remember that ever I thought of lord N——m, in any character drawn in any one paper of Bickerstaff. Now as to Polypragmon, I drew it as the most odious image I could paint of ambition; and Polypragmon is to men of business what Sir Fopling Flutter is to men of fashion. "He's knight of the shire, and represents you all." Whosoever seeks employment for his own private interest, vanity, or pride, and not for the good of his prince and country, has his share in the picture of Polypragmon; and let this be the rule in examining that description, and I believe the Examiner will find others to whom he would rather give a part of it, than to the person on whom I believe he bestows it, because he thinks he is the most capable of having his vengeance on me. But I say not this from terrors of what any man living can do to me: I speak it only to show, that I have not, like him, fixed odious images on persons, but on vices. Alas, what occasion have I to draw people whom I think ill of, under feigned names? I have wanted and abounded, and I neither fear poverty, nor desire riches; if that be true, why should I be afraid, whenever I see occasion to examine the conduct of any of my fellow-subjects? I should scorn to do it but from plain facts, and at my own peril, and from instances as clear as the day. Thus would I, and I will (whenever I think it my duty) inquire into the behaviour of

any man in England, if he is so posted, as that his errors may hurt my country. This kind of zeal will expose him who is prompted by it to a great deal of ill-will; and I could carry any points I aim at for the improvement of my own little affairs, without making myself obnoxious to the resentment of any person or party. But, alas! what is there in all the gratifications of sense, the accommodations of vanity, or any thing that fortune can give to please a human soul, when they are put in competition with the interests of truth and liberty? Mr. Ironside, I confess I writ to you that letter concerning the young lady of quality, and am glad that my awkward apology (as the Examiner calls it) has produced in him so much remorse as to make "any reparation to offended beauty." Though, by the way, the phrase of "offended beauty" is romantic, and has little of the compunction which should arise in a man that is begging pardon of a woman for saying of her unjustly, that she had affronted "her God and her sovereign." However, I will not bear hard upon his contrition; but am now heartily sorry I called him a miscreant, that word I think signifies an unbeliever. *Mescreyant*, I take it, is the old French word. I will give myself no manner of liberty to make guesses at him, if I may say him: for though sometimes I have been told by familiar friends, that they saw me such a time talking to the Examiner; others, who have rallied me upon the sins of my youth, tell me it is credibly reported that I have formerly lain with the Examiner. I have carried my point, and rescued innocence from calumny; and it is nothing to me, whether the examiner writes against me in the character of an estranged friend* or an exasperated mistress.†

* He is welcome from henceforward to treat me as he pleases: but as you have begun to oppose him, never let innocence or merit be traduced by him. In particular, I beg of you, never let the glory of our nation,‡ who made France tremble, and yet has that gentleness to be able to bear opposition from the meanness of his own countrymen, be calumniated in so impudent a manner, as in the insinuation that he affected a perpetual dictatorship. Let not a set of brave, wise, and honest men, who did all that has been done to place their queen in so great a figure, as to show mercy to the highest potentate in Europe, be treated by ungenerous men as traitors and betrayers. To prevent such evils is a care worthy a Guardian. These are exercises worthy the spirit of a man, and you ought to condemn all the wit in the world against you, when you have the consolation that you act upon these honest motives. If you ever shrink from them, get Bat Pigeon to comb your noddle, and write sonnets on the

smiles of the Sparkler ; but never call yourself Guardian more, in a nation full of the sentiments of honour and liberty.

' I am, Sir,

' Your most humble servant.

' RICHARD STEELE.

' P. S. I know nothing of the letter at Morpew's.'

No. 54.] *Wednesday, May 13, 1713.*

Neque its porro aut adulatos aut admiratos sum fortunam alterius, ut me meæ penitet. *Tull.*

I never flattered, or admired, another man's fortune, so as to be dissatisfied with my own.

It has been observed very often, in authors divine and profane, that we are all equal after death, and this by way of consolation for that deplorable superiority which some among us seem to have over others ; but it would be a doctrine of much more comfortable import, to establish an equality among the living ; for the propagation of which paradox I shall hazard the following conceits.

I must here lay it down, that I do not pretend to satisfy every barren reader, that all persons that have hitherto apprehended themselves extremely miserable shall have immediate succour from the publication of this paper ; but shall endeavour to show that the discerning shall be fully convinced of the truth of this assertion, and thereby obviate all the impertinent accusations of Providence for the unequal distribution of good and evil.

If all men had reflection enough to be sensible of this equality of happiness ; if they were not made uneasy by appearances of superiority ; there would be none of that subordination and subjection, of those that think themselves less happy, to those they think more so, which is so very necessary for the support of business and pleasure.

The common turn of human application may be divided into love, ambition, and avarice, and whatever victories we gain in these our particular pursuits, there will always be some one or other in the paths we tread, whose superior happiness will create new uneasiness, and employ us in new contrivances ; and so

there is not a similitude of causes, there cannot be of affliction, and forget to relieve themselves with this consideration, that the little disappointments in a life of pleasure are as terrible as those in a life of business ; and if the end of one man is to spend his time and money as agreeably as he can, that of the other to save both, an interruption in either of these pursuits is of equal consequence to the pursuers. Besides, as every trifle raiseth the mirth and gaiety of the men of good circumstances, so do others as inconsiderable expose them to spleen and passion, and as Solomon says, ' according to their riches, their anger riseth.'

One of the most bitter circumstances of poverty has been observed to be, that it makes men appear ridiculous ; but I believe this affirmation may with more justice be appropriated to riches, since more qualifications are required to become a great fortune, than even to make one ; and there are several pretty persons about town, ten times more ridiculous upon the very account of a good estate, than they possibly could have been with the want of it.

I confess, having a mind to pay my court to fortune, I became an adventurer in one of the late lotteries ; in which, though I got none of the great prizes, I found no occasion to envy some of those that did ; comforting myself with this contemplation, that nature and education having disappointed all the favours fortune could bestow upon them, they had gained no superiority by an unenvied affluence.

It is pleasant to consider, that whilst we are lamenting our particular afflictions to each other, and repining at the inequality of condition, were it possible to throw off our present miserable state, we cannot name the person whose condition in every particular we would embrace and prefer ; and an impartial inquiry into the pride, ill-nature, ill-health, guilt, spleen, or particularity of behaviour of others, generally ends in a reconciliation to our dear selves.

This my way of thinking is warranted by Shakspeare in a very extraordinary manner, where he makes Richard the Second, when deposed and imprisoned, debating a matter, which would soon have been discussed by a

That cruel *something* unposset
Corrodes and leavens all the rest.
That *something* if we could obtain,
Would soon create a future pain.

Give me leave to fortify my unlearned reader
with another bit of wisdom from Juvenal, by
Dryden:

Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good, or, knowing it, pursue it
How void of reason are our hopes and fears!
What in the conduct of our life appears
So well designed, so luckily begun
But, when we have our wish, we wish undone!

Even the men that are distinguished by, and
envied for their superior good sense and deli-
cacy of taste, are subject to several uneasinesses
upon this account, that the men of less pene-
tration are utter strangers to; and every little
absurdity ruffles these fine judgments, which
would never disturb the peaceful state of the
less discerning.

I shall end this essay with the following
story. There is a gentleman of my acquaint-
ance, of a fortune which may not only be
called easy, but superfluous; yet this person
has, by a great deal of reflection, found out a
method to be as uneasy as the worst circum-
stances could have made him. By a free life
he had swelled himself above his natural pro-
portion, and by a restrained life had shrunk
below it, and being by nature splenetic, and
by leisure more so, he began to bewail this his
loss of flesh (though otherwise in perfect
health) as a very melancholy diminution. He
became, therefore, the reverse of Cæsar, and
as a lean hungry-looking rascal was the delight
of his eyes, a fat sleek-headed fellow was his
abomination. To support himself as well as
he could, he took a servant, for the very reason
every one else would have refused him, for
being in a deep consumption; and whilst he
has compared himself to this creature, and
with a face of infinite humour contemplated
the decay of his body, I have seen the master's
features proportionably rise into a boldness, as
those of his slave sunk and grew languid. It
was his interest, therefore, not to suffer the
too hasty dissolution of a being, upon which
his own, in some measure depended. In short,
the fellow, by a little too much indulgence,
began to look gay and plump upon his master,
who, according to Horace,

Invidius alterius macrescit rebus opimis,
Lib. 1. Ep. 2. 57.

Sickens thro' envy at another's good:

and as he took him only for being in a con-
sumption, by the same way of thinking, he
found it absolutely necessary to dismiss him
for not being in one; and has told me since,
that he looks upon it as a very difficult matter,
to furnish himself with a footman that is not
altogether as happy as himself.

No. 55.] Thursday, May 14, 1713.

— *quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipsam,*
Pramia et tollas? — *Juv. Sat. x. 141.*

For who would virtue for herself regard,
Or woe, without the portion of reward? *Dryden.*

IT is usual with polemical writers to object
ill designs to their adversaries. This turns
their argument into satire, which, instead of
showing an error in the understanding, tends
only to expose the morals of those they write
against. I shall not act after this manner with
respect to the free-thinkers. Virtue, and the
happiness of society, are the great ends which
all men ought to promote; and some of that
sect would be thought to have at heart above
the rest of mankind. But supposing those who
make that profession, to carry on a good design
in the simplicity of their hearts, and according
to their best knowledge, yet it is much to be
feared, those well-meaning souls, while they
endeavoured to recommend virtue, have in
reality been advancing the interests of vice;
which, as I take to proceed from their igno-
rance of human nature, we may hope, when
they become sensible of their mistake, they
will, in consequence of that beneficent principle
they pretend to act upon, reform their practice
for the future.

The sages whom I have in my eye, speak of
virtue as the most amiable thing in the world;
but at the same time that they extol her
beauty, they take care to lessen her portion.
Such innocent creatures are they, and so great
strangers to the world, that they think this a
likely method to increase the number of her
admirers.

Virtue has in herself the most engaging
charms; and Christianity, as it places her in
the strongest light, and adorned with all her
native attractions, so it kindles a new fire in
the soul, by adding to them the unutterable
rewards which attend her votaries in an eternal
state. Or, if there are men of a saturnine and
heavy complexion, who are not easily lifted up
by hope, there is the prospect of everlasting
punishments to agitate their souls, and frighten
them into the practice of virtue, and an aver-
sion from vice.

Whereas your sober free-thinkers tell you,
that virtue indeed is beautiful, and vice de-
formed; the former deserves your love, and
the latter your abhorrence; but then it is for
their own sake, or on account of the good and
evil which immediately attend them, and are
inseparable from their respective natures. As
for the immortality of the soul, or eternal
punishments and rewards, those are openly ri-
diculed, or rendered suspicious by the most
sly and laboured artifice.

I will not say these men act treacherously
in the cause of virtue; but will any one deny,
that they act foolishly, who pretend to advance

the interest of It by destroying or weakening the strongest motives to it, which are accommodated to all capacities, and fitted to work on all dispositions, and enforcing those alone which can affect only a generous and exalted mind!

Surely they must be destitute of passion themselves, and unacquainted with the force it hath on the minds of others, who can imagine that the mere beauty of fortitude, temperance, and justice, is sufficient to sustain the mind of man in a severe course of self-denial against all the temptations of present profit and sensuality.

It is my opinion that free-thinkers should be treated as a set of poor ignorant creatures, that have not sense to discover the excellency of religion; it being evident those men are no witches, nor likely to be guilty of any deep design, who proclaim aloud to the world, that they have less motives to honesty than the rest of their fellow-subjects, who have all the inducements to the exercise of any virtue which a free-thinker can possibly have, and besides, the expectation of never-ending happiness or misery, as the consequence of their choice.

Are not men actuated by their passions? and are not hope and fear the most powerful of our passions? and are there any objects which can rouse and awaken our hopes and fears, like those prospects that warm and penetrate the heart of a Christian, but are not regarded by a free-thinker?

It is not only a clear point, that a Christian breaks through stronger engagements whenever he surrenders himself to commit a criminal action, and is stung with a sharper remorse after it than a free-thinker; but it should even seem that a man who believes no future state, would act a foolish part in being thoroughly honest. For what reason is there why such a one should postpone his own private interest, or pleasure, to the doing his duty? If a Christian foregoes some present advantage for the sake of his conscience, he acts accountably, because it is with the view of gaining some

thods to attain that sort of happiness. Besides, the fumes of passion must be allayed, and reason must burn brighter than ordinary, to enable men to see and relish all the native beauties and delights of a virtuous life. And though we should grant our free-thinkers to be a set of refined spirits, capable only of being enamoured of virtue, yet what would become of the bulk of mankind who have gross understandings, but lively senses, and strong passions? What a deluge of lust, and fraud, and violence, would in a little time overflow the whole nation, if these wise advocates for morality were universally hearkened to! Lastly, opportunities do sometimes offer, in which a man may wickedly make his fortune, or indulge a pleasure, without fear of temporal damage, either in reputation, health, or fortune. In such cases what restraint do they lie under who have no regards beyond the grave; the inward compunctions of a wicked, as well as the joys of an upright mind, being grafted on the sense of another state?

The thought, 'that our existence terminates with this life,' doth naturally check the soul in any generous pursuit, contract her views, and fix them on temporary and selfish ends. It dethrones the reason, extinguishes all noble and heroic sentiments, and subjects the mind to the slavery of every present passion. The wise heathens of antiquity were not ignorant of this: hence they endeavoured by fables, and conjectures, and the glimmerings of nature, to possess the minds of men with the belief of a future state, which has been since brought to light by the gospel, and is now most inconsistently decried by a few weak men, who would have us believe that they promote virtue, by turning religion into ridicule.

No. 56.] *Friday, May 15, 1713.*

Quid mentum traxisse polo, quid profuit altum
Exerxisse caput? pecudum si more percurrant.

Claud.

What profits us, that we from heaven derive
A soul immortal, and with looks erect

not so violent as to hinder the return of sleep, but grew confused as that came upon me, and made me end my reflections with giving mankind the opprobrious names of inconsiderate, mad, and foolish.

Here, methought, where my waking reason left the subject, my fancy pursued it in a dream; and I imagined myself in a loud soliloquy of passion, railing at my species, and walking hard to get rid of the company I despised; when two men who had overheard me, made up on either hand. These I observed had many features in common which might occasion the mistake of one for the other in those to whom they appear single; but I, who saw them together, could easily perceive, that though there was an air of severity in each, it was tempered with a natural sweetness in the one, and by turns constrained or ruffled by the designs of malice in the other.

I was at a loss to know the reason of their joining me so briskly; when he, whose appearance displeased me most, thus addressed his companion: 'Pray, brother, let him alone, and we shall immediately see him transformed into a tiger.' This struck me with horror, which the other perceived, and, pitying my disorder, bid me be of good courage, for though I had been savage in my treatment of mankind, (whom I should rather reform than rail against) he would, however, endeavour to rescue me from my danger. At this I looked a little more cheerful, and while I testified my resignation to him, we saw the angry brother fling away from us in a passion for his disappointment. Being now left to my friend, I went back with him at his desire, that I might know the meaning of those words which had so affrighted me.

As we went along, 'To inform you,' says he, 'with whom you have this adventure, my name is Reproof, and his Reproach, both born of the same mother; but of different fathers. Truth is our common parent. Friendship, who saw her, fell in love with her, and she being pleased with him, he begat me upon her; but, a while after, Enmity lying in ambush for her, became the father of him whom you saw along with me. The temper of our mother inclines us to the same sort of business, the informing mankind of their faults; but the different complexions of our fathers make us differ in our designs and company. I have a natural benevolence in my mind which engages me with friends; and he a natural impetuosity in his, which casts him among enemies.'

As he thus discoursed, we came to a place where there were three entrances into as many several walks, which lay aside of one another. We passed into the middlemost, a plain straight regular walk, set with trees, which added to the beauty of the place, but did not so close their boughs over head as to exclude the light

from it. Here, as we walked, I was made to observe, how the road on one hand was full of rocks and precipices, over which Reproach (who had already gotten thither) was furiously driving unhappy wretches: the other side was all laid out in gardens of gaudy tulips, amongst whose leaves the serpents wreathed, and at the end of every grassy walk the enchantress Flatery was weaving bowers to lull souls asleep in. We continued still walking on the middle way, till we arrived at a building in which it terminated. This was formerly erected by Truth for a watch-tower, from whence she took a view of the earth, and, as she saw occasion, sent out Reproof, or even Reproach, for our reformation. Over the door I took notice that a face was carved with a heart upon the lips of it, and presently called to mind that this was the ancients' emblem of sincerity. In the entrance I met with Freedom of Speech and Complaisance, who had for a long time looked upon one another as enemies; but Reproof has so happily brought them together, that they now act as friends and fellow agents in the same family. Before I ascended the stairs, I had my eyes purified by a water which made me see extremely clear; and I think they said it sprung in a pit, from whence (as Democritus had reported) they formerly brought up Truth, who had hid herself in it. I was then admitted to the upper chamber of prospect, which was called the Knowledge of Mankind: here the window was no sooner opened, but I perceived the clouds to roll off and part before me, and a scene of all the variety of the world presented itself.

But how different was mankind in this view from what it used to appear! Methought the very shape of most of them was lost; some had the heads of dogs, others of apes or parrots, and, in short, wherever any one took upon him the inferior and unworthy qualities of other creatures, the change of his soul became visible in his countenance. The strutting pride of him who is endued with brutality instead of courage, made his face shoot out into the form of a horse's; his eyes became prominent, his nostrils widened, and his wig untying, flowed down on one side of his neck in a waving mane. The talkativeness of those who love the ill-nature of conversation made them turn into assemblies of geese, their lips hardened to bills by eternal using, they gabbled for diversion, they hissed in scandal, and their ruffles falling back on their arms, a succession of little feathers appeared, which formed wings for them to flutter with from one visit to another. The envious and malicious lay on the ground with the heads of different sorts of serpents; and not endeavouring to erect themselves, but meditating mischief to others, they sucked the poison of the earth, sharpened their tongues to stings upon the stones, and rolled

their trains unperceivably beneath their habits. The hypocritical oppressors wore the face of crocodiles: their mouths were instruments of cruelty, their eyes of deceit; they committed wickedness, and bemoaned that there should be so much of it in the world; they devoured the unwary and wept over the remains of them. The covetous had so hooked and worn their fingers by counting interest upon interest, that they were converted to the claws of harpies, and these they still were stretching out for more, yet still seemed unsatisfied with their acquisitions. The sharpers had the looks of camellions; they every minute changed their appearance, and fed on swarms of flies which fell as so many cullies amongst them. The bully seemed a dunghill cock: he crested well, and bore his comb aloft; he was beaten by almost every one, yet still sung for triumph; and only the mean coward pricked up the ears of a hare to fly before him. Critics were turned into cats, whose pleasure and grumbling go together. Fops were apes in embroidered jackets. Flatterers were curled spaniels, fawning and crouching. The crafty had the face of a fox, the slothful of an ass, the cruel of a wolf, the ill-bred of a bear, the lechers were goats, and the gluttons swine. Drunkenness was the only vice that did not change the face of its professors into that of another creature; but this I took to be far from a privilege, for these two reasons:—because it sufficiently deforms them of itself, and because none of the lower rank of beings is guilty of so foolish an intemperance.

As I was taking a view of these representations of things without any more order than is usual in a dream, or in the confusion of the world itself, I perceived a concern within me for what I saw. My eyes began to moisten, as if the virtue of that water with which they were purified was lost for a time, by their being touched with that which arose from a passion. The clouds immediately began to gather again, and close from either hand upon the prospect.

I then turned towards my guide, who ad-

quaintance, where you see any worthy and susceptible of admonition. Expose the beasts whose qualities you see them putting on, where you have no mind to engage with their persons. The possibility of their applying this is very obvious. The Egyptians saw it so clearly, that they made the pictures of animals explain their minds to one another instead of writing; and, indeed, it is hardly to be missed, since Æsop took them out of their mute condition, and taught them to speak for themselves with relation to the actions of mankind.

My guide had thus concluded, and I was promising to write down what was shown me for the service of the world, when I was awakened by a zealous old servant of mine, who brought me the Examiner, and told me with looks full of concern, he was afraid I was in it again.

No. 57.] *Saturday, May 16, 1713.*

Quam multa Injusta ac prava sunt moribus!

Ter. Heaut. Act. iv. Sc. 6.

How many unjust and wrong things are authorized by custom!

It is of no small concern to me that the interests of virtue are supplanted by common custom and regard for indifferent things. Thus mode and fashion defend the most absurd and unjust proceedings, and nobody is out of countenance for doing what every body practises, though at the same time there is no one who is not convinced in his own judgment of the errors in which he goes on with the multitude. My correspondent, who writes me the following letter, has put together a great many points which would deserve serious consideration, as much as things which at first appearance bear a weightier aspect. He recites almost all the little arts that are used in the way to matrimony, by the parents of young women. There is nothing more common than for people, who have good and worthy characters, to run without respect to the laws of gratitude, into the most exorbitant demands for their children.

ance than is suitable to my years, or agreeable to the intentions of retirement I brought down with me hither. Among others, I have a young neighbour, who yesterday, imparted to me the history of an honourable amour, which has been carried on a considerable time with a great deal of love on his side, and (as he says he has been made to believe) with something very unlike aversion on the young lady's. But so matters have been contrived, that he could never get to know her mind thoroughly. When he was first acquainted with her, he might be as intimate with her as other people; but since he first declared his passion, he has never been admitted to wait upon her, or to see her, other than in public. If he went to her father's house, and desired to visit her, she was either to be sick or out of the way, and nobody would come near him in two hours, and then he should be received as if he had committed some strange offence. If he asked her father's leave to visit her, the old gentleman was mute. If he put it negatively, and asked if he refused it, the father would answer with a smile, "No, I don't say so, neither." If they talked of the fortune, he had considered his circumstances, and it every day diminished. If the settlements came into debate, he had considered the young gentleman's estate, and daily increased his expectations. If the mother was consulted, she was mightily for the match, but affected strangely the showing her cunning in perplexing matters. It went off seemingly several times, but my young neighbour's passion was such that it easily revived upon the least encouragement given him; but tired out with writing (the only liberty allowed him,) and receiving answers at cross purposes, destitute of all hopes, he at length wrote a formal adieu; but it was very unfortunately timed, for soon after he had the long wished for opportunity of finding her at a distance from her parents. Struck with the joyful news, in heat of passion, resolute to do any thing rather than leave her, down he comes post, directly to the house where she was, without any preparatory intercession after the provocation of an adieu. She, in a premeditated anger to show her resentment, refused to see him. He in a kind of fond frenzy, absent from himself, and exasperated into rage, cursed her heartily; but returning to himself, was all confusion, repentance, and submission. But in vain; the lady continued inexorable, and so the affair ended in a manner that renders them very unlikely ever to meet again. Through the pursuit of the whole story (whereof I give but a short abstract) my young neighbour appeared so touched, and discovered such certain marks of unfeigned love, that I cannot but be heartily sorry for them both. When he was gone, I sat down immediately to my scrutoire, to give you the account, whose business, as a Guardian,

it is to tell your wards what is to be avoided, as well as what is fit to be done. And I humbly propose, that you will, upon this occasion, extend your instructions to all sorts of people concerned in treaties of this nature, (which of all others do most nearly concern human life) such as parents, daughters, lovers, and confidants of both sexes. I desire leave to observe, that the mistakes in this courtship (which might otherwise probably have succeeded happily) seem chiefly these four, viz.

'1. The father's close equivocal management, so as always to keep a reservation to use upon occasion, when he found himself pressed.

'2. The mother's affecting to appear extremely artful.

'3. A notion in the daughter (who is a lady of singular good sense and virtue) that no man can love her as he ought, who can deny any thing her parents demand.

'4. Carrying on the affair by letters and confidants, without sufficient interviews.

I think you cannot fail obliging many in the world, besides my young neighbour and me, if you please to give your thoughts upon treaties of this nature, wherein all the nobility and gentry of this nation (in the unfortunate methods marriages are at present in) come at one time or other unavoidably to be engaged; especially it is my humble request, you will be particular in speaking to the following points, to wit,

'1. Whether honourable love ought to be mentioned first to the young lady, or her parents?

'2. If to the young lady first, whether a man is obliged to comply with all the parents demand afterwards, under pain of breaking off dishonourably?

'3. If to the parents first, whether the lover may insist upon what the father pretends to give, and refuse to make such settlement as must incapacitate him for any thing afterwards, without just imputation of being mercenary, or putting a slight upon the lady, by entertaining views upon the contingency of her death?

'4. What instructions a mother ought to give her daughter upon such occasions, and what the old lady's part properly is in such treaties, her husband being alive?

'5. How far a young lady is in duty obliged to observe her mother's directions, and not to receive any letters or messages without her knowledge?

'6. How far a daughter is obliged to exert the power she has over her lover, for the ease and advantage of her father and his family; and how far she may consult and endeavour the interest of the family she is to marry into?

'7. How far letters and confidants of both sexes may regularly be employed, and wherein they are improper?

'8: When a young lady's pen is employed about settlements, fortunes, or the like, whether it be an affront to give the same answers as if it had been in the hand-writing of those that instructed her.

'Lastly, be pleased at your leisure to correct that too common way among fathers, of publishing in the world, that they will give their daughters twice the fortune they really intend, and thereby draw young gentlemen, whose estates are often in debt, into a dilemma, either of crossing a fixed inclination, contracted by a long habit of thinking upon the same person, and so being miserable that way; or else beginning the world under a burden they can never get quit of.

'Thus, sage sir, have I laid before you all that does at present occur to me on the important subject of marriage; but before I seal up my epistle, I must desire you farther to consider, how far treaties of this sort come under the head of bargain and sale; whether you cannot find out measures to have the whole transacted in fairer and more open market than at present. How would it become you to put the laws in execution against forestaliers, who take up the young things of each sex before they are exposed to an honest sale, or the worth or imperfection of the purchase is thoroughly considered?

'We mightily want a demand for women in these parts.

'I am, sagacious Sir,

'Your most obedient and

'most humble servant,

'T. L.'

No. 58.] Monday, May 18, 1715.

Nec sibi, sed toti gentium se credere mundo.

Lucan.

Not for himself, but for the world, he lives.

A PUBLIC spirit is so great and amiable a character, that most people pretend to it, and perhaps think they have it in the most ordinary

other people possess only for ostentation; it seems that some persons have taken it in their heads, that they are public benefactors to the world, while they are only indulging their own ambition, or infirmities. My first letter is from an ingenious author, who is a great friend to his country, because he can get neither victuals nor clothes any other way.

'To Nestor Ironside, Esq.

'SIR,

'Of all the precautions with which you have instructed the world, I like that best, which is upon natural and fantastical pleasure, because it falls in very much with my own way of thinking. As you receive real delight from what creates only imaginary satisfactions in others; so do I raise to myself all the conveniences of life by amusing the fancy of the world. I am, in a word, a member of that numerous tribe, who write for their daily bread. I flourish in a dearth of foreign news; and though I do not pretend to the spleen, I am never so well as in the time of a westerly wind. When it blows from that auspicious point, I raise to myself contributions from the British isle, by affrighting my superstitious countrymen with printed relations of murders, spirits, prodigies, or monsters. According as my necessities suggest to me, I hereby provide for my being. The last summer I paid a large debt for brandy and tobacco, by a wonderful description of a fiery dragon, and lived for ten days together upon a whale and a mermaid. When winter draws near, I generally conjure up my spirits, and have my apparitions ready against long dark evenings. From November last to January, I lived solely upon murders; and have, since that time, had a comfortable subsistence from a plague and a famine. I made the pope pay for my beef and mutton last Lent, out of pure spite to the Romish religion; and at present my good friend the king of Sweden finds me in clean linen, and the mufti gets me credit at the tavern.

'The astonishing accounts that I record, I usually enliven with wooden cuts, and the like

'OLD IRON;

'We take thy papers in at the bowling-green, where the country gentlemen meet every Tuesday, and we look upon thee as a comical dog. Sir Harry was hugely pleased at thy fancy of growing rich at other folks cost; and for my own part I like my own way of life the better since I find I do my neighbours as much good as myself. I now smoke my pipe with the greater pleasure, because my wife says, she likes it well enough at second hand? and drink stale beer the more hardly, because unless I will, nobody else does. I design to stand for our borough the next election, on purpose to make the squire on t'other side, tap lustily for the good of our town; and have some thoughts of trying to get knighted, because our neighbours take a pride in saying, they have been with Sir such, a one.

'I have a pack of pure slow hounds against thou comest into the country, and Nanny, my fat doe, shall bleed when we have thee at Hawthorn-hall. Pr'ythee do not keep staring at gilt coaches, and stealing necklaces and trinkets from people with thy looks. Take my word for it, a gallon of my October will do thee more good than all thou canst get by fine sights at London, which, I'll engage, thou may'st put in the shine of thine eye.

'I am, old Iron,

'thine to command,

'NIC. HAWTHORN.'

The third is from a lady who is going to ruin her family by coaches and liveries, purely out of compassion to us poor people that cannot go to the price of them.

'SIR,

'I am a lady of birth and fortune, but never knew, till last Thursday, that the splendour of my equipage was so beneficial to my country. I will not deny that I have drest for some years out of the pride of my heart; but am very glad that you have so far settled my conscience in that particular, that I can now look upon my vanities as so many virtues. Since I am satisfied that my person and garb give pleasure to my fellow-creatures, I shall not think the three hours business I usually attend at my toilette, below the dignity of a rational soul. I am content to suffer great torment from my stays, that my shape may appear graceful to the eyes of others; and often mortify myself with fasting, rather than my fatness should give

Gay pendants for my ears, a costly cross for my neck, a diamond of the best water for my finger, shall be purchased at any rate to enrich you; and I am resolved to be a patriot in every limb. My husband will not scruple to oblige me in these trifles, since I have persuaded him from your scheme, that pin money is only so much set apart for charitable uses. You see, sir, how expensive you are to me, and I hope you will esteem me accordingly; especially when I assure you that I am, as far as you can see me,

'Entirely yours,

'CLEORA.'

No. 59.] Tuesday, May 19, 1713.

*Sic honor et nomen divinis valibus atque
Carminebus venit*—

Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 400.

So ancient is the pedigree of verse,
And so divine a poet's function. *Roscommon.*

THE tragedy of Cato has increased the number of my correspondents, but none of them can take it ill, that I give the preference to the letters which come from a learned body, and which on this occasion may not improperly be termed the *Plausus Academici*. The first is from my lady Lizard's youngest son, who, (as I mentioned in a former precaution) is fellow of All-souls, and applies himself to the study of divinity.

'SIR,

'I return you thanks for your present of Cato: I have read it over several times with the greatest attention and pleasure imaginable. You desire to know my thoughts of it, and at the same time compliment me upon my knowledge of the ancient poets. Perhaps you may not allow me to be a good judge of them, when I tell you, that the tragedy of Cato exceeds, in my opinion, any of the dramatic pieces of the ancients. But these are books I have some time since laid by; being, as you know, engaged in the reading of divinity, and conversant chiefly in the poetry "of the truly inspired writers." I scarce thought any modern tragedy could have mixed suitably with such serious studies, and little imagined to have found such exquisite poetry, much less such exalted sentiments of virtue, in the dramatic performance of a cotemporary.

'How elegant, just, and virtuous is that reflection of Portius?

'The waves of heaven are dark and late-ate.'

such virtuous and moral sentiments were never before put into the mouth of a British actor; and I congratulate my countrymen on the virtue they have shown in giving them (as you tell me) such loud and repeated applauses. They have now cleared themselves of the imputation which a late writer had thrown upon them in his 502d speculation. Give me leave to transcribe his words:—

"In the first scene of Terence's play, the Self-Tormentor, when one of the old men accuses the other of impertinence for interposing in his affairs, he answers, 'I am a man and cannot help feeling any sorrow that can arrive at man.' It is said this sentence was received with universal applause. There cannot be a greater argument of the general good understanding of a people, than a sudden consent to give their approbation of a sentiment which has no emotion in it.

"If it were spoken with never so great skill in the actor, the manner of uttering that sentence could have nothing in it which could strike any but people of the greatest humanity, nay people elegant and skilful in observations upon it. It is possible he might have laid his hand on his breast, and with a winning insinuation in his countenance, expressed to his neighbour, that he was a man who made his case his own; yet I will engage a player in Covent-garden might hit such an attitude a thousand times before he would have been regarded." "These observations in favour of the Roman people, may now be very justly applied to our own nation.

'Here will I hold. If there's a power above us
(And that there is, all nature cries aloud
Through all her works) He must delight in virtue;
And that which He delights in must be happy.

"This will be allowed, I hope, to be as virtuous a sentiment as that which he quotes out of Terence; and the general applause with which (you say) it was received, must certainly make this writer (notwithstanding his great assurance in pronouncing upon our ill taste) alter his opinion of his countrymen.

"Our poetry, I believe, and not our morals, has been generally worse than that of the Romans; for it is plain, when we can equal the best dramatic performance of that polite age, a British audience may vie with the Roman theatre in the virtue of their applauses.

"However different in other things our opinions may be, all parties agree in doing honour to a man, who is an honour to our country.

Rome herself received not so great advantages from her patriot, as Britain will from this admirable representation of him. Our British Cato improves our language, as well as our morals, nor will it be in the power of tyrants to rob us of him, (or to use the last line of an epigram to the author)

"Is vain your Cato stabs, he cannot die."

'I am, Sir,

'your most obliged

'humble servant,

Oxon. All-souls Col. May 6.

'WILLIAM LIZARD.'

'MR. IRONSIDE, Oxon. Christ Church, May 7.

'You are, I perceive, a very wary old fellow, more cautious than a late brother-writer of yours, who at the rehearsal of a new play, would at the hazard of his judgment, endeavour to prepossess the town in its favour: whereas you very prudently waited till the tragedy of Cato had gained a universal and irresistible applause, and then with great boldness ventured to pronounce your opinion of it to be the same with that of all mankind. I will leave you to consider whether such a conduct becomes a Guardian, who ought to point out to us proper entertainments, and instruct us when to bestow our applause. However, in so plain a case we did not wait for your directions; and I must tell you, that none here were earlier or louder in their praises of Cato, than we at Christchurch. This may, I hope, convince you, that we don't deserve the character (which envious dull fellows give us) of allowing nobody to have wit or parts but those of our own body, especially when I let you know that we are many of us,

Your affectionate

... humble servants.'

'To Nester Ironside, Esq.

'MR. IRONSIDE, Oxon. Wad. Coll. May 7

'Were the seat of the muses silent while London is so loud in their applause of Cato, the university's title to that name might very well be suspected;—in justice therefore to your *alma mater*, let the world know our opinion of that tragedy here.

'The author's other works had raised our expectation of it to a very great height, yet it exceeds whatever we could promise ourselves from so great a genius.

'Cæsar will no longer be a hero in our declamations. This tragedy has at once stripped him of all the flattery and false colours, which historians and the classic authors had thrown

many centuries of fame, and monarchs had diademed to let themselves be called by his name. However it will be an honour to the times we live in, to have had such a work produced in them, and a pretty speculation for posterity to observe, that the tragedy of Cato was acted with general applause in 1713.

I am, Sir,
'your most humble servant, &c.
'A B.'

'P. S. The French translation of Cato now in the press, will, I hope, be in *usum Delphini*.

No. 60.] Wednesday, May 20, 1713.

Nihil legetur quod non exciperetur. Pſm. Epist.

He pick'd something out of every thing he read.

'To Nestor Ironside, Esq.

SIR,

'THERE is nothing in which men deceive themselves more ridiculously than in the point of reading, and which, as it is commonly practised under the notion of improvement, has less advantage. The generality of readers who are pleased with wandering over a number of books, almost at the same instant, or if confined to one, who pursue the author with much hurry and impatience to his last page, must without doubt be allowed to be notable digesters. This unsettled way of reading naturally seduces us into as undetermined a manner of thinking, which unprofitably fatigues the imagination, when a continued chain of thought would probably produce inestimable conclusions. All authors are eligible either for their matter, or style; if for the first, the elucidation and disposition of it into proper lights ought to employ a judicious reader: if for the last, he ought to observe how some common words are started into a new signification, how such epithets are beautifully reconciled to things that seemed incompatible, and must often remember the whole structure of a period, because by the least transposition, that assemblage of words which is called a style becomes utterly annihilated. The swift despatch of common readers not only eludes their memory, but betrays their apprehension, when

the reflection and remembrances of what one has read, than from the transient satisfaction of what one does, and we should be pleased proportionably as we are profited. It is prodigious arrogance in any one to imagine, that by one hasty course through a book he can fully enter into the soul and secrets of a writer, whose life perhaps has been busied in the birth of such production. Books that do not immediately concern some profession or science, are generally run over as mere empty entertainments, rather than as matter of improvement; though, in my opinion, a refined speculation upon morality, or history, requires as much time and capacity to collect and digest, as the most abstruse treatise of any profession; and I think, besides, there can be no book well written, but what must necessarily improve the understanding of the reader, even in the very profession to which he applies himself. For to reason with strength, and express himself with propriety, must equally concern the divine, the physician, and the lawyer. My own course of looking into books has occasioned these reflections, and the following account may suggest more.

'Having been bred up under a relation that had a pretty large study of books, it became my province once a week to dust them. In the performance of this my duty, as I was obliged to take down every particular book, I thought there was no way to deceive the toil of my journey through the different abodes and habitations of these authors but by reading something in every one of them; and in this manner to make my passage easy from the comely folio in the upper shelf or region, even through the crowd of duodecimos in the lower. By frequent exercise I became so great a proficient in this transitory application to books, that I could hold open half a dozen small authors in a band, grasping them with as secure a dexterity as a drawer doth his glasses, and feasting my curious eye with all of them at the same instant. Through these methods the natural irresolution of my youth was much strengthened, and having no leisure, if I had had inclination, to make pertinent observations in writing, I was thus confirmed a very early wanderer. When I was sent to Oxford.

Thrice a day did I change, not only the books, but the languages; and had used my eye to such a quick succession of objects, that in the most precipitate twirl I could catch a sentence out of each author, as ~~it passed floating by me~~.

matter, and shall support myself by the authority of Albertus, Pliny, Aldrovandus, and Matthias Michovius, which two last have clearly argued that animal out of the creation.

The second is a treatise of sternutation or

Thus my hours, days, fitably away, but yet w by being distinguished riety; and I cannot b tunate in my contriva its several new editions have contributed so m studious vagabonds. V the usual time at Ox mission into the publi piest creature on ear most delightful travel of literature. Somet mounted upon a ladd bian manuscripts, wh corner undisturbed, had the misfortune to and catching at the c seen hanging in a ver or three large folios till the humanity of disentangled us.

As I always bel public places, by way not possibly travel wi I took the following rantry of mine. I book, each leaf of w so that my wanderit cealed within the sa

This extravagat seem to pronounce contrary effect; and thus confined to a s reconciled me to the However, I chose s connexion as possib of Solomon, where thrown together in imaginable, and wh which I had before authors, and which my attention. By t made so glorious a that I can keep con extended periods, a tinued narrations c I now read nothing lections, and shall instance of this in the publication





Carroll del.

T. S. S. engraver sc.

STORY OF THE ADDER.

G. H. R. 1842

children are bred up, and one of the first pleasures we allow them is the licence of inflicting pain upon poor animals; almost as soon as we are sensible what life is 'ourselves, we make it our sport to take it from other creatures. I cannot but believe a very good use might be made of the fancy which children have for birds and insects. Mr. Locke takes notice of a mother who permitted them to her children, but rewarded or punished them as they treated them well or ill. This was no other than entering them betimes into a daily exercise of humanity, and improving their very diversion to a virtue.

I fancy too, some advantage might be taken of the common notion, that it is ominous or unlucky to destroy some sorts of birds, as swallows or martins; this opinion might possibly arise from the confidence these birds seem to put in us by building under our roofs, so that it is a kind of violation of the laws of hospitality to murder them. As for robin-red-breasts in particular, it is not improbable they owe their security to the old ballad of the Children in the Wood. However it be, I do not know, I say, why this prejudice, well improved and carried as far as it would go, might not be made to conduce to the preservation of many innocent creatures, which are now exposed to all the wantonness of an ignorant barbarity.

There are other animals that have the misfortune, for no manner of reason, to be treated as common enemies wherever found. The conceit that a cat has nine lives, has cost at least nine lives in ten of the whole race of them. Scarce a boy in the streets but has in this point outdone Hercules himself, who was famous for killing a monster that had but three lives. Whether the unaccountable animosity against this useful domestic may be any cause of the general persecution of owls, (who are a sort of feathered cats,) or whether it be only an unreasonable pique the moderns have taken to a serious countenance, I shall not determine, though I am inclined to believe the former; since I observe the sole reason alleged for the destruction of frogs, is because they are like toads. Yet amidst all the misfortunes of these unfriended creatures, it is some happiness that we have not yet taken a fancy to eat them: for should our countrymen refine upon the French never so little, it is not to be conceived to what unheard-of torments owls, cats, and frogs may be yet reserved.

When we grow up to men, we have another succession of sanguinary sports; in particular hunting. I dare not attack a diversion which has such authority and custom to support it; but must have leave to be of opinion, that the agitation of that exercise, with the example and number of the chasers, not a little contri-

bute to resist those checks, which compassion would naturally suggest in behalf of the animal pursued. Nor shall I say with monsieur Fleury, that this sport is a remain of the Gothic barbarity. But I must animadvert upon a certain custom yet in use with us, and barbarous enough to be derived from the Goths, or even the Scythians; I mean that savage compliment our huntsmen pass upon ladies of quality, who are present at the death of a stag, when they put the knife in their hands to cut the throat of a helpless, trembling, and weeping creature.

‘————— Questuque cruentus,

Atque imploranti similis. ———

‘————— That lies beneath the knife,
Looks up, and from her butcher begs her life.’

But if our sports are destructive, our glutony is more so, and in a more inhuman manner. Lobsters roasted alive, pigs whipt to death, fowls sewed up, are testimonies of our outrageous luxury. Those who (as Seneca expresses it) divide their lives betwixt an anxious conscience and a nauseated stomach, have a just reward of their glutony in the diseases it brings with it; for human savages, like other wild beasts, find snares and poison in the provisions of life, and are allured by their appetite to their destruction. I know nothing more shocking or horrid than the prospect of one of their kitchens covered with blood, and filled with the cries of creatures expiring in tortures. It gives one an image of a giant's den in a romance, bestrewed with the scattered heads and mangled limbs of those who were slain by his cruelty.

The excellent Plutarch (who has more strokes of good-nature in his writings than I remember in any author) cites a saying of Cato to this effect, “That it is no easy task to preach to the belly, which has no ears.” ‘Yet if,’ says he, ‘we are ashamed to be so out of fashion as not to offend, let us at least offend with some discretion and measure. If we kill an animal for our provision, let us do it with the meltings of compassion, and without tormenting it. Let us consider, that it is in its own nature cruelty to put a living creature to death; we at least destroy a soul that has sense and perception.’—In the life of Cato the Censor, he takes occasion, from the severe disposition of that man, to discourse in this manner: ‘It ought to be esteemed a happiness to mankind, that our humanity has a wider sphere to exert itself in than bare justice. It is no more than the obligation of our very birth to practise equity to our own kind; but humanity may be extended through the whole order of creatures, even to the meanest. Such actions of charity are the overflowings of a mild good-nature on all below us. It is certainly the part of a well-natured man to take care of his horses and dogs, not only in expectation of

their labour while they are foals and whelps, but even when their old age has made them incapable of service.'

History tells us of a wise and polite nation, that rejected a person of the first quality, who stood for a judiciary office, only because he had been observed in his youth to take pleasure in tearing and murdering of birds. And of another that expelled a man out of the senate, for dashing a bird against the ground which had taken shelter in his bosom. Every one knows how remarkable the Turks are for their humanity in this kind. I remember an Arabian author, who has written a treatise to show, how far a man, supposed to have subsisted in a desert island, without any instruction, or so much as the sight of any other man, may, by the pure light of nature, attain the knowledge of philosophy and virtue. One of the first things he makes him observe is, that universal benevolence of nature in the protection and preservation of its creatures. In imitation of which the first act of virtue he thinks his self-taught philosopher would of course fall into is, to relieve and assist all the animals about him in their wants and distresses.

Ovid has some very tender and pathetic lines applicable to this occasion :

Quid mirastis, oves, placidum pecus, lingue tlegendæ
Natum homines, pleno quæ fertis in ubere nectar ?
Mollia quæ nobis vestras velamina lanæ
Præbetis ; vixque magis quævis morte juvenis.
Quid mirere boves, animal sine fraude dolique,
Innocentem, simplex, natum tolerare labores ?
Immemor est demum, nec frugum manere dignus,
Qui potest, curvi dempto modo pendere atri,
Ruricolam mactare suum. — Met. Lib. xv. 116.

Quam malè consuevit, quam se parat ille cruori
Jaspem humanum, vituli qui guttura cuncto
Rumpit, et immotas præbet magistibus aures !
Aet qui vagitus similes puerilibus hœdum
Edentem jugulare potest ! — Id., ver. 483.

The sheep was sacrific'd on no pretence,
But meek and unresisting innocence.
A patient, useful creature, born to hear
The warm and woolly fleece, that cloth'd her murderer ;
And daily to give down the milk she bred,
A tribute for the grass on which she fed.
Laying, both food and raiment she supplies,
And is of least advantage when she dies.
How did the tolling ox his death deserve ?
A downright simple drudge, and born to serve ?
O tyrant ! with what justice canst thou hope
The promise of the year, a plenteous crop ;
When thou destroy'st thy lab'ring steer, who fill'd
And plough'd with paces, thy elms engrateful field !
From his yet reeking neck to draw the yoke,
That neck, with which the early clods he broke :

endued so many different animals, might possibly be given them to move our pity, and prevent those cruelties we are too apt to inflict on our fellow-creatures.

There is a passage in the book of Jonas when God declares his unwillingness to destroy Nineveh, where methinks that compassion of the Creator, which extends to the meanest rank of his creatures, is expressed with wonderful tenderness.——' Should I not spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than six score thousand persons —— and also much cattle ?' And we have in Deuteronomy a precept of great good-nature of this sort, with a blessing in form annexed to it, in those words ; ' If thou shalt find a bird's nest in the way, thou shalt not take the dam with the young. But thou shalt in any wise let the dam go ; that it may be well with thee, and that thou may'st prolong thy days.'

To conclude, there is certainly a degree of gratitude owing to those animals that serve us. As for such as are mortal or noxious, we have a right to destroy them ; and for those that are neither of advantage or prejudice to us, the common enjoyment of life is what I cannot think we ought to deprive them of.

This whole matter with regard to each of these considerations, is set in a very agreeable light in one of the Persian fables of Pilpay, with which I shall end this paper.

A traveller passing through a thicket, and seeing a few sparks of a fire, which some passengers had kindled as they went that way before, made up to it. On a sudden the sparks caught hold of a bush in the midst of which lay an adder, and set it in flames. The adder entreated the traveller's assistance, who tying a bag to the end of his staff, reached it, and drew him out : he then bid him go where he pleased, but never more be hurtful to men, since he owed his life to a man's compassion. The adder, however, prepared to sting him, and when he expostulated how unjust it was to retaliate good with evil, ' I shall do no more,' said the adder, ' than what you men practice every day, whose custom it is to requite benefits with ingratitude. If you cannot deny this truth, let us refer it to the first we meet.' The man consented, and seeing a tree, put the question to it, in what manner a good turn was to be recompensed ? ' If you mean according to the usage of men,' replied the tree

the cow, ' by woful experience; for I have served a man this long time with milk, butter, and cheese, and brought him besides a calf every year; but now I am old, he turns me into this pasture with design to sell me to a butcher, who will shortly make an end of me.' The traveller upon this stood confounded, but desired, of courtesy, one trial more, to be finally judged by the next beast they should meet. This happened to be the fox, who, upon hearing the story in all its circumstances, could not be persuaded it was possible for the adder to enter in so narrow a bag. The adder, to convince him, went in again; when the fox told the man he had now his enemy in his power, and with that he fastened the bag, and crushed him to pieces.

No. 62.] Friday, May 22, 1713.

*O fortunatos nimium, sua ai bona vorant
Virg. Georg. li. 456.*

Too happy, if they knew their happy state.

UPON the late election of king's scholars, my curiosity drew me to Westminster school. The sight of a place where I had not been for many years, revived in my thoughts the tender images of my childhood, which by a great length of time had contracted a softness that rendered them inexpressibly agreeable. As it is usual with me to draw a secret unenvied pleasure from a thousand incidents overlooked by other men, I threw myself into a short transport, forgetting my age, and fancying myself a school-boy.

This imagination was strongly favoured by the presence of so many young boys, in whose looks were legible the sprightly passions of that age, which raised in me a sort of sympathy. Warm blood thrilled through every vein; the faded memory of those enjoyments that once gave me pleasure put on more lively colours, and a thousand gay amusements filled my mind.

It was not without regret, that I was forsaken by this waking dream. The cheapness of puerile delights, the guiltless joy they leave upon the mind, the blooming hopes that lift up the soul in the ascent of life, the pleasure that attends the gradual opening of the imagination, and the dawn of reason, made me think most men found that stage the most agreeable part of their journey.

When men come to riper years, the innocent diversions which exalted the spirits and produced health of body, indolence of mind, and refreshing slumbers, are too often exchanged for criminal delights, which fill the soul with anguish, and the body with disease. The grateful employment of admiring and raising themselves to an imitation of the polite style, beautiful images, and noble sentiments

of ancient authors, is abandoned for law-latin, the lucubrations of our paltry news-mongers, and that swarm of vile pamphlets, which corrupt our taste, and infect the public. The ideas of virtue which the characters of heroes had imprinted on their minds, insensibly wear out, and they come to be influenced by the nearer examples of a degenerate age.

In the morning of life, when the soul first makes her entrance into the world, all things look fresh and gay; their novelty surprises, and every little glitter or gaudy colour transports the stranger. But by degrees the sense grows callous, and we lose that exquisite relish of trifles by the time our minds should be supposed ripe for rational entertainments. I cannot make this reflection without being touched with a commiseration of that species called beaux, the happiness of those men necessarily terminating with their childhood; who, from a want of knowing other pursuits, continue a fondness for the delights of that age, after the relish of them is decayed.

Providence hath with a bountiful hand prepared variety of pleasures for the various stages of life. It behoves us not to be wanting to ourselves, in forwarding the intention of nature, by the culture of our minds, and a due preparation of each faculty for the enjoyment of those objects it is capable of being affected with.

As our parts open and display by gentle degrees, we rise from the gratifications of sense, to relish those of the mind. In the scale of pleasure, the lowest are sensual delights, which are succeeded by the more enlarged views and gay portraitures of a lively imagination; and these give way to the sublimer pleasures of reason, which discover the causes and designs, the frame, connexion, and symmetry of things, and fills the mind with the contemplation of intellectual beauty, order, and truth.

Hence I regard our public schools and universities, not only as nurseries of men for the service of the church and state, but also as places designed to teach mankind the most refined luxury, to raise the mind to its due perfection, and give it a taste for those entertainments which afford the highest transport, without the grossness or remorse that attend vulgar enjoyments.

In those blessed retreats men enjoy the sweets of solitude, and yet converse with the greatest geni that have appeared in every age, wander through the delightful mazes of every art and science, and as they gradually enlarge their sphere of knowledge, at once rejoice in their present possessions, and are animated by the boundless prospect of future discoveries. There, a generous emulation, a noble thirst of fame, a love of truth and honourable regards, reign in minds as yet untainted from the world. There, the stock of learning transmitted down

from the ancients, is preserved, and receives a daily increase; and it is thence propagated by men, who, having finished their studies, go into the world, and spread that general knowledge and good taste throughout the land, which is so distant from the barbarism of its ancient inhabitants, or the fierce genius of its invaders. And as it is evident that our literature is owing to the schools and universities, so it cannot be denied that these are owing to our religion.

It was chiefly, if not altogether, upon religious considerations that princes, as well as private persons, have erected colleges, and assigned liberal endowments to students and professors. Upon the same account they meet with encouragement and protection from all Christian states, as being esteemed a necessary means to have the sacred oracles and primitive traditions of Christianity preserved and understood. And it is well known, that after a long night of ignorance and superstition, the reformation of the church and that of learning began together, and made proportionable advances, the latter having been the effect of the former, which of course engaged men in the study of the learned languages, and of antiquity.

Or, if a free-thinker is ignorant of these facts, he may be convinced from the manifest reason of the thing. Is it not plain that our skill in literature is owing to the knowledge of Greek and Latin, which, that they are still preserved among us, can be ascribed only to a religious regard? What else should be the cause why the youth of Christendom, above the rest of mankind, are educated in the painful study of those dead languages; and that religious societies should peculiarly be employed in acquiring that sort of knowledge, and teaching it to others?

And it is more than probable, that in case our free-thinkers could once achieve their glorious design of sinking the credit of the Christian religion, and causing those revenues to be withdrawn which their wiser forefathers had appointed to the support and encouragement of its teachers, in a little time the Shaster would be as intelligible as the Greek Testament; and we, who want that spirit and curiosity which distinguished the ancient Grecians, would by degrees relapse into the same state of barbarism which overspread the northern nations, before they were enlightened by Christianity.

Some perhaps, from the ill-tendency and vile taste which appear in their writings, may suspect that the free-thinkers are carrying on a malicious design against the belles lettres: for my part, I rather conceive them as unthinking wretches, of short views and narrow capacities, who are not able to penetrate into the causes or consequences of things.

No. 63.] Saturday, May 23, 1713.

Ζῶ πάτερ, δάδα ἐν κύμασι τῆς ἡμέρας ὕψος· Ἀχαιῶν,
Παῖσος, ὃ αἰὲρ, ὅς ἐ' ἐκθάμναιεν ἰβήσαν,
Ἐν τῇ φάει καὶ δαίρουν. Hom. II. xvii. 645.

O King! O Father! hear my humble prayer:
Dispel this cloud, the light of heaven restore,
Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more:
If Greece must perish, we thy will obey,
But let us perish in the face of day!

Pope.

I AM obliged, for many reasons, to insert this first letter, though it takes me out of my way, especially on a Saturday; but the ribaldry of some part of that will be abundantly made up by the quotation in the second.

'To Nestor Ironside, Esquire.

'SIR, Friday, May 23, 1713.

'The Examiner of this day consists of reflections upon the letter I writ to you, published in yours of the twelfth instant. The sentence upon which he spends most of his invectives, is this, "I will give myself no manner of liberty to make guesses at him, if I may say him, for though sometimes I have been told by familiar friends, that they saw me such a time taking to the Examiner: others who have rallied me upon the sins of my youth, tell me it is credibly reported that I have formerly lain with the Examiner."

'Now, Mr. Ironside, what was there in all this but saying, "I cannot tell what to do in this case. There has been named for this paper, one for whom I have a value, and another whom I cannot but neglect?" I have named no man, but if there be any gentleman who wrongfully lies under the imputation of being or assisting the Examiner, he would do well to do himself justice, under his own hand, in the eye of the world. As to the exasperated mistress, the Examiner demands in her behalf, a "reparation for offended innocence." This is pleasant language, when spoken of this person; he wants to have me unsay what he makes me to have said before. I declare then it was a false report, which was spread concerning me and a lady, sometimes reputed the author of the Examiner; and I can now make her no reparation, but in begging her pardon, that I never lay with her.

'I speak all this only in regard to the Examiner's offended innocence, and will make no reply as to what relates merely to myself. I have said before, "he is welcome from henceforward, to treat me as he pleases." But the bit of Greek, which I intreat you to put at the front of to-morrow's paper, speaks all my sense on this occasion. It is a speech put in the mouth of Ajax, who is engaged in the dark: He cries out to Jupiter, "Give me but daylight, let me but see my foe, and let him destroy me if he can."

'But when he repeats his story of the "general for life," I cannot hear him with so much

patience. He may insinuate what he pleases to the ministry of me; but I am sure I could not, if I would, by detraction, do them more injury, than he does by his ill-placed, ignorant, nauseous flattery. One of them, whose talent is address, and skill in the world, he calls Cato; another, whose praise is conversation-wit and a taste of pleasures, is also Cato. Can any thing in nature be more out of character, or more expose those whom he would recommend to the raillery of his adversaries, than comparing these to Cato? But gentlemen of their eminence are to be treated with respect, and not to suffer because a sycophant has applauded them in a wrong place.

‘As much as he says I am in defiance with those in present power, I will lay before them one point that would do them more honour than any one circumstance in their whole administration; which is, to show their resentment of the Examiner’s nauseous applause of themselves, and licentious calumny of their predecessors. Till they do themselves that justice, men of sense will believe they are pleased with the adulation of a prostitute, who heaps upon them injudicious applauses, for which he makes way by random abuses upon those who are in present possession of all that is laudable.

‘I am, Sir,

‘your most humble servant,

‘RICHARD STEELE.’

‘To Mr. Ironside,

‘SIR,

‘A mind so well qualified as your’s, must receive every day large improvements, when exercised upon such truths which are the glory of our natures; such as those which lead us to an endless happiness in our life succeeding this. I herewith send you Dr. Lucas’s Practical Christianity, for your serious perusal. If you have already read it, I desire you would give it to one of your friends who has not. I think you cannot recommend it better than in inserting by way of specimen these passages which I point to you, as follows:—

“That I have, in this state I am now in, a soul as well as a body, whose interest concerns me, is a truth my sense sufficiently discovers: For I feel joys and sorrows, which do not make their abode in the organs of the body, but in the inmost recesses of the mind; pains and pleasures which sense is too gross and heavy to partake of, as the peace or trouble of conscience in the reflection upon good or evil actions, the delight or vexation of the mind, in the contemplation of, or a fruitless enquiry after, excellent and important truths.

“And since I have such a soul capable of happiness or misery, it naturally follows, that it were sottish and unreasonable to lose this soul for the gain of the whole world. For my soul is I myself. and if that be miserable, I

must needs be so. Outward circumstances of fortune may give the world occasion to think me happy, but they can never make me so. Shall I call myself happy; if discontent and sorrow eat out the life and spirit of my soul? if lusts and passions riot and mutiny in my bosom? if my sins scatter an uneasy shame all over me, and my guilt appals and frights me? What avails it me, that my rooms are stately, my tables full, my attendants numerous, and my attire gaudy, if all this while my very being pines and languishes away? These indeed are rich and pleasant things, but I nevertheless am a poor and miserable man. Therefore I conclude, that whatever this thing be I call a soul, though it were a perishing, dying thing, and would not outlive the body, yet it were my wisdom and interest to prefer its content and satisfaction before all the world, unless I could choose to be miserable, and delight to be unhappy.

“This very consideration, supposing the uncertainty of another world, would yet strongly engage me to the service of religion; for all it aims at, is to banish sin out of the world, which is the source and original of all the troubles that disquiet the mind; 1st. Sin in its very essence, is nothing else but disordered, distempered passions, affections foolish and preposterous in their choice, or wild and extravagant in their proportion, which our own experience sufficiently convinces us to be painful and uneasy. 2d. It engages us in desperate hazards, wearies us with daily toils, and often buries us in the ruins we bring upon ourselves; and lastly, it fills our hearts with distrust, and fear, and shame; for we shall never be able to persuade ourselves fully, that there is no difference between good and evil; that there is no God, or none that concerns himself at the actions of this life: and if we cannot, we can never rid ourselves of the pangs and stings of a troubled conscience; we shall never be able to establish a peace and calm in our bosoms; and so enjoy our pleasure with a clear and uninterrupted freedom. But if we could persuade ourselves into the utmost height of atheism, yet still we shall be under these two strange inconveniences: 1st. That a life of sin will be still irregular and disorderly, and therefore troublesome: 2d. That we shall have dismantled our souls of their greatest strength, disarmed them of that faith which only can support them under the afflictions of this present life.”

No. 64.] Monday, May 25, 1713.

—Levinum spectacula rerum.

Virg. Georg. iv. 3.

Trifles set out to shew.

I AM told by several persons whom I have taken into my ward, that it is to their great

damage I have digressed so much of late from the natural course of my precautions. They have addressed and petitioned me with appellations and titles, which admonish me to be that sort of patron which they want me to be, as follows.

' To Nestor Ironside, Esq. Patron of the industrious.

' The humble petition of John Longbottom, Charles Lilly, Bat. Pidgeon, and J. Norwood, capital artificers, most humbly sheweth,

' That your petitioners behold with great sorrow, your honour employing your important moments in remedying matters which nothing but time can cure, and which do not so immediately, or at least so professedly, appertain to your office, as do the concerns of us your petitioners, and other handicraft persons, who excel in their different and respective dexterities.

' That as all mechanics are employed in accommodating the dwellings, clothing the persons, or preparing the diet of mankind, your petitioners ought to be placed first in your guardianship, as being useful in a degree superior to all other workmen, and as being wholly conversant in clearing and adorning the head of man.

' That the said Longbottom, above all the rest of mankind, is skillful in taking off that horrid excrescence on the chins of all males, and casting, by the touch of his hand, a cheerfulness where that excrescence grew; an art known only to this your artificer.

' That Charles Lilly prepares snuff and perfumes which refreshes the brain in those that have too much for their quiet, and gladdens it in those who have too little to know their want of it.

' That Bat. Pidgeon cuts the luxuriant locks growing from the upper part of the head, in so artful a manner, with regard to the visage, that he makes the ringlets, falling by the temples, conspire with the brows and lashes of the eye, to brighten the expressions of modesty and intimations of good-will, which are most infallibly communicated by ocular glances.

That J. Norwood forms periwigs with respect to particular persons and visages, on the same plan that Bat. Pidgeon corrects natural hair; that he has a strict regard to the climate under which his customer was born, before he pretends to cover his head; that no part of his wig is composed of hair which grew above twenty miles from the buyer's place of nativity; that the very neck-lock grew in the same county, and all the hair to the face in the very parish where he was born.

' That these your cephalic operators humbly entreat your more frequent attention to the mechanic arts, and that you would place your

petitioners at the head of the family of the cosmetics, and your petitioners shall ever pray, &c.'

' To Nestor Ironside, Esq. Guardian of Good Fame,

' The memorial of Esau Ringwood, sheweth,

' That though nymphs and shepherds, sonnets and complaints, are no more to be seen or heard in the forests and chases of Great Britain, yet are not the huntsmen who now frequent the woods so barbarous as represented in the Guardian of the twenty-first instant; that the knife is not presented to the lady of quality by the huntsman to cut the throat of the deer; but after he is killed, that instrument is given her, as the animal is now become food, in token that all our labour, joy, and exultation in the pursuit, were excited from the sole hope of making the stag an offering to her table; that your honour has detracted from the humanity of sportsmen in this representation; that they demand you would retract your error, and distinguish Britons from Scythians.

' P. S. Repent, and eat venison.'

' To Nestor Ironside, Esquire, Avenger of Detraction.

' The humble petition of Susan How-d'ye-call, most humbly sheweth,

' That your petitioner is mentioned at all visits, with an account of facts done by her, of speeches she has made, and of journeys she has taken, to all which circumstances your petitioner is wholly a stranger; that in every family in Great Britain, glasses and cups are broken, and utensils displaced, and all these faults laid upon Mrs. How-d'ye-call; that your petitioner has applied to counsel, upon these grievances; that your petitioner is advised, that her case is the same with that of John-a-Styles, and that she is abused only by way of form; your petitioner therefore most humbly prays, that in behalf of herself, and all others defamed under the term of Mr. or Mrs. How-d'ye-call, you will grant her and them the following concessions: that no reproach shall take place where the person has not an opportunity of defending himself; that the phrase of a 'certain person,' means 'no certain person': that the 'How-d'ye-calls,' 'some people,' 'a certain set of men,' 'there are folks now-a-days,' and 'things are come to that pass,' are words that shall concern nobody after the present Monday in Whitsun-week, 1713.

' That it is baseness to offend any person, except the offender exposes himself to that person's examination; that no woman is defamed by any man, without he names her name; that 'exasperated mistress,' 'false fair,' and the like, shall from the said Whitsun-Monday, signify no more than Cloe, Corianna, or

Mrs. How-d'ye-call ; that your petitioner, being an old maid, may be joined in marriage to John-a-Nokes, or, in case of his being resolved upon celibacy, to Tom Long the carrier, and your petitioner shall ever pray, &c.'

'To Nestor Ironside, Esq.

'The humble petition of Hugh Pounce, of Grub-street, sheweth,

'That in your first paper you have touched upon the affinity between all arts which concern the good of society, and professed that you should promote a good understanding between them.

'That your petitioner is skilful in the art and mystery of writing verses or distichs.

'That your petitioner does not write for vain-glory, but for the use of society.

'That, like the art of painting upon glass, the more durable work of writing upon iron is almost lost.

'That your petitioner is retained as poet to the Ironmongers company.

'Your petitioner therefore humbly desires you would protect him in the sole making of posies for knives, and all manner of learning to be wrought on iron, and your petitioner shall ever pray.'

'To the Guardian.

'SIR,

'Though every body has been talking or writing on the subject of Cato, ever since the world was obliged with that tragedy, there has not, methinks, been an examination of it, which sufficiently shows the skill of the author merely as a poet. There are peculiar graces which ordinary readers ought to be instructed how to admire; among others, I am charmed with his artificial expressions in well adapted similes: there is no part of writing in which it is more difficult to succeed, for on sublime occasions it requires at once the utmost strength of the imagination, and the severest correction of the judgment. Thus Syphax, when he is forming to himself the sudden and unexpected destruction which is to befall the man he hates, expresses himself in an image which none but a Numidian could have a lively sense of; but yet, if the author had ranged over all the objects upon the face of the earth, he could not

senting it to himself in a manner wonderfully suited to the vanity and impiety of his character.

So Plato, seiz'd of Proserpine, conveyed
To hell's tremendous gloom th' affrighted maid :-
There grimly smil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous prize,
Nor env'y'd Jove his sunshine and his skies.

'Pray old Nestor, trouble thyself no more with the squabbles of old lovers; tell them from me now they are past the sins of the flesh, they are got into those of the spirit; desire hurts the soul less than malice; it is not now, as when they were Sappho and Phaon.

'I am, Sir,

'Your affectionate humble servant,
'A. B.'

No. 65.] *Tuesday, May 26, 1713.*

— Inter scabiem tantum et contagia. —

Hor. Lib. 1. Ep. xii. 17.

Amidst the poison of such infectious times.

THERE is not any where, I believe, so much talk about religion, as among us in England; nor do I think it possible for the wit of man to devise forms of address to the Almighty, in more ardent and forcible terms than are every where to be found in our book of common prayer; and yet I have heard it read with such a negligence, affectation, and impatience, that the efficacy of it has been apparently lost to all the congregation. For my part, I make no scruple to own it, that I go sometimes to a particular place in the city, far distant from mine own home, to hear a gentleman, whose manner I admire, read the liturgy. I am persuaded devotion is the greatest pleasure of his soul, and there is none hears him read without the utmost reverence. I have seen the young people, who have been interchanging glances of passion to each other's person, checked into an attention to the service at the interruption which the authority of his voice has given them. But the other morning I happened to rise earlier than ordinary, and thought I could not pass my time better, than to go upon the admonition of the morning bell, to the church prayers at six of the clock. I was there the first of any in the congregation, and had the opportunity, however I made use of it, to look back on all my life, and contemplate the blessing and advantage of such stated early hours

humble, lowly hearts, in frightful looks and dirty dresses, at our leisure. When we poor souls had presented ourselves with a contrition suitable to our worthlessness, some pretty young ladies in mobs, popped in here and there about the church, clattering the pew-door after them, and squatting into a whisper behind their fans. Among others, one of lady Lizard's daughters, and her hopeful maid, made their entrance: the young lady did not omit the ardent form behind the fan, while the maid immediately gaped round her to look for some other devout person, whom I saw at a distance very well dressed; his air and habit a little military, but in the pertness, not the true possession, of the martial character. This jackanapes was fixed at the end of a pew, with the utmost impudence, declaring, by a fixed eye on that seat (where our beauty was placed) the object of his devotion. This obscene sight gave me all the indignation imaginable, and I could attend to nothing but the reflection, that the greatest affronts imaginable are such as no one can take notice of. Before I was out of such vexatious inadvertencies to the business of the place, there was a great deal of good company now come in. There was a good number of very janty slatterns, who gave us to understand, that it is neither dress nor art to which they were beholden for the town's admiration. Besides these, there were also by this time arrived two or three sets of whisperers, who carry on most of their calumnies by what they entertain one another with in that place, and we were now altogether very good company. There were indeed a few, in whose looks there appeared a heavenly joy and gladness upon the entrance of a new day, as if they had gone to sleep with expectation of it. For the sake of these it is worth while that the church keeps up such early matins throughout the cities of London and Westminster; but the generality of those who observe that hour, perform it with so tasteless a behaviour, that it appears a task rather than a voluntary act. But of all the world, those familiar ducks who are, as it were, at home at the church, and by frequently meeting there

joyments; while these, who forbear the gratifications of flesh and blood, without having won over the spirit to the interests of virtue, are implacable in defamations on the errors of such who offend without respect to fame. But the consideration of persons whom one cannot but take notice of, when one sees them in that place, has drawn me out of my intended talk, which was to bewail that people do not know the pleasure of early hours, and of dedicating their first moments of the day, with joy and singleness of heart, to their Creator. Experience would convince us, that the earlier we left our beds, the seldomer should we be confined to them.

One great good which would also accrue from this, were it become a fashion, would be, that it is possible our chief divines would condescend to pray themselves, or at least those whom they substitute would be better supplied, than to be forced to appear at those oraisons in a garb and attire which makes them appear mortified with worldly want, and not abstracted from the world by the contempt of it. How is it possible for a gentleman, under the income of fifty pounds a year, to be attentive to sublime things? He must rise and dress like a labourer for sordid hire, instead of approaching his place of service with the utmost pleasure and satisfaction, that now he is going to be mouth of a crowd of people who have laid aside all the distinctions of this contemptible being, to beseech a protection under its manifold pains and disadvantages, or a release from it, by his favour who sent them into it. He would, with decent superiority, look upon himself as orator before the throne of grace, for a crowd, who hang upon his words, while he asks for them all that is necessary in a transitory life; from the assurance that a good behaviour, for a few moments in it, will purchase endless joy and happy immortality.

But who can place himself in this view, who, though not pinched with want, is distracted with care from the fear of it? No; a man, in the least degree below the spirit of a saint or a martyr, will loll, huddle over his duty, look

necessarily have so good an effect upon us, as to make us more disengaged and cheerful in conversation, and less artful and insincere in business. The world would be quite another place than it is now, the rest of the day; and every face would have an alacrity in it, which can be borrowed from no other reflections, but those which give us the assured protection of Omnipotence.

No. 66.] *Wednesday, May 27, 1713.*

*Sæpe tribus lectis videas comare quateros :
E quibus unus avet quavis aspergere cunctos,
Præter eum qui præbet aquam; post, hanc quoque—
Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv. 86.*

Set twelve at supper; one above the rest
Takes all the talk, and breaks a scurvy jest
On all, except the master of the feast :
At last on him——

THE following letter is full of imagination, and in a fabulous manner sets forth a connection between things, and an alliance between persons, that are very distant and remote to common eyes. I think I know the hand to be that of a very ingenious man, and shall therefore give it the reader without farther preface.

' To the Guardian.

SIR,

There is a set of mankind, who are wholly employed in the ill-natured office of gathering up a collection of stories that lessen the reputation of others, and spreading them abroad with a certain air of satisfaction. Perhaps indeed, an innocent unmeaning curiosity, a desire of being informed concerning those we live with, or a willingness to profit by reflection upon the actions of others, may sometimes afford an excuse, or sometimes a defence for inquisitiveness; but certainly it is beyond all excuse a transgression against humanity, to carry the matter farther, to tear off the dressings as I may say, from the wounds of a friend, and expose them to the air in cruel fits of diversion; and yet we have something more to bemoan, an outrage of a higher nature, which mankind is guilty of when they are not content to spread the stories of folly, frailty, and vice, but even enlarge them, or invent new ones, and blacken characters, that we may appear ridiculous or hateful to one another. From such practices as these it happens, that some feel a sorrow, and others are agitated with a spirit of revenge; that scandals or lies are told, because another has told such before; that resentments and quarrels arise, and affronts and injuries are given, received, and multiplied, in a scene of vengeance.

All this I have often observed with abundance of concern, and having a perfect desire to further the happiness of mankind, I lately set myself to consider the causes from whence such evils arise, and the remedies which may

be applied. Whereupon I shut my eyes to prevent a distraction from outward objects, and a while after shot away, upon an impulse of thought, into the world of ideas, where abstracted qualities became visible in such appearances as were agreeable to each of their natures.

That part of the country where I happened to light, was the most noisy that I had ever known. The winds whistled, the leaves rustled, the brooks rumbled, the birds chattered, the tongues of men were heard, and the echo mingled something of every sound in its repetition, so that there was a strange confusion and uproar of sounds about me. At length, as the noise still increased, I could discern a man habited like a herald, (and as I afterwards understood) called Novelty, that came forward proclaiming a solemn day to be kept at the house of Common Fame. Immediately behind him advanced three nymphs, who had monstrous appearances. The first of these was Curiosity, habited like a virgin, and having a hundred ears upon her head to serve in her enquiries. The second of these was Talkativeness, a little better grown; she seemed to be like a young wife, and had a hundred tongues to spread her stories. The third was Censoriousness, habited like a widow, and surrounded with a hundred squinting eyes of a malignant influence, which so obliquely darted on all around, that it was impossible to say which of them had brought in the information she boasted of. These, as I was informed, had been very instrumental in preserving and rearing Common Fame, when upon her birth-day she was shuffled into a crowd, to escape the search which Truth might have made after her and her parents. Curiosity found her there, Talkativeness conveyed her away, and Censoriousness so nursed her up, that in a short time she grew to a prodigious size, and obtained an empire over the universe; wherefore the power, in gratitude for these services, has since advanced them to her highest employments. The next who came forward in the procession was a light damsel, called Credulity, who carried behind them the lamp, the silver vessel with a spout, and other instruments proper for this solemn occasion.

She had formerly seen these three together, and conjecturing from the number of their ears, tongues, and eyes, that they might be the proper geni of Attention, Familiar Converse, and Ocular Demonstration, she from that time gave herself up to attend them. The last who followed were some who had closely muffled themselves in upper garments, so that I could not discern who they were; but just as the foremost of them was come up, I am glad, says she, calling me by my name, to meet you at this time; stay close by me, and take a strict observation of all that passes:

her voice was sweet and commanding, I thought I had somewhere heard it; and from her, as I went along, I learned the meaning of every thing which offered.

'We now marched forward through the Rookery of Rumours, which flew thick, and with a terrible din, all around us. At length we arrived at the house of Common Fame, where a hecatomb of reputations was that day to fall for her pleasure. The house stood upon an eminence, having a thousand passages to it, and a thousand whispering holes for the conveyance of sound. The hall we entered was formed with the art of a music-chamber for the improvement of noises. Rest and silence are banished the place. Stories of different natures wander in light flocks all about, sometimes truths and lies, or sometimes lies themselves clashing against one another. In the middle stood a table painted after the manner of the remotest Asiatic countries, upon which the lamp, the silver vessel, and cups of a white earth, were planted in order. Then dried herbs were brought, collected for the solemnity in moon-shine, and water being put to them, there was a greenish liquor made, to which they added the flower of milk, and an extraction from the canes of America, for performing a libation to the infernal powers of Mischief. After this, Curiosity, retiring to a withdrawing room, brought forth the victims, being to appearance a set of small waxen images, which she laid upon the table one after another. Immediately then Talkativeness gave each of them the name of some one, whom for that time they were to represent; and Censoriousness stuck them all about with black pins, still pronouncing at every one she stuck, something to the prejudice of the persons represented. No sooner were these rites performed, and incantations uttered, but the sound of a speaking trumpet was heard in the air, by which they knew the deity of the place was propitiated and assisting. Upon this the sky grew darker, a storm arose, and murmurs, sighs, groans, cries, and the words of grief, or resentment,

company was over, and a serene light, till then unknown to the place, diffused around it. At this the detected sorceresses endeavoured to escape in a cloud which I saw began to thicken round them; but it was soon dispersed, their charms being controlled, and prevailed over by the superior divinity. For my part I was exceedingly glad to see it so, and began to consider what punishment she would inflict upon them. I fancied it would be proper to cut off Curiosity's ears, and fix them to the eaves of the houses: to nail the tongues of Talkativeness to Indian tables; and to put out the eyes of Censoriousness with a flash of her light. In respect of Credulity, I had indeed some little pity, and had I been judge she might, perhaps, have escaped with a hearty reproof.

But I soon found that the discerning judge had other designs. She knew them for such as will not be destroyed entirely while mankind is in being, and yet ought to have a brand and punishment affixed to them that they may be avoided. Wherefore she took a seat for judgment, and had the criminals brought forward by Shame ever blushing, and Trouble with a whip of many lashes; two phantoms who had dogged the procession in disguise, and waited till they had an authority from Truth to lay hands upon them. Immediately then she ordered Curiosity and Talkativeness to be fettered together, that the one should never suffer the other to rest, nor the other ever let her remain undiscovered. Light Credulity she linked to Shame at the tormentor's own request, who was pleased to be thus secure that her prisoner could not escape; and this was done partly for her punishment, and partly for her amendment. Censoriousness was also in like manner begged by Trouble, and had her assigned for an eternal companion. After they were thus chained with one another, by the judge's order, she drove them from the presence to wander for ever through the world, with Novelty stalking before them.

The cause being now over, she retreated

beyond the usual age of man, if not cut off by some accident or excess, as Anacreon, in the midst of a very merry old age, was choaked with a grape-stone. The same redundancy of spirits that produces the poetical flame, keeps up the vital warmth, and administers uncommon fuel to life. I question not but several instances will occur to my reader's memory, from Homer down to Mr. Dryden. I shall only take notice of two who have excelled in lyrics; the one an ancient, and the other a modern. The first gained an immortal reputation by celebrating several jockeys in the olympic games, the last has signalized himself on the same occasion by the ode that begins with—'To horse, brave boys, to Newmarket, to horse.' My reader will, by this time, know that the two poets I have mentioned, are Pindar and Mr. d'Urfey. The former of these is long since laid in his urn, after having, many years together, endeared himself to all Greece by his tuneful compositions. Our countryman is still living, and in a blooming old age, that still promises many musical productions; for if I am not mistaken, our British swan will sing to the last. The best judges who have perused his last song on *The moderate Man*, do not discover any decay in his parts, but think it deserves a place amongst the finest of those works with which he obliged the world in his more early years.

I am led into this subject by a visit which I lately received from my good old friend and contemporary. As we both flourished together in king Charles the Second's reign, we diverted ourselves with the remembrance of several particulars that passed in the world before the greatest part of my readers were born, and could not but smile to think how insensibly we were grown into a couple of venerable old gentlemen. Tom observed to me, that after having written more odes than Horace, and about four times as many comedies as Terence, he was reduced to great difficulties by the importunities of a set of men, who, of late years, had furnished him with the accommodations of life, and would not, as we say, be paid with a song. In order to extricate my old friend, I immediately sent for the three directors of the playhouse, and desired them that they would in their turn do a good office for a man, who, in Shakspeare's phrase, had often filled their mouths, I mean with pleasantry, and popular conceits. They very generously listened to my proposal, and agreed to act the *Plotting Sisters*, (a very taking play of my old friend's composing) on the fifteenth of the next month, for the benefit of the author.

My kindness to the agreeable Mr. d'Urfey will be imperfect, if after having engaged the players in his favour, I do not get the town to come into it. I must therefore heartily recommend to all the young ladies, my disciples, the

case of my old friend, who has often made their grandmothers merry, and whose sonnets have perhaps lulled asleep many a present toast, when she lay in her cradle.

I have already prevailed on my lady Lizard to be at the house in one of the front boxes, and design, if I am in town, to lead her in myself at the head of her daughters. The gentleman I am speaking of has laid obligations on so many of his countrymen, that I hope they will think this but a just return to the good service of a veteran poet.


I myself remember king Charles the Second leaning on Tom d'Urfey's shoulder more than once, and humming over a song with him. It is certain that monarch was not a little supported by 'Joy to great Cæsar,' which gave the whigs such a blow as they were not able to recover that whole reign. My friend afterwards attacked popery with the same success, having exposed Bellarmine and Porto-Carrero more than once in short satirical compositions, which have been in every body's mouth. He has made use of Italian tunes and sonatas for promoting the protestant interest, and turned a considerable part of the pope's music against himself. In short, he has obliged the court with political sonnets, the country with dialogues and pastorals, the city with descriptions of a lord-mayor's feast, not to mention his little ode upon Stool-Ball, with many other of the like nature.

Should the very individuals he has celebrated make their appearance together, they would be sufficient to fill the play-house. Pretty Peg of Windsor, Gillian of 'Croydon, with Dolly and Molly, and Tommy and Johnny, with many others to be met with in the *Musical Miscellanies*, entitled, *Pills to purge Melancholy*, would make a good benefit night.

As my friend, after the manner of the old lyrics, accompanies his works with his own voice, he has been the delight of the most polite companies and conversations, from the beginning of king Charles the Second's reign to our present times. Many an honest gentleman has got a reputation in his country, by pretending to have been in company with Tom d'Urfey.

I might here mention several other merits in my friend; as his enriching our language with a multitude of rhimes, and bringing words together, that without his good offices, would never have been acquainted with one another, so long as it had been a tongue. But I must not omit that my old friend angles for a trout, the best of any man in England. May-flies come in late this season, or I myself should before now, have had a trout of his booking.

After what I have said, and much more that I might say, on this subject, I question not but the world will think that my old friend ought not to pass the remainder of his life in

a cage like 'a singing bird, but enjoy all that pindaric liberty which is suitable to a man of his genius. He has made the world merry, and I hope they will make him easy, so long as he stays among us. This I will take upon me to say, they cannot do a kindness to a more diverting companion, or a more cheerful, honest, and good-natured man. 

No. 68.] Friday, May 29, 1713.

*Inspicere, tanquam in speculum, in vitas omnium
Jubeo, atque ex illis sumere exemplum albi.*

Ter. Adelph. Act. iii. Sc. 4.

My advice to him is, to consult the lives of other men as he would a looking-glass, and from thence fetch examples for his own imitation.

THIS paper of to-day shall consist of a letter from my friend sir Harry Lizard, which, with my answer, may be worth the perusal of young men of estates, and young women without fortunes. It is absolutely necessary, that in our first vigorous years we lay down some law to ourselves for the conduct of future life, which may at least prevent essential misfortunes. The cutting cares which attend such an affection as that against which I forewarn my friend sir Harry, are very well known to all who are called the men of pleasure; but when they have opposed their satisfactions to their anxieties in an impartial examination, they will find their life not only a dream, but a troubled and vexatious one.

'DEAR OLD MAN,

'I believe you are very much surprised, that in the several letters I have written to you, since the receipt of that wherein you recommend a young lady for a wife to your humble servant, I have not made the least mention of that matter. It happens at this time that I am not much inclined to marry; there are very many matches in our country, wherein the parties live so insipidly, or so vexatiously, that I am afraid to venture from their example. Besides, to tell you the truth, good Nestor, I am informed your fine young woman is soon to be disposed of elsewhere. As to the young ladies of my acquaintance in your great town,

of them, than a name in trust in a settlement which conveys land and goods, but has no right for its own use. A woman of this turn can no more make a wife, than an ambitious man can be a friend; they both sacrifice all the true tastes of being, and motives of life, for the ostentation, the noise, and the appearance of it. Their hearts are turned to unnatural objects, and as the men of design can carry them on with an exclusion of their daily companions, so women of this kind of gayety, can live at bed and board with a man, without any affection to his person. As to any woman that you examine hereafter for my sake, if you can possibly, find a means to converse with her at some country seat. If she has no relish for rural views, but is undelighted with streams, fields, and groves, I desire to hear no more of her; she has departed from nature, and is irrecoverably engaged in vanity.

'I have ever been curious to observe the arrogance of a town lady when she first comes down to her husband's seat, and, beholding her country neighbours, wants somebody to laugh with her, at the frightful things, to whom she herself is equally ridiculous. The pretty pitty-pat step, the playing head, and the fall-back in the curtesy, she does not imagine, make her as unconvertible, and inaccessible to our plain people, as the loud voice and ungainly stride render one of our huntresses to her. In a word, dear Nestor, I beg you to suspend all enquiries towards my matrimony until you hear further from,

'Sir, your most obliged,

'and most humble servant,

'HARRY LIZARD.

A certain loose turn in this letter, mixed indeed with some real exceptions to the too frequent silly choice made by country gentlemen, has given me no small anxiety: and I have sent sir Harry an account of my suspicions, as follows.

'To Sir Harry Lizard.

'SIR,

'Your letter I have read over two or three times, and must be so free with you as to tell you, it has in it something which betrays you

what you aim at, I must, as I am your friend, acquaint you, that you are going into a wilderness of cares and distractions, from which you will never be able to extricate yourself, while the compunctions of honour and pity are yet alive in you.

'Without naming names, I have long suspected your designs upon a young gentlewoman in your neighbourhood: but give me leave to tell you with all the earnestness of a faithful friend, that to enter into a criminal commerce with a woman of merit, whom you find innocent, is of all the follies in this life, the most fruitful of sorrow. You must make your approaches to her with the benevolence and language of a good angel, in order to bring upon her pollution and shame, which is the work of a demon. The fashion of the world, the warmth of youth, and the affluence of fortune, may, perhaps, make you look upon me in this talk, like a poor well-meaning old man, who is past those ardencies in which you at present triumph; but believe me, sir, if you succeed in what I fear you design, you will find the sacrifice of beauty and innocence so strong an obligation upon you, that your whole life will pass away in the worst condition imaginable, that of doubt and irresolution; you will ever be designing to leave her, and never do it; or else leave her for another, with a constant longing after her. He is a very unhappy man who does not reserve the most pure and kind affections of his heart for his marriage-bed, he will otherwise be reduced to this melancholy circumstance, that he gave his mistress that kind of affection which was proper for his wife, and has not for his wife either that, or the usual inclination which men bestow upon their mistresses. After such an affair as this, you are a very lucky man if you find a prudential marriage is only insipid, and not actually miserable; a woman of as ancient a family as your own, may come into the house of the Lizards, murmur in your bed, growl at your table, rate your servants, and insult yourself, while you bear all this with this unhappy reflection at the bottom of your heart, "This is all for the injured——" The heart is ungovernable enough, without being biased by prepossessions; how emphatically unhappy therefore is he, who besides the natural vagrancy of affection, has a passion to one particular object, in which he sees nothing but what is lovely, except what proceeds from his own guilt against it! I speak to you, my dear friend, as one who tenderly regards your welfare, and beg of you to avoid this great error, which has rendered so many agreeable men unhappy before you. When a man is engaged among the dissolute, gay, and artful of the fair sex, a knowledge of their manners and designs, their favours unendeared by truth, their feigned sorrows and gross flatteries, must in time rescue a reasonable man from the in-

chantment; but in a case wherein you have none but yourself to accuse, you will find the best part of a generous mind torn away with her, whenever you take your leave of an injured, deserving woman. Come to town, fly from Ollinda, to your

'Obedient humble servant,
'NESTOR IRONSIDE.'

No. 69.] *Saturday, May 30, 1713.*

Jupiter est quodcumque vides——

Lucan.

Where'er you turn your eyes, 'tis God you see.

I HAD this morning a very valuable and kind present sent me of a translated work of a most excellent foreign writer, who makes a very considerable figure in the learned and Christian world. It is entitled, *A Demonstration of the Existence, Wisdom, and Omnipotence of God*, drawn from the knowledge of nature, particularly of man, and fitted to the meanest capacity, by the archbishop of Cambray, author of *Telemachus*, and translated from the French by the same hand that englished that excellent piece. This great author, in the writings which he has before produced, has manifested a heart full of virtuous sentiments, great benevolence to mankind, as well as a sincere and fervent piety towards his Creator. His talents and parts are a very great good to the world, and it is a pleasing thing to behold the polite arts subservient to religion, and recommending it from its natural beauty. Looking over the letters of my correspondents, I find one which celebrates this treatise, and recommends it to my readers.

'To the Guardian.

'SIR,

'I think I have somewhere read, in the writings of one whom I take to be a friend of yours, a saying which struck me very much, and as I remember, it was to this purpose "The existence of a God is so far from being a thing that wants to be proved, that I think it is the only thing of which we are certain." This is a sprightly and just expression; however, I dare say, you will not be displeased that I put you in mind of saying something on the *Demonstration* of the bishop of Cambray. A man of his talents views all things in a light different from that in which ordinary men see them, and the devout disposition of his soul turns all those talents to the improvement of the pleasures of a good life. His style clothes philosophy in a dress almost poetic; and his readers enjoy in full perfection the advantage, while they are reading him, of being what he is. The pleasing representation of the animal powers in the beginning of his work, and his consideration of the nature of man with the addition of reason in the subsequent discourse,

impresses upon the mind a strong satisfaction in itself, and gratitude towards Him who bestowed that superiority over the brute-world. These thoughts had such an effect upon the author himself, that he has ended his discourse with a prayer. This adoration has a sublimity in it befitting his character, and the emotions of his heart flow from wisdom and knowledge. I thought it would be proper for a Saturday's paper, and have translated it to make you a present of it. I have not, as the translator was obliged to do, confined myself to an exact version from the original, but have endeavoured to express the spirit of it, by taking the liberty to render his thoughts in such a way as I should have uttered them if they had been my own. It has been observed, that the private letters of great men are the best pictures of their souls; but certainly their private devotions would be still more instructive, and I know not why they should not be as curious and entertaining.

'If you insert this prayer, I know not but I may send you, for another occasion, one used by a very great wit of the last age, which has allusions to the errors of a very wild life; and, I believe you will think is written with an uncommon spirit. The person whom I mean was an excellent writer, and the publication of this prayer of his may be, perhaps, some kind of antidote against the infection in his other writings. But this supplication of the bishop has in it a more happy and untroubled spirit; it is (if that is not saying something too fond) the worship of an angel concerned for those who had fallen, but himself still in the state of glory and innocence. The book ends with an act of devotion, to this effect.

'O my God, if the greater number of mankind do not discover thee in that glorious show of nature which thou hast placed before our eyes, it is not because thou art far from every one of us. Thou art present to us more than any object which we touch with our hands; but our senses, and the passions which they produce in us, turn our attention from thee. Thy light shines in the midst of darkness, but the darkness comprehends it not. Thou, O Lord, dost every way display thyself. Thou shinest in all thy works, but art not regarded

themselves. But alas! the very gifts which thou bestowest upon us do so employ our thoughts, that they hinder us from perceiving the hand which conveys them to us. We live by thee, and yet we live without thinking on thee; but, O Lord, what is life in the ignorance of thee! A dead unactive piece of matter; a flower that withers; a river that glides away; a palace that hastens to its ruin; a picture made up of fading colours; a mass of shining ore: strike our imaginations and make us sensible of their existence. We regard them as objects capable of giving us pleasure, not considering that thou conveyest, through them, all the pleasure which we imagine they give us. Such vain empty objects that are only the shadows of being, are proportioned to our low and groveling thoughts. That beauty which thou hast poured out on thy creation, is as a veil which hides thee from our eyes. As thou art a being too pure and exalted to pass through our senses, thou art not regarded by men, who have debased their nature, and have made themselves like the beasts that perish. So infatuated are they, that notwithstanding they know what is wisdom and virtue, which have neither sound, nor colour, nor smell, nor taste, nor figure, nor any other sensible quality, they can doubt of thy existence, because thou art not apprehended by the grosser organs of sense. Wretches that we are! we consider shadows as realities, and truth as a phantom. That which is nothing, is all to us; and that which is all, appears to us nothing. What do we see in all nature but thee, O my God! Thou and only thou, appearest in every thing. When I consider thee, O Lord, I am swallowed up, and lost in contemplation of thee. Every thing besides thee, even my own existence, vanishes and disappears in the contemplation of thee. I am lost to myself, and fall into nothing, when I think on thee. The man who does not see thee, has beheld nothing; he who does not taste thee, has a relish of nothing; his being is vain, and his life but a dream. Set up thyself, O Lord, set up thyself, that we may behold thee. As wax consumes before the fire, and as the smoke is driven away, so let thine enemies vanish out of thy presence. How unhappy is that soul who, without the sense of

I look up to Thee, who art the God of my life, and my portion to all eternity.'

No. 70.] Monday, June 1, 1713.

—mentisque capacious alit. Ovid. Met. Lib. i. 76.

Of thoughts enlarg'd, and more exalted mind.

As I was the other day taking a solitary walk in St. Paul's, I indulged my thoughts in the pursuit of a certain analogy between that fabric and the Christian church in the largest sense. The divine order and economy of the one seemed to be emblematically set forth by the just, plain, and majestic architecture of the other. And as the one consists of a great variety of parts united in the same regular design, according to the truest art, and most exact proportion; so the other contains a decent subordination of members, various sacred institutions, sublime doctrines, and solid precepts of morality digested into the same design, and with an admirable concurrence tending to one view, the happiness and exaltation of human nature.

In the midst of my contemplation, I beheld a fly upon one of the pillars; and it straightway came into my head, that this same fly was a free-thinker. For it required some comprehension in the eye of the spectator, to take in at one view the various parts of the building, in order to observe their symmetry and design. But to the fly, whose prospect was confined to a little part of one of the stones of a single pillar, the joint beauty of the whole, or the distinct use of its parts, were inconspicuous, and nothing could appear but small inequalities in the surface of the hewn stone, which in the view of that insect seemed so many deformed rocks and precipices.

The thoughts of a free-thinker are employed on certain minute particularities of religion, the difficulty of a single text, or the unaccountableness of some step of Providence or point of doctrine to his narrow faculties, without comprehending the scope and design of Christianity, the perfection to which it raiseth human nature, the light it hath shed abroad in the world, and the close connexion it hath as well with the good of public societies, as with that of particular persons.

This raised in me some reflections on that frame or disposition which is called 'largeness of mind,' its necessity towards forming a true judgment of things, and where the soul is not incurably stunted by nature, what are the likeliest methods to give it enlargement.

It is evident that philosophy doth open and enlarge the mind, by the general views to which men are habituated in that study, and by the contemplation of more numerous and distant objects, than fall within the sphere of mankind in the ordinary pursuits of life. Hence it comes

to pass, that philosophers judge of most things very differently from the vulgar. Some instances of this may be seen in the *Themistetus* of Plato, where Socrates makes the following remarks, among others of the like nature.

'When a philosopher hears ten thousand acres mentioned as a great estate, he looks upon it as an inconsiderable spot, having been used to contemplate the whole globe of earth. Or when he beholds a man elated with the nobility of his race, because he can reckon a series of seven rich ancestors; the philosopher thinks him a stupid ignorant fellow, whose mind cannot reach to a general view of human nature, which would show him that we have all innumerable ancestors, among whom are crowds of rich and poor, kings and slaves, Greeks and barbarians.' Thus far Socrates, who was accounted wiser than the rest of the heathens, for notions which approach the nearest to Christianity.

As all parts and branches of philosophy, or speculative knowledge, are useful in that respect, astronomy is peculiarly adapted to remedy a little and narrow spirit. In that science there are good reasons assigned to prove the sun a hundred thousand times bigger than our earth, and the distance of the stars so prodigious, that a cannon-bullet continuing in its ordinary rapid motion, would not arrive from hence at the nearest of them in the space of a hundred and fifty thousand years. These ideas wonderfully dilate and expand the mind. There is something in the immensity of this distance that shocks and overwhelms the imagination; it is too big for the grasp of a human intellect: estates, provinces, and kingdoms, vanish at its presence. It were to be wished a certain prince,* who hath encouraged the study of it in his subjects, had been himself a proficient in astronomy. This might have showed him how mean an ambition that was, which terminated in a small part of what is itself but a point, in respect to that part of the universe which lies within our view.

But the Christian religion ennobleth and enlargeth the mind beyond any other profession or science whatsoever. Upon that scheme, while the earth, and the transient enjoyments of this life, shrink into the narrowest dimensions, and are accounted as 'the dust of a balance, the drop of a bucket, yea, less than nothing,' the intellectual world opens wider to our view. The perfections of the Deity, the nature and excellence of virtue, the dignity of the human soul, are displayed in the largest characters. The mind of man seems to adapt itself to the different nature of its objects; it is contracted and debased by being conversant in little and low things, and feels a proportionable enlargement arising from the contemplation of these great and sublime ideas.

* Lewis XIV

The greatness of things is comparative ; and this does not only hold in respect of extension, but likewise in respect of dignity, duration, and all kinds of perfection. Astronomy opens the mind, and alters our judgment, with regard to the magnitude of extended beings ; but Christianity produceth a universal greatness of soul. Philosophy increaseth our views in every respect, but Christianity extends them to a degree beyond the light of nature.

How mean must the most exalted potentate upon earth appear to that eye which takes in innumerable orders of blessed spirits, differing in glory and perfection ! How little must the amusements of sense, and the ordinary occupations of mortal men, seem to one who is engaged in so noble a pursuit, as the assimilation of himself to the Deity, which is the proper employment of every Christian !

And the improvement which grows from habituating the mind to the comprehensive views of religion must not be thought wholly to regard the understanding. Nothing is of greater force to subdue the inordinate motions of the heart, and to regulate the will. Whether a man be actuated by his passions or his reason, these are first wrought upon by some object, which stirs the soul in proportion to its apparent dimensions. Hence irreligious men, whose short prospects are filled with earth, and sense, and mortal life, are invited, by these mean ideas, to actions proportionably little and low. But a mind, whose views are enlightened and extended by religion, is animated to nobler pursuits by more sublime and remote objects.

There is not any instance of weakness in the free-thinkers that raises my indignation more, than their pretending to ridicule Christians, as men of narrow understandings, and to pass themselves upon the world for persons of superior sense, and more enlarged views. But I leave it to any impartial man to judge which hath the nobler sentiments, which the greater views ; he whose notions are stinted to a few miserable inlets of sense, or he whose sentiments are raised above the common taste, by the anticipation of those delights which will satiate the soul, when the whole capacity of her nature is branched out into new faculties ? He who looks for nothing beyond this short span of duration, or he whose aims are co-extended with the endless length of eternity ?

No beast, of more potentous size,
In the Hercinian forest lies ;
Nor fiercer in Namidia bred,
With Carthage were in triumph led.

Roscommon.

I QUESTION not but my country customers will be surprised to hear me complain that this town is, of late years, very much infested with lions : and will perhaps, look upon it as a strange piece of news when I assure them that there are many of these beasts of prey, who walk our streets in broad day-light, beating about from coffee-house to coffee-house, and seeking whom they may devour.

To unriddle this paradox, I must acquaint my rural reader that we polite men of the town give the name of a lion to any one that is a great man's spy. And whereas I cannot discharge my office of Guardian without setting a mark on such a noxious animal, and cautioning my wards against him, I design this whole paper as an essay upon the political lion.

It has cost me a great deal of time to discover the reason of this appellation, but after many disquisitions and conjectures on so obscure a subject, I find there are two accounts of it more satisfactory than the rest. In the republic of Venice, which has been always the mother of politics, there are near the doge's palace several large figures of lions curiously wrought in marble, with mouths gaping in a most enormous manner. Those who have a mind to give the state any private intelligence of what passes in the city, put their hands into the mouth of one of these lions, and convey into it a paper of such private informations as any way regard the interest or safety of the commonwealth. By this means all the secrets of state come out of the lion's mouth. The informer is concealed ; it is the lion that tells every thing. In short, there is not a mismanagement in office, or a murmur in conversation, which the lion does not acquaint the government with. For this reason, say the learned, a spy is very properly distinguished by the name of lion.

I must confess this etymology is plausible enough, and I did for some time acquiesce in it, till about a year or two ago I met with a little manuscript which sets this whole matter in a clear light. In the reign of queen Elizabeth, says my author, the renowned Walsing-

or no. By this means he became an inexhaustible fund of private intelligence, and so signalized himself in the capacity of a spy, that from his time a master-spy goes under the name of a lion.

Walsingham had a most excellent penetration, and never attempted to turn any man into a lion whom he did not see highly qualified for it when he was in his human condition. Indeed the speculative men of those times say of him, that he would now and then play them off, and expose them a little unmercifully; but that, in my opinion, seems only good policy, for otherwise they might set up for men again, when they thought fit, and desert his service. But however, though in that very corrupt age he made use of these animals, he had a great esteem for true men, and always exerted the highest generosity in offering them more, without asking terms of them, and doing more for them out of mere respect for their talents, though against him, than they could expect from any other minister whom they had served never so conspicuously. This made Raleigh (who profest himself his opponent) say one day to a friend, 'Pox take this Walsingham, he baffles every body; he won't so much as let a man hate him in private.' True it is, that by the wanderings, roarings, and lurkings of his lions, he knew the way to every man breathing, who had not a contempt for the world itself. He had lions rampant whom he used for the service of the church, and couchant who were to lie down for the queen. They were so much at command, that the couchant would act as the rampant, and the rampant as couchant, without being the least out of countenance, and all this within four-and-twenty hours. Walsingham had the pleasantest life in the world; for, by the force of his power and intelligence, he saw men as they really were, and not as the world thought of them: all this was principally brought about by feeding his lions well, or keeping them hungry, according to their different constitutions.

Having giving this short, but necessary account of this statesman and his barber, who, like the tailor in Shakespeare's *Pyramus and Thisbe*, was a man made as other men are, notwithstanding he was a nominal lion, I shall proceed to the description of this strange species of creatures. Ever since the wise Walsingham was secretary in this nation, our statesmen are said to have encouraged the breed among us, as very well knowing that a lion in our British arms is one of the supporters of the crown, and that it is impossible for a government, in which there are such a variety of factions and intrigues, to subsist without this necessary animal.

A lion, or master-spy, hath several jack-calls

under him, who are his retailers in intelligence; and bring him in materials for his report; his chief haunt is a coffee-house, and as his voice is exceeding strong, it aggravates the sound of every thing it repeats.

As the lion generally thirsts after blood, and is of a fierce and cruel nature, there are no secrets which he hunts after with more delight, than those that cut off heads, hang, draw, and quarter, or end in the ruin of the person who becomes his prey. If he gets the wind of any word or action that may do a man good, it is not for his purpose, he quits the chace and falls into a more agreeable scent.

He discovers a wonderful sagacity in seeking after his prey. He couches and frisks about in a thousand sportful motions to draw it within his reach, and has a particular way of imitating the sound of the creature whom he would ensnare; an artifice to be met with in no beast of prey, except the hyæna and the political lion.

You seldom see a cluster of newsmongers without a lion in the midst of them. He never misses taking his stand within ear-shot of one of those little ambitious men who set up for orators in places of public resort. If there is a whispering-hole, or any public-spirited corner in a coffee-house, you never fail of seeing a lion couched upon his elbow in some part of the neighbourhood.

A lion is particularly addicted to the perusal of every loose paper that lies in his way. He appears more than ordinary attentive to what he reads, while he listens to those who are about him. He takes up the *Post-man*, and snuffs the candle that he may hear the better by it. I have seen a lion pore upon a single paragraph in an old gazette for two hours together, if his neighbours have been talking all that while.

Having given a full description of this monster, for the benefit of such innocent persons as may fall into his walks, I shall apply a word or two to the lion himself, whom I would desire to consider that he is a creature hated both by God and man, and regarded with the utmost contempt even by such as make use of him. Hangmen and executioners are necessary in a state, and so may the animal I have been here mentioning; but how despicable is the wretch that takes on him so vile an employment? There is scarce a being that would not suffer by a comparison with him, except that being only who acts the same kind of part, and is both the tempter and accuser of mankind.

N. B. Mr. Ironside has, within five weeks last past, muzzled three lions, gorged five, and killed one. On Monday next the skin of the dead one will be hung up in terrorem, at Button's coffee-house, over against Tom's in Covent-Garden.

72.] *Wednesday, June 3, 1713.*

— In vitam libertas exsistit, et vim
Dignam lege regi — *Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 222.*

— Its liberty was turned to rage;
Such rage as civil pow'r was forc'd to tame.—*Creech.*

OXFORD is a place which I am more inquisitive about than even that of my nativity; and when I have an account of any sprightly saying, or rising genius from thence, it brings my own youthful days into my mind, and throws me forty years back into life. It is for this reason, that I have thought myself a little neglected of late by Jack Lizard, from whom I used to hear at least once a week. The last post brought me his excuse, which is, that he hath been wholly taken up in preparing some exercises for the theatre. He tells me likewise, that the talk there is about a public act, and that the gay part of the university have great expectation of a Terræ-filius, who is to lash and sting all the world in a satirical speech. Against the great licence which hath heretofore been taken in these libels, he expresses himself with such humanity, as is very unusual in a young person, and ought to be cherished and admired. For my own part, I so far agree with him, that if the university permits a thing, which I think much better let alone; I hope those, whose duty it is to appoint a proper person for that office, will take care that he utter nothing unbecoming a gentleman, a scholar, and a Christian. Moreover, I would have them consider that their learned body hath already enemies enough, who are prepared to aggravate all irreverent insinuations, and to interpret all oblique indecencies, who will triumph in such a victory, and bid the university thank herself for the consequences.

In my time I remember the Terræ-filius contented himself with being bitter upon the pope, or chastising the Turk; and raised a serious and manly mirth, and adapted to the dignity of his auditory, by exposing the false reasoning of the heretic, or ridiculing the clumsy pretenders to genius and politeness. In the jovial reign of king Charles the Second, wherein never did more wit or more ribaldry abound, the fashion of being arch upon all that was grave, and waggish upon the ladies, crept into our seats of learning upon these occasions. This was managed grossly and awkwardly enough, in a place where the general plainness and simplicity of manners could ill bear the mention of such crimes, as in courts and great cities are called by the specious names of air and gallantry. It is to me amazing, that ever any man, bred up in the knowledge of virtue and humanity, should so far cast off all shame and tenderness, as to stand up in the face of thousands, and utter such contumelies as I have read and heard of. Let such a one know that

he is making fools merry, and wise men sick; and that, in the eye of considering persons, he hath less compunction than the common hangman, and less shame than a prostitute.

Infamy is so cutting an evil, that most persons who have any elevation of soul, think it worse than death. Those who have it not in their power to revenge it, often pine away in anguish, and loath their being; and those who have, enjoy no rest till they have vengeance. I shall therefore make it the business of this paper to show how base and ungenerous it is to traduce the women, and how dangerous to expose men of learning and character, who have generally been the subjects of these invectives.

It hath been often said, that women seem formed to soften the boisterous passions, and sooth the cares and anxieties to which men are exposed in the many perplexities of life. That having weaker bodies, and less strength of mind than man, nature hath poured out her charms upon them, and given them such tenderness of heart, that the most delicate delight we receive from them is, in thinking them entirely ours, and under our protection. Accordingly we find, that all nations have paid a decent homage to this weaker and lovelier part of the rational creation, in proportion to their removal from savageness and barbarism. Chastity and truth are the only due returns that that they can make for this generous disposition in the nobler sex. For beauty is so far from satisfying us of itself, that whenever we think that it is communicated to others, we behold it with regret and disdain. Whoever therefore rubs a woman of her reputation; despoils a poor defenceless creature of all that makes her valuable, turns her beauty into loathsomeness, and leaves her friendless, abandoned, and undone. There are many tempers so soft that the least calumny gives them pains they are not able to bear. They give themselves up to strange fears, gloomy reflections, and deep melancholy. How savage must he be, who can sacrifice the quiet of such a mind to a transient burst of mirth! Let him who wantonly sports away the peace of a poor lady consider what discord he sows in families; how often he wrings the heart of a hoary parent; how often he rouses the fury of a jealous husband; how he extorts from the abused woman curses, perhaps not unheard, and poured out in the bitterness of her soul! What weapons hath she wherewith to repel such an outrage! How shall she oppose her softness and imbecility to the hardened forehead of a coward who hath trampled upon weakness that could not resist him! to a buffoon, who hath slandered innocence to raise the laughter of fools! who hath scattered firebrands, arrows, and deaths, and said, am I not in sport!

Irreverent reflections upon men of learning and note, if their character be sacred, do great disservice to religion, and betray a vile mind in the author. I have therefore always thought with indignation upon that 'accuser of the brethren,' the famous antiquary,* whose employment it was for several years, to rake up all the ill-natured stories that had ever been fastened upon celebrated men, and transmit them to posterity with cruel industry, and malicious joy. Though the good man, ill-used, may out of a meek and Christian disposition, so far subdue their natural resentment, as to neglect and forgive; yet the inventors of such calumnies will find generous persons, whose bravery of mind makes them think themselves proper instruments to chastise such insolence. And I have in my time, more than once known the discipline of the blanket administered to the offenders, and all their slanders answered by that kind of syllogism which the ancient Romans called the *argumentum bacillinum*.

I have less compassion for men of sprightly parts and genius, whose characters are played upon, because they have it in their power to revenge themselves tenfold. But I think of all the classes of mankind, they are the most pardonable if they pay the slanderer in his own coin. For their names being already blazed abroad in the world, the least blot thrown upon them is displayed far and wide; and they have this sad privilege above the men in obscurity, that the dishonour travels as far as their fame. To be even therefore with their enemy, they are but too apt to diffuse his infamy as far as their own reputation; and perhaps triumph in secret, that they have it in their power to make his name the scoff and derision of after-ages. This, I say, they are too apt to do. For sometimes they resent the exposing of their little affectations or slips in writing, as much as wounds upon their honour. The first are trifles they should laugh away, but the latter deserves their utmost severity.

I must confess a warmth against the buffooneries mentioned in the beginning of this paper, as they have so many circumstances to aggravate their guilt. A licence for a man to stand up in the schools of the prophets, in a grave decent habit, and audaciously vent his obloquies against the doctors of our church, and directors of our young nobility, gentry and clergy, in their hearing and before their eyes: to throw calumnies upon poor defenceless women, and offend their ears with nauseous ribaldry, and name their names at length in a public theatre, when a queen is upon the throne: such a licence as this never yet gained ground in our playhouses; and I hope will not need a

law to forbid it. Were I to advise in this matter, I should represent to the orator how noble a field there lay before him for panegyric; what a happy opportunity he had of doing justice to the great men who once were of that famous body, or now shine forth in it; nor should I neglect to insinuate the advantages he might propose by gaining their friendship, whose worth, by a contrary treatment, he will be imagined either not to know, or to envy. This might rescue the name from scandal; and if, as it ought, this performance turned solely upon matters of wit and learning, it might have the honour of being one of the first productions of the magnificent printing house, just erected at Oxford.

This paper is written with a design to make my journey to Oxford agreeable to me, where I design to be at the Public Act. If my advice is neglected, I shall not scruple to insert in the Guardian whatever the men of letters and genius transmit to me, in their own vindication; and I hereby promise that I myself will draw my pen in defence of all injured women.

No. 73.] Thursday, June 4, 1713.

In amore hæc insunt omnia.

Ter. Ean. Act. I. Sc. 1.

All these things are inseparable from love.

It is a matter of great concern that there come so many letters to me, wherein I see parents make love for their children, and, without any manner of regard to the season of life, and the respective interests of their progeny, judge of their future happiness by the rules of ordinary commerce. When a man falls in love in some families, they use him as if his land was mortgaged to them, and he cannot discharge himself, but by really making it the same thing in an unreasonable settlement, or foregoing what is dearer to him than his estate itself. These extortioners are of all others the most cruel, and the sharks, who prey upon the inadvertency of young heirs, are more pardonable than those who trespass upon the good opinion of those who treat with them upon the foot of choice and respect. The following letters may place in the reader's view uneasinesses of this sort, which may perhaps be useful to some under the circumstances mentioned by my correspondents.

'To Nestor Ironside, Esq.

From a certain town in Cumberland, May 21.

'VENERABLE SIR,

'It is impossible to express the universal satisfaction your precautions give in a country so far north as ours; and indeed it were impertinent to expatiate in a case that is by no means particular to ourselves, all mankind,

* Anthony Wood, author of the *Atene Oxoniensis*, a valuable collection of the lives of writers and bishops educated at Oxford, 2 vols. folio, 1691.

who wish well to one another, being equally concerned in their success. However, as all nations have not the genius, and each particular man has his different views and taste, we northerns cannot but acknowledge our obligations in a more especial manner, for your matrimonial precautions, which we more immediately are interested in. Our climate has ever been recorded as friendly to the continuation of our kind; and the ancient histories are not more full of their Goths and Vandals, that in swarms overspread all Europe, than modern story of its Yorkshire hostlers and attorneys, who are remarkably eminent and beneficial in every market-town, and most inns of this kingdom. I shall not here presume to enter, with the ancient sages, into a particular reasoning upon the case, as whether it proceeds from the cold temper of the air, or the particular constitutions of the persons, or both; from the fashionable want of artifice in the women, and their entire satisfaction in one conquest only, or the happy ignorance in the men, of those southern vices which effeminate mankind.

From this encomium, I do not question but by this time you infer me happy already in the legal possession of some fair one, or in a propable way of being so. But alas! neither is my case, and from the cold damp which this minute seizes upon my heart, I presage never will. What shall I do? To complain here is to talk to winds, or mortals as regardless as they. The tempestuous storms in the neighbouring mountains, are not more relentless, or the crags more deaf, than the old gentleman is to my sighs and prayers. The lovely Pastorella indeed hears and gently sighs, but it is only to increase my tortures; she is too dutiful to disobey a father; and I neither able, nor forward, to receive her by an act of disobedience.

As to myself, my humour, until this accident to ruffle it, has ever been gay and thoughtless, perpetually toying amongst the women, dancing briskly, and singing softly. For I take it, more men miscarry amongst them for having too much than too little understanding. Pastorella seems willing to relieve me from my frights; and by her constant carriage, by admitting my visits at all hours, has convinced all hereabouts of my happiness with her, and occasioned a total defection amongst her former lovers, to my infinite contentment. Ah! Mr. Ironside, could you but see in a calm evening the profusion of ease and tenderness betwixt us! The murmuring river that glides gently by, the cooling turtles in the neighbouring groves, are harsh compared to her more joyful voice. The happy pair, first joined in Paradise, not more enamoured walked! more sweetly loved! But alas! what is all this! an imaginary joy, in which we trifle away our pre-

vious time, without coming together for ever. That must depend upon the old gentleman, who sees I cannot live without his daughter, and knows I cannot, upon his terms, be ever happy with her. I beg of you to send for us all up to town together, that we may be heard before you (for we all agree in a deference to your judgment) upon these heads, Whether the authority of a father should not accommodate itself to the liberty of a free-born English woman?

Whether, if you think fit to take the old gentleman into your care, the daughter may not choose her lover for her Guardian?

Whether all parents are not obliged to provide for the just passions of their children when grown up, as well as food and raiment in their tender years?

These and such points being unsettled in the world, are cause of great distraction, and it would be worthy your great age and experience, to consider them distinctly for the benefit of domestic life. All which, most venerable Nestor, is humbly submitted by all your northern friends, as well as

Your most obedient, and

devoted humble servant,

PASTOR FIDO.

MR. IRONSIDE,

We who subscribe this, are man and wife, and have been so these fifteen years: but you must know we have quarrelled twice a day ever since we came together, and at the same time have a very tender regard for one another. We observe this habitual disputation has an ill effect upon our children, and they lose their respect towards us from this jangling of ours. We lately entered into an agreement, that from that time forward, when either should fall into passion, the party angry should go into another room, and write a note to the other by one of the children, and the person writ to, right or wrong, beg pardon; because the writing to avoid passion, is in itself an act of kindness. This little method, with the smiles of the messengers, and other nameless incidents in the management of this correspondence with the next room, has produced inexpressible delight, made our children and servants cheerful under our care and protection, and made us ourselves sensible of a thousand good qualities we now see in each other, which could not before shine out, because of our mutual impatience.

Your humble servants,

PHILIP AND MARY.

P. S. Since the above, my wife is gone out of the room, and writes word by Billy, that she would have in the above letter, the words "jangling of ours," changed into the words, "these our frequent debates." I allow of the amendment, and desire you would understand accordingly, that we never jangled, but went

into frequent debates, which were always held in a committee of the whole house.'

'To Nestor Ironside, Esq.'

'SAGACIOUS SIR,

'We married men reckon ourselves under your ward, as well as those who live in a less regular condition. You must know, I have a wife, who is one of those good women who are never very angry, or very much pleased. My dear is rather inclined to the former, and will walk about in soliloquy, dropping sentences to herself of management, saying "she will say nothing, but she knows when her head is laid what—" and the rest of that kind of half expressions. I am never inquisitive to know what is her grievance, because I know it is only constitution. I call her by the kind appellation of My Gentle Murmur, and I am so used to hear her, that I believe I could not sleep without it. It would not be amiss if you communicated this to the public, that many who think their wives angry, may know they are only not pleased, and that very many come into this world, and go out of it at a very good old age, without having ever been much transported with joy or grief in their whole lives.

'Your humble servant,

'ARTHUR SMOOTH.'

'MOST VENERABLE NESTOR,

'I am now three and twenty, and in the utmost perplexity how to behave myself towards a gentleman whom my father has admitted to visit me as a lover. I plainly perceive my father designs to take advantage of his passion towards me, and require terms of him which will make him fly off. I have orders to be cold to him in all my behaviour; but if you insert this letter in the Guardian, he will know that distance is constrained. I love him better than life, am satisfied with the offer he has made, and desire him to stick to it, that he may not hereafter think he has purchased me too dear. My mother knows I love him, so that my father must comply.

Your thankful ward,

'SUSANNA ———'

'P. S. I give my service to him, and desire

'SIR,

Cambridge, May 31.

'You having been pleased to take notice of what you conceived excellent in some of our English divines, I have here presumed to send a specimen, which, if I am not mistaken, may, for acuteness of judgment, ornament of speech, and true sublime, compare with any of the choicest writings of the ancient fathers or doctors of the church, who lived nearest to the apostles' times. The subject is no less than that of God himself; and the design, besides doing some honour to our own nation, is to show by a fresh example, to what a height and strength of thought a person, who appears not to be by nature endued with the quickest parts, may arrive, through a sincere and steady practice of the Christian religion; I mean, as taught and administered in the church of England: which will, at the same time, prove that the force of spiritual assistance is not at all abated by length of time, or the iniquity of mankind; but that if men were not wanting to themselves, and (as our excellent author speaks) could but be persuaded to conform to our church's rules, they might still live as the primitive Christians did, and come short of none of those eminent saints for virtue and holiness. The author from whom this collection is made, is bishop Beveridge, vol. ii. serm. 1.

'PHILOTHEUS.'

In treating upon that passage in the book of Exodus, where Moses being ordered to lead the children of Israel out of Egypt, he asked God what name he should mention him by to that people, in order to dispose them to obey him; and God answered, 'I Am that I Am;' and bade him tell them, 'I Am hath sent me unto you;' the admirable author thus discourses: 'God having been pleased to reveal himself to us under this name or title, "I Am that I Am," he thereby suggests to us, that he would not have us apprehend of him, as of any particular or limited being, but as a being in general, or the Being of all beings; who giveth being to, and therefore exerciseth authority over, all things in the world. He did not answer Moses, "I am the great, the living, the true, the everlasting God," he did not say, "I am the almighty creator, preserver, and governor, of the whole world." but "I Am that I Am:" in-

to have.'—The answer given suggests farther to us these following notions of the most high God. 'First, that he is one being, existing in and of himself: his unity is implied in that he saith, "I;" his existence in that he saith, "I Am;" his existence in and of himself, in that he saith, "I Am that I Am," that is, "I am in and of myself," not receiving any thing from, nor depending upon any other.—The same expression implies, that as God is only one, so that he is a most pure and simple being; for here, we see, he admits nothing into the manifestation of himself but pure essence, saying, "I Am that I Am," that is, being itself, without any mixture or composition. And therefore we must not conceive of God, as made up of several parts, or faculties, or ingredients, but only as one who "is that he is," and whatsoever is in him is himself: And although we read of several properties attributed to him in scripture, as wisdom, goodness, justice, &c. we must not apprehend them to be several powers, habits, or qualities, as they are in us; for as they are in God, they are neither distinguished from one another, nor from his nature or essence, in whom they are said to be. In whom, I say, they are said to be: for to speak properly, they are not in him, but are his very essence, or nature itself; which acting severally upon several objects, seems to us to act from several properties or perfections in him; whereas all the difference is only in our different apprehensions of the same thing. God in himself is a most simple and pure act, and therefore cannot have any thing in him, but what is that most simple and pure act itself; which seeing it bringeth upon every creature what it deserves, we conceive of it as of several divine perfections in the same Almighty Being. Whereas God, whose understanding is infinite as himself, doth not apprehend himself under the distinct notions of wisdom, or goodness, or justice, or the like, but only as Jehovah: And therefore, in this place, he doth not say, "I am wise, or just, or good," but simply, "I Am that I Am."

Having thus offered at something towards

reveal himself, he goes out of our common way of speaking one to another, and expresseth himself in a way peculiar to himself, and such as is suitable and proper to his own nature and glory.

Hence, therefore, as when he speaks of himself and his own eternal essence, he saith, "I Am that I Am;" so when he speaks of himself, with reference to his creatures, and especially to his people, he saith, "I Am." He doth not say "I am their light, their life, their guide, their strength, or tower," but only "I Am." He sets as it were his hand to a blank, that his people may write under it what they please that is good for them. As if he should say, "Are they weak? I am Strength. Are they poor? I am Riches. Are they in trouble? I am Comfort. Are they sick? I am Health. Are they dying? I am Life. Have they nothing? I am All Things. I am Wisdom and Power, I am Justice and Mercy. I am Grace and Goodness, I am Glory, Beauty, Holiness, Eminency, Supereminency, Perfection, All-sufficiency, Eternity, Jehovah, I Am. Whatsoever is suitable to their nature, or convenient for them in their several conditions, that I am. Whatsoever is amiable in itself, or desirable unto them, that I am. Whatsoever is pure and holy; whatsoever is great or pleasant; whatsoever is good or needful to make men happy; that I am." So that, in short, God here represents himself unto us as a universal good, and leaves us to make the application of it to ourselves, according to our several wants, capacities, and desires, by saying only in general, "I Am."

Again, page 27, he thus discourses: 'There is more solid joy and comfort, more real delight and satisfaction of mind, in one single thought of God, rightly formed, than all the riches, and honours, and pleasures of this world, put them all together, are able to afford.—Let us then call in all our scattered thoughts from all things here below, and raise them up and unite them all to the most high God; apprehending him under the idea, image, or likeness of any thing else, but as infinitely greater, and higher,

upon earth; as one so powerful and omnipotent, that he can do whatsoever he will, only by willing it should be done; as one so great, so good, so glorious, so immutable, so transcendent, so infinite, so incomprehensible, so eternal, what shall I say? so Jehovah, that the more we think of him, the more we admire him, the more we adore him, the more we love him, the more we may and ought; our highest conceptions of him being as much beneath him, as our greatest services come short of what we owe him.

'Seeing therefore we cannot think of God so highly as he is, let us think of him as highly as we can: and for that end let us get above ourselves, and above the world, and raise up our thoughts higher and higher, and higher still, and when we have got them up as high as possibly we can, let us apprehend a Being infinitely higher than the highest of them; and then finding ourselves at a loss, amazed, confounded at such an infinite height of infinite perfections, let us fall down in humble and hearty desires to be freed from those dark prisons wherein we are now immured, that we may take our flight into eternity, and there (through the merits of our blessed Saviour) see this infinite Being face to face, and enjoy him for ever.'

No. 75.] Saturday, June 6, 1713.

Hic est, aut nequam, quod querimus.

Hor. Lib. 1. Ep. xvii. 39.

— Here, or no where, we may hope to find
What we desire.

Creech.

THIS paper shall consist of extracts from two great divines, but of very different genius. The one is to be admired for convincing the understanding, the other for inflaming the heart. The former urges us in this plain and forcible manner to an inquiry into religion, and practising its precepts.

'Suppose the world began some time to be; it must either be made by counsel and design, that is, produced by some being that knew what it did, that did contrive it and frame it as it is; which it is easy to conceive, a being that is infinitely good, and wise, and powerful, might do: but this is to own a God. Or else the matter of it being supposed to have been always, and in continual motion and tumult, it at last happened to fall into this order, and

can believe this, must do it with his will, and not with his understanding.

'Supposing the reasons for and against the principles of religion were equal, yet the danger and hazard is so unequal, as would sway a prudent man to the affirmative. Suppose a man believe there is no God, nor life after this, and suppose he be in the right, but not certain that he is (for that I am sure in this case is impossible); all the advantage he hath by this opinion relates only to this world and this present time; for he cannot be the better for it when he is not. Now what advantage will it be to him in this life? He shall have the more liberty to do what he pleaseth; that is, it furnisheth him with a stronger temptation to be intemperate, and lustful, and unjust, that is, to do those things which prejudice his body, and his health, which cloud his reason, and darken his understanding, which will make him enemies in the world, will bring him into danger. So that it is no advantage to any man to be vicious; and yet this is the greatest use that is made of atheistical principles; to comfort men in their vicious courses. But if thou hast a mind to be virtuous, and temperate, and just, the belief of the principles of religion will be no obstacle, but a furtherance to thee in this course. All the advantage a man can hope for, by disbelieving the principles of religion, is to escape trouble and persecution in this world, which may happen to him upon account of religion. But supposing there be a God, and a life after this; then what a vast difference is there of the consequences of these opinions! As much as between finite and infinite, time and eternity.

'To persuade men to believe the scriptures, I only offer this to men's consideration: If there be a God, whose providence governs the world, and all the creatures in it, is it not reasonable to think that he hath a particular care of men, the noblest part of this visible world? And seeing he hath made them capable of eternal duration, that he hath provided for their eternal happiness, and sufficiently revealed to them the way to it, and the terms and conditions of it! Now let any man produce any book in the world, that pretends to be from God, and to do this, that for the matter of it is so worthy of God, the doctrines whereof are so useful, and the precepts so reasonable, and the arguments so powerful, the truth of all which was confirmed by so many great and unquestionable miracles, the relation of which

lously in the world, by weak and inconsiderable means, in opposition to all the wit and power of the world, and under such discouragements as no other religion was ever assaulted with; let any man bring forth such a book, and he hath my leave to believe it as soon as the Bible. But if there be none such, as I am well assured there is not, then every one that thinks God hath revealed himself to men, ought to embrace and entertain the doctrine of the holy scriptures, as revealed by God.

'And now having presented men with such arguments and considerations as are proper, and I think sufficient to induce belief, I think it not unreasonable to entreat and urge men diligently and impartially to consider these matters; and if there be weight in these considerations to sway reasonable men, that they would not suffer themselves to be biassed by prejudice, or passion, or interest, to a contrary persuasion. Thus much I may with reason desire of men; for though men cannot believe what they will, yet men may, if they will, consider things seriously and impartially, and yield or withhold their assent, as they shall see cause, after a thorough search and examination.'

'If any man will offer a serious argument against any of the principles of religion, and will debate the matter soberly, as one that considers the infinite consequences of these things one way or other, and would gladly be satisfied, he deserves to be heard what he can say; but if a man will turn religion into railery, and confute it by two or three bold jests, he doth not make religion, but himself, ridiculous, in the opinion of all considerate men; because he sports with his life.

'So that it concerns every man that would not trifle away his soul, and fool himself into irrecoverable misery, with the greatest seriousness to inquire into these things, whether they be so, or no, and patiently to consider the arguments that are brought for them.

'And when you are examining these matters, do not take into consideration any sensual or worldly interest; but deal fairly and impartially with yourselves. Think with yourselves that you have not the making of things true and false, that the principles of religion are

beholds himself with the most contrite lowliness. 'My present business,' says he, 'is to treat of God, his being and attributes; but "who is sufficient for these things?" At least, who am I, a silly worm, that I should take upon me to speak of him, by whom alone I speak; and being myself but a finite sinful creature, should strive to unveil the nature of the infinite and Most Holy God! Alas! I cannot so much as begin to think of him, but immediately my thoughts are confounded, my heart is perplexed, my mind amazed, my head turns round, my whole soul seems to be un-hinged and overwhelmed within me. His mercy exalts me: His justice depresseth me: His wisdom astonisheth me: His power affrights me: His glory dazzles mine eyes: and "by reason of his highness," as Job speaks, I cannot endure: But the least glimpse of Him makes me "abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes" before Him.'

No. 76.] Monday, June 8, 1713.

—— Sulos alo bene vivere, quorum
Comptelur nitidis fundata pecunia villis.

Hor. Lib. 1. Ep. xv. 45.

—— Th' as are blest and only those,
Whose stately house their hidden treasure shows.

Creech.

I NEVER thought it my duty to preserve peace and love among my wards. And since I have set up for a universal Guardian, I have laid nothing more to heart than the differences and quarrels between the landed and the trading interests of my country, which indeed comprehend the whole. I shall always contribute, to the utmost of my power, to reconcile these interests to each other, and to make them both sensible that their mutual happiness depends upon their being friends.

They mutually furnish each other with all the necessities and conveniences of life; the land supplies the traders with corn, cattle, wool, and generally all the materials, either for their subsistence or their riches; the traders in return provide the gentlemen with houses, clothes, and many other things, without which their life at best would be uncomfortable. Yet

upon their imports, to en-arge the general trade of the kingdom. For example, if there should be laid a prohibition, or high duties which shall amount to a prohibition, upon the imports from any other country which takes from us a million sterling every year, and returns us nothing else but manufactures for the consumption of our own people, it is certain this ought to be considered as the increase of our trade in general; for if we want these manufactures, we shall either make them ourselves, or, which is the same thing, import them from other countries in exchange for our own. In either of which cases, our foreign or inland trade is enlarged, and so many more of our own people are employed and subsisted for that money which was annually exported, that is, in all probability, a hundred and fifty thousand of our people, for the yearly sum of one million. If our traders would consider many of our prohibitions or high duties in this light, they would think their country and themselves obliged to the landed interest for these restraints.

Again, gentlemen are too apt to envy the traders every sum of money they import, and gain from abroad, as if it was so much loss to themselves; but if they could be convinced, that for every million that shall be imported and gained by the traders, more than twice that sum is gained by the landed interest, they would never be averse to the trading part of the nation. To convince them, therefore, that this is the fact, shall be the remaining part of this discourse.

Let us suppose then, that a million, or if you please, that twenty millions were to be imported, and gained by trade: to what uses could it be applied, and which would be the greatest gainers, the landed or the trading interest? Suppose it to be twenty millions.

It cannot at all be doubted, that a part of the afore-mentioned sum would be laid out in luxury, such as the magnificence of buildings, the plate and furniture of houses, jewels, and rich apparel, the elegance of diet, the splendour of coaches and equipage, and such other things as are an expense to the owners, and bring in no manner of profit. But because it is seldom seen, that persons who by great industry have gained estates, are extravagant in their luxury; and because the revenue must be still sufficient to support the annual expense, it is hard to conceive that more than two of the twenty millions can be converted into this dead stock, at least eighteen must still be left to raise an annual interest to the owners; and the revenue from the eighteen millions, at six per centum, will be little more than one million per annum.

Again, a part of the twenty millions is very likely to be converted to increase the stock of our inland trade, in which is comprehended that upon all our farms. This is the trade

which provides for the annual consumption of our people, and a stock of the value of two years' consumption is generally believed to be sufficient for this purpose. If the eighteen millions above-mentioned will not raise a revenue of more than one million per annum, it is certain that no more than this last value can be added to our annual consumption, and that two of the twenty millions will be sufficient to add to the stock of our inland trade.

Our foreign trade is considered upon another foot; for though it provides in part for the annual consumption of our own people, it provides also for the consumption of foreign nations. It exports our superfluous manufactures, and should make returns of bullion, or other durable treasure. Our foreign trade for forty years last past, in the judgment of the most intelligent persons, has been managed by a stock not less than four, and not exceeding eight millions, with which last sum they think it is driven at this time, and that it cannot be carried much farther, unless our merchants shall endeavour to open a trade to 'Terra Australis incognita,' or some place that would be equivalent. It will therefore be a very large allowance, that one of the twenty millions can be added to the capital stock of our foreign trade.

There may be another way of raising interest, that is, by laying up, at a cheap time, corn or other goods or manufactures that will keep, for the consumption of future years, and when the markets may happen to call for them at an advanced price. But as most goods are perishable, and waste something every year, by which means a part of the principle is still lost, and as it is seldom seen that these engrossers get more than their principal, and the common interest of their money, this way is so precarious and full of hazard, that it is very unlikely any more than three of the twenty millions will be applied to engrossing. It were to be wished the engrossers were more profitable traders for themselves; they are certainly very beneficial for the commonwealth; they are a market for the rich in a time of plenty, and ready at hand with relief for the poor in a time of dearth. They prevent the exportation of many necessities of life, when they are very cheap; so that we are not at the charge of bringing them back again, when they are very dear. They save the money that is paid to foreign countries for interest and warehouse room; but there is so much hazard, and so little profit in this business, that if twenty millions were to be imported, scarce three of them would be applied to the making magazines for the kingdom.

If any of the money should be lent at interest to persons that shall apply the same to any of the purposes above-mentioned, it is still the same thing. If I have given good reasons for

what I have said, no more than eight of the twenty millions can be applied either to our dead stock of luxury, our stock in inland or foreign trade, or our stores or magazines. So that still there will remain twelve millions, which are now no otherwise to be disposed of than in buying of lands or houses, or our new parliamentary funds, or in being lent out at interest upon mortgages of those securities, or to persons who have no other ways to repay the value than by part of the things themselves.

The question then is, what effect these twelve millions will have towards reducing the interest of money, or raising the value of estates; for as the former grows less, the latter will ever rise in proportion. For example, while the interest of money is five per cent. per annum, a man lends two thousand pounds to raise a revenue of one hundred pounds per annum, by the interest of his money; and for the same reason he gives two thousand pounds or more, to purchase an estate of one hundred pounds per annum. Again, if the interest of money shall fall one per cent. he must be forced to lend two thousand four hundred pounds to gain the revenue of one hundred pounds per annum, and for the same reason he must give at least two thousand four hundred pounds to purchase an estate of the same yearly rent. Therefore if these twelve millions newly gained shall reduce one per cent. of the present interest of money, they must of necessity increase every estate at least four years' value in the purchase.

It is ever easier to meet with men that will borrow money than sell their estates. An evidence of this is, that we never have so good a revenue by buying, as by lending. The first thing therefore that will be attempted with these twelve millions, is to lend money to those that want it. This can hardly fail of reducing one per cent. of the present interest of money, and consequently of raising every estate four years' value in the purchase.

For in all probability all the money or value now in England, not applied to any of the uses above-mentioned, and which therefore lies dead,

the province of Holland before the year one thousand six hundred and seventy. I think it is in sir William Temple's *Observations upon the United Netherlands*. The government there was indebted about thirteen millions, and paid the interest of five per cent. per annum. They had got a sum of money, I think not above a million, with which they prepared to discharge such a part of the principal. The creditors were so unable to find so good an interest elsewhere, that they petitioned the States to keep their money, with an abatement of one per cent. of their interest. The same money was offered to the same number of other creditors with the same success, until one per cent. of their whole interest was abated, yet at last such a part of the principal was discharged. And when this sum came to be lent to private persons, it had the same effect; there one per cent. of the common interest was abated throughout the whole province, as well between subject and subject, as between the subjects and their governors. And nothing is so notorious, as that the value of lands in that country has risen in proportion, and that estates are sold there for thirty years' value of their whole rents. It is not then to be doubted, that twelve millions extraordinary to be lent at interest, or purchase lands, or government securities, must have the like effect in England, at least that lands will rise four years' rent in every purchase above their present value. And how great an improvement must this be of the landed interest?

The rents of England, according to the proportion of the land-tax, should be little more than eight millions, yet perhaps they may be twelve. If there is made an addition of four years' value in every purchase, this, upon all the rents of England, amounts to forty-eight millions. So that, by the importation and clear gain of twenty millions by trade, the landed interest gains an improvement of forty-eight millions, at least six times as much as all other interests joined together.

I should think this argument, which I have endeavoured to set in a clear light, must needs

and means. We are prompted by nature to desire the former, but that we have any appetite for the latter is owing to choice and deliberation.

But as wise men engage in the pursuit of means, from a farther view of some natural good with which they are connected; fools, who are acted by imitation and not by reason, blindly pursue the means, without any design or prospect of applying them. The result whereof is, that they entail upon themselves the anxiety and toil, but are debarred from the subsequent delights which arise to wiser men; since their views not reaching the end, terminate in those things, which although they have a relative goodness, yet, considered absolutely, are indifferent, or, it may be, evil.

The principle of this misconduct is a certain shortsightedness in the mind: and as this defect is branched forth into innumerable errors in life, and hath infected all ranks and conditions of men; so it more eminently appears in three species, the critics, misers, and free-thinkers. I shall endeavour to make good this observation with regard to each of them: And first, of the critic.

Profit and pleasure are the ends that a reasonable creature would propose to obtain by study, or indeed by any other undertaking. Those parts of learning which relate to the imagination, as eloquence and poetry, produce an immediate pleasure in the mind. And sublime and useful truths, when they are conveyed in apt allegories or beautiful images, make more distinct and lasting impressions; by which means the fancy becomes subservient to the understanding, and the mind is at the same time delighted and instructed. The exercise of the understanding in the discovery of truth, is likewise attended with great pleasure, as well as immediate profit. It not only strengthens our faculties, purifies the soul, subdues the passions; but besides these advantages, there is also a secret joy that flows from intellectual operations, proportioned to the nobleness of the faculty, and not the less affecting because inward and unseen.

But the mere exercise of the memory as such, instead of bringing pleasure or immediate benefit, is a thing of vain irksomeness

join in a thoughtless pursuit of those languages, without any further view. They look on the ancient authors, but it is with an eye to phraseology, or certain minute particulars which are valuable for no other reason but because they are despised and forgotten by the rest of mankind. The divine maxims of morality, the exact pictures of human life, the profound discoveries in the arts and sciences, just thoughts, bright images, sublime sentiments, are overlooked, while the mind is learnedly taken up in verbal remarks.

Was a critic ever known to read Plato with a contemplative mind, or Cicero, in order to imbibe the noble sentiments of virtue and a public spirit, which are conspicuous in the writings of that great man; or to peruse the Greek or Roman historians, with an intention to form his own life upon the plan of the illustrious patterns they exhibit to our view? Plato wrote in Greek. Cicero's Latin is fine. And it often lies in a man's way to quote the ancient historians.

There is no entertainment upon earth more noble and befitting a reasonable mind, than the perusal of good authors; or that better qualifies a man to pass his life with satisfaction to himself, or advantage to the public. But where men of short views and mean souls give themselves to that sort of employment which nature never designed them for, they indeed keep one another in countenance; but instead of cultivating and adorning their own minds, or acquiring an ability to be useful to the world, they reap no other advantage from their labours, than the dry consolation arising from the applauses they bestow upon each other.

And the same weakness, or defect of the mind from whence pedantry takes its rise, does likewise give birth to avarice. Words and money are both to be regarded as only marks of things; and as the knowledge of the one, so the possession of the other is of no use, unless directed to a further end. A mutual commerce could not be carried on among men, if some common standard had not been agreed upon, to which the value of all the various products of art and nature were reducible, and which might be of the same use in the convey-

learning, would have employed themselves in laying up words in their memory, are by a different application employed to as much purpose, in treasuring up gold in their coffers. They differ only in the object; the principle on which they act, and the inward frame of mind, is the same in the critic and the miser.

And upon a thorough observation, our modern sect of free-thinkers will be found to labour under the same defect with those two inglorious species. Their short views are terminated in the next objects, and their specious pretences for liberty and truth, are so many instances of mistaking the means for the end. But the setting these points in a clear light must be the subject of another paper.

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No. 78.] Wednesday, June 10, 1713.

~~~~~ Docebo  
Unde parentar opes; quid alat, formatque poetam.
Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 306.

~~~~~ I will teach to write,  
Tell what the duty of a poet is,  
Wherein his wealth and ornament consist,  
And how he may be form'd, and how improv'd.  
*Racine.*

It is no small pleasure to me, who am zealous in the interests of learning, to think I may have the honour of leading the town into a very new and uncommon road of criticism. As that kind of literature is at present carried on, it consists only in a knowledge of mechanic rules which contribute to the structure of different sorts of poetry; as the receipts of good housewives do to the making puddings of flour, oranges, plums, or any other ingredients. It would, methinks, make these my instructions more easily intelligible to ordinary readers, if I discoursed of these matters in the style in which ladies learned in economics, dictate to their pupils for the improvement of the kitchen and larder.

I shall begin with epic poetry, because the critics agree it is the greatest work human nature is capable of. I know the French have already laid down many mechanical rules for

him that has a genius, but the skill likes to do it without one. In pursuance of this end, I shall present the reader with a plain and certain recipe, by which even sonnetteers and ladies may be qualified for this grand performance.

I know it will be objected, that one of the chief qualifications of an epic poet, is to be knowing in all arts and sciences. But this ought not to discourage those that have no learning, as long as indexes and dictionaries may be had, which are the compendium of all knowledge. Besides, since it is an established rule, that none of the terms of those arts and sciences are to be made use of, one may venture to affirm, our poet cannot impudently offend in this point. The learning which will be more particularly necessary to him, is the ancient geography of towns, mountains, and rivers: for this let him take Cluverius, value four-pence.

Another quality required is a complete skill in languages. To this I answer, that it is notorious persons of no genius have been oftentimes great linguists. To instance in the Greek, of which there are two sorts; the original Greek, and that from which our modern authors translate. I should be unwilling to promise impossibilities, but modestly speaking, this may be learned in about an hour's time with ease. I have known one, who became a sudden professor of Greek, immediately upon application of the left-hand page of the Cambridge Homer to his eye. It is in these days with authors as with other men, the well-bred are familiarly acquainted with them at first sight; and as it is sufficient for a good general to have surveyed the ground he is to conquer, so it is enough for a good poet to have seen the author he is to be master of. But to proceed to the purpose of this paper.

*A Receipt to make an Epic Poem.*

FOR THE FABLE.

'Take out of any old poem, history book, romance, or legend, (for instance, Geoffry of Monmouth, or don Belianis of Greece) those

porate in the course of the work, without the least damage to the composition.

*For the Moral and Allegory.*—‘These you may extract out of the fable afterwards, at your leisure. Be sure you strain them sufficiently.’

#### FOR THE MANNERS.

‘For those of the hero, take all the best qualities you can find in all the celebrated heroes of antiquity; if they will not be reduced to a consistency, lay them all on a heap upon him. But be sure they are qualities which your patron would be thought to have; and, to prevent any mistake which the world may be subject to, select from the alphabet those capital letters that compose his name, and set them at the head of a dedication before your poem. However, do not absolutely observe the exact quantity of these virtues, it not being determined, whether or no it be necessary for the hero of a poem to be an honest man.—For the under characters, gather them from Homer and Virgil, and change the names as occasion serves.’

#### FOR THE MACHINES.

‘Take of deities, male and female, as many as you can use. Separate them into two equal parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle. Let Juno put him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. Remember on all occasions to make use of volatile Mercury. If you have need of devils, draw them out of Milton’s Paradise, and extract your spirits from Tasso. The use of these machines is evident; for since no epic poem can possibly subsist without them, the wisest way is to reserve them for your greatest necessities. When you cannot extricate your hero by any human means, or yourself by your own wits, seek relief from heaven, and the gods will do your business very readily. This is according to the direct prescription of Horace in his Art of Poetry:

Nec dens interit, nisi dignis vindice Norus  
Inclerit ————— ver. 191.

Never presume to make a god appear,  
But for a business worthy of a god.

*Roscommon.*

‘That is to say, a poet should never call upon the gods for their assistance, but when he is in great perplexity.’

#### FOR THE DESCRIPTIONS.

*For a Battle.*—‘Pick a large quantity of images and descriptions from Homer’s Iliads, with a spice or two of Virgil, and if there remain any overplus you may lay them by for a skirmish. Season it well with similes, and it will make an excellent battle.’

*For Burning a Town.*—‘If such a description be necessary, because it is certain there is one in Virgil, Old Troy is ready burnt to your hands. But if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a chapter or two of the Theory of the Conflagration, well circumstanced, and done into verse, will be a good succedaneum.’

*As for Similes and Metaphors,* they may be found all over the creation; the most ignorant may gather them, but the danger is in applying them. For this advise with your bookseller.

#### FOR THE LANGUAGE.

(I mean the diction.) ‘Here it will do well to be an imitator of Milton, for you will find it easier to imitate him in this, than any thing else. Hebraisms and Grecisms are to be found in him, without the trouble of learning the languages. I knew a painter, who (like our poet) had no genius, make his daubings to be thought originals by setting them in the smoke. You may in the same manner give the venerable air of antiquity to your piece, by darkening it up and down with Old English. With this you may be easily furnished upon any occasion, by the dictionary commonly printed at the end of Chaucer.’

I must not conclude, without cautioning all writers without genius in one material point, which is, never to be afraid of having too much fire in their works. I should advise rather to take their warmest thoughts, and spread them abroad upon paper; for they are observed to cool before they are read.

No. 79.] Thursday, June 11, 1713.

— Præclara et pulchra minantem  
Vivere nec rectè, nec sanè ———  
*Hor. Lib. 1. Ep. viii. 3.*

— I make a noise, a gaudy show,  
I promise mighty things, I nobly strive;  
Yet what an ill, unpleasant life I live! *Creech.*

It is an employment worthy a reasonable creature, to examine into the disposition of men’s affections towards each other, and as far

polite papers, but when I observe any thing which I think written for the advancement of good-will amongst men, and laying before them objects of charity, I am very zealous for the promotion of so honest a design. Believe me, sir, want of wit or wisdom, is not the infirmity of this age; it is the shameful application of both that is the crying evil. As for my own part, I am always endeavouring at least to be better, rather than richer, or wiser. But I never lamented that I was not a wealthy man so heartily as the other day. You must understand that I now and then take a walk of mortification, and pass a whole day in making myself profitably sad. I for this end visit the hospitals about this city, and when I have rambled about the galleries at Bedlam, and seen for an hour the utmost of all lamentable objects, human reason distracted; when I have from grate to grate offered up my prayers for a wretch who has been reviling me, for a figure that has seemed petrified with anguish, for a man that has held up his face in a posture of adoration toward heaven to utter execrations and blasphemies; I say, when I have beheld all these things, and thoroughly reflected on them, until I have startled myself out of my present ill course, I have thought fit to pass to the observation of less evils, and relieve myself by going to those charitable receptacles about this town, appointed only for bodily distresses. The gay and frolic part of mankind are wholly unacquainted with the numbers of their fellow-creatures, who languish under pain and agony, for want of a trifle out of that expense by which those fortunate persons purchase the gratification of a superfluous passion, or appetite. I ended the last of these pilgrimages which I made, at St. Thomas's hospital in Southwark. I had seen all the variety of woe which can arise from the distempers which attend human frailty; but the circumstance which occasioned this letter, and gave me the quickest compassion, was beholding a little boy of ten years of age, who was just then to be expelled the house as incurable. My heart melted within me to think what would become of the poor child, who, as I was informed, had not a farthing in the world, nor father, nor mother, nor friend to help it. The infant saw my sorrow for it, and came towards me, and hid me speak that it might die in the house.

He was to be sure removed when he was only capable of giving offence, though avoided when still an object of compassion. There are not words to give mankind compunction enough on such an occasion; but I assure you I think the miserable have a property in the superfluous possessions of the fortunate; though I despair of seeing right done them until the day wherein those distinctions shall cease for ever, and they must both give an account for their behaviour under their respective sufferings and enjoyments. However, you would do your part as a guardian, if you would mention, in the most pathetic terms, these miserable objects, and put the good part of the world in mind of exerting the most noble benevolence that can be imagined, in alleviating the few remaining moments of the incurable.

'A gentleman who belonged to the hospital, was saying, he believed it would be done as soon as mentioned, if it were proposed that a ward might be erected for the accommodation of such as have no more to do in this world, but resign themselves to death. I know no readier way of communicating this thought to the world, than by your paper. If you omit to publish this, I shall never esteem you to be the man you pretend; and so recommending the incurable to your guardianship,

'I remain, Sir,

'Your most humble servant,  
'PHILANTHROPOS.'

It must be confessed, that if one turns one's eyes round these cities of London and Westminster, one cannot overlook the exemplary instances of heroic charity, in providing restraints for the wicked, instructions for the young, food and raiment for the aged, with regard also to all other circumstances and relations of human life; but it is to be lamented that these provisions are made only by the middle kind of people, while those of fashion and power are raised above the species itself, and are unacquainted or unmoved with the calamities of others. But, alas! how monstrous is this hardness of heart! How is it possible that the returns of hunger and thirst should not importune men, though in the highest affluence, to consider the miseries of their fellow-creatures who languish under necessity. But as I hinted just now, the distinctions of mankind are almost wholly to be ascribed into these

ostentation of the physician, than compassion on the patient. It is a circumstance, wherein a man finds all the good he deserves inaccessible, all the ill unavoidable; and the poor hero is as certainly ragged, as the poor villain hanged. Under these pressures the poor man speaks with hesitation, undertakes with irresolution, and acts with disappointment. He is slighted in men's conversations, overlooked in their assemblies, and beaten at their doors. But from whence, alas, has he this treatment? from a creature that has only the supply of, but not an exemption from, the wants, for which he despises him. Yet such is the unaccountable insolence of man, that he will not see that he who is supported, is in the same class of natural necessity with him that wants a support; and to be helped implies to be indigent. In a word, after all you can say of a man, conclude that he is rich, and you have made him friends; nor have you utterly overthrown a man in the world's opinion, until you have said he is poor. This is the emphatical expression of praise and blame: for men so stupidly forget their natural impotence and want, that riches and poverty have taken in our imagination the place of innocence and guilt.

Reflections of this kind do but waste one's being, without capacity of helping the distressed; yet though I know no way to do any service to my brethren under such calamities, I cannot help having so much respect for them, as to suffer with them in a fruitless fellow-feeling.

No. 80.] Friday, June 12, 1713.

— Cœlestibus Iræ.

Virg. Æn. l. 11.

Anger in heav'nly minds.

I HAVE found by experience, that it is impossible to talk distinctly without defining the words of which we make use. There is not a term in our language which wants explanation so much as the word Church. One would think when people utter it, they should have in their minds ideas of virtue and religion; but that important monosyllable drags all the other words in the language after it, and it is made use of to express both praise and blame, according to the character of him who speaks it. By this means it happens, that no one knows what his neighbour means when he says such a one is for or against the church. It has happened that the person, who is seen every day at church, has not been in the eye of the world a church-man; and he who is very zealous to oblige every man to frequent it, but himself, has been held a very good son of the church. This prepossession is the best handle imaginable for politicians to make use of, for managing the loves and hatreds of

mankind, to the purposes to which they would lead them. But this is not a thing for fools to meddle with, for they only bring disesteem upon those whom they attempt to serve, when they unskilfully pronounce terms of art. I have observed great evils arise from this practice, and not only the cause of piety, but also the secular interest of clergymen, has extremely suffered by the general unexplained significance of the word Church.

The Examiner, upon the strength of being a received church-man, has offended in this particular more grossly than any other man ever did before, and almost as grossly as ever he himself did, supposing the allegations in the following letter are just. To slander any man is a very heinous offence; but the crime is still greater, when it falls upon such as ought to give example to others. I cannot imagine how the Examiner can divest any part of the clergy of the respect due to their characters, so as to treat them as he does, without an indulgence unknown to our religion, though taken up in the name of it, in order to disparage such of its communicants as will not sacrifice their conscience to their fortunes. This confusion and subdivision of interests and sentiments among people of the same communion, is what would be a very good subject of mirth; but when I consider against whom this insult is committed, I think it too great, and of too ill a consequence, to be in good humour on the occasion.

'SIR,

June 9, 1713.

Your character of universal Guardian, joined to the concern you ought to have for the cause of virtue and religion, assure me you will not think that clergymen when injured, have the least right to your protection; and it is from that assurance I trouble you with this, to complain of the Examiner, who calumniates as freely as he commends, and whose invectives are as groundless as his panegyrics.

In his paper of the eighth instant, after a most furious invective against many noble lords, a considerable number of the commons, and a very great part of her majesty's good subjects, as disaffected and full of discontent, (which by the way, is but an awkward compliment to the prince, whose greatest glory it is to reign in the hearts of her people,) that the clergy may not go without their share of his resentment, he concludes with a most malicious reflection upon some of them. He names indeed nobody, but points to Windsor and St. Paul's, where he tells us some are disrespectful to the queen, and enemies to her peace; most odious characters, especially in clergymen, whose profession is peace, and to whose duty and affection her majesty has a more immediate right, by her singular piety and great goodness to them. "They have sucked in," he says, "this war-



like principle from their arbitrary patrons." It is not enough, it seems, to calumniate them, unless their patrons also be insulted, no less patrons than the late king and the duke of Marlborough. These are his arbitrary men; though nothing be more certain than that without the king, the shadow of a legal government had not been left to us; nor did there ever live a man, who in the nature and temper of him, less deserved the character of arbitrary than the duke. How now is this terrible charge against those clergymen supported? Why, as to St. Paul's, the fact, according to him, is this: "Some of the church, to affront the queen, on the day the peace was proclaimed, gave orders for parochial prayers only, without singing, as is used upon fast-days, though in this particular their inferiors were so very honest to disobey them." This the Examiner roundly affirms after his usual manner, but without the least regard to truth; for it is fallen in my way, without inquiring, to be exactly informed of this matter, and therefore, I take upon me in their vindication to assure you, that every part of what is said is absolutely false, and the truth is just the reverse. The inferiors desired there might be only parochial prayers; but the person applied to was aware to what construction it might be liable, and therefore would not consent to the request, though very innocent and reasonable. The case was this: the procession of the ceremony had reached Ludgate just at the time of prayers, and there was such a prodigious concourse of people, that one of the vergers came to the residentiary in waiting, to represent, that it would be impossible to have prayers that afternoon; that the crowds all round the church was so great, there would be no getting in: but it was insisted, that there must be prayers, only the tolling of the bell should be deferred a little, until the head of the procession was got beyond the church. When the bell had done, and none of the choir appeared, but one to read, it was upon this again represented, that there could be only parochial prayers, a thing that sometimes happens, twice or thrice perhaps in a year, when, upon some allowable occasion, the absence of the choir-men is so great, as not to leave the necessary voices for cathedral service; which very lately was the case upon a performance of the thanksgiving music at Whitehall. So that had the prayers, on this occasion, been parochial only, it had been neither new nor criminal, but necessary and unavoidable, unless the Examiner can tell now the service may be sung decently without singing-men. However, to leave informers no room for calumny, it was expressly urged, that parochial prayers on such a day, would look ill; that therefore, if possible, it should be avoided, and the service should be begun as usual, in hopes one or two of the choir might

come in before the psalms; and the verger was ordered to look out, if he could see any of the choir, to hasten them to their places; and so it proved, two of the best voices came in time enough, and the service was performed cathedral-wise, though in a manner to bar walls, with an anthem suitable to the day. This is the fact on which the Examiner grounds a charge of factious and seditious principles against some at St. Paul's, and I am persuaded there is as little truth in what he charges some of Windsor with, though I know not certainly whom he means. Were I disposed to expostulate with the Examiner, I would ask him if he seriously thinks this be answering her majesty's intentions? Whether disquieting the minds of her people is the way to calm them? Or to traduce men of learning and virtue, be to cultivate the arts of peace? But I am too well acquainted with his writings not to see he is past correction; nor does any thing in his paper surprise me, merely because it is false; for to use his own words, "not a day passes," with him, "but it brings forth a mouse or a monster, some ridiculous lie, some vile calumny or forgery." He is almost equally false in every thing he says; but it is not always equally easy to make his falsehood plain and palpable. And it is chiefly for that reason I desire you to give this letter a place in your papers, that those that are willing to be undeceived may learn, from so clear an instance, what a faithful, modest writer this is, who pretends to teach them how to think and speak of things and persons they know nothing of themselves. As this is no way disagreeable to your character of Guardian, your publication of it is a favour which I flatter myself you will not deny to,

Sir,

Your humble servant,

'R. A.'

No. 81.] Saturday, June 13, 1713.

Quies et purè atque eleganter actus ætatis placida ac lenis recordatio. Cicero.

Placid and soothing is the remembrance of a life passed with quiet, innocence, and elegance.

THE paper which was published on the thirtieth of last month, ended with a piece of devotion written by the archbishop of Cambray. It would (as it was hinted in that precaution) be of singular use for the improvement of our minds, to have the secret thoughts of men of good talents on such occasions. I shall for the entertainment of this day give my reader two pieces, which, if he is curious, will be pleasing for that reason, if they prove to have no other effect upon him. One of them was found in the closet of an Athenian libertine, who lived many ages ago, and is a soliloquy wherein he contemplates his own life and actions according

to the lights men have from nature, and the compunctions of natural reason. The other is a prayer of a gentleman who died within few years last past; and lived to a very great age; but had passed his youth in all the vices in fashion. The Atheniat is supposed to have been Alcibiades, a man of great spirit, extremely addicted to pleasures, but at the same time very capable, and upon occasion very attentive to business. He was by nature endued with all the accomplishments she could bestow; he had beauty, wit, courage, and a great understanding; but in the first bloom of his life was arrogantly affected with the advantages he had over others. That temper is pretty visible in an expression of his: when it was proposed to him to learn to play upon a musical instrument, he answered, 'It is not for me to give, but to receive delight.' However, the conversation of Socrates tempered a strong inclination to licentiousness into reflections of philosophy; and if it had not the force to make a man of his genius and fortune wholly regular, it gave him some cool moments, and this following soliloquy is supposed by the learned to have been thrown together before some expected engagement, and seems to be very much the picture of the man

'I am now wholly alone, my ears are not entertained with music, my eyes with beauty, nor any of my senses so forcibly affected, as to divert the course of my inward thoughts. Methinks there is something sacred in myself, now I am alone. What is this being of mine? I came into it without my choice, and yet Socrates says it is to be imputed to me. In this repose of my senses wherein they communicate nothing strongly to myself; I taste, methinks, a being distinct from their operation. Why may not then my soul exist, when she is wholly gone out of these organs? I can perceive my faculties grow stronger, the less I admit the pleasures of sense; and the nearer I place myself to a bare existence, the more worthy, the more noble, the more celestial does that existence appear to me. If my soul is weakened rather than improved by all that the body administers to her, she may reasonably be supposed to be designed for a mansion more suitable than this, wherein what delights her diminishes her excellence, and that which afflicts her adds to her perfection. There is an hereafter, and I will not fear to be immortal for the sake of Athens.'

This soliloquy is but the first dawns of thought in the mind of a mere man given up to sensuality. The paper which I mention of our contemporary was found in his scrutoire after his death, but communicated to a friend or two of his in his life-time. You see in it a man wearied with the vanities of this life; and the reflections which the success of his wit and gallantry bring upon his old age, are not un-

worthy the observation of those who possess the like advantages.

'Oh, Almighty Being! How shall I look up towards thee, when I reflect that I am of no consideration but as I have offended? My existence, O my God, without thy mercy, is not to be prolonged in this or another world but for my punishment. I apprehend, Oh, my Maker, let it not be too late: I apprehend, and tremble at thy presence; and shall I not consider thee, who art all goodness, but with terror? Oh, my Redeemer, do thou behold my anguish. Turn to me, thou Saviour of the world: Who has offended like me? Oh, my God, I cannot fly out of thy presence, let me fall down in it; I humble myself in contrition of heart; but alas! I have not only sinned from thee, but have laboured against thee. If thou dost pardon what I have committed, how wilt thou pardon what I have made others commit? I have rejoiced in ill, as in a prosperity. Forgive, oh my God, all who have offended by my persuasion, all who have transgressed by my example. Canst thou, O God, accept of the confession of old age, to expiate all the labour and industry of youth spent in transgressions against thee? While I am still alive, let me implore thee to recall to thy grace all whom I have made to sin. Let, oh Lord, thy goodness admit of his prayer for their pardon, by whose instigation they have transgressed. Accept, O God, of this interval of age, between my sinful days and the hour of my dissolution, to wear away the corrupt habits in my soul, and prepare myself for the mansions of purity and joy. Impute not to me, oh my God, the offences I may give, after my death, to those I leave behind me; let me not transgress when I am no more seen; but prevent the ill effects of my ill-applied studies, and receive me into thy mercy.'

It is the most melancholy circumstance that can be imagined, to be on a death-bed, and wish all that a man has most laboured to bring to pass were obliterated for ever. How emphatically worse is this, than having passed all one's days in idleness! Yet this is the frequent case of many men of refined talents. It is, methinks, monstrous that the love of fame, and value of the fashion of the world, can transport a man so far as even in solitude to act with so little reflection upon his real interest. This is premeditated madness, for it is an error done with the assistance of all the faculties of the mind.

When every circumstance about us is a constant admonition how transient is every labour of man, it should, methinks, be no hard matter to bring one's self to consider the emptiness of all our endeavours; but I was not a little charmed the other day, when sitting with an old friend and communing together on such subjects, he expressed himself after this manner:—

'It is unworthy a Christian philosopher to let any thing here below stand in the least competition with his duty. In vain is reason fortified by faith, if it produces in our practice no greater effects than what reason wrought in mere man.

'I condemn, (in dependence on the support of heaven I speak it) I condemn all which the generality of mankind call great and glorious. I will no longer think or act like a mortal, but consider myself as a being that commenced at my birth, and is to endure to all eternity. The accident of death will not end but improve my being; I will think of myself, and provide for myself as an immortal; and I will do nothing now which I do not believe I shall approve a thousand years hence.'

No. 82.] Monday, June 15, 1713.

*Cedat uti convivæ satur—Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. 1. 119.*  
Let him depart like a contented guest.

THOUGH men see every day people go to their long home, who are younger than themselves, they are not so apt to be alarmed at that, as at the decease of those who have lived longer in their sight. They miss their acquaintance, and are surprised at the loss of an habitual object. This gave me so much concern for the death of Mr. William Peer of the theatre-royal, who was an actor at the Restoration, and took his theatrical degree with Betterton, Kynaston, and Harris. Though his station was humble, he performed it well; and the common comparison with the stage and human life, which has been so often made, may well be brought out upon this occasion. It is no matter, say the moralists, whether you act a prince or a beggar, the business is to do your part well. Mr. William Peer distinguished himself particularly in two characters, which no man ever could touch but himself; one of them was the speaker of the prologue to the play, which is contrived in the tragedy of Hamlet, to awake the consciences of the guilty princes. Mr. William Peer spoke that preface to the play with such an air, as represented that he was an actor, and with such an inferior manner as only acting an actor, as made the others on the stage appear real great persons, and not representatives. This was a nicety in acting that none but the most subtle player could so much as conceive. I remember his speaking these words, in which there is no great matter but in the right adjustment of the air of the speaker, with universal applause:

'For us and for our tragedy,  
Here stooping to your clemency,  
We beg your hearing patiently.'

Hamlet says very archly upon the pronouncing of it, 'Is this a prologue, or a posy of a ring?'

However, the speaking of it got Mr. Peer more reputation, than those who speak the length of a puritan's sermon every night will ever attain to. Besides this, Mr. Peer got a great fame on another little occasion. He played the apothecary in Caius Marius, as it is called by Otway; but Romeo and Juliet, as originally in Shakespeare; it will be necessary to recite more out of the play than he spoke, to have a right conception of what Peer did in it. Marius, weary of life, resolves means to be rid of it after this manner:

'I do remember an apothecary  
That dwelt about this rendezvous of death!  
Meagre and very rueful were his looks,  
Sharp misery had worn him to the bone.'

When this spectre of poverty appeared, Marius addresses him thus:

'I see thou art very poor,  
Thou may'st do any thing, here's fifty drachmas,  
Get me a draught of what will soonest free  
A wretch from all his cares.'

When the apothecary objects that it is unlawful, Marius urges,

'Art thou so base and full of wretchedness  
Yet fear'st to die! Famine is in thy cheeks,  
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,  
Contempt and beggary hang on thy back;  
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's laws;  
The world affords no law to make thee rich;  
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Without all this quotation the reader could not have a just idea of the visage and manner which Peer assumed, when in the most lamentable tone imaginable he consents; and delivering the poison, like a man reduced to the drinking it himself, if he did not vend it, says to Marius,

'My poverty, but not my will, consents;  
Take this and drink it off, the work is done.'

It was an odd excellence, and a very particular circumstance this of Peer's, that his whole action of life depended upon speaking five lines better than any man else in the world. But this eminence lying in so narrow a compass, the governors of the theatre observing his talents to lie in a certain knowledge of propriety, and his person admitting him to shine only in the two above parts, his sphere of action was enlarged by the addition of the post of property-man. This officer has always ready, in a place appointed for him behind the prompter, all such tools and implements as are necessary in the play, and it is his business never to want billet-doux, poison, false money, thunderbolts, daggers, scrolls of parchment, wine, pomatum, truncheons, and wooden legs, ready at the call of the said prompter, according as his respective utensils were necessary, for promoting what was to pass on the stage. The addition of this office, so important to the conduct of the whole affair of the stage, and the good economy observed by their present managers in punctual payments, made

Mr. Peer's subsistence very comfortable. But it frequently happens, that men lose their virtue in prosperity, who were shining characters in the contrary condition. Good fortune indeed had no effect on the mind, but very much on the body of Mr. Peer. For in the seventieth year of his age he grew fat, which rendered his figure unfit for the utterance of the five lines above-mentioned. He had now unfortunately lost the wau distress necessary for the countenance of the apothecary, and was too jolly to speak the prologue with the proper humility. It is thought this calamity went too near him. It did not a little contribute to the shortening his days; and, as there is no state of real happiness in this life, Mr. Peer was undone by his success, and lost all by arriving at what is the end of all other men's pursuits, his ease.

I could not forbear enquiring into the effects Mr. Peer left behind him, but find there is no demand due to him from the house, but the following bill:

|                                                                           | £ | s. | d. |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|----|----|
| For hire of six case of pistols,                                          | 0 | 4  | 0  |
| A drum for Mrs. Bignall in the Pilgrim,                                   | 0 | 4  | 4  |
| A truss of straw for the madmen,                                          | 0 | 0  | 8  |
| Pomatum and vermilion to grease the face of the stuttering cook,          | 0 | 0  | 8  |
| For boarding a setting dog two days to follow Mr. Johnson in Epsom Wells, | 0 | 0  | 6  |
| For blood in Macbeth,                                                     | 0 | 0  | 3  |
| Raisins and almonds for a witch's banquet,                                | 0 | 0  | 8  |

This contemporary of mine, whom I have often rallied for the narrow compass of his singular perfections, is now at peace, and wants no further assistance from any man; but men of extensive genius, now living, still depend upon the good offices of the town.

I am therefore to remind my reader, that on this day, being the fifteenth of June, the Plotting Sisters is to be acted for the benefit of the author, my old friend Mr. D'Urfey. This comedy was honoured with the presence of king Charles the Second three of its first five nights.

My friend has in this work shown himself a master, and made not only the characters of the play, but also the furniture of the house contribute to the main design. He has made excellent use of a table with a carpet, and the key of a closet. With these two implements, which would, perhaps, have been overlooked by an ordinary writer, he contrives the most natural perplexities (allowing only the use of these household goods in poetry) that ever were represented on a stage. He has also made good advantage of the knowledge of the stage itself; for in the nick of being surprised, the lovers

are let down and escape at a trap-door. In a word, any who have the curiosity to observe what pleased in the last generation, and does not go to a comedy with a resolution to be grave, will find this evening ample food for mirth. Johnson, who understands what he does as well as any man, exposes the impertinence of an old fellow, who has lost his senses, still pursuing pleasures, with great mastery. The ingenious Mr. Pinkethman is a bashful rake, and is sheepish without having modesty with great success. Mr. Bullock succeeds Nokes in the part of Bubble, and in my opinion is not much below him: for he does excellently that sort of folly we call absurdity, which is the very contrary of wit, but, next to that, is of all things the properest to excite mirth. What is foolish is the object of pity; but absurdity often proceeds from an opinion of sufficiency, and consequently is an honest occasion for laughter. These characters in this play cannot choose but make it a very pleasant entertainment, and the decorations of singing and dancing will more than repay the goodness of those who make an honest man a visit of two merry hours to make his following year unpainful.

#### No. 83.] Tuesday, June 16, 1713.

Nimrum insanus pancia videatur, eò quòd  
Maxima pars hominum morbo jactatur notem.  
*Hor. Lib. 2. Sat. lib. 120.*

— Few think these mad, for most like these,  
Are sick and troubled with the same disease.

*Crecch.*

THERE is a restless endeavour in the mind of man after happiness. This appetite is wrought into the original frame of our nature, and exerts itself in all parts of the creation that are endued with any degree of thought or sense. But as the human mind is dignified by a more comprehensive faculty than can be found in the inferior animals, it is natural for men not only to have an eye, each to his own happiness, but also to endeavour to promote that of others in the same rank of being: and in proportion to the generosity that is ingredient in the temper of the soul, the object of its benevolence is of a larger and narrower extent. There is hardly a spirit upon earth so mean and contracted, as to centre all regards on its own interest, exclusive of the rest of mankind. Even the selfish man has some share of love, which he bestows on his family and his friends. A nobler mind hath at heart the common interest of the society or country of which he makes a part. And there is still a more diffusive spirit, whose being or intentions reach the whole mass of mankind, and are continued beyond the present age to a succession of future generations.

The advantage arising to him who hath a tincture of this generosity on his soul, is, that

he is affected with a sublimer joy than can be comprehended by one who is destitute of that noble relish. The happiness of the rest of mankind hath a natural connexion with that of a reasonable mind. And in proportion as the actions of each individual contribute to this end, he must be thought to deserve well or ill, both of the world, and of himself. I have in a late paper observed, that men who have no reach of thought do often misplace their affections on the means, without respect to the end; and by a preposterous desire of things in themselves indifferent, forego the enjoyment of that happiness which those things are instrumental to obtain. This observation has been considered with regard to critics and misers; I shall now apply it to free-thinkers.

Liberty and truth are the main points which these gentlemen pretend to have in view; to proceed, therefore, methodically, I will endeavour to show in the first place, that liberty and truth are not in themselves desirable, but only as they relate to a farther end. And secondly, that the sort of liberty and truth (allowing them those names) which our free-thinkers use all their industry to promote, is destructive of that end, viz. human happiness: and consequently that species, as such, instead of being encouraged or esteemed, merit the detestation and abhorrence of all honest men. And in the last place, I design to show, that under the pretence of advancing liberty and truth, they do in reality promote the two contrary evils.

As to the first point, it has been observed that it is the duty of each particular person to aim at the happiness of his fellow-creatures; and that as this view is of a wider or narrower extent, it argues a mind more or less virtuous. Hence it follows, that a liberty of doing good actions which conduce to the felicity of mankind, and a knowledge of such truths as might either give us pleasure in the contemplation of them, or direct our conduct to the great ends of life, are valuable perfections. But shall a good man, therefore, prefer a liberty to commit murder or adultery, before the wholesome restraint of divine and human laws? Or shall a wise man prefer the knowledge of a troublesome and afflicting truth, before a pleasant error that would cheer his soul with joy and comfort, and be attended with no ill conse-

quence to free the world? From the ties that religion imposeth on our minds, from the expectation of a future judgment, and from the terrors of a troubled conscience, not by reforming men's lives, but by giving encouragement to their vices. What are those important truths of which they would convince mankind? That there is no such thing as a wise and just Providence; that the mind of man is corporeal; that religion is a state-trick, contrived to make men honest and virtuous, and to procure a subsistence to others for teaching and exhorting them to be so; that the good tidings of life and immortality, brought to light by the gospel, are fables and impostures; from believing that we are made in the image of God, they would degrade us to an opinion that we are on a level with the beasts that perish. What pleasure or what advantage do these notions bring to mankind. Is it of any use to the public that good men should lose the comfortable prospect of a reward to their virtue; or the wicked be encouraged to persist in their impiety, from an assurance that they shall not be punished for it hereafter?

Allowing, therefore, these men to be patrons of liberty and truth, yet it is of such truths, and that sort of liberty, which makes them justly be looked upon as enemies to the peace and happiness of the world. But upon a thorough and impartial view it will be found, that their endeavours, instead of advancing the cause of liberty and truth, tend only to introduce slavery and error among men. There are two parts in our nature: the baser, which consists of our senses and passions, and the more noble and rational, which is properly the human part, the other being common to us with brutes. The inferior part is generally much stronger, and has always the start of reason, which if in the perpetual struggle between them, it were not aided from heaven by religion, would almost universally be vanquished, and man become a slave to his passions, which, as it is the most grievous and shameful slavery, so it is the genuine result of that liberty which is proposed by overturning religion. Nor is the other part of their design better executed. Look into their pretended truths: are they not so many wretched absurdities, maintained in opposition to the light of nature and divine

got it, is his judgment clearer, his imagination livelier, or his manners more polite than those of other men? Is it observed that a miser, when he has acquired his superfluous estate, eats, drinks, or sleeps with more satisfaction, that he has a cheerfuller mind, or relishes any of the enjoyments of life better than his neighbours? The free-thinkers plead hard for a licence to think freely; they have it: but what use do they make of it? Are they eminent for any sublime discoveries in any of the arts and sciences? Have they been authors of any inventions that conduce to the well-being of mankind? Do their writings show a greater length of design, a clearer method, or more just and correct reasoning than those of other men?

There is a great resemblance in their genius; but the critic and miser are only ridiculous and contemptible creatures, while the free-thinker is also a pernicious one.

No. 84.] Wednesday, June 17, 1713.

*Non misera cetera nisi plena cruoris hirudo.*

*Hor. Ars Poet. ver. ult.*

Sticking like leeches, till they burst with blood.

*Roscommon.*

'To the Honour'd Nestor Ironside, Esq.

SIR,

Middle Temple, June 12.

'PRESUMING you may sometimes condescend to take cognizance of small enormities, I here lay one before you, which I proceed to without farther apology, as well knowing the best compliment to a man of business is to come to the point.

'There is a silly habit among many of our minor orators, who display their eloquence in the several coffee-houses of this fair city, to the no small annoyance of considerable numbers of her majesty's spruce and loving subjects, and that is a humour they have got of twisting off your buttons. These ingenious gentlemen are not able to advance three words until they have got fast hold of one of your buttons; but as soon as they have procured such an excellent handle for discourse, they will indeed proceed with great elocution. I know not how well some may have escaped, but for my part I have often met with them to my cost; having I believe within these three years last past been argued out of several dozens; insomuch that I have for some time ordered my tailor to bring me home with every suit a dozen at least of spare ones, to supply the place of such as from time to time are detached as a help to discourse, by the vehement gentlemen before-mentioned. This way of holding a man in discourse is much practised in the coffee-houses within the city, and does not indeed so much prevail at the polite end of the town. It is likewise more frequently made use of among the small politicians, than any

other body of men; I am therefore something cautious of entering into a controversy with this species of statesmen, especially the younger fry; for if you offer in the least to dissent from any thing that one of these advances, he immediately steps up to you, takes hold of one of your buttons, and indeed will soon convince you of the strength of his argumentation. I remember, upon the news of Dunkirk's being delivered into our hands, a brisk little fellow, a politician and an able engineer, had got into the middle of Batson's coffee-house, and was fortifying Graveling for the service of the most Christian king, with all imaginable expedition. The work was carried on with such success, that in less than a quarter of an hour's time, he had made it almost impregnable, and in the opinion of several worthy citizens who had gathered round him, full as strong both by sea and land as Dunkirk ever could pretend to be. I happened, however, unadvisedly to attack some of his outworks; upon which, to show his great skill likewise in the offensive part, he immediately made an assault upon one of my buttons, and carried it in less than two minutes, notwithstanding I made as handsome a defence as was possible. He had likewise invested a second, and would certainly have been master of that too in a very little time, had not he been diverted from this enterprise by the arrival of a courier, who brought advice that his presence was absolutely necessary in the disposal of a beaver,\* upon which he raised the siege, and indeed retired with some precipitation. In the coffee-houses here about the Temple, you may harangue even among our dabblers in politics for about two buttons a day, and many times for less. I had yesterday the good fortune to receive very considerable additions to my knowledge in state affairs, and I find this morning, that it has not stood me in above a button. In most of the eminent coffee-houses at the other end of the town, for example, to go no farther than Will's in Covent-garden, the company is so refined, that you may hear and be heard, and not be a button the worse for it. Besides the gentlemen before-mentioned, there are others who are no less active in their harangues, but with gentle services rather than robberies. These, while they are improving your understanding, are at the same time setting off your person; they will new-plait and adjust your neckcloth.

'But though I can bear with this kind of orator, who is so humble as to aim at the goodwill of his hearer by being his valet de chambre, I must rebel against another sort of them. There are some, sir; that do not stick to take a man by the collar when they have a mind to

\* The person here alluded to was a Mr. James Heywood, a linen draper, who was the writer of a letter in the Spectator, signed James Easy.

persuade him. It is your business, I humbly presume, Mr. Ironside, to interpose that a man is not brought over to his opponent by force of arms. It were requisite therefore that you should name a certain interval, which ought to be preserved between the speaker and him to whom he speaks. For sure no man has a right, because I am not of his opinion, to take any of my clothes from me, or dress me according to his own liking. I assure you the most becoming thing to me in the world is in a campaign periwig, to wear one side before and the other cast upon the collateral shoulder. But there is a friend of mine who never talks to me but he throws that which I wear forward, upon my shoulder, so that in restoring it to its place I lose two or three hairs out of the lock upon my buttons; though I never touched him in my whole life, and have been acquainted with him these ten years. I have seen my eager friend in danger sometimes of a quarrel by this ill custom, for there are more young gentlemen who can feel, than can understand. It would be therefore a good office to my good friend if you advised him not to collar any man but one who knows what he means, and give it him as a standing precaution in conversation, that none but a very good friend will give him the liberty of being seen, felt, heard, and understood all at once.

'I am Sir,

'Your most humble servant,

'JOHANNES MISOCHIROSOPHUS.

'P. S. I have a sister who saves herself from being handled by one of these manual rhetoricians by giving him her fan to play with; but I appeal to you in the behalf of us poor helpless men.'

JUNE 15, 1713.

I am of opinion, that no orator or speaker in public or private has any right to meddle with any body's clothes but his own. I indulge men in the liberty of playing with their own hats, fumbling in their own pockets, settling their own periwigs, tossing or twisting their heads, and all other gesticulations which may contribute to their elocution; but pronounce it an

and my lord Verulam finely observes, that a man who has no virtue in himself, ever envies virtue in others. I know not how it comes to pass, but detraction, through all ages, has been found a vice which the fair sex too easily give in to. Not the Roman satirist could use them with more severity than they themselves do one another. Some audacious critics, in my opinion, have launched out a little too far when they take upon them to prove, in opposition to history, that *Lais* was a woman of as much virtue as beauty, which violently displeasing the *Phrynes* of those times, they secretly prevailed with the historians to deliver her down to posterity under the infamous character of an extorting prostitute. But though I have the greatest regard imaginable to that softer species, yet am I sorry to find they have very little for themselves. So far are they from being tender of one another's reputation, that they take a malicious pleasure in destroying it. My lady the other day, when Jack was asking, who could be so base to spread such a report about Mrs. ———, answered, 'None, you may be sure, but a woman.' A little after, Dick told my lady, that he had heard *Florella* hint as if *Cleora* wore artificial teeth. The reason is, said she, because *Cleora* first gave out that *Florella* owed her complexion to a wash. Thus the industrious pretty creatures take pains by invention, to throw blemishes on each other, when they do not consider that there is a profligate set of fellows too ready to taint the character of the virtuous, or blast the charms of the blooming virgin. The young lady from whom I had the honour of receiving the following letter, deserves or rather claims, protection from our sex, since so barbarously treated by her own. Certainly they ought to defend innocence from injury who gave ignorantly the occasion of its being assaulted. Had the men been less liberal of their applauses, the women had been more sparing of these calumnious censures.

'To the Guardian.

'SIR,

teens were easy, gay, and delightful. Every one caressed me; the old ladies told me how finely I grew, and the young ones were proud of my company. But when the third year had a little advanced, my relations used to tell my mother, that pretty miss Clary was shot up into a woman. The gentlemen began now not to let their eyes glance over me, and in most places I found myself distinguished; but observed, the more I grew into the esteem of their sex, the more I lost the favour of my own. Some of those whom I had been familiar with, grew cold and indifferent; others mistook by design, my meaning, made me speak what I never thought, and so by degrees took occasion to break off all acquaintance. There were several little insignificant reflections cast upon me, as being a lady of a great many quaintnesses, and such like, which I seemed not to take notice of. But my mother coming home about a week ago, told me there was a scandal spread about town by my enemies, that would at once ruin me for ever for a beauty; I earnestly entreated her to know it; she refused me, but yesterday it discovered itself. Being in an assembly of gentleman and ladies, one of the gentlemen who had been very facetious to several of the ladies, at last turning to me, 'And as for you, madam, Prior has already given us your character,

"That air and harmony of shape express,  
Fine by degrees, yet beautifully less."

I perceived immediately a malignant smile display itself in the countenance of some of the ladies, which they seconded with a scornful flutter of the fan; until one of them, unable any longer to contain, asked the gentleman if he did not remember what Congreve said about Aurelia, for she thought it mighty pretty. He made no answer, but instantly repeated the verses:

"The mulcibers who in the minorities sweat,  
And massive bars on stubborn anvils beat:  
Deform'd themselves, yet forge those stays of steel,  
Which arm Aurelia with a shape to kill."

This was no sooner over, but it was easily discernable what an ill-natured satisfaction most of the company took; and the more pleasure they showed by dwelling upon the two last lines, the more they increased my trouble and confusion. And now, sir, after this tedious account, what would you advise me to? Is there no way to be cleared of these malicious calumnies? What is beauty worth that makes the possessor thus unhappy? Why was nature so lavish of her gifts to me, as to make her kindness prove a cruelty? They tell me my shape is delicate, my eyes sparkling, my lips, I know not what, my cheeks, forsooth, adorned with a just mixture of the rose and lily; but I wish this face was barely not disagreeable, this voice harsh and unharmonious, these limbs

only not deformed, and then perhaps I might live easy and unmolested, and neither raise love and admiration in the men, nor scandal and hatred in the women.

'Your very humble servant,  
'CLARINA.'

The best answer I can make my fair correspondent is, That she ought to comfort herself with this consideration, that those who talk thus of her know it is false, but wish they could make others believe it true. It is not they think you deformed, but are vexed that they themselves were not as nicely framed. If you will take an old man's advice, laugh, and be not concerned at them: they have attained what they endeavoured if they make you uneasy; for it is envy that has made them so. I would not have you wish your shape one sixtieth part of an inch disproportioned, nor desire your face might be impoverished with the ruin of half a feature, though numbers of remaining beauties might make the loss insensible; but take courage, go into the brightest assemblies, and the world will quickly confess it to be scandal. Thus Plato, hearing it was asserted by some persons that he was a very bad man, 'I shall take care,' said he, 'to live so, that nobody will believe them.'

I shall conclude this paper with a relation of matter of fact. A gay young gentleman in the country, not many years ago, fell desperately in love with a blooming fine creature, whom give me leave to call Melissa. After a pretty long delay, and frequent solicitations, she refused several others of larger estates, and consented to make him happy. But they had not been married much above a twelvemonth, until it appeared too true what Juba says,

'Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,  
Fades in the eye, and palls upon the sense.'

Polydore (for that was his name) finding himself grow every day more uneasy, and unwilling she should discover the cause, for diversion came up to town, and, to avoid all suspicions, brought Melissa along with him. After some stay here, Polydore was one day informed, that a set of ladies over their tea-table, in the circle of scandal, had touched upon Melissa—And was that the silly thing so much talked of! How did she ever grow into a toast! For their parts they had eyes as well as the men, but could not discover where her beauties lay.—Polydore upon hearing this, flew immediately home and told Melissa, with the utmost transport, that he was now fully convinced how numberless were her charms, since her own sex would not allow her any.

'MR. IRONSIDE, - Butty's Coffee-house.

'I have observed that this day you make mention of Will's coffee-house, as a place where



people are too polite to hold a man in discourse by the button. Every body knows your honour frequents this house; therefore they will take an advantage against me, and say, if my company was as civil as that at Will's, you would say so: therefore pray your honour do not be afraid of doing me justice, because people would think it may be a conceit below you on this occasion to name the name of

'Your humble servant,  
'DANIEL BUTTON.'

'The young poets are in the back room, and take their places as you directed.'

No. 86.] Friday, June 19, 1713.

—Cui mens divinator, atque os  
Magna sonaturum — Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. iv. 43.

— who writes  
With fancy high, and bold and daring flights.  
Creech.

'To Nestor Ironside, Esq.

'SIR, Oxford, June 16, 1713.

'THE classical writers, according to your advice, are by no means neglected by me, while I pursue my studies in divinity. I am persuaded that they are fountains of good sense and eloquence; and that it is absolutely necessary for a young mind to form itself upon such models. For by a careful study of their style and manner, we shall at least avoid those faults, into which a youthful imagination is apt to hurry us; such as luxuriance of fancy, licentiousness of style, redundancy of thought, and false ornaments. As I have been flattered by my friends, that I have some genius for poetry, I sometimes turn my thoughts that way: and with pleasure reflect, that I have got over that childish part of life, which delights in points and turns of wit: and that I can take a manly and rational satisfaction in that which is called painting in poetry. Whether it be that in these copyings of nature the object is placed in such lights and circumstances as strike the fancy agreeably; or whether we are surprised to find objects that are absent, placed before our eyes; or whether it be our admiration of the author's art and dexterity; or whether we amuse ourselves with comparing the picture and the original; or rather (which is most probable) because all these reasons concur to affect us; we are wonderfully charmed with these drawings after the life, this magic that raises apparitions in the fancy.

'Landscapes or still-life work much less upon us than representations of the postures or passions of living creatures. Again, those passions or postures strike us more or less in

proportion to the ease or violence of their motions. A horse grazing moves us less than one stretching in a race, and a racer less than one in the fury of a battle. It is very difficult, I believe, to express violent motions which are fleeting and transitory, either in colours or words. In poetry it requires great spirit in thought, and energy in style; which we find more of in the eastern poetry, than either the Greek or Roman. The great Creator, who accommodated himself to those he vouchsafed to speak to, hath put into the mouths of his prophets such sublime sentiments and exalted language, as must abash the pride and wit of man. In the book of Job, the most ancient poem in the world, we have such paintings and descriptions as I have spoken of, in great variety. I shall at present make some remarks on the celebrated description of the horse in that holy book, and compare it with those drawn by Homer and Virgil.

'Homer hath the following similitude of a horse twice over in the Iliad, which Virgil hath copied from him; at least he hath deviated less from Homer than Mr. Dryden hath from him:

"Freed from his keepers, thus with broken reins  
The wanton courser prances o'er the plains;  
Or in the pride of youth o'erleaps the meads,  
And snuff the females in forbidden grounds;  
Or seeks his watering in the well-known flood,  
To quench his thirst, and cool his fiery blood:  
He swims luxuriant in the liquid plain,  
And o'er his shoulders flows his waving mane;  
He neighs, he snorts, he bears his head on high,  
Before his ample chest the frothy waters fly."

'Virgil's description is much fuller than the foregoing, which, as I said, is only a simile; whereas Virgil professes to treat of the nature of the horse. It is thus admirably translated:

"The fiery courser, when he hears from far  
The sprightly trampets, and the shouts of war,  
Pricks up his ears, and trembling with delight,  
Shifts pace, and paws; and hopes the promise'd fight.  
On his right shoulder his thick mane reclin'd,  
Ruffles at speed, and dances in the wind.  
His horny hoofs are jetty black and round:  
His chin is double; starting, with a bound  
He turns the turf, and shakes the solid ground.  
Fire from his eyes, clouds from his nostrils flow;  
He bears his rider headlong on the foe."

'Now follows that in the book of Job; which under all the disadvantages of having been written in a language little understood; of being expressed in phrases peculiar to a part of the world whose manner of thinking and speaking seems to us very uncouth; and, above all, of appearing in a prose translation; is, nevertheless, so transcendently above the heathen descriptions, that hereby we may perceive how faint and languid the images are which are formed by mortal authors, when compared with that which is figured, as it were, just as it appears in the eye of the Creator. God speaking to Job, asks him,

"Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Canst

\* Daniel Button kept a coffee-house on the south side of Russell-street, about two doors from Covent-garden. Here it was that the wits of that time used to assemble.

thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength. He goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear, and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith amongst the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off; the thunder of the captains, and the shouting."

"Here are all the great and sprightly images that thought can form of this generous beast, expressed in such force and vigour of style, as would have given the great wits of antiquity new laws for the sublime, had they been acquainted with these writings. I cannot but particularly observe, that whereas the classical poets chiefly endeavour to paint the outward figure, lineaments, and motions; the sacred poet makes all the beauties to flow from an inward principle in the creature he describes, and thereby gives great spirit and vivacity to his description. The following phrases and circumstances seem singularly remarkable:

"Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?" Homer and Virgil mention nothing about the neck of the horse but his mane. The sacred author, by the bold figure of thunder, not only expresses the shaking of that remarkable beauty in the horse, and the flakes of hair which naturally suggest the idea of lightning; but likewise the violent agitation and force of the neck, which in the oriental tongues had been flatly expressed by a metaphor less than this.

"Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper?" There is a twofold beauty in this expression, which not only marks the courage of this beast, by asking if he can be scared? but likewise raises a noble image of his swiftness, by insinuating, that if he could be frightened, he would bound away with the nimbleness of a grasshopper.

"The glory of his nostrils is terrible." This is more strong and concise than that of Virgil, which yet is the noblest line that was ever written without inspiration:

"Collectamque premens volvitur naribus ignem."

Georg. lib. 3.

"And in his nostrils rolls collected fire."

"He rejoiceth in his strength—He mocketh

docility is elegantly painted in his being unmoved at the "rattling quiver, the glittering spear, and the shield;" and is well imitated by Oppian (who undoubtedly read Job as well as Virgil) in his poem upon hunting:

"How firm the manag'd war-horse keeps his ground,  
Nor breaks his order, tho' the trumpets sound!  
With fearless eye the glittering host surveys,  
And glares directly at the helmet's blaze!  
The master's word, the laws of war he knows,  
And when to stop, and when to charge the foes."

"He swalloweth the ground," is an expression for prodigious swiftness, in use among the Arabians, Job's countrymen, at this day. The Latins have something like it:

"Latentque fugi consumere campum." *Nemestian.*

"In flight the extended campaign to consume."

"Carpere prata fugi." *Virg. Georg. lib. 3.*

"In flight to crop the meads."

"campumque volatu  
Cum rapere, petum vestigia querat." *Sil. Ital.*

"When in their flight the campaigns they have snatch'd  
No track is left behind."

"It is indeed the boldest and noblest of images for swiftness; nor have I met with any thing that comes to near it as Mr. Pope's, in Windsor Forest:

"The impatient courser pants in every vein,  
And pawing, seems to beat the distant plain;  
Hills, vales, and floods, appear already cross'd,  
And ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost."

"He smelleth the battle afar off," and what follows about the shouting, is a circumstance expressed with great spirit by Lucan:

"So when the ring with joyful shouts rebounds,  
With rage and pride the imprison'd courser bounds:  
He frets, he foams, he rends his kilt reit;  
Springs o'er the fence, and headlong seeks the plain."

"I am, Sir,

"Your ever obliged servant,  
JOHN LIZARD."

No. 87.] Saturday, June 20, 1713.

—Considerant hinc Thisbe, Priamus illic,  
Inque vicem fuerat captives anhelans oris.  
*Old. Met. Lib. iv. 71.*

Here Pyramus, there gentle Thisbe, strove  
To catch each other's breath, the balmy breeze of love.

My precautions are made up of all that I can hear and see, translate, borrow, paraphrase, or contract, from the persons with whom I mingle and converse, and the authors

of intrigue got into all, even the meanest of the people, and the very servants are bent upon delights, and commence oglers and languishers. I happened the other day to pass by a gentleman's house, and saw the most flippant scene of low love that I have ever observed. The maid was rubbing the windows within side of the house, and her humble servant the footman was so happy a man as to be employed in cleaning the same glass on the side toward the street. The wench began with the greatest severity of aspect imaginable, and breathing on the glass, followed it with a dry cloth; her opposite observed her, and fetching a deep sigh, as if it were his last, with a very disconsolate air did the same on his side of the window. He still worked on and languished, till at last his fair one smiled, but covered herself, and spreading the napkin in her hand, concealed herself from her admirer, while he took pains, as it were, to work through all that intercepted their meeting. This pretty contest held for four or five large panes of glass, until at last the waggery was turned into a humorous way of breathing in each other's faces, and catching the impression. The gay creatures were thus loving and pleasing their imaginations with their nearness and distance, until the windows were so transparent that the beauty of the female made the man-servant impatient of beholding it, and the whole house besides being abroad, he ran in, and they romped out of my sight. It may be imagined these oglers of no quality made a more sudden application of the intention of kind sighs and glances, than those whose education lays them under greater restraints, and who are consequently more slow in their advances. I have often observed all the low part of the town in love, and, taking a hackney-coach, have considered all that passed by me in that light, as these cities are composed of crowds wherein there is not one who is not lawfully or unlawfully engaged in that passion. When one is in this speculation, it is not unpleasant to observe alliances between those males and females whose lot it is to act in public. Thus the woods in the middle of summer are not more entertaining with the different notes of birds, than the town is of different voices of the several sorts of people who act in public; they are divided into classes, and crowds made for crowds. The hackney-coachmen, chairmen, and porters, are the lovers of the hawkerwomen, fruitresses, and milk-maids. They are a wild world by themselves, and have voices significant of their private inclinations, which strangers can take no notice of. Thus a wench with fruit looks like a mad woman when she cries wares you see she does not carry, but those in the secret know that cry is only an assignation to a hackney-coachman who is driving by, and understands her. The whole

people is in an intrigue, and the undiscerning passengers are unacquainted with the meaning of what they hear all round them. They know not how to separate the cries of mercenary traders, from the sighs and lamentations of languishing lovers. The common face of modesty is lost among the ordinary part of the world, and the general corruption of manners is visible from the loss of all deference in the low people towards those of condition. One order of mankind trips fast after the next above it, and by this rule you may trace iniquity from the conversations of the most wealthy, down to those of the humblest degree. It is an act of great resolution to pass by a crowd of polite footmen, who can rally, make love, ridicule, and observe upon all the passengers who are obliged to go by the places where they wait. This licence makes different characters among them, and there are beaux, party-men, and free-thinkers in livery. I take it for a rule, that there is no bad man but makes a bad woman, and the contagion of vice is what should make people cautious of their behaviour. Juvenal says, there is the greatest reverence to be had to the presence of children; it may be as well said of the presence of servants, and it would be some kind of virtue, if we kept our vices to ourselves. It is a feeble authority which has not the support of personal respect, and the dependence founded only upon their receiving their maintenance of us is not of force enough to support us against an habitual behaviour, for which they condemn and deride us. No man can be well served, but by those who have an opinion of his merit; and that opinion cannot be kept up but by an exemption from those faults which we would restrain in our dependants.

Though our fopperies imitated are subjects of laughter, our vices transferred to our servants give matter of lamentation. But there is nothing in which our families are so docile, as in the imitation of our delights. It is, therefore, but common prudence to take care, that our inferiors know of none but our innocent ones. It is, methinks, a very arrogant thing to expect, that the single consideration of not offending us should curb our servants from vice, when much higher motives cannot moderate our own inclinations. But I began this paper with an observation, that the lower world is got into fashionable vices, and, above all, to the understanding the language of the eye. There is nothing but writing songs which the footmen do not practise as well as their masters. Spurious races of mankind, which pine in want, and perish in their first months of being, come into the world from this degeneracy. The possession of wealth and affluence seems to carry some faint extenuation of his guilt who is sunk by it into luxury; but poverty and servitude accompanied with the vices of wealth and li-

centiousness, is, I believe, a circumstance of ill peculiar to our age. This may, perhaps, be matter of jest, or is overlooked by those who do not turn their thoughts upon the actions of others. But from that one particular, of the immorality of our servants arising from the negligence of masters of families in their care of them, flows that irresistible torrent of disasters which spreads itself through all human life. Old age oppressed with beggary, youth drawn into the commission of murders and robberies, both owe their disaster to this evil. If we consider the happiness which grows out of a fatherly conduct towards servants, it would encourage a man to that sort of care, as much as the effects of a libertine behaviour to them would affright us.

Lycurgus is a man of that noble disposition, that his domestics, in a nation of the greatest liberty, enjoy a freedom known only to themselves who live under his roof. He is the banker, the counsel, the parent, of all his numerous dependents. Kindness is the law of his house, and the way to his favour is being gentle, and well-natured to their fellow-servants. Every one recommends himself, by appearing officious to let their patron know the merit of others under his care. Many little fortunes have streamed out of his favour; and his prudence is such, that the fountain is not exhausted by the channels from it, but its way cleared to run new meanders. He bestows with so much judgment, that his bounty is the increase of his wealth; all who share his favour are enabled to enjoy it by his example, and he has not only made, but qualified many a man to be rich.

No. 88.] *Monday, June 22, 1713.*

*Mens agitat molern — Virg. Æn. vi. 727.*  
A mind informs the mass.

To one who regards things with a philosophical eye, and hath a soul capable of being delighted with the sense that truth and knowledge prevail among men, it must be a grateful reflection to think that the sublimest truths, which, among the heathens, only here and there one of brighter parts and more leisure than ordinary could attain to, are now grown familiar to the meanest inhabitants of these nations.

Whence came this surprising change, that regions formerly inhabited by ignorant and savage people, should now outshine ancient Greece, and the other eastern countries so renowned of old, in the most elevated notions of theology and morality? Is it the effect of our own parts and industry? Have our common mechanics more refined understandings than the ancient philosophers? It is owing to the God of truth, who came down from heaven,

and condescended to be himself our teacher. It is as we are Christians, that we profess more excellent and divine truths than the rest of mankind.

If there be any of the free-thinkers who are not direct atheists, charity would incline one to believe; them ignorant of what is here advanced. And it is for their information that I write this paper, the design of which is to compare the ideas that Christians entertain of the being and attributes of a God, with the gross notions of the heathen world. Is it possible for the mind of man to conceive a more august idea of the Deity than is set forth in the holy scriptures? I shall throw together some passages relating to this subject, which I propose only as philosophical sentiments, to be considered by a free-thinker.

'Though there be that are called gods, yet to us there is but one God. He made the heaven, and heaven of heavens, with all their host; the earth, and all things that are therein; the seas, and all that is therein; he said, Let them be, and it was so. He hath stretched forth the heavens. He hath founded the earth, and hung it upon nothing. He hath shut up the sea with doors, and said, Hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be staid. The Lord is an invisible spirit, in whom we live, and move, and have our being. He is the fountain of life. He preserveth man and beast. He giveth food to all flesh. In his hand is the soul of every living thing, and the breath of all mankind. The Lord maketh poor and maketh rich. He bringeth low and lifteth up. He killeth and maketh alive. He woundeth and he healeth. By him kings reign, and princes decree justice; and not a sparrow falleth to the ground without him. All angels, authorities, and powers, are subject to him. He appointeth the moon for seasons, and the sun knoweth his going down. He thundereth with his voice, and directeth it under the whole heaven, and his lightning unto the ends of the earth. Fire and hail, snow and vapour, wind and storm, fulfil his word. The Lord is king for ever and ever, and his dominion is an everlasting dominion. The earth and the heavens shall perish, but thou, O Lord, remainest. They all shall wax old, as doth a garment, and as a vesture shalt thou fold them up, and they shall be changed; but thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end. God is perfect in knowledge; his understanding is infinite. He is the Father of lights. He looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heaven. The Lord beholdeth all the children of men from the place of his habitation, and considereth all their works. He knoweth our down-sitting and up-rising. He compasseth our path, and counteth our steps. He is acquainted with all our ways; and when we enter

our closet, and shut our door, he seeth us. He knoweth the things that come into our mind, every one of them; and no thought can be withholden from him. The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works. He is a father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widow. He is the God of peace, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort and consolation. The Lord is great, and we know him not; his greatness is unsearchable. Who but he hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out the heavens with a span? Thin, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty. Thou art very great, thou art clothed with honour. Heaven is thy throne, and earth is thy footstool.'

Can the mind of a philosopher rise to a more just and magnificent, and at the same time a more amiable idea of the Deity than is here set forth in the strongest images and most emphatical language? And yet this is the language of shepherds and fishermen. The illiterate Jews, and poor persecuted Christians retained these noble sentiments, while the polite and powerful nations of the earth were given up to that sottish sort of worship, of which the following elegant description is extracted from one of the inspired writers.

'Who hath formed a god, and molten an image that is profitable for nothing? The smith with the tongs both worketh in the coals and fashioneth it with hammers, and worketh it with the strength of his arms: yea he is hungry, and his strength faileth. He drinketh no water and is faint. A man planteth an ash, and the rain doth nourish it. He burneth part thereof in the fire. He roasteth roast. He warmeth himself. And the residue thereof he maketh a god. He falleth down unto it, and worshippeth it, and prayeth unto it, and saith, Deliver me, for thou art my god. None considereth in his heart, I have burnt part of it in the fire, yea also, I have baked bread upon the coals thereof; I have roasted flesh and eaten it, and shall I make the residue thereof an abomination? Shall I fall down to the stock of a tree?'\*

In such circumstances as these, for a man to declare for free-thinking, and disengage himself from the yoke of idolatry, were doing honour to human nature, and a work well becoming the great assertors of reason. But in a church, where our adoration is directed to the Supreme Being, and (to say the least) where is nothing either in the object or manner of worship that contradicts the light of nature; there, under the pretence of free-thinking, to rail at the religious institutions of their country, sheweth an undistinguishing genius that mistakes opposition for freedom of thought.

And indeed, notwithstanding the pretences of some few amongst our free-thinkers, I can hardly think there are men so stupid and inconsistent with themselves, as to have a serious regard for natural religion, and at the same time use their utmost endeavours to destroy the credit of those sacred writings, which, as they have been the means of bringing these parts of the world to the knowledge of natural religion, so in case they lose their authority over the minds of men, we should of course sink into the same idolatry which we see practised by other unenlightened nations.

If a person who enerts himself in the modern way of free-thinking be not a stupid idolater, it is undeniable that he contributes all he can to the making other men so, either by ignorance or design; which lays him under the dilemma, I will not say of being a fool or knave, but of incurring the contempt or detestation of mankind.

No. 89.] Tuesday, June 23, 1713.

*Iguens est ollis vigor, et cœlestis origo  
Seminibus— Virg. Æn. vi. 730.*

They boast ethereal vigour, and are form'd  
From seeds of heavenly birth.

THE same faculty of reason and understanding which placeth us above the brute part of the creation, doth also subject our minds to greater and more manifold disquiets than creatures of an inferior rank are sensible of. It is by this that we anticipate future disasters, and oft create to ourselves real pain from imaginary evils, as well as multiply the pangs arising from those which cannot be avoided.

It behoves us therefore to make the best use of that sublime talent, which so long as it continues the instrument of passion, will serve only to make us more miserable, in proportion as we are more excellent than other beings.

It is the privilege of a thinking being to withdraw from the objects that solicit his senses, and turn his thoughts inward on himself. For my own part, I often mitigate the pain arising from the little misfortunes and disappointments that checker human life, by this introversion of my faculties, wherein I regard my own soul as the image of her Creator, and receive great consolation from beholding those perfections which testify her divine original, and lead me into some knowledge of her everlasting archetype.

But there is not any property or circumstance of my being that I contemplate with more joy than my immortality. I can easily overlook any present momentary sorrow, when I reflect that it is in my power to be happy a thousand years hence. If it were not for this thought, I had rather be an oyster than a man, the most stupid and senseless of animals, than

\* Isai. xlv. p. 18.

a reasonable mind tortured with an extreme innate desire of that perfection which it despairs to obtain.

It is with great pleasure that I behold instinct, reason, and faith, concurring to attest this comfortable truth. It is revealed from heaven, it is discovered by philosophers; and the ignorant, unenlightened part of mankind have a natural propensity to believe it. It is an agreeable entertainment to reflect on the various shapes under which this doctrine has appeared in the world. The Pythagorean transmigration, the sensual habitations of the Mætometan, and the shady realms of Pluto, do all agree in the main points, the continuation of our existence, and the distribution of rewards and punishments, proportioned to the merits or demerits of men in this life.

But in all these schemes there is something gross and improbable, that shocks a reasonable and speculative mind. Whereas nothing can be more rational and sublime than the Christian idea of a future state. 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath prepared for those that love him.' The above-mentioned schemes are narrow transcripts of our present state: but in this indefinite description there is something ineffably great and noble. The mind of man must be raised to a higher pitch, not only to partake the enjoyments of the Christian paradise, but even to be able to frame any notion of them.

Nevertheless, in order to gratify our imagination, and by way of condescension to our low way of thinking, the ideas of light, glory, a crown, &c. are made use of to adumbrate that which we cannot directly understand. 'The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away, and behold all things are new. There shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun: for the Lord God giveth them light, and shall make them drink of the river of his pleasures; and they shall reign for ever and ever. They shall receive a crown of glory which fadeth not away.'

These are cheering reflections; and I have often wondered that men could be found so dull and phlegmatic, as to prefer the thought of annihilation before them; or so ill-natured, as to endeavour to persuade mankind to the disbelief of what is so pleasing and profitable even in the prospect; or so blind, as not to see that there is a Deity, and if there be, that this scheme of things flows from his attributes, and

evidently corresponds with the other parts of his creation.

I know not how to account for this absurd turn of thought, except it proceed from a want of other employment joined with an affectation of singularity. I shall, therefore, inform our modern free-thinkers of two points whereof they seem to be ignorant. The first is, that it is not the being singular, but being singular for something, that argues either extraordinary endowments of nature, or benevolent intentions to mankind, which draws the admiration and esteem of the world. A mistake in this point naturally arises from that confusion of thought which I do not remember to have seen so great instances of in any writers as in certain modern free-thinkers.

The other point is, that there are innumerable objects within the reach of a human mind, and each of these objects may be viewed in innumerable lights and positions, and the relations arising from them are innumerable. There is therefore an infinity of things whereon to employ their thoughts, if not with advantage to the world, at least with amusement to themselves, and without offence or prejudice to other people. If they proceed to exert their talent of free-thinking in this way, they may be innocently dull, and no one take any notice of it. But to see men without either wit or argument pretend to run down divine and human laws, and treat their fellow-subjects with contempt for professing a belief of those points, on which the present as well as future interest of mankind depends, is not to be endured. For my own part, I shall omit no endeavours to render their persons as despicable, and their practices as odious, in the eye of the world, as they deserve.

No. 90.] *Wednesday, June 24, 1713.*

— Fungar vice colts— *Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 304.*

I'll play the *—* *hottish.*

*Creeth.*

It is, they say, frequent with authors to write letters to themselves, either out of laziness or vanity.

The following is genuine, and, I think, deserves the attention of every man of sense in England.

'To the Guardian.

SIR,

June 20.

'Though I am not apt to make complaints, and have never yet troubled you with any, and little thought I ever should, yet seeing that in your paper of this day, you take no notice of yesterday's *Examiner*, as I hoped you would; my love for my religion, which is so nearly concerned, would not permit me to be silent. The matter, sir, is this: A bishop of our church (to whom

the Examiner himself has nothing to object, out his care and concern for the protestant religion, which by him, it seems, is thought a sufficient fault) has lately published a book, in which he endeavours to show the folly, ignorance, and mistake of the church of Rome in its worship of saints. From this the Examiner takes occasion to fall upon the author with his utmost malice, and to make him the subject of his ridicule. Is it then become a crime for a protestant to speak or write in defence of his religion? Shall a papist have leave to print and publish in England what he pleases in defence of his own opinion, with the Examiner's approbation; and shall not a protestant be permitted to write an answer to it? For this, Mr. Guardian, is the present case. Last year a papist (or to please Mr. Examiner, a Roman catholic) published the life of St. Wenefrede, for the use of those devout pilgrims who go in great numbers to offer up their prayers to her at her well. This gave occasion to the worthy prelate, in whose diocese that well is, to make some observations upon it; and in order to undeceive so many poor deluded people, to show how little reason, and how small authority there is, not only to believe any of the miracles attributed to St. Wenefrede, but even to believe there ever was such a person in the world. And shall then a good man, upon such an account, be liable to be abused in so public a manner? Can any good church of England man bear to see a bishop, one whom her present majesty was pleased to make, treated in so ludicrous a way? Or should one pass by the scurrility and the immodesty that is to be found in several parts of the paper? Who can with patience see St. Paul and St. Wenefrede set by the Examiner upon a level, and the authority for one made by him to be equal with that for the other? Who that is a Christian can endure his insipid mirth upon so serious an occasion? I must confess it raises my indignation to the greatest height, to see a pen that has been long employed in writing panegyrics upon persons of the first rank (who would be, indeed, to be pitied were they to depend upon that for their praise) to see, I say, the same pen at last made use of in defence of popery.

I think I may now with justice, congratulate with those whom the Examiner dislikes; since, for my own part, I should reckon it my great honour to be worthy his disesteem, and should count his censure praise.

'I am, Sir,  
'your most humble servant.'

The above letter complains, with great justice, against this incorrigible creature; but I do not insert any thing concerning him, in hopes what I say will have any effect upon

him, but to prevent the impression what he says may have upon others. I shall end this paper with a letter I have just now written to a gentleman, whose writings are often inserted in the Guardian, without deviation of one tittle from what he sends.

'SIR,

June 23.

'I have received the favour of yours with the inclosed, which made up the papers of the two last days. I cannot but look upon myself with great contempt and mortification, when I reflect that I have thrown away more hours than you have lived, though you so much excel me in every thing for which I would live. Until I knew you, I thought it the privilege of angels only to be very knowing and very innocent. In the warmth of youth to be capable of such abstracted and virtuous reflections (with a suitable life) as those with which you entertain yourself, is the utmost of human perfection and felicity. The greatest honour I can conceive done to another, is when an elder does reverence to a younger, though that younger is not distinguished above him by fortune. Your contempt of pleasures, riches, and honour will crown you with them all, and I wish you them not for your own sake, but for the reason which only would make them eligible by yourself, the good of others.

I am, dearest youth,  
'your friend and admirer,  
'NESTOR IRONSIDE.

No. 91.] Thursday, June 25, 1713.

——— *lucet una gratia parvis.*  
Little things have their value.

It is the great rule of behaviour to follow nature. The author of the following letter is so much convinced of this truth, that he turns what would render a man of little soul, exceptious, humorsome, and particular in all his actions, to a subject of railery and mirth. He is, you must know, but half as tall as an ordinary man, but is contented to be still at his friend's elbow, and has set up a club, by which he hopes to bring those of his own size into a little reputation.

'To Nestor Ironside, Esq.

'SIR,

'I remember a saying of yours concerning persons in low circumstances of stature, that their littleness would hardly be taken notice of, if they did not manifest a consciousness of it themselves in all their behaviour. Indeed, the observation that no man is ridiculous for being what he is, but only in the affectation of being something more, is equally true in regard to the mind and the body.

'I question not but it will be pleasing to you to hear that a set of us have formed a society, who are sworn to "dare to be short," and boldly bear out the dignity of littleness under the noses of those enormous engrossers of manhood, those hyperbolical monsters of the species, the tall fellows that overlook us.

'The day of our institution was the tenth of December, being the shortest of the year, on which we are to hold an annual feast over a dish of shrimps.

'The place we have chosen for this meeting is in the Little Piazza, not without an eye to the neighbourhood of Mr. Powel's opera, for the performers of which we have, as becomes us, a brotherly affection.

'At our first resort hither an old woman brought her son to the club-room, desiring he might be educated in this school, because she saw here were finer boys than ordinary. However, this accident no way discouraged our designs. We began with sending invitations to those of a stature not exceeding five foot, to repair to our assembly; but the greater part returned excuses, or pretended they were not qualified.

'One said he was indeed but five foot at present, but represented that he should soon exceed that proportion, his periwig-maker and shoemaker having lately promised him three inches more betwixt them.

'Another alleged, he was so unfortunate as to have one leg shorter than the other, and whoever had determined his stature to five foot, had taken him at a disadvantage; for when he was mounted on the other leg, he was at least five foot two inches and a half.

'There were some who questioned the exactness of our measures; and others, instead of complying, returned us informations of people yet shorter than themselves. In a word, almost every one recommended some neighbour or acquaintance, whom he was willing we should look upon to be less than he. We were not a little ashamed that those who are past the years of growth, and whose beards pronounce them men, should be guilty of as many unfair tricks in this point, as the most aspiring children when they are measured.

'We therefore proceeded to fit up the club-room, and provide conveniences for our accommodation. In the first place we caused a total removal of all the chairs, stools, and tables, which had served the gross of mankind for many years. The disadvantages we had undergone while we made use of these, were unspeakable. The president's whole body was sunk in the elbow chair: and when his arms were spread over it, he appeared (to the great lessening of his dignity) like a child in a go-cart. It was also so wide in the seat, as to give a wag occasion of saying, that notwithstanding the president sat in it, there was a *sede vacante*.

'The table was so high, that one who came by chance to the door, seeing our chairs just above the pewter dishes, took us for a circle of men that sat ready to be shaved, and sent in half a dozen barbers. Another time one of the club spoke countenously of the president, imagining he had been absent, when he was only eclipsed by a flask of Florence which stood on the table in a parallel line before his face. We therefore new-furnished the room in all respects proportionably to us, and had the door made lower, so as to admit no man of above five foot high, without brushing his foretop, which whoever does is utterly unqualified to sit among us.

'Some of the statutes of the club are as follow:

'I. If it be proved upon any member, though never so duly qualified, that he strives as much as possible to get above his size, by stretching, cocking, or the like; or that he hath stood on tiptoe in a crowd, with design to be taken for as tall a man as the rest; or hath privily conveyed any large book, cricket, or other device under him, to exalt him on his seat: every such offender shall be sentenced to walk in pumps for a whole month.

'II. If any member shall take advantage, from the fulness or length of his wig, or any part of his dress, or the immoderate extent of his hat, or otherwise, to seem larger or higher than he is; it is ordered, he shall wear red heels to his shoes, and a red feather in his hat, which may apparently mark and set bounds to the extremities of his small dimension, that all people may readily find him out, between his hat and his shoes.

'III. If any member shall purchase a horse for his own riding above fourteen hands and a half in height, that horse shall forthwith be sold, a Scotch galloway bought in its stead for him, and the overplus of the money shall treat the club.

'IV. If any member, in direct contradiction to the fundamental laws of the society, shall wear the heels of his shoes exceeding one inch and half, it shall be interpreted as an open renunciation of littleness, and the criminal shall instantly be expelled. Note, The form to be used in expelling a member shall be in these words, "Go from among us, and be tall if you can!"

'It is the unanimous opinion of our whole society, that since the race of mankind is granted to have decreased in stature from the beginning to this present, it is the intent of nature itself, that men should be little; and we believe that all human kind shall at last grow down to perfection, that is to say, be reduced to our own measure.

'I am, very literally,

'your humble servant,

'BOB SHORT.'



No. 92.] Friday, June 26, 1713:

*Illuminell quanti sunt, cum recugito! Plantus.*

Now I recollect, how considerable are these little men!

*'To Nestor Ironside, Esq.*

*SIR,*

'Twas club rising early this evening, I have time to finish my account of it. You are already acquainted with the nature and design of our institution; the characters of the members, and the topics of our conversation, are what remain for the subject of this epistle.

'The most eminent persons of our assembly are, a little poet, a little lover, a little politician, and a little hero. The first of these, Dick Distich by name, we have elected president, not only as he is the shortest of us all, but because he has entertained us just a sense of the stature, as to go generally in black, that he may appear yet less. Nay, to that perfection is he arrived, that he stoops as he walks. The figure of the man is odd enough: he is a lively little creature, with long arms and legs: a spider is no ill emblem of him. He has been taken at a distance for a small windmill. But indeed what principally moved us in his favour was his talent in poetry, for he hath promised to undertake a long work in short verse to celebrate the heroes of our size. He has entertained us great a respect for Statius, on the score of that line,

*"Major in exiguo regnabit corpore virtus."*

*"A larger portion of hercule fire*

*Did his small limbs and little breast inspire."*

that he once designed to translate the whole Thebaid for the sake of little Tydeus.

'Tom Tiptoe, a dapper black fellow, is the most gallant lover of the age. He is particularly nice in his habiliments; and to the end justice may be done him that way, constantly employs the same artist who makes attire for the neighbouring princes and ladies of quality at Mr. Powell's. The vivacity of his temper inclines him sometimes to boast of the favours of the fair. He was the other night excusing his absence from the club upon account of an assignation with a lady, (and, as he had the vanity to tell us, a tall one too) who had consented to the full accomplishment of his desires that evening; but one of the company, who was his confidant, assured us she was a woman of humour, and made the agreement on this condition, that his toe should be tied to hers.

'Our politician is a person of real gravity, and professed wisdom. Gravity in a man of this size, compared with that of one of ordinary bulk, appears like the gravity of a cat compared with that of a lion. This gentleman is accustomed to talk to himself, and was once overheard to compare his own person to a little cabinet, wherein are looked up all the secrets of state, and refined schemes of princes. His face is pale and meagre, which proceeds from much watching and studying for the wel-

fare of Europe, which is also thought to have stunted his growth: for he hath destroyed his own constitution with taking care of that of the nation. He is what Mons. Balzac calls "a great distiller of the maxims of Tacitus." When he speaks, it is slowly, and word by word, as one that is loth to enrich you too fast with his observations: like a Humber, that gives you, drop by drop, an extract of the simples in it.

'The last I shall mention is Tim Tuck, the hero. He is particularly remarkable for the length of his sword, which intersects his person in a cross line, and makes him appear not unlike a fly that the boys have run a pin through and set a walking. He once challenged a tall fellow for giving him a blow on the pate with his elbow as he passed along the street. But what he especially values himself upon is, that in all the campaigns he has made, he never once ducked at the whiz of a cannon-ball. Tim was full as large at fourteen years old as he is now. This we are tender of mentioning, your little heroes being generally choleric.

'These are the gentlemen that most enliven our conversation. The discourse generally turns upon such accidents, whether fortunate or unfortunate, as are daily occasioned by our size. These we faithfully communicate, either as matter of mirth, or of consolation to each other. The president had lately an unlucky fall, being unable to keep his legs on a stormy day; whereupon he informed us, it was no new disaster, but the same a certain ancient poet had been subject to, who is recorded to have been so light, that he was obliged to poise himself against the wind with lead on one side and his own works on the other. The lover confessed the other night that he had been cured of love to a tall woman by reading over the legend of Ragotine in Scarron, with his tea, three mornings successively. Our hero rarely acquaints us with any of his unsuccessful adventures. And as for the politician, he declares himself an utter enemy to all kind of burlesque, so will never decompose the austerity of his aspect by laughing at our adventures, much less discover any of his own in this ludicrous light. Whatever he tells of any accidents that befall him, is by way of complaint, nor is he to be laughed at, but in his absence.

'We are likewise particularly careful to communicate in the club all such passages of history, or characters of illustrious personages, as any way reflect honour on little men. Tim Tuck having but just reading enough for a military man, perpetually entertains us with the same stories, of little David, that conquered the mighty Goliath, and little Luxembourg, that made Lewis XIV. a grand monarch, never forgetting little Alexander the Great. Dick Distich celebrates the exceeding humanity of Augustus, who called Horace Lepidissimum Homusculum; and is wonderfully pleased

with Vulture and Scarron, for having so well described their diminutive forms to all posterity. He is peremptorily of opinion, against a great reader, and all his adherents, that *Æsop* was not a jot properer or handsomer than he is represented by the common pictures. But the soldier believes with the learned person above-mentioned; for he thinks, none but an impudent tall author could be guilty of such an unmannerly piece of satire on little warriors, as his battle of the mouse and the frog. The politician is very proud of a certain king of Egypt, called Bocchor, who, as *Diodorus* assures us, was a person of very low stature, but far exceeded all that went before him in discretion and politics.

‘As I am secretary to the club, it is my business whenever we meet to take minutes of the transactions. This has enabled me to send you the foregoing particulars, as I may hereafter other memoirs. We have spies appointed in every quarter of the town, to give us informations of the misbehaviour of such refractory persons as refuse to be subject to our statutes. Whatsoever aspiring practices any of these our people shall be guilty of in their amours, single combats, or any indirect means to manhood, we shall certainly be acquainted with, and publish to the world for their punishment and reformation. For the president has granted me the sole property of exposing and showing to the town all such intractable dwarfs, whose circumstances exempt them from being carried about in boxes; reserving only to himself, as the right of a poet, those smart characters that will shine in epigrams. Venerable Nestor, I salute you in the name of the club.

‘BOB SHORT, *Secretary.*’

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No. 95.] Saturday, June 27, 1713.

— Est animus loci contemptor. *Virg. Æn. ix. 905.*

The thing call'd life with ease I can disdain. *Dryden.*

THE following letters are curious and instructive, and shall make up the business of the day.

‘To the Author of the *Guardian*.

‘SIR, June 25, 1713.

‘The inclosed is a faithful translation from an old author, which, if it deserves your notice, let the readers guess whether he was a heathen or a Christian. I am,

ing, but it is that sort of life which alone deserves truly to be called life. In effect, while we are confined to bodies, we ought to esteem ourselves no other than a sort of galley-slaves at the chain, since the soul, which is somewhat divine, and descends from heaven as the place of its original, seems debased and dishonoured by the mixture with flesh and blood, and to be in a state of banishment from its celestial country. I cannot help thinking too, that one main reason of uniting souls to bodies was, that the great work of the universe might have spectators to admire the beautiful order of nature, the regular motion of heavenly bodies, who should strive to express that regularity in the uniformity of their lives. When I consider the boundless activity of our minds, the remembrance we have of things past, our foresight of what is to come; when I reflect on the noble discoveries and vast improvements, by which these minds have advanced arts and sciences; I am entirely persuaded, and out of all doubt that a nature which has in itself a fund of so many excellent things cannot possibly be mortal. I observe further, that my mind is altogether simple, without the mixture of any substance or nature different from its own; I conclude from thence that it is indivisible, and consequently cannot perish.

“By no means think, therefore, my dear friends, when I shall have quitted you, that I cease to be, or shall subsist no where. Remember that while we live together, you do not see my mind, and yet are sure that I have one actuating and moving my body; doubt not then but that this same mind will have a being when it is separated, though you cannot then perceive its actions. What nonsense would it be to pay those honours to great men after their deaths, which we constantly do, if their souls did not then subsist? For my own part, I could never imagine that our minds live only when united to bodies, and die when they leave them; or that they shall cease to think and understand when disengaged from bodies, which without them have neither sense nor reason: on the contrary, I believe the soul when separated from matter, to enjoy the greatest purity and simplicity of its nature, and to have much more wisdom and light than while it was united. We see when the body dies what becomes of all the parts which composed it; but we do not see the mind, either in the body or when it leaves it. Nothing more

papers with which you daily both instruct and divert us, I earnestly desire you to print the following paper. The notions therein advanced are, for aught I know, new to the English reader, and if they are true, will afford room for many useful inferences.

No man that reads the evangelists, but must observe that our blessed Saviour does upon every occasion bend all his force and zeal to rebuke and correct the hypocrisy of the Pharisees. Upon that subject he shows a warmth which one meets with in no other part of his sermons. They were so enraged at this public detection of their secret villanies, by one who saw through all their disguises, that they joined in the prosecution of him, which was so vigorous, that Pilate at last consented to his death. The frequency and vehemence of these representations of our Lord, have made the word Pharisee to be looked upon as odious among Christians, and to mean only one who lays the utmost stress upon the outward, ceremonial, and ritual part of his religion, without having such an inward sense of it, as would lead him to a general and sincere observance of those duties which can only arise from the heart, and which cannot be supposed to spring from a desire of applause or profit.

This is plain from the history of the life and actions of our Lord in the four evangelists. One of them, St. Luke, continued his history down in a second part, which we commonly call *The Acts of the Apostles*. Now it is observable, that in this second part, in which he gives a particular account of what the apostles did and suffered at Jerusalem upon their first entering upon their commission, and also of what St. Paul did after he was consecrated to the apostleship until his journey to Rome, we find not only no opposition to Christianity from the Pharisees, but several signal occasions in which they assisted its first teachers, when the Christian church was in its infant state. The true, zealous, and hearty persecutors of Christianity at that time were the Sadducees, whom we may truly call the free-thinkers among the Jews. They believed neither resurrection, nor angel, nor spirit, *i. e.* in plain English, they were deists at least, if not atheists. They could outwardly comply with, and conform to the establishment in church and state, and they pretended, forsooth, to belong only to a particular sect; and because there was nothing in the law of Moses which in so many words asserted a resurrection, they appeared to adhere to that in a particular manner beyond any other part of the old testament. These men, therefore, justly dreaded the spreading of Christianity after the ascension of our Lord, because it was wholly founded upon his resurrection.

Accordingly, therefore, when Peter and John had cured the lame man at the beautiful gate

of the temple, and had thereby raised a wonderful expectation of themselves among the people, the priests and Sadducees, (*Acts iv.*) clapt them up, and sent them away for the first time with a severe reprimand. Quickly after, when the deaths of Ananias and Sapphira, and the many miracles wrought after those severe instances of the apostolical power had alarmed the priests, who looked upon the temple-worship, and consequently their bread, to be struck at; these priests, and all they that were with them, who were of the sect of the Sadducees, imprisoned the apostles, intending to examine them in the great council the next day. Where, when the council met, and the priests and Sadducees proposed to proceed with great rigour against them, we find that Gamaliel, a very eminent Pharisee, St. Paul's master, a man of great authority among the people, many of whose determinations we have still preserved in the body of the Jewish traditions, commonly called the Talmud, opposed their heat, and told them, for aught they knew, the apostles might be acted by the Spirit of God, and that in such a case it would be in vain to oppose them, since, if they did so, they would only fight against God, whom they could not overcome. Gamaliel was so considerable a man among his own sect, that we may reasonably believe he spoke the sense of his party as well as his own. St. Stephen's martyrdom came on presently after, in which we do not find the Pharisees, as such, had any hand; it is probable that he was prosecuted by those who had before imprisoned Peter and John. One novice indeed of that sect was so zealous, that he kept the clothes of those that stoned him. This novice, whose zeal went beyond all bounds, was the great St. Paul, who was peculiarly honoured with a call from heaven by which he was converted, and he was afterwards, by God himself, appointed to be the apostle of the Gentiles. Besides him, and him too reclaimed in so glorious a manner, we find no one Pharisee either named or hinted at by St. Luke, as an opposer of Christianity in those earliest days. What others might do we know not. But we find the Sadducees pursuing St. Paul even to death at his coming to Jerusalem, in the twenty-first of the *Acts*. He then, upon all occasions, owned himself to be a Pharisee. In the twenty-second chapter he told the people, that he had been bred up at the feet of Gamaliel after the strictest manner, in the law of his fathers. In the twenty-third chapter he told the council that he was a Pharisee, the son of a Pharisee, and that he was accused for asserting the hope and resurrection of the dead, which was their darling doctrine. Hereupon the Pharisees stood by him, and though they did not own our Saviour to be the Messiah, yet they would not deny but some angel or spirit might have spoken to him, and then if they

opposed him, they should fight against God. This was the very argument Gamaliel had used before. The resurrection of our Lord, which they saw so strenuously asserted by the apostles, whose miracles they also saw and owned, (Acts iv. 16.) seems to have struck them, and many of them were converted (Acts xv. 5.) even without a miracle, and the rest stood still and made no opposition.

'We see here what the part was, which the Pharisees acted in this important conjuncture. Of the Sadducees, we meet not with one in the whole apostolic history that was converted. We hear of no miracles wrought to convince any of them, though there was an eminent one wrought to reclaim a Pharisee. St. Paul we see, after his conversion, always gloried in his having been bred a Pharisee. He did so to the people of Jerusalem, to the great council, to king Agrippa, and to the Philippians. So that from hence we may justly infer, that it was not their institution, which was in itself laudable, which our blessed Saviour found fault with, but it was their hypocrisy, their covetousness, their oppression, their overvaluing themselves upon their zeal for the ceremonial law, and their adding to that yoke by their traditions, all which were not properly essentials of their institution, that our Lord blamed.

'But I must not run on. What I would observe, sir, is that atheism is more dreadful, and would be more grievous to human society, if it were invested with sufficient power, than religion under any shape, where its professors do at the bottom believe what they profess. I despair not of a papist's conversion, though I would not willingly lie at a zealot papist's mercy, (and no protestant would, if he knew what popery is) though he truly believes in our Saviour. But the free-thinker, who scarcely believes there is a God, and certainly disbelieves revelation, is a very terrible animal. He will talk of natural rights, and the just freedoms of mankind, no longer than until he himself gets into power; and by the instance before us, we have small grounds to hope for his salvation, or that God will ever vouchsafe him sufficient grace to reclaim him from errors, which have been so immediately levelled against himself.

'If these notions be true, as I verily believe they are, I thought they might be worth publishing at this time, for which reason they are sent in this manner to you by, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

'M. N.'

No. 94.] Monday, June 29, 1713.

Ingenium, sibi quod vacuas desumpit Athenas,
Ex studiis annos septemq. docti, insensitque
Libris et caris; statui taciturnus exit
Plerumque, et risu populum qualis—

Hor. Lib. 2. Ep. II. 81.

IMITATED.

The man, who stretch'd in Idal's calm retreat,
To books and study gives seven years complete,
See! strow'd with learned dust, his night-cap on,
He walks, an object new beneath the sun!
The boys flock round him, and the people stare;
So stiff, so mute! some statue, you would swear,
Stept from its pedestal to take the air! *Pope.*

SINCE our success in worldly matters may be said to depend upon our education; it will be very much to the purpose to inquire if the foundations of our fortune could not be laid deeper and surer than they are. The education of youth falls of necessity under the direction of those who, through fondness to us and our abilities, as well as to their own unwarrantable conjectures, are very likely to be deceived; and the misery of it is, that the poor creatures, who are the sufferers upon wrong advances, seldom find out the errors, until they become irretrievable. As the greater number of all degrees and conditions have their education at the universities, the errors which I conceive to be in those places, fall most naturally under the following observation. The first mismanagement in these public nurseries, is the calling together a number of pupils, of howsoever different ages, views, and capacities, to the same lectures: but surely there can be no reason to think, that a delicate tender babe, just weaned from the bosom of his mother, indulged in all the impertinencies of his heart's desire, should be equally capable of receiving a lecture of philosophy, with a hardy ruffian of full age, who has been occasionally scourged through some of the great schools, groaned under constant rebuke and chastisement, and maintained a ten years' war with literature, under very strict and rugged discipline.

I know the reader has pleased himself with an answer to this already, viz. That an attention to the particular abilities and designs of the pupil cannot be expected from the trifling salary paid upon such account. The price, indeed, which is thought a sufficient reward for any advantages a youth can receive from a man of learning, is an abominable consideration; the enlarging which would not only increase the care of tutors, but would be a very great encouragement to such as designed to take this province upon them, to furnish themselves with a more general and extensive knowledge. As the case now stands, those of the first quality pay their tutors but little above half so much as they do their footmen: what morality, what history, what taste of the modern languages, what lastly, that can make a man happy or great, may not be expected in return for such an immense treasure! It is monstrous, indeed, that the men of the best estates and families, are more solicitous about the tutelage of a favourite dog or horse, than of their heirs male. The next evil is the pedantic veneration that is maintained at the

university for the Greek and Latin, which puts the youth upon such exercises as many of them are incapable of performing with any tolerable success. Upon this emergency they are succoured by the allowed wits of their respective colleges, who are always ready to befriend them with two or three hundred Latin or Greek words thrown together, with a very small proportion of sense.

But the most established error of our university education, is the general neglect of all the little qualifications and accomplishments which make up the character of a well-bred man, and the general attention to what is called deep learning. But as there are very few blessed with a genius that shall force success by the strength of itself alone, and few occasions of life that require the aid of such genius; the vast majority of the unblessed souls ought to store themselves with such acquisitions, in which every man has capacity to make a considerable progress, and from which every common occasion of life may reap great advantage. The persons that may be useful to us in the making our fortunes, are such as are already happy in their own; I may proceed to say, that the men of figure and family are more superficial in their education, than those of a less degree, and of course, are ready to encourage and protect that qualification in another, which they themselves are masters of. For their own application implies the pursuit of something commendable; and when they see their own characters proposed as imitable, they must be won by such an irresistible flattery. But those of the university, who are to make their fortunes by a ready insinuation into the favour of their superiors, condemn this necessary foppery so far, as not to be able to speak common sense to them without hesitation, perplexity, and confusion. For want of care in acquiring less accomplishments which adorn ordinary life, he that is so unhappy as to be born poor, is condemned to a method that will very probably keep him so.

I hope all the learned will forgive me what is said purely for their service, and tends to no

it to one more substantial. The more accomplishments a man is master of, the better is he prepared for a more extended acquaintance, and upon these considerations, without doubt, the author of the Italian book called *Il Cortegiano*, or *The Courtier*, makes throwing the bar, vaulting the horse, nay even wrestling, with several other as low qualifications, necessary for the man whom he figures for a perfect courtier; for this reason no doubt, because his end being to find grace in the eyes of men of all degrees, the means to pursue this end, was the furnishing him with such real and seeming excellencies as each degree had its particular taste of. But those of the university, instead of employing their leisure hours in the pursuit of such acquisitions as would shorten their way to better fortune, enjoy those moments at certain houses in the town, or repair to others at very pretty distances out of it, where 'they drink and forget their poverty, and remember their misery no more.' Persons of this indigent education are apt to pass upon themselves and others for modest, especially in the point of behaviour; though it is easy to prove, that this mistaken modesty not only arises from ignorance, but begets the appearance of its opposite, pride. For he that is conscious of his own insufficiency to address his superiors without appearing ridiculous, is by that betrayed into the same neglect and indifference towards them, which may bear the construction of pride. From this habit they begin to argue against the base submissive application from men of letters to men of fortune, and be grieved when they see, as Ben Jonson says,

——— 'The learned pale
Dock to the golden foot.' ———

though these are points of necessity and convenience, and to be esteemed submissions rather to the occasion than to the person. It was a fine answer of Diogenes, who being asked in mockery, why philosophers were the followers of rich men, and not rich men of philosophers, replied, 'Because the one knew what they had need of, and the other did not.' It cer-

in public, we shall find that the lettered coxcombs without good-breeding, give more just occasion to raillery, than the unlettered coxcombs with it: as our behaviour falls within the judgment of more persons than our conversation, and a failure in it is therefore more visible. What pleasant victories over the loud, the saucy, and the illiterate, would attend the men of learning and breeding; which qualifications could we but join, would beget such a confidence as, arising from good sense and good-nature, would never let us oppress others or desert ourselves. In short, whether a man intends a life of business or pleasure, it is impossible to pursue either in an elegant manner, without the help of good-breeding. I shall conclude with the face at least of a regular discourse; and say, if it is our behaviour and address upon all common occasions that prejudice people in our favour, or to our disadvantage, and the more substantial parts, as our learning and industry, cannot possibly appear but to few; it is not justifiable to spend so much time in that which so very few are judges of, and utterly neglect that which falls within the censure of so many.

No. 95.] Tuesday, June 30, 1713.

—Alena negotia centum—*Hor. Lib. 2. Sat. vi. 39.*
A crowd of petitioners. *Creech.*

I FIND business increase upon me very much, as will appear by the following letters.

'SIR, Oxford, June 24, 1713.

'This day Mr. Oliver Purville, gentleman, property-man to the theatre royal in the room of Mr. William Peer, deceased, arrived here in widow Bartlett's waggon. He is a humble member of the Little Club, and a passionate man, which makes him tell the disasters which he met with on his road hither, a little too incoherently to be rightly understood. By what I can gather from him, it seems that within three miles of this side Wickham, the party was set upon by highwaymen. Mr. Purville was supercargo to the great hamper in which were the following goods. The chains of Jaffier and Pierre; the crowns and sceptres of the posterity of Banquo; the bull, bear, and horse of captain Otter; bones, skulls, pickaxes, and a bottle of brandy, and five muskets; four-score pieces of stock-gold, and thirty pieces of tin-silver, hid in a green purse within a skull. These the robbers, by being put up safe, supposed to be true, and rid off with, not forgetting to take Mr. Purville's own current coin. They broke the armour of Jacomo, which was cased up in the same hamper, and one of them put on the said Jacomo's mask to escape. They also did several extravagancies with no other purpose but to do mischief; they broke a mace for the lord mayor of London. They

also destroyed the world, the sun, and moon, which lay loose in the waggon. Mrs. Bartlett is frightened out of her wits, for Purville says he has her servant's receipt for the world, and expects she shall make it good. Purville is resolved to take no lodgings in town, but makes, behind the scenes, a bed chamber of the hamper. His bed is that in which Desdemona is to die, and he uses the sheet (in which Mr. Johnson is tied up in a comedy,) for his own bed of nights. It is to be hoped the great ones will consider Mr. Purville's loss. One of the robbers has sent, by a country fellow, the stock-gold, and had the impudence to write the following letter to Mr. Purville.

"SIR,

"If you had been an honest man, you would not have put bad money upon men who venture their lives for it. But we shall see you when you come back.

"PHILIP SCOWRER."

'There are many things in this matter which employ the ablest men here, as whether an action will lie for the world among people who make the most of words? or whether it be advisable to call that round ball the world, and if we do not call it so, whether we can have any remedy? the ablest lawyer here says there is no help; for if you call it the world, it will be answered, How could the world be in one shire, to wit, that of Buckingham; for the county must be named, and if you do not name it, we shall certainly be nonsuited. I do not know whether I make myself understood; but you understand me right when you believe I am 'Your most humble servant,

'and faithful correspondent,

'THE PROMPTER.'

'HONOURED SIR,

'Your character of Guardian makes it not only necessary, but becoming, to have several employed under you. And being myself ambitious of your service, I am now your humble petitioner to be admitted into a place I do not find yet disposed of—I mean that of your lion-catcher. It was, sir, for want of such commission from your honour, very many lions have lately escaped. However, I made bold to distinguish a couple. One I found in a coffee-house—He was of the larger sort, looked fierce, and roared loud. I considered wherein he was dangerous; and accordingly expressed my displeasure against him, in such a manner upon his chaps, that now he is not able to show his teeth. The other was a small lion, who was slipping by me as I stood at the corner of an alley—I smelt the creature presently, and caught at him, but he got off with the loss of a lock of hair only, which proved of a dark colour. This and the teeth above-mentioned I have by me, and design them both for a present to Button's coffee-house.

'Besides this way of dealing with them, I

have invented many curious traps, snares, and artificial baits, which, it is humbly conceived, cannot fail of clearing the kingdom of the whole species in a short time.

'This is humbly submitted to your honour's consideration; and I am ready to appear before your honour, to answer to such questions as you in your great wisdom, shall think meet to ask, whenever you please to command,

'Your honour's most obedient

humble servant,

Midsummer-day. 'HERCULES CRABTREE.

'N. B. I have an excellent nose.'

Tom's Coffee-house, in Cornhill,
June 19, 1713.

'SIR,

'Reading in your yesterday's paper a letter from Daniel Button, in recommendation of his coffee-house for polite conversation and freedom from the argument by the button, I make bold to send you this to assure you, that at this place there is as yet kept up as good a decorum in the debates of politics, trade, stocks, &c. as at Will's, or at any other coffee-house at your end of the town. In order, therefore, to preserve this house from the arbitrary way of forcing an assent, by seizing on the collar, neckcloth, or any other part of the body or dress, it would be of signal service if you would be pleased to intimate, that we, who frequent this place after Exchange-time, shall have the honour of seeing you here sometimes; for that would be a sufficient guard to us from all such petty practices, and also be a means of enabling the honest man, who keeps the house, to continue to serve us with the best bohea and green tea, and coffee, and will in a particular manner oblige,

'Sir, your most humble servant,

'JAMES DIAPHER.

'P. S. The room above stairs is the handsomest in this part of the town, furnished with large pier glasses for persons to view themselves in, who have no business with any body else, and every way fit for the reception of fine gentlemen.'

'SIR,

'I am a very great scholar, wear a fair wig, and have an immense number of books curiously bound and gilt. I excel in a singularity of diction and manners, and visit persons of the

'FRIEND NESTOR, Oxford, June 12, 1718.

'I had always a great value for thee, and have so still: but I must tell thee, that thou strangely affectest to be sage and solid: new pr'ythee let me observe to thee, that though it be common enough for people as they grow older to grow graver, yet it is not so common to become wiser. Verily to me thou seemest to keep strange company, and with a positive sufficiency, incident to old age, to follow too much thine own inventions. Thou dependest too much, likewise, upon thy correspondence here, and art apt to take people's words without consideration. But my present business with thee is to expostulate with thee about a late paper, occasioned, as thou say'st, by Jack Lizard's information, (my very good friend) that we are to have a public act.

'Now, I say, in that paper, there is nothing contended for which any man of common sense will deny; all that is there said, is, that no man or woman's reputation ought to be blasted, *i. e.* nobody ought to have an ill character who does not deserve it. Very true; but here's this false consequence insinuated, that therefore nobody ought to hear of their faults; or, in other words, let any body do as much ill as he pleases, he ought not to be told of it. Art thou a patriot, Mr. Ironside, and wilt thou affirm, that arbitrary proceedings and oppression ought to be concealed or justified? Art thou a gentleman, and wouldst thou have base, sordid, ignoble tricks connived at, or tolerated? Art thou a scholar and wouldst thou have learning and good manners discouraged? Wouldst thou have cringing servility, parasitical shuffling, fawning, and dishonest compliances, made the road to success? Art thou a Christian, and wouldst thou have all villanies within the law practised with impunity? Should they not be told of it? It is certain, there are many things which, though there are no laws against them, yet ought not to be done; and in such cases there is no argument so likely to hinder their being done, as the fear of public shame for doing them. The two great reasons against an act are always, the saving of money, and hiding of roguery.

"Here many things are omitted which will be in the speech of the Terræfiliius."

MR. IRONSIDE, Oxford, Sat. 27, 1713.

'This day arrived the vanguard of the theatrical army. Your friend, Mr. George Powel, commanded the artillery, both celestial and terrestrial. The magazines of snow, lightning, and thunder, are safely laid up. We have had no disaster on the way, but that of breaking Cupid's bow by a jolt of the waggon: but they tell us they make them very well in Oxford. We all went in a body, and were shown your chambers in Lincoln college. The Teræfilus expects you down, and we of the theatre, design to bring you into town with all our guards. Those of Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, and the faithful retinue of Cato, shall meet you at Shotover. The ghost of Hamlet, and the statue which supped with Don John, both say, that though it be at noon-day, they will attend your entry. Every body expects you with great impatience. We shall be in very good order when all are come down. We have sent to town for a brick-wall which we forgot. The sea is to come by water.

'Your most humble servant,
'and faithful correspondent,
'THE PROMPTER.'

No. 96.] Wednesday, July 1, 1713.

Canell adscint, meritaque expescit præmia palmæ.
Virg. Æn. v. 70.

Let all be present at the games prepar'd;
And joyful victors wait the just reward. *Dryden.*

THERE is no maxim in politics more indisputable, than that a nation should have many honours in reserve for those who do national services. This raises emulation, cherishes public merit, and inspires every one with an ambition which promotes the good of his country. The less expensive these honours are to the public, the more still do they turn to its advantage.

The Romans abounded with these little honorary rewards, that without conferring wealth or riches, gave only place and distinction to the person who received them. An oaken garland to be worn on festivals and public ceremonies, was the glorious recompense of one who had covered a citizen in battle. A soldier would not only venture his life for a mural crown, but think the most hazardous enterprise sufficiently repaid by so

and his children take their ranks accordingly. This keeps the ambitious subject in a perpetual dependence, making him always vigilant and active, and in every thing conformable to the will of his sovereign.

There are no honorary rewards among us, which are more esteemed by the person who receives them, and are cheaper to the prince, than the giving of medals. But there is something in the modern manner of celebrating a great action in medals, which makes such a reward much less valuable than it was among the Romans. There is generally but one coin stamped on the occasion, which is made a present to the person who is celebrated on it. By this means his whole fame is in his own custody. The applause that is bestowed upon him is too much limited and confined. He is in possession of an honour which the world perhaps knows nothing of. He may be a great man in his own family; his wife and children may see the monument of an exploit, which the public in a little time is a stranger to. The Romans took a quite different method in this particular. Their medals were their current money. When an action deserved to be recorded in coin, it was stamped perhaps upon a hundred thousand pieces of money like our shillings, or halfpence, which were issued out of the mint, and became current. This method published every noble action to advantage, and in a short space of time, spread through the whole Roman empire. The Romans were so careful to preserve the memory of great events upon their coins, that when any particular piece of money grew very scarce, it was often re-coined by a succeeding emperor, many years after the death of the emperor to whose honour it was first struck.

A friend of mine drew up a project of this kind during the late ministry, which would then have been put in execution had it not been too busy a time for thoughts of that nature. As this project has been very much talked of by the gentleman above-mentioned to men of the greatest genius, as well as quality; I am informed there is now a design on foot for executing the proposal which was then made, and that we shall have several farthings and halfpence charged on the reverse with many of the glorious particulars of her majesty's reign. This is one of those arts of peace which may very well deserve to be cultivated,

other polite nations to preserve the memory of their great actions and events on medals. Their subjects are few, their mottoes and devices mean, and the coins themselves not numerous enough to spread among the people, or descend to posterity.

'The French have outdone us in these particulars, and by the establishment of a society for the invention of proper inscriptions and designs, have the whole history of their present king in a regular series of medals. They have failed as well as the English, in coining so small a number of each kind, and those of such costly metals, that each species may be lost in a few ages, and is at present no where to be met with but in the cabinets of the curious.

'The ancient Romans took the only effectual method to disperse and preserve their medals, by making them their current money.

'Every thing glorious or useful, as well in peace as war, gave occasion to a different coin. Not only an expedition, victory, or triumph, but the exercise of a solemn devotion, the remission of a duty or tax, a new temple, sea-port, or highway, were transmitted to posterity after this manner.

'The greatest variety of devices are on their copper money, which have most of the designs that are to be met with on the gold and silver, and several peculiar to that metal only. By this means they were dispersed into the remotest corners of the empire, came into the possession of the poor as well as rich, and were in no danger of perishing in the hands of those that might have melted down coins of a more valuable metal.

'Add to all this, that the designs were invented by men of genius, and executed by a decree of senate.

'It is therefore proposed,

'I. That the English farthings and halfpence be re-coined upon the union of the two nations.

'II. That they bear devices and inscriptions alluding to all the most remarkable parts of her majesty's reign.

'III. That there be a society established for the finding out of proper subjects, inscriptions, and devices.

'IV. That no subject, inscription, or device, be stamped without the approbation of this society, nor if it be thought proper, without the authority of privy-council.

not perishable by time, nor confined to any certain place; properties not to be found in books, statues, pictures, buildings, or any other monuments of illustrious actions.

No. 97.] Thursday, July 2, 1713.

—*Paror est post omnia perdere nascent.*

Juv. Sat. viii. 97.

'Tis mad to lavish what their rapine left.

Sicary.

'SIR,

'I was left a thousand pounds by an uncle, and being a man to my thinking very likely to get a rich widow, I laid aside all thoughts of making my fortune any other way, and without loss of time made my application to one who had buried her husband about a week before. By the help of some of her she-friends who were my relations, I got into her company when she would see no man besides myself and her lawyer, who is a little, rivelled, spindle-shanked gentleman, and married to boot, so that I had no reason to fear him. Upon my first seeing her, she said in conversation within my hearing, that she thought a pale complexion the most agreeable either in man or woman. Now you must know, sir, my face is as white as chalk. This gave me some encouragement; so that to mend the matter I bought a fine flaxen long wig that cost me thirty guineas, and found an opportunity of seeing her in it the next day. She then let drop some expressions about an agate snuff-box. I immediately took the hint, and bought one, being unwilling to omit any thing that might make me desirable in her eyes. I was betrayed after the same manner into a brocade waistcoat, a sword knot, a pair of silver fringed gloves, and a diamond ring. But whether out of fickleness or a design upon me, I cannot tell; but I found by her discourse, that what she liked one day, she disliked another: so that in six months' space I was forced to equip myself above a dozen times. As I told you before, I took her hints at a distance, for I could never find an opportunity of talking with her directly to the point. All this time, however, I was allowed the utmost familiarities with her lap-dog, and have played with it above an hour together, without receiving the least reprimand, and had many other marks of favour shown me, which

long letter, in the space of about a twelvemonth I have run out of my whole thousand pound upon her, having laid out the last fifty in a new suit of clothes, in which I was resolved to receive her final answer, which amounted to this, "that she was engaged to another; that she never dreamt I had any such thing in my head as marriage; and that she thought I had frequented her house only because I loved to be in company with my relations." This, you know, sir, is using a man like a fool, and so I told her; but the worst of it is, that I have spent my fortune to no purpose. All, therefore, that I desire of you is, to tell me whether, upon exhibiting the several particulars which I have related to you, I may not sue her for damages in a court of justice. Your advice in this particular will very much oblige

'Your most humble admirer,
'SIMON SOFTLY.'

Before I answer Mr. Softly's request, I find myself under a necessity of discussing two nice points. First of all, What it is, in cases of this nature, that amounts to an encouragement; and secondly, What it is that amounts to a promise? Each of which subjects requires more time to examine than I am at present master of. Besides, I would have my friend Simon consider, whether he has any counsel that will undertake his cause *in forma pauperis*, he having unluckily disabled himself, by his own account of the matter, from prosecuting his suit any other way.

In answer, however, to Mr. Softly's request, I shall acquaint him with a method made use of by a young fellow in king Charles the Second's reign, whom I shall here call Silvio, who had long made love with much artifice and intrigue, to a rich widow, whose true name I shall conceal under that of Zelinda. Silvio, who was much more smitten with her fortune than her person, finding a twelvemonth's application unsuccessful, was resolved to make a saving bargain of it; and since he could not get the widow's estate into his possession, to recover at least what he had laid out of his own in the pursuit of it.

In order to this he presented her with a bill of costs, having particularised in it the several expenses he had been at in his long perplexed amour. Zelinda was so pleased with the humour of the fellow, and his frank way of dealing, that, upon the perusal of the bill, she sent him a purse of fifteen hundred guineas, by the right application of which, the lover, in less than a year, got a woman of a greater fortune than her he had missed. The several articles in the bill of costs I pretty well remember, though I have forgotten the particular sum charged to each article.

Laid out in supersuperfluous full-bottom wigs.

Fiddles for a serenade, with a speaking trumpet.

Gilt paper in letters, and billet-doux, with perfumed wax.

A ream of sonnets and love-verses, purchased at different times of Mr. Triplet at a crown a sheet.

To Zelinda, two sticks of May-cherries.

Last summer at several times, a bushel of peaches.

Three porters whom I planted about her to watch her motions.

The first who stood centry near her door.

The second who had his stand at the stables where her coach was put up.

The third who kept watch at the corner of the street where Ned Courtall lives, who has since married her.

Two additional porters planted over her during the whole month of May.

Five conjurors kept in pay all last winter.

Spy-money to John Trott her footman, and Mrs. Sarah Wheedle her companion.

A new Conningmark blade to fight Ned Courtall.

To Zelinda's woman (Mrs. Abigail) an Indian fan, a dozen pair of white kid gloves, a piece of Flanders lace, and fifteen guineas in dry money.

Secret-service money to Betty at the ring.

Ditto to Mrs. Tape the mantua-maker.

Loss of time.

No. 98.] Friday, July 3, 1713.

In esse redit—— Virg. Georg. iv. 444.

He resumes himself.

THE first who undertook to instruct the world in single papers was Isaac Bickerstaff of famous memory: a man nearly related to the family of the Ironsides. We have often smoked a pipe together; for I was so much in his books, that at his decease he left me a silver standish, a pair of spectacles, and the lamp by which he used to write his lucubrations.

The venerable Isaac was succeeded by a gentleman of the same family, very memorable for the shortness of his face and of his speeches. This ingenious author published his thoughts, and held his tongue with great applause, for two years together.

I Nestor Ironside, have now for some time undertaken to fill the place of these my two renowned kinsmen and predecessors. For it is observed of every branch of our family, that we have all of us a wonderful inclination to give good advice, though it is remarked of some of us, that we are apt on this occasion, rather to give than take.

However it be, I cannot but observe with some secret pride, that this way of writing diurnal papers has not succeeded for any space of time in the hands of any persons who are not of our line. I believe I speak within com-

pass, when I affirm that above a hundred different authors have endeavoured after our family-way of writing, some of which have been writers in other kinds of the greatest eminence in the kingdom: but I do not know how it has happened, they have none of them hit upon the art. Their projects have always dropt after a few unsuccessful essays. It puts me in mind of a story which was lately told me by a pleasant friend of mine, who has a very fine band on the violin. His maid servant seeing his instrument lying upon the table, and being sensible there was music in it, if she knew how to fetch it out, drew the bow over every part of the strings, and at last told her master she had tried the fiddle all over, but could not for her heart find where about the tone lay.

But though the whole burden of such a paper is only fit to rest on the shoulders of a Hickerstaff or an Ironside; there are several who can acquit themselves of a single day's labour in it with suitable abilities. These are gentlemen whom I have often invited to this trial of wit, and who have several of them acquitted themselves to my private emolument; as well as to their own reputation. My paper among the republic of letters is the Ulysses his bow, in which every man of wit or learning may try his strength. One who does not care to write a book without being sure of his abilities, may see by this means if his parts and talents are to the public taste.

This I take to be of great advantage to men of the best sense, who are always diffident of their private judgment, until it receives a sanction from the public. '*Provoco ad populum*,' 'I appeal to the people,' was the usual saying of a very excellent dramatic poet, when he had any dispute with particular persons about the justness and regularity of his productions. It is but a melancholy comfort for an author to be satisfied that he has written up to the rules of art, when he finds he has no admirers in the world besides himself. Common modesty should, on this occasion, make a man suspect his own judgment, and that he misapplies the rules of his art, when he finds himself singular in the applause which he bestows upon his own writings.

The public is always even with an author who has not a just deference for them. The contempt is reciprocal. 'I laugh at every one,' said an old cynic, 'who laughs at me.' 'Do you so,' replied the philosopher; 'then let me tell you, you live the merriest life of any man in Athens.'

It is not, therefore, the least use of this my paper, that it gives a timorous writer, and such is every good one, an opportunity of putting his abilities to the proof, and of sounding the public before he launches into it. For this reason I look upon my paper as a kind of nursery for authors, and question not but some

who have made a good figure here, will hereafter flourish under their own names in more long and elaborate works.

After having thus far enlarged upon this particular, I have one favour to beg of the candid and courteous reader, that when he meets with any thing in this paper which may appear a little dull and heavy (though I hope this will not be often) he will believe it is the work of some other person, and not of Nestor Ironside.

I have, I know not how, been drawn into tattle of myself, *more majorum*, almost the length of a whole Guardian; I shall, therefore, fill up the remaining part of it with what still relates to my own person and my correspondents. Now I would have them all know, that on the twentieth instant it is my intention to erect a lion's head in imitation of those I have described in Venice, through which all the private intelligence of that commonwealth is said to pass. This head is to open a most wide and voracious mouth, which shall take in such letters and papers as are conveyed to me by my correspondents, it being my resolution to have a particular regard to all such matters as come to my hands through the mouth of the lion.

There will be under it a box, of which the key will be kept in my own custody, to receive such papers as are dropped into it. Whatever the lion swallows I shall digest for the use of the public. This head requires some time to finish, the workman being resolved to give it several masterly touches and to represent it as rareous as possible. It will be set up in Button's coffee-house in Covent-garden,* who is directed to show the way to the lion's head, and to instruct any young author how to convey his works into the mouth of it with safety and secrecy.

No. 99.] Saturday, July 4, 1713.

Justam et tenacem proposuit virum,
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatuor solida; neque anser
Dux inquieti turbidæ Adriæ,
Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus:
Sæ fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum seriem fuit. *Hor. Lib. 3. Od. iii. l.*

PARAPHRASED.

The man resolv'd and steady to his trust,
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
Their senseless clamours, and tumultuous cries:
The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,
And the stern brow, and the harsh voice defies
And with superior greatness smiles.

Not the rough whirlwind, that defirms
Adriæ's black gulph, and vexes it with storms,

* The lion's head, formerly at Button's coffee-house, was preserved many years at the Shakespeare tavern in Covent garden; the master of the tavern becoming a bankrupt, it was sold among his effects, Nov. 8, 1804, for 174. 10s.

The stubborn virtue of his soul can move;
 Not the red arm of angry Jove,
 That flings the thunder from the sky,
 And gives it rage to roar, and strength to fly.
 Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
 In ruin and confusion hurld,
 He unconcern'd would hear the mighty crack,
 And stand secure amidst a falling world. *Anon.*

THERE is no virtue so truly great and god-like as justice. Most of the other virtues are the virtues of created beings, or accommodated to our nature as we are men. Justice is that which is practised by God himself, and to be practised in its perfection by none but him. Omniscience and omnipotence are requisite for the full exertion of it. The one to discover every degree of uprightness or iniquity in thoughts, words, and actions; the other, to measure out and impart suitable rewards and punishments.

As to be perfectly just is an attribute in the divine nature, to be so to the utmost of our abilities is the glory of a man. Such a one, who has the public administration in his hands, acts like the representative of his maker, in recompensing the virtuous, and punishing the offender. By the extirpating of a criminal he averts the judgments of Heaven, when ready to fall upon an impious people; or, as my friend Cato expresses it much better, in a sentiment conformable to his character,

'When by just vengeance impious mortals perish,
 The gods behold their punishment with pleasure,
 And lay th' uplifted thunderbolt aside.'

When a nation once loses its regard to justice; when they do not look upon it as something venerable, holy, and inviolable; when any of them dare presume to lessen, affront, or terrify those who have the distribution of it in their hands; when a judge is capable of being influenced by any thing but law, or a cause may be recommended by any thing that is foreign to its own merits, we may venture to pronounce that such a nation is hastening to its ruin.

For this reason the best law that has ever past in our days, is that which continues our judges in their posts during their good behaviour, without leaving them to the mercy of such who in ill times might, by an undue influence over them, trouble and pervert the course of justice. I dare say the extraordinary person who is now posted in the chief station of the law, would have been the same had that act never past; but it is a great satisfaction to all honest men, that while we see the greatest ornament of the profession in its highest post, we are sure he cannot hurt himself by that assiduous, regular, and impartial administration of justice, for which he is so universally celebrated by the whole kingdom. Such men are to be reckoned among the greatest national blessings, and should have that honour paid them whilst they are yet living, which will not fail to crown their memory when dead.

I always rejoice when I see a tribunal filled with a man of an upright and inflexible temper, who in the execution of his country's laws can overcome all private fear, resentment solicitation, and even pity itself. Whatever passion enters into a sentence or decision, as far will there be in it a tincture of injustice. In short, justice discards party, friendship, kindred, and is therefore always represented as blind, that we may suppose her thoughts are wholly intent on the equity of a cause, without being diverted or prejudiced by objects foreign to it.

I shall conclude this paper with a Persian story, which is very suitable to my present subject. It will not a little please the reader, if he has the same taste of it which I myself have.

As one of the sultans lay encamped on the plains of Avala, a certain great man of the army entered by force into a peasant's house, and finding his wife very handsome, turned the good man out of his dwelling and went to bed to her. The peasant complained the next morning to the sultan, and desired redress; but was not able to point out the criminal. The emperor, who was very much incensed at the injury done to the poor man, told him that probably the offender might give his wife another visit, and if he did, commanded him immediately to repair to his tent and acquaint him with it. Accordingly, within two or three days the officer entered again the peasant's house, and turned the owner out of doors; who thereupon applied himself to the imperial tent, as he was ordered. The sultan went in person, with his guards, to the poor man's house, where he arrived about midnight. As the attendants carried each of them a flambeau in their hands, the sultan, after having ordered all the lights to be put out, gave the word to enter the house, find out the criminal, and put him to death. This was immediately executed, and the corpse laid out upon the floor by the emperor's command. He then bid every one light his flambeau, and stand about the dead body. The sultan approaching it, looked about the face, and immediately fell upon his knees in prayer. Upon his rising up, he ordered the peasant to set before him whatever food he had in his house. The peasant brought out a good deal of coarse fare, of which the emperor ate very heartily. The peasant seeing him in good humour, presumed to ask of him, why he had ordered the flambeaux to be put out before he had commanded the adulterer should be slain? Why, upon their being lighted again, he looked upon the face of the dead body, and fell down in prayer? And why, after this, he had ordered meat to be set before him, of which he now eat so heartily? The sultan being willing to gratify the curiosity of his host, answered him in this manner. 'Upon hearing the greatness

of the offence which had been committed by one of the army, I had reason to think it might have been one of my own sons, for who else would have been so audacious and presuming! I gave orders therefore for the lights to be extinguished, that I might not be led astray, by partiality or compassion, from doing justice on the criminal. Upon the lighting the flambeaux a second time, I looked upon the face of the dead person, and, to my unspeakable joy, found it was not my son. It was for this reason that I immediately fell upon my knees and gave thanks to God. As for my eating heartily of the food you have set before me, you will cease to wonder at it, when you know that the great anxiety of mind I have been in upon this occasion, since the first complaints you brought me, has hindered my eating any thing from that time until this very moment.' E-7

No. 100.] *Monday, July 6, 1713.*

*Hoc vos præcipiâ, vivens, decet, hoc ubi vidi,
Oculis ferre humero, quâ patet, naque libet.
Ovid. Ars Amator. Lib. iii. 309.*

*If snowy white your neck, you still should wear
That, and the shoulder of the left arm, bare;
Such sights he'er fail to fire my am'rous heart,
And make me pant to kiss the naked part.*

Congress.

THERE is a certain female ornament by some called a tucker, and by others the neck-piece, being a slip of fine linen or muslin that used to run in a small kind of ruffle round the uppermost verge of the women's stays, and by that means covered a great part of the shoulders and bosom. Having thus given a definition, or rather description of the tucker, I must take notice that our ladies have of late thrown aside this fig-leaf, and exposed in its primitive nakedness that gentle swelling of the breast which it was used to conceal. What their design by it is, they themselves best know.

I observed this as I was sitting the other day by a famous she-visitant at my lady Lizard's, when accidentally as I was looking upon her face, letting my sight fall into her bosom, I was surprised with beauties which I never before discovered, and do not know where my eye would have run, if I had not immediately checked it. The lady herself could not forbear blushing, when she observed by my looks that she had made her neck too beautiful and glaring an object, even for a man of my character and gravity. I could scarce forbear making use of my hand to cover so unseemly a sight.

If we survey the pictures of our great grandmothers in queen Elizabeth's time, we see them clothed down to the very wrists, and up to the very chin. The hands and face were the only samples they gave of their beautiful persons. The following age of females made larger discoveries of their complexion. They first of all

tucked up their garments to the elbow, and notwithstanding the tenderness of the sex, were content, for the information of mankind, to expose their arms to the coldness of the air, and injuries of the weather. This artifice hath succeeded to their wishes, and betrayed many to their arms, who might have escaped them had they been still concealed.

About the same time, the ladies considering that the neck was a very modest part in a human body, they freed it from those yokes, I mean those monstrous linen ruffs, in which the simplicity of their grandmothers had inclosed it. In proportion as the age refined, the dress still sunk lower; so that when we now say a woman has a handsome neck, we reckon into it many of the adjacent parts. The disuse of the tucker has still enlarged it, insomuch that the neck of a fine woman at present takes in almost half the body.

Since the female neck thus grows upon us, and the ladies seem disposed to discover themselves to us more and more, I would fain have them tell us once for all, how far they intend to go, and whether they have yet determined among themselves where to make a stop.

For my own part, their necks, as they call them, are no more than busts of alabaster in my eye. I can look upon

'The yielding marble of a snowy breast,'

with as much coldness as this line of Mr. Waller represents in the object itself. But my fair readers ought to consider that all their beholders are not Nestors. Every man is not sufficiently qualified with age and philosophy, to be an indifferent spectator of such allurements. The eyes of young men are curious and penetrating, their imaginations are of a roving nature, and their passion under no discipline or restraint. I am in pain for a woman of rank, when I see her thus exposing herself to the regards of every impudent staring fellow. How can she expect that her quality can defend her, when she gives such provocation? I could not but observe last winter, that upon the disuse of the neck-piece (the ladies will pardon me, if it is not the fashionable term of art) the whole tribe of oglers gave their eyes a new determination, and stared the fair sex in the neck rather than in the face. To prevent these saucy familiar glances, I would entreat my gentle readers to sew on their tuckers again, to retrieve the modesty of their characters, and not to imitate the nakedness, but the innocence, of their mother Eve.

What most troubles and indeed surprises me in this particular, I have observed that the leaders in this fashion were most of them married women. What their design can be in making themselves bare I cannot possibly imagine. Nobody exposes wares that are appropriated. When the bird is taken, the snare

ought to be removed. It was a remarkable circumstance in the institution of the severe *Lycurgus*: as that great lawgiver knew that the wealth and strength of a republic consisted in the multitude of citizens, he did all he could to encourage marriage. In order to it he prescribed a certain loose dress for the Spartan maids, in which there were several artificial rents and openings, that upon their putting themselves in motion, discovered several limbs of the body to the beholders. Such were the baits and temptations made use of by that wise lawgiver, to incline the young men of his age to marriage. But when the maid was once sped, she was not suffered to tantalize the male part of the commonwealth. Her garments were closed up, and stitched together with the greatest care imaginable. The shape of her limbs and complexion of her body had gained their ends, and were ever after to be concealed from the notice of the public.

I shall conclude this discourse of the tucker with a moral which I have taught upon all occasions, and shall still continue to inculcate into my female readers; namely, that nothing bestows so much beauty on a woman as modesty. This is a maxim laid down by Ovid himself, the greatest master in the art of love. He observes upon it, that *Venus* pleases most when she appears (*semi-reducta*) in a figure withdrawing herself from the eye of the beholder. It is very probable he had in his thoughts the statue which we see in the *Venus de Medici*, where she is represented in such a shy retiring posture, and covers her bosom with one of her hands. In short, modesty gives the maid greater beauty than even the bloom of youth, it bestows on the wife the dignity of a matron, and reinstates the widow in her virginity.

No. 101.] Tuesday, July 7, 1713.

Trois Tyrinsve mihi nullo discrimine habetur.

Virg. Æn. l. 578.

Trojan and Tyrian differ but in name,
Both to my favour have an equal claim.

This being the great day of thanksgiving for the peace, I shall present my reader with a couple of letters that are the fruits of it. They are written by a gentleman who has taken this opportunity to see France, and has given his friends in England a general account of what he has there met with, in several epistles. Those which follow were put into my hands with liberty to make them public, and I question not but my reader will think himself obliged to me for so doing.

‘STR,

‘Since I had the happiness to see you last, I have encountered as many misfortunes as a knight-errant. I had a fall into the water at

Calais, and since that, several bruises upon the land, lame post-horses by day, and hard beds at night, with many other dismal adventures,

“*Quorum animus memialisæ horret luctuque refagit.*

Virg. Æn. li. 12.

“At which my memory with grief recalls.”

‘My arrival at Paris was at first no less uncomfortable, where I could not see a face nor hear a word that I ever met with before; so that my most agreeable companions have been statues and pictures, which are many of them very extraordinary; but what particularly recommends them to me is, that they do not speak French, and have a very good quality, rarely to be met with in this country, of not being too talkative.

‘I am settled for some time at Paris. Since my being here I have made the tour of all the king’s palaces; which has been, I think, the pleasantest part of my life. I could not believe it was in the power of art, to furnish out such a multitude of noble scenes as I there met with; or that so many delightful prospects could lie within the compass of a man’s imagination. There is every thing done that can be expected from a prince who removes mountains, turns the course of rivers, raises woods in a day’s time, and plants a village or town on such a particular spot of ground, only for the bettering of a view. One would wonder to see how many tricks he has made the water play for his diversion. It turns itself into pyramids, triumphal arches, glass bottles, imitates a fire work, rises in a mist, or tells a story out of *Æsop*.

‘I do not believe, as good a poet as you are, that you can make finer landscapes than those about the king’s houses, or, with all your descriptions, raise a more magnificent palace than Versailles. I am, however, so singular as to prefer Fontainebleau to all the rest. It is situated among rocks and woods, that give you a fine variety of salvage prospects. The king has humoured the genius of the place, and only made use of so much art as is necessary to help and regulate nature, without reforming her too much. The cascades seem to break through the clefts and cracks of rocks that are covered over with moss, and look as if they were piled upon one another by accident. There is an artificial wildness in the meadows, walks, and canals; and the garden, instead of a wall, is fenced on the lower end by a natural mound of rock-work that strikes the eye very agreeably. For my part, I think there is something more charming in these rude heaps of stone than in so many statues, and would as soon see a river winding through woods and meadows, as when it is tossed up in so many whimsical figures at Versailles. To pass from works of nature to those of art: In my opinion, the pleasantest part of Versailles is the gallery.

Every one sees on each side of it something that will be sure to please him. For one of them commands a view of the finest garden in the world, and the other is wainscoted with looking-glass. The history of the present king until the year 16— is painted on the roof by Le Brun, so that his majesty has actions enough by him to furnish another gallery much longer than the present.

‘The painter has represented his most Christian majesty under the figure of Jupiter, throwing thunderbolts all about the ceiling, and striking terror into the Danube and Rhine, that lie astonished and blasted with lightning a little above the cornice.

‘But what makes all these shows the more agreeable, is the great kindness and affability that is shown to strangers. If the French do not excel the English in all the arts of humanity, they do at least in the outward expressions of it. And upon this, as well as other accounts, though I believe the English are a much wiser nation, the French are undoubtedly much more happy. Their old men in particular are, I believe, the most agreeable in the world. An antediluvian could not have more life and briskness in him at threescore and ten: for that fire and levity which makes the young ones scarce conversible, when a little wasted and tempered by years, makes a very pleasant and gay old age. Besides, this national fault of being so very talkative looks natural and graceful in one that has grey hairs to countenance it. The mentioning this fault in the French must put me in mind to finish my letter, lest you think me already too much infected by their conversation; but I must desire you to consider, that travelling does in this respect lay a little claim to the privilege of old age.

‘I am, Sir, &c.’

‘SIR,

Blols, May 15, N. S.

‘I cannot pretend to trouble you with any news from this place, where the only advantage I have besides getting the language, is to see the manners and tempers of the people, which I believe may be better learnt here than in courts and greater cities, where artifice and disguise are more in fashion.

‘I have already seen, as I informed you in my last, all the king’s palaces, and have now seen a great part of the country. I never thought there had been in the world such an

It is not in the power of want or slavery to make them miserable. There is nothing to be met with in the country but mirth and poverty. Every one sings, laughs, and starves. Their conversation is generally agreeable; for if they have any wit or sense, they are sure to show it. They never mend upon a second meeting, but use all the freedom and familiarity at first sight, that a long intimacy or abundance of wine, can scarce draw from an Englishman. Their women are perfect mistresses in the art of showing themselves to the best advantage. They are always gay and sprightly, and set off the worst faces in Europe with the best airs. Every one knows how to give herself as charming a look and posture as sir Godfrey Kneller could draw her in. I cannot end my letter without observing, that from what I have already seen of the world, I cannot but set a particular mark of distinction upon those who abound most in the virtues of their nation, and least with its imperfections. When, therefore, I see the good sense of an Englishman in its highest perfection without any mixture of the spleen, I hope you will excuse me, if I admire the character, and am ambitious of subscribing myself,

‘Sir, yours, &c.’

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No. 102.] Wednesday, July 8, 1713.

—— Natos ad flumina primam
Deferimus, sævoque gelu duramus et nocte.
Virg. Ecl. ix. 603.

Strong from the cradle, of a sturdy brood,
We bear our new-born infants to the flood;
There bath’d amid the stream, our boys we hodd,
With winter harden’d, and inur’d to cold. *Dryden.*

I AM always beating about in my thoughts for something that may turn to the benefit of my dear countrymen. The present season of the year having put most of them in slight summer-suits, has turned my speculations to a subject that concerns every one who is sensible of cold or heat, which I believe takes in the greatest part of my readers.

There is nothing in nature more inconstant than the British climate, if we except the humour of its inhabitants. We have frequently in one day all the seasons of the year. I have shivered in the dog-days, and been forced to throw off my coat in January. I have gone to bed in August, and rose in December. Summer

home and tried upon him, the deformity was removed into the other shoulder. Upon which the tailor begged pardon for the mistake, and mended it as fast as he could, but upon a third trial found him a straight-shouldered man as one would desire to see, but a little unfortunate in a hump back. In short, this wandering tumour puzzled all the workmen about town, who found it impossible to accommodate so changeable a customer. My reader will apply this to any one who would adapt a suit to a season of our English climate.

After this short descant on the uncertainty of our English weather, I come to my moral.

A man should take care that his body be not too soft for his climate; but rather, if possible, harden and season himself beyond the degree of cold wherein he lives. Daily experience teaches us how we may inure ourselves by custom to bear the extremities of weather without injury. The inhabitants of Nova Zembla go naked, without complaining of the bleakness of the air in which they are born, as the armies of the northern nations keep the field all winter. The softest of our British ladies expose their arms and necks to the open air, which the men could not do without catching cold, for want of being accustomed to it. The whole body by the same means might contract the same firmness and temper. The Scythian that was asked how it was possible for the inhabitants of his frozen climate to go naked, replied, 'Because we are all over face.' Mr. Locke advises parents to have their children's feet washed every morning in cold water, which might probably prolong multitudes of lives.

I verily believe a cold bath would be one of the most healthful exercises in the world, were it made use of in the education of youth. It would make their bodies more than proof to the injuries of the air and weather. It would be something like what the poets tell us of Achilles, whom his mother is said to have dipped, when he was a child, in the river Styx. The story adds, that this made him invulnerable all over, excepting that part which his mother held in her hand during this immersion, and which by that means lost the benefit of these hardening waters. Our common practice runs in a quite contrary method. We are perpetually softening ourselves by good fires and warm clothes. The air within our rooms has generally two or three degrees more of heat in it than the air without doors.

Crassus is an old lethargic valetudinarian. For these twenty years last past he has been clothed in frize of the same colour, and of the same piece. He fancies he should catch his death in any other kind of manufacture; and though his avarice would incline him to wear it until it was threadbare, he dares not do it lest he should take cold when the knap is off.

He could no more live without his frize coat, than without his skin. It is not indeed so properly his coat as what the anatomists call one of the integuments of the body.

How different an old man is Crassus from myself! It is, indeed, the particular distinction of the Ironsides to be robust and hardy, to defy the cold and rain, and let the weather do its worst. My father lived till a hundred without a cough; and we have a tradition in the family, that my grandfather used to throw off his hat, and go open-breasted, after fourscore. As for myself, they used to sowse me over head and ears in water when I was a boy, so that I am now looked upon as one of the most case-hardened of the whole family of the Ironsides. In short, I have been so plunged in water and inured to the cold, that I regard myself as a piece of true-tempered *Steel*, and can say with the above-mentioned Scythian, that I am face, or, if my enemies please, forehead, all over.

No. 103.] *Thursday, July 9, 1713.*

*Dum flammas Jovis, et soulas imitator olympi.
Virg. Æn. vi. 586.*

*With mimic thunder impiously he plays,
And darts the artificial lightning's blaze.*

I AM considering how most of the great phenomena or appearances in nature, have been imitated by the art of man. Thunder is grown a common drug among the chymists. Lightning may be bought by the pound. If a man has occasion for a lambent flame, you have whole sheets of it in a handful of phosphor. Showers of rain are to be met with in every water-work; and we are informed, that some years ago the virtuosos of France covered a little vault with artificial snow, which they made to fall above an hour together for the entertainment of his present majesty.

I am led into this train of thinking by the noble fire-work that was exhibited last night upon the Thames. You might there see a little sky filled with innumerable blazing stars and meteors. Nothing could be more astonishing than the pillars of flame, clouds of smoke, and multitudes of stars mingled together in such an agreeable confusion. Every rocket ended in a constellation, and strowed the air with such a shower of silver spangles, as opened and enlightened the whole scene from time to time. It put me in mind of the lines in *Œdipus*,

*'Why from the bleeding womb of monstrous night
Burst forth such myriads of abortive stars?'*

In short, the artist did his part to admiration, and was so encompassed with fire and smoke that one would have thought nothing but a salamander could have been safe in such a situation.

I was in company with two or three fanciful friends during this whole show. One of them being a critic, that is, a man who on all occasions is more attentive to what is wanting than what is present, began to exert his talent upon the several objects we had before us. 'I am mightily pleased,' says he, 'with that burning cypher. There is no matter in the world so proper to write with as wild-fire, as no characters can be more legible than those which are read by their own light. But as for your cardinal virtues, I do not care for seeing them in such combustible figures. Who can imagine Chastity with a body of fire, or Temperance in a flame? Justice indeed may be furnished out of this element as far as her sword goes, and Courage may be all over one continued blaze, if the artist pleases.'

Our companion observing that we laughed at this unseasonable severity, let drop the critic, and proposed a subject for a fire-work, which he thought would be very amusing, if executed by so able an artist as he who was at that time entertaining us. The plan he mentioned was a scene in Milton. He would have a large piece of machinery represent the Pandæmonium, where,

——— 'from the arched roof
Pendant by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps, and blazing cressets, fed
With naphtha and asphaltos, yielded light
As from a sky'———

This might be finely represented by several illuminations disposed in a great frame of wood, with ten thousand beautiful exhalations of fire, which men versed in this art know very well how to raise. The evil spirits at the same time might very properly appear in vehicles of flame, and employ all the tricks of art to terrify and surprise the spectator.

We were well enough pleased with this start of thought, but fancied there was something in it too serious, and perhaps too horrid, to be put in execution.

Upon this a friend of mine gave us an account of a fire-work described, if I am not

was employed in hammering out thunderbolts, that every now and then flew up from the anvil with dreadful cracks and flashes. Venus stood by him in a figure of the brightest fire, with numberless Cupids on all sides of her, that shot out volleys of burning arrows. Before her was an altar with hearts of fire flaming on it. I have forgot several other particulars no less curious, and have only mentioned these to show that there may be a sort of fable or design in a fire-work which may give an additional beauty to those surprising objects.

I seldom see any thing that raises wonder in me which does not give my thoughts a turn that makes my heart the better for it. As I was lying in my bed, and ruminating on what I had seen, I could not forbear reflecting on the insignificance of human art, when set in comparison with the designs of Providence. In the pursuit of this thought I considered a comet, or, in the language of the vulgar, a blazing-star, as a sky-rocket discharged by a hand that is Almighty. Many of my readers saw that in the year 1680, and if they are not mathematicians, will be amazed to hear that it travelled in a much greater degree of swiftness than a cannon-ball, and drew after it a tail of fire that was fourscore millions of miles in length. What an amazing thought it is to consider this stupendous body traversing the immensity of the creation with such a rapidity, and at the same time, wheeling about in that line which the Almighty has prescribed for it! that it should move in such inconceivable fury and combustion, and at the same time with such an exact regularity! How spacious must the universe be that gives such bodies as these their full play, without suffering the least disorder or confusion by it! What a glorious show are those beings entertained with, that can look into this great theatre of nature, and see myriads of such tremendous objects wandering through those immeasurable depths of æther, and running their appointed courses! Our eyes may hereafter be strong enough to command this magnificent prospect, and our understand-

this day publish two more from the same band. The first of them contains a matter of fact which is very curious, and may deserve the attention of those who are versed in our British antiquities.

'SIR,

Blots, May 15, N. S.

'Because I am at present out of the road of news, I shall send you a story that was lately given me by a gentleman of this country, who is descended from one of the persons concerned in the relation, and very inquisitive to know if there be any of the family now in England.

'I shall only premise to it, that this story is preserved with great care among the writings of this gentleman's family, and that it has been given to two or three of our English nobility, when they were in these parts, who could not return any satisfactory answer to the gentleman, whether there be any of that family now remaining in Great Britain.

'In the reign of king John there lived a nobleman called John de Sigonia, lord of that place in Touraine, his brothers were Philip and Briant. Briant, when very young, was made one of the French king's pages, and served him in that quality when he was taken prisoner by the English. The king of England chanced to see the youth, and being much pleased with his person and behaviour, begged him of the king his prisoner. It happened, some years after this, that John, the other brother, who, in the course of the war had raised himself to a considerable post in the French army, was taken prisoner by Briant, who at that time was an officer in the king of England's guards. Briant knew nothing of his brother, and being naturally of a haughty temper, treated him very insolently, and more like a criminal than a prisoner of war. This John resented so highly, that he challenged him to a single combat. The challenge was accepted, and time and place assigned them by the king's appointment. Both appeared on the day prefixed, and entered the lists completely armed, amidst a great multitude of spectators. Their first encounters were very furious, and the success equal on both sides; until after some toil and bloodshed they were parted by their seconds to fetch breath, and prepare themselves afresh for the combat. Briant, in the mean time had cast his eye upon his brother's escutcheon, which he saw agree in all points with his own. I need not tell you after this, with what joy and surprise the story ends. King Edward, who knew all the particulars of it, as a mark of his esteem, gave to each of them, by the king of France's consent, the following coat of arms, which I will send you in the original language, not being herald enough to blazon it in English.

"Le Roi d'Angleterre par permission du Roi de France, pour perpetuelle memoire de leurs grands faits d'armes et fidelité envers

leurs Rois, leur donna par ampliation à leurs armes en une croix d'argen cantonnée de quatre coquilles d'or en champ de sable, qu'ils avoient auparavant, une endenteleuse faite en façons de croix de guiballe insérée au dedans de la dite croix d'argent et par le milieu d'icelle que est participation des deux croix que portent les dits Rois en la guerre."

'I am afraid by this time you begin to wonder that I should send you for news a tale of three or four hundred years old; and I dare say never thought, when you desired me to write to you, that I should trouble you with a story of king John, especially at a time when there is a monarch on the French throne that furnishes discourse for all Europe. But I confess I am the more fond of the relation, because it brings to mind the noble exploits of our own countrymen: though at the same time I must own it is not so much the vanity of an Englishman which puts me upon writing it, as that I have of taking an occasion to subscribe myself, Sir,

'Yours, &c.'

'SIR,

Blots, May 20, N. S.

'I am extremely obliged to you for your last kind letter, which was the only English that had been spoken to me in some months together, for I am at present forced to think the absence of my countrymen my good fortune:

Votum in amantem novum! vellam quod amator abeset.
Ovid. Met. lib. iii. 468.

Strange wish to harbour in a lover's breast!
I wish that absent, which I love the best.

'This is an advantage that I could not have hoped for, had I stayed near the French court, though I must confess I would not but have seen it, because I believe it showed me some of the finest places, and of the greatest persons in the world. One cannot hear a name mentioned in it that does not bring to mind a piece of a gazette, nor see a man that has not signalled himself in a battle. One would fancy one's self to be in the enchanted palaces of a romance; one meets with so many heroes, and finds something so like scenes of magic in the gardens, statues, and water-works. I am ashamed that I am not able to make a quicker progress through the French tongue, because I believe it is impossible for a learner of a language to find in any nation such advantages as in this, where every body is so very courteous, and so very talkative. They always take care to make a noise as long as they are in company, and are as loud any hour in the morning, as our own countrymen at midnight. By what I have seen, there is more mirth in the French conversation, and more wit in the English. You abound more in jests, but they in laughter. Their language is, indeed, extremely proper to tattle in, it is made up of so much repetition and compliment. One may know a

foreigner by his answering only No or Yes to a question, which a Frenchman generally makes a sentence of. They have a set of ceremonious phrases that run through all ranks and degrees among them. Nothing is more common than to hear a shop-keeper desiring his neighbour to have the goodness to tell him what it is o'clock, or a couple of cobblers, that are extremely glad of the honour of seeing one another.

The face of the whole country where I now am, is at this season pleasant beyond imagination. I cannot but fancy the birds of this place, as well as the men, a great deal merrier than those of our own nation. I am sure the French year has got the start of ours more in the works of nature, than in the new style. I have past one March in my life without being ruffled with the winds, and one April without being washed with rains.

'I am, Sir, yours.' 63

No. 105.] Saturday, July 11, 1713.

Quod neque in Armeniis tigres facere latebris :

Perdere nec istius auras Lemna suos.

At teneris faciat, sed non impane, puellas ;

Saepe, suos utero quae nocuit, ipsa perit.

Ovid. Amor. Lib. 2 Eleg. xiv. 35.

The tigresses, that haunt th' Armenian wood,
Will spare their proper young, tho' pinch'd for food !
Nor will the Libyan lionesses slay
Their whelps : but women are more fierce than they,
More barbarous to the tender fruit they bear ;
Nor Nature's call, tho' loud she cries, will bear.
But righteous vengeance on their crimes pursues,
And they are lost themselves who would their children
lose. Anon.

THERE was no part of the show on the thanksgiving-day that so much pleased and affected me as the little boys and girls who were ranged with so much order and decency in that part of the Strand which reaches from the May-pole to Exeter-change. Such a numerous and innocent multitude, clothed in the charity of their benefactors, was a spectacle pleasing both to God and man, and a more beautiful expression of joy and thanksgiving than could have been exhibited by all the pomps of a Roman triumph. Never did a more full and unspotted chorus of human creatures join together in a hymn of devotion. The care and tenderness which appeared in the looks of their several instructors, who were disposed among this little helpless people, could not forbear touching every heart that had any sentiments of humanity.

I am very sorry that her majesty did not see this assembly of objects, so proper to excite that charity and compassion which she bears to all who stand in need of it, though, at the same time, I question not but her royal bounty will extend itself to them. A charity bestowed on the education of so many of her young sub-

jects, has more merit in it than a thousand pensions to those of a higher fortune who are in greater stations in life.

I have always looked on this institution of charity-schools, which of late years has as universally prevailed through the whole nation, as the glory of the age we live in, and the most proper means that can be made use of to recover it out of its present degeneracy and depravation of manners. It seems to promise us an honest and virtuous posterity. There will be few in the next generation, who will not at least be able to write and read, and have not had an early tincture of religion. It is therefore to be hoped that the several persons of wealth and quality, who made their procession through the members of these new-erected seminaries, will not regard them only as an empty spectacle, or the materials of a fine show, but contribute to their maintenance and increase. For my part, I can scarce forbear looking on the astonishing victories our arms have been crowned with, to be in some measure the blessings returned upon that national charity which has been so conspicuous of late; and that the great successes of the last war, for which we lately offered up our thanks, were in some measure occasioned by the several objects which then stood before us.

Since I am upon this subject, I shall mention a piece of charity which has not been yet exerted among us, and which deserves our attention the more, because it is practised by most of the nations about us. I mean a provision for foundlings, or for those children who, through want of such a provision, are exposed to the barbarity of cruel and unnatural parents. One does not know how to speak on such a subject without horror: but what multitudes of infants have been made away by those who brought them into the world, and were afterwards either ashamed, or unable to provide for them!

There is scarce an assizes where some unhappy wretch is not executed for the murder of a child. And how many more of these monsters of inhumanity may we suppose to be wholly undiscovered, or cleared for want of legal evidence! Not to mention those, who, by unnatural practices, do in some measure defeat the intentions of Providence, and destroy their conceptions even before they see the light. In all these the guilt is equal, though the punishment is not so. But to pass by the greatness of the crime (which is not to be expressed by words) if we only consider it as it robs the commonwealth of its full number of citizens, it certainly deserves the utmost application and wisdom of a people to prevent it.

It is certain, that which generally betrays these profligate women into it, and overcomes the tenderness which is natural to them on

other occasions, is the fear of shame, or their inability to support those whom they give life to. I shall therefore show how this evil is prevented in other countries, as I have learned from those who have been conversant in the several great cities of Europe.

There are at Paris, Madrid, Lisbon, Rome, and many other large towns, great hospitals built like our colleges. In the walls of these hospitals are placed machines, in the shape of large lanterns, with a little door in the side of them turned towards the street, and a bell hanging by them. The child is deposited in this lantern, which is immediately turned about into the inside of the hospital. The person who conveys the child, rings the bell, and leaves it there, upon which the proper officer comes and receives it without making further inquiries. The parent, or her friend, who lays the child there, generally leaves a note with it, declaring whether it be yet christened, the name it should be called by, the particular marks upon it, and the like.

It often happens that the parent leaves a note for the maintenance and education of the child, or takes it out after it has been some years in the hospital. Nay, it has been known that the father has afterwards owned the young foundling for his son, or left his estate to him. This is certain, that many are by this means preserved and do signal services to their country, who without such a provision might have perished as abortives, or have come to an untimely end, and perhaps have brought upon their guilty parents the like destruction.

This I think is a subject that deserves our most serious consideration, for which reason I hope I shall not be thought impertinent in laying it before my readers.

No. 106.] Monday, July 13, 1713.

Quod latet arcana, non enarrabile, sibi a.

Pers. Sat. v. 29.

The deep recesses of the human breast.

As I was making up my Monday's provision for the public, I received the following letter, which being a better entertainment than any

In the mean while I beg leave to make you a present of a dream, which may serve to lull your readers until such time as you yourself shall think fit to gratify the public with any of your nocturnal discoveries.

You must understand, sir, I had yesterday been reading and ruminating upon that passage where Momus is said to have found fault with the make of a man, because he had not a window in his breast. The moral of this story is very obvious, and means no more than that the heart of man is so full of wiles and artifices, treachery and deceit, that there is no guessing at what he is, from his speeches, and outward appearances. I was immediately reflecting how happy each of the sexes would be, if there was a window in the breast of every one that makes or receives love. What protestations and perjuries would be saved on the one side, what hypocrisy and dissimulation on the other! I am myself very far gone in this passion for Aurelia, a woman of an unsearchable heart. I would give the world to know the secrets of it, and particularly whether I am really in her good graces, or if not, who is the happy person.

I fell asleep in this agreeable reverie, when on a sudden methought Aurelia lay by my side. I was placed by her in the posture of Milton's Adam, and "with looks of cordial love hung over her enamour'd." As I cast my eye upon her bosom, it appeared to be all of crystal, and so wonderfully transparent that I saw every thought in her heart. The first images I discovered in it were fans, silk, ribands, laces, and many other gewgaws, which lay so thick together, that the whole heart was nothing else but a toy-shop. These all faded away and vanished, when immediately I discerned a long train of coaches and six, equipages, and liveries, that ran through the heart one after another in a very great hurry for above half an hour together. After this, looking very attentively, I observed the whole space to be filled with a hand of cards, in which I could see distinctly three mattedors. There then followed a quick succession of different scenes. A playhouse, a church, a court, a puppet-show, rose up one after another, until

awkward puppy, with a money-bag under each arm. This gentleman, however, did not keep his station long, before he yielded it up to a wight as disagreeable as himself, with a white stick in his hand. These three last figures represented to me, in a lively manner, the conflicts in Aurelia's heart, between love, avarice, and ambition, for we jostled one another out by turns, and disputed the post for a great while. But at last, to my unspeakable satisfaction, I saw myself entirely settled in it. I was so transported with my success, that I could not forbear hugging my dear piece of crystal, when, to my unspeakable mortification, I awoke, and found my mistress metamorphosed into a pillow.

'This is not the first time I have been thus disappointed.

'O venerable Nestor, if you have any skill in dreams, let me know whether I have the same place in the real heart, that I had in the visionary one. To tell you truly, I am perplexed to death between hope and fear. I was very sanguine until eleven o'clock this morning, when I overheard an unlucky old woman telling her neighbour that dreams always went by contraries. I did not, indeed, before much like the crystal ball, remembering that confounded simile in Valentinian, of a maid "as cold as crystal never to be thawed." Besides, I verily believe if I had slept a little longer, that awkward whelp with his money-bags, would certainly have made his second entrance. If you can tell the fair one's mind, it will be no small proof of your art, for I dare say it is more than she herself can do. Every sentence she speaks is a riddle; all that I can be certain of is, that I am her and

'Your humble servant,
'PETER PUZZLE.'

No. 107.] Tuesday, July 14, 1713.

—tendenda via est— Virg. Georg. lib. 8.

I'll try the experiment.

I HAVE lately entertained my reader with two or three letters from a traveller, and may possibly, in some of my future papers, oblige him with more from the same hand. The following one comes from a projector, which is a sort of correspondent as diverting as a traveller; his subject having the same grace of

in the land-bank, and was consulted with upon the reformation of manners. I have had several designs upon the Thames and the New-river, not to mention my refinements upon lotteries and insurances, and that never-to-be-forgotten project, which, if it had succeeded to my wishes, would have made gold as plentiful in this nation as tin or copper. If my countrymen have not reaped any advantages from these my designs, it was not for want of any good-will towards them. They are obliged to me for my kind intentions as much as if they had taken effect. Projects are of a twofold nature: the first arising from public-spirited persons, in which number I declare myself: the other proceeding from a regard to our private interest, of which nature is that in the following letter.

'SIR,

'A man of your reading knows very well that there were a set of men in old Rome, called by the name of *Nomenclators*, that is, in English, men who call every one by his name. When a great man stood for any public office, as that of a tribune, a consul, or a censor, he had always one of these *nomenclators* at his elbow, who whispered in his ear the name of every one he met with, and by that means enabled him to salute every Roman citizen by his name when he asked him for his vote. To come to my purpose: I have with much pains and assiduity qualified myself for a *nomenclator* to this great city, and shall gladly enter upon my office as soon as I meet with suitable encouragement. I will let myself out by the week to any curious country gentleman or foreigner. If he takes me with him in a coach to the Ring,* I will undertake to teach him, in two or three evenings, the names of the most celebrated persons who frequent that place. If he plants me by his side in the pit, I will call over to him, in the same manner, the whole circle of beauties that are disposed among the boxes, and at the same time point out to him the persons who ogle them from their respective stations. I need not tell you that I may be of the same use in any other public assembly. Nor do I only profess the teaching of names, but of things. Upon the sight of a reigning beauty, I shall mention her admirers, and discover her gallantries, if they are of public notoriety. I shall likewise mark

or good-humour, their persons, stations, and titles, shall be described at large.

'I have a wife who is a nomenclatress, and will be ready, on any occasion, to attend the ladies. She is of a much more communicative nature than myself, and is acquainted with all the private history of London and Westminster, and ten miles round. She has fifty private amours which nobody yet knows any thing of but herself, and thirty clandestine marriages that have not been touched by the tip of a tongue. She will wait upon any lady at her own lodgings, and talk by the clock after the rate of three guineas an hour.

'N. B. She is a near kinswoman of the author of the *New Atalantis*.

'I need not recommend to a man of your sagacity, the usefulness of this project, and do therefore beg your encouragement of it, which will lay a very great obligation upon

'Your humble servant.'

After this letter from my whimsical correspondent, I shall publish one of a more serious nature, which deserves the utmost attention of the public, and in particular of such who are lovers of mankind. It is on no less a subject than that of discovering the longitude, and deserves a much higher name than that of a project, if our language afforded any such term. But all I can say on this subject will be superfluous when the reader sees the names of those persons by whom this letter is subscribed, and who have done me the honour to send it me. I must only take notice, that the first of these gentlemen is the same person who has lately obliged the world with that noble plan, intitled, *A Scheme of the Solar System*, with the orbits of the planets and comets belonging thereto, described from Dr. Halley's accurate Table of Comets, *Philosoph. Trans. No. 297*, founded on sir Isaac Newton's wonderful discoveries, by William Whiston, M. A.

'To Nestor Ironside, Esq.

At Button's Coffee-House, near Covent-Garden.

'SIR,

London, July 11. 1713.

'Having a discovery of considerable importance to communicate to the public, and finding that you are pleased to concern yourself in any thing that tends to the common benefit of mankind, we take the liberty to desire the

provided for by putting our own names to this paper.

It is well known, sir, to yourself and to the learned, and trading, and sailing world, that the great defect of the art of navigation is, that a ship at sea has no certain method, in either her eastern or western voyages, or even in her less distant sailing from the coasts, to know her longitude, or how much she is gone eastward or westward, as it can easily be known in any clear day or night, how much she is gone northward or southward. The several methods by lunar eclipses, by those of Jupiter's satellites, by the appulses of the moon to fixed stars, and by the even motions of pendulum clocks and watches, upon how solid foundations soever they are built, still failing in long voyages at sea, when they come to be practised; and leaving the poor sailors frequently to the great inaccuracy of a log-line, or dead reckoning. This defect is so great, and so many ships have been lost by it, and this has been so long and so sensibly known by trading nations, that great rewards are said to be publicly offered for its supply. We are well satisfied, that the discovery we have to make as to this matter is easily intelligible by all, and ready to be practised at sea as well as at land; that the latitude will thereby be likewise found at the same time; and that with proper charges it may be made as universal as the world shall please; nay, that the longitude and latitude may be generally hereby determined to a greater degree of exactness than the latitude itself is now usually found at sea. So that on all accounts we hope it will appear very worthy the public consideration. We are ready to disclose it to the world, if we may be assured that no other person shall be allowed to deprive us of those rewards which the public shall think fit to bestow for such a discovery; but do not desire actually to receive any benefit of that nature till sir Isaac Newton himself, with such other proper persons as shall be chosen to assist him, have given their opinion in favour of this discovery. If Mr. Ironside pleases so far to oblige the public as to communicate this proposal to the world, he will also lay a great obligation on

'His very humble servants,

'WILL. WHISTON,

'HUMPHRY DITTON.'

gentlemen whom it would not be very safe to disoblige, I must insert the following remonstrance; and at the same time promise those of my correspondents who have drawn this upon themselves, to exhibit to the public any such answer as they shall think proper to make to it.

'MR. GUARDIAN,

'I was very much troubled to see the two letters which you lately published concerning the short club. You cannot imagine what airs all the little pragmatists fellows about us have given themselves since the reading of those papers. Every one cocks and struts upon it, and pretends to overlook us who are two foot higher than themselves. I met with one the other day who was at least three inches above five foot, which you know is the statutable measure of that club. This overgrown runt has struck off his heels, lowered his foretop, and contracted his figure, that he might be looked upon as a member of this new-erected society; nay, so far did his vanity carry him that he talked familiarly of Tom Tiptoe, and pretends to be an intimate acquaintance of Tim Tuck. For my part, I scorn to speak any thing to the diminution of these little creatures, and should not have minded them had they been still shuffled among the crowd. Shrubs and underwoods look well enough while they grow within the shades of oaks and cedars; but when these pigmies pretend to draw themselves out from the rest of the world, and form themselves into a body, it is time for us who are men of figure to look about us. If the ladies should once take a liking to such a diminutive race of lovers, we should, in a little time, see mankind epitomized, and the whole species in miniature; daisy roots* would grow a fashionable diet. In order therefore to keep our posterity from dwindling, and fetch down the pride of this aspiring race of upstarts, we have here instituted a tall club.

'As the short club consists of those who are under five foot, ours is to be composed of such as are above six. These we look upon as the two extremes and antagonists of the species; considering all those as neuters who fill up the middle space. When a man rises beyond six foot, he is a hypermeter, and may be admitted into the tall club.

'We have already chosen thirty members, the most slightly of all her majesty's subjects. We elected a president, as many of the ancients did their kings, by reason of his height, having only confirmed him in that station above us which nature had given him. He is a Scotch Highlander, and within an inch of a show. As for my own part, I am but a sesquipedal, having only six foot and a half of stature.

Being the shortest member of the club, I am appointed secretary. If you saw us all together you would take us for the sons of Anak. Our meetings are held like the old gothic parliaments, *sub dio*, in open air; but we shall make an interest, if we can, that we may hold our assemblies in Westminster-hall when it is not term-time. I must add to the honour of our club, that it is one of our society who is now finding out the longitude. The device of our public seal is, a crane grasping a pigmy in his right foot.

'I know the short club value themselves very much upon Mr. Distich, who may possibly play some of his pentameters upon us, but if he does he shall certainly be answered in Alexandrines. For we have a poet among us of a genius as exalted as his stature, and who is very well read in Longinus his treatise concerning the sublime.* Besides, I would have Mr. Distich consider, that if Horace was a short man, Musæus, who makes such a noble figure in Virgil's sixth *Æneid*, was taller by the head and shoulders than all the people of Elysium. I shall therefore confront his *lepidissimum humuncionem* (a short quotation, and fit for a member of their club) with one that is much longer, and therefore more suitable to a member of ours.

"Quos circumfusos sic est affata Sibylla;
Musæum ante omnes: medium nam plerumque turba
Hunc habet, atque humeris extantem suscipit alius."
Virg. Æn. vi. C66.

"To these the Sibyl thus her speech address'd:
And first to him* surrounded by the rest;
Tow'ring his height and ample was his breast."

Dryden.

'If after all, this society of little men proceed as they have begun, to magnify themselves, and lessen men of higher stature, we have resolved to make a detachment, some evening or other, that shall bring away their whole club in a pair of panniers, and imprison them in a cupboard which we have set apart for that use, until they have made a public recantation. As for the little bully, Tim Tuck, if he pretends to be choleric, we shall treat him like his friend little Dicky, and hang him upon a peg until he comes to himself. I have told you our design, and let their little Machiavel prevent it if he can.

'This is, sir, the long and the short of the matter, I am sensible I shall stir up a nest of wasps by it, but let them do their worst. I think that we serve our country by discouraging this little breed, and hindering it from coming into fashion. If the fair sex look upon us with an eye of favour, we shall make some attempts to lengthen out the human figure, and restore it to its ancient procreancy. In the

* Daisy roots, boiled in milk, are said to check the growth of pigmies.

* Leonardi Weisted, whose translation of Longinus first appeared in 1712.

† Musæus.

mean time we hope old age has not inclined you in favour of our antagonists; for I do assure you sir, we are all your high admirers, though none more than,
 'Sir, yours, &c. &c.

No. 109.] Thursday, July 16, 1713.

Pagnabat tunica sed tamen illa tegi.

Ovid. Amor. Lib. 1. Eleg. v. 14.

Yet still she strove her naked charms to hide.

I HAVE received many letters from persons of all conditions, in reference to my late discourse concerning the tucker. Some of them are filled with reproaches and invectives. A lady who subscribes herself Teraminta, bids me in a very pert manner mind my own affairs, and not pretend to meddle with their linen; for that they do not dress for an old fellow, who cannot see them without a pair of spectacles. Another, who calls herself Bubnelia, vents her passion in scurrilous terms; an old ninnyhammer, a dotard, a nincompoop, is the best language she can afford me. Florella, indeed, expostulates with me upon the subject, and only complains that she is forced to return a pair of stays which were made in the extremity of the fashion, that she might not be thought to encourage peeping.

But if on the one side I have been used ill, (the common fate of all reformers) I have on the other side received great applauses and acknowledgments for what I have done, in having put a seasonable stop to this unaccountable humour of stripping, that was got among our British ladies. As I would much rather the world should know what is said to my praise, than to my disadvantage, I shall suppress what has been written to me by those who have reviled me on this occasion, and only publish those letters which approve my proceedings.

'SIR,

'I am to give you thanks in the name of half a dozen superannuated beauties, for your paper of the sixth instant. We all of us pass for women of fifty, and a man of your sense knows how many additional years are always to be thrown into female computations of this nature. We are very sensible that several young flirts about town had a design to cast us out of the fashionable world, and to leave us in the lurch by some of their late refinements. Two or three of them have been heard to say, that they would kill every old woman about town. In order to it, they began to throw off their clothes as fast as they could, and have played all those pranks which you have so seasonably taken notice of. We were forced to uncover, after them, being unwilling to give out so soon, and be regarded as veterans in the beau monde. Some of us have already caught our deaths by it. For my own part, I have not been without a cold ever since 'his foolish

fashion came up. I have followed it thus far with the hazard of my life; and how much farther I must go, nobody knows, if your paper does not bring us relief. You may assure yourself that all the antiquated necks about town are very much obliged to you. Whatever fires and flames are concealed in our bosoms (in which perhaps we vie with the youngest of the sex) they are not sufficient to preserve us against the wind and weather. In taking so many old women under your care, you have been a real Guardian to us, and saved the life of many of your contemporaries. In short, we all of us beg leave to subscribe ourselves,

'Most venerable Nestor,
 'your humble servants and sisters.'

I am very well pleased with this approbation of my good sisters. I must confess I have always looked on the tucker to be the *decus et tutamen*,* the ornament and defence, of the female neck. My good old lady, the lady Lizard, condemned this fashion from the beginning, and has observed to me, with some concern, that her sex at the same time they are letting down their stays, are tucking up their petticoats, which grow shorter and shorter every day. The leg discovers itself in proportion with the neck. But I may possibly take another occasion of handling this extremity, it being my design to keep a watchful eye over every part of the female sex, and to regulate them from head to foot. In the mean time I shall fill up my paper with a letter which comes to me from another of my obliged correspondents.

'DEAR GUARDEE,

'This comes to you from one of those untuckered ladies whom you were so sharp upon on Monday was se'nnight. I think myself mightily beholden to you for the reprehension you then gave us. You must know I am a famous olive beauty. But though this complexion makes a very good face when there are a couple of black sparkling eyes set in it, it makes but a very indifferent neck. Your fair women, therefore, thought of this fashion to insult the olives and the brunettes. They know very well, that a neck of ivory does not make so fine a show as one of alabaster. It is for this reason, Mr. Ironside, that they are so liberal in their discoveries. We know very well, that a woman of the whitest neck in the world, is to you no more than a woman of snow; but Ovid, in Mr. Duke's translation of him, seems to look upon it with another eye, when he talks of Corinna, and mentions

— "her heaving breast,
 Courting the hand, and suing to be prest."

'Women of my complexion ought to be more modest, especially since our faces debar us from

* The words milled on the larger silver and gold coins of this kingdom.

all artificial whitenings. Could you examine many of these ladies who present you with such beautiful snowy chests, you would find they are not all of a piece. Good father Nestor, do not let us alone until you have shortened our necks, and reduced them to their ancient standard.

'I am,
'your most obliged humble servant,
'OLIVIA.'

I shall have a just regard to Olivia's remonstrance, though at the same time I cannot but observe that her modesty seems to be entirely the result of her complexion.

No. 110.] Friday, July 17, 1713.

Non ego paucis
Offensor maculis, quas ant locuria fudit
Aut humana parum cavit natura—
Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 351.

I will not quarrel with a slight mistake,
Such as our nature's frailty may excuse.
Roscommon.

THE candour which Horace shows in the motto of my paper, is that which distinguishes a critic from a caviller. He declares that he is not offended with those little faults in a poetical composition, which may be imputed to inadvertency, or to the imperfection of human nature. The truth of it is, there can be no more a perfect work in the world, than a perfect man. To say of a celebrated piece, that there are faults in it, is in effect to say no more, than that the author of it was a man. For this reason I consider every critic that attacks an author in high reputation, as the slave in the Roman triumph, who was to call out to the conqueror, 'Remember, sir, that you are a man.' I speak this in relation to the following letter, which criticises the works of a great poet, whose very faults have more beauty in them than the most elaborate compositions of many more correct writers. The remarks are very curious and just, and introduced by a compliment to the work of an author, who I am sure would not care for being praised at the expense of another's reputation. I must therefore desire my correspondent to excuse me, if I do not publish either the preface or conclusion of his letter, but only the critical part of it.

'SIR,

* * * * *

'Our tragedy writers have been notoriously defective in giving proper sentiments to the persons they introduce. Nothing is more common than to hear a heathen talking of angels and devils, the joys of heaven, and the pains of hell, according to the Christian system.

Lee's Alexander discovers him to be a Cartesian in the first page of *Œdipus*:

"———The man's sick too,
• Shortly he'll be an earth"———

As Dryden's *Cleomenes* is acquainted with the Copernican hypothesis two thousand years before its invention.

"I am pleas'd with my own work; Jove was not more
With infant nature, when his spacious hand
Had rounded this huge ball of earth and seas,
To give it the first push, and see it roll
Along the vast abyss"———

'I have now Mr. Dryden's *Don Sebastian* before me, in which I find frequent allusions to ancient history, and the old mythology of the heathen. It is not very natural to suppose a king of Portugal would be borrowing thoughts out of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* when he talked even to those of his own court; but to allude to these Roman fables when he talks to an emperor of Barbary, seems very extraordinary. But observe how he defies him out of the classics, in the following lines:

"Why didst not thou engage me man to man,
And try the virtue of that Gorgon face
To stare me into statue?"

'Almeyda at the same time is more book-learned than *Don Sebastian*. She plays a hydra upon the emperor that is full as good as the Gorgon.

"O that I had the fruitful heads of hydra,
That one might bourgeon where another fell!
Still would I give thee work, still, still, thou tyrant,
And his thee with thee last"———

'She afterwards, in allusion to *Hercules*, bids him "lay down the lion's skin, and take the distaff;" and in the following speech utters her passion still more learnedly.

"No! were we join'd, even tho' it were in death,
Our bodies burning in one funeral pile,
The prodigy of Thebes won'd be renew'd,
And my divided flame should break from thine."

'The emperor of Barbary shows himself acquainted with the Roman poets as well as either of his prisoners, and answers the foregoing speech in the same classic strain:

"Serpent, I will engender poison with thee;
Our offspring, like the seed of dragon's tooth,
Shall issue arm'd, and fight themselves to death."

'Ovid seems to have been Muley Molock's favorite author, witness the lines that follow:

"She still innumerable, still imperious
And loud, as if, like Bacchus, born in thunder."

'I shall conclude my remarks on his part with that poetical complaint of his being in love, and leave my reader to consider how prettily it would sound in the mouth of an emperor of Morocco:

"The god of love once more has shot his fires
Into my soul, and my whole heart receives him."

' Muley Zeydan is as ingenious a man as his brother Muley Molock ; as where he hints at the story of Castor and Pollux :

— " May we ne'er meet !
For like the twins of Leda, when I mount,
He gallops down the skies " —

' As for the mufti, we will suppose that he was bred up a scholar, and not only versed in the law of Mahomet, but acquainted with all kinds of polite learning. For this reason he is not at all surprised when Dorax calls him a Phaëton in one place, and in another tells him he is like Archimedes.

' The mufti afterwards mentions Ximenes, Albornoz, and cardinal Wolsey by name. The poet seems to think he may make every person in his play know as much as himself, and talk as well as he could have done on the same occasion. At least I believe every reader will agree with me, that the above-mentioned sentiments, to which I might have added several others, would have been better suited to the court of Augustus, than that of Muley Molock. I grant they are beautiful in themselves, and much more so in that noble language which was peculiar to this great poet. I only observe that they are improper for the persons who make use of them. Dryden is, indeed, generally wrong in his sentiments. Let any one read the dialogue between Octavia and Cleopatra, and he will be amazed to hear a Roman lady's mouth filled with such obscene rallery. If the virtuous Octavia departs from her character, the loose Dolabella is no less inconsistent with himself, when, all of sudden, he drops the pagan, and talks in the sentiments of revealed religion.

— " Heaven has but
Our sorrow for our sins, and then delights
To pardon erring man. Sweet mercy seems
Its darling attribute, which limits justice ;
As if there were degrees in Infinite :
And Infinite would rather want perfection
Than punish to extent " —

' I might show several faults of the same nature in the celebrated Aureng Zebe. The impropriety of thoughts in the speeches of the great mogul and his empress has been generally censured. Take the sentiments out of the shining dress of words, and they would be too coarse for a scene in Billingsgate.

• • • • •
• • • • •
' I am, &c.' &c.

Set here, some captain of the land or fleet,
Stout of his hands, but of a soldier's wit,
Cries, I have sense to serve my turn, in store ;
And he's a rascal who pretends to more :
Dammee, what'er those book-learned blockheads say
Solon's the veriest fool in all the play. Dryden.

I AM very much concerned when I see young gentlemen of fortune and quality so wholly set upon pleasures and diversions, that they neglect all those improvements in wisdom and knowledge which may make them easy to themselves, and useful to the world. The greatest part of our British youth lose their figure, and grow out of fashion by that time they are five-and-twenty. As soon as the natural gayety and amiableness of the young man wears off, they have nothing left to recommend them, but lie by the rest of their lives among the lumber and refuse of the species. It sometimes happens, indeed, that for want of applying themselves in due time to the pursuits of knowledge, they take up a book in their declining years, and grow very hopeful scholars by that time they are threescore. I must, therefore, earnestly press my readers, who are in the flower of their youth, to labour at those accomplishments which may set off their persons when their bloom is gone, and to lay in timely provisions for manhood and old age. In short, I would advise the youth of fifteen to be dressing up every day the man of fifty, or to consider how to make himself venerable at threescore.

Young men, who are naturally ambitious, would do well to observe how the greatest men of antiquity made it their ambition to excel all their contemporaries in knowledge. Julius Cæsar and Alexander, the most celebrated instances of human greatness, took a particular care to distinguish themselves by their skill in the arts and sciences. We have still extant several remains of the former, which justify the character given of him by the learned men of his own age. As for the latter, it is a known saying of his, ' that he was more obliged to Aristotle, who had instructed him, than to Philip, who had given him life and empire. There is a letter of his recorded by Plutarch, and Aulus Gellius, which he wrote to Aristotle upon hearing that he had published those lectures he had given him in private. This letter was written in the following words, at a time when he was in the height of his Persian conquests.

' Alexander to Aristotle, greeting.

' You have not done well to publish your books of Select Knowledge ; for what is there now in which I can surpass others, if those things which I have been instructed in are communicated to every body ? For my own part, I declare to you, I would rather excel others in knowledge than power. Farewell.'

We see by this letter, that the love of con-

No. 111.] Saturday, July 18, 1713.

Hic atque de gente hircosâ Centurionum
Dicit : quod satia est sapio mihi ; non ego curo
Esse quod Arceſilas, erumnosique Solones.

Pers. Sat. lib. 77.

quest was but the second ambition in Alexander's soul. Knowledge is, indeed, that which, next to virtue, truly and essentially raises one man above another. It finishes one half of the human soul. It makes being pleasant to us, fills the mind with entertaining views, and administers to it a perpetual series of gratifications. It gives ease to solitude, and gracefulness to retirement. It fills a public station with suitable abilities, and adds a lustre to those who are in possession of them.

Learning, by which I mean all useful knowledge, whether speculative or practical, is, in popular and mixt governments, the natural source of wealth and honour. If we look into most of the reigns from the conquest, we shall find that the favourites of each reign have been those who have raised themselves. The greatest men are generally the growth of that particular age in which they flourish. A superior capacity for business, and a more extensive knowledge, are the steps by which a new man often mounts to favour, and outshines the rest of his contemporaries. But when men are actually horn to titles, it is almost impossible that they should fail of receiving an additional greatness, if they take care to accomplish themselves for it.

The story of Solomon's choice does not only instruct us in that point of history, but furnishes out a very fine moral to us, namely, that he who applies his heart to wisdom, does at the same time take the most proper method for gaining long life, riches, and reputation, which are very often not only the rewards, but the effects of wisdom.

As it is very suitable to my present subject, I shall first of all quote this passage in the words of sacred writ, and afterwards mention an allegory, in which this whole passage is represented by a famous French poet: not questioning but it will be very pleasing to such of my readers as have a taste of fine writing.

In Gibeon the Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night: and God said, Ask what I shall give thee. And Solomon said, Thou hast showed unto thy servant David my father great mercy, according as he walked be-

self long life, neither hast asked riches for thyself, nor hast asked the life of thine enemies, but hast asked for thyself understanding to discern judgment: Behold I have done according to thy words: Lo, I have given thee a wise and understanding heart, so that there was none like thee before thee, neither after thee shall any arise like unto thee. And I have also given thee that which thou hast not asked, both riches and honour, so that there shall not be any among the kings like unto thee all thy days. And if thou wilt walk in my ways, to keep my statutes and my commandments, as thy father David did walk, then I will lengthen thy days. And Solomon awoke, and behold it was a dream.'—

The French poet has shadowed this story in an allegory, of which he seems to have taken the hint from the fable of the three goddesses appearing to Paris, or rather from the vision of Hercules, recorded by Xenophon, where Pleasure and Virtue are represented as real persons making their court to the hero with all their several charms and allurements. Health, Wealth, Victory, and Honour are introduced successively in their proper emblems and characters, each of them spreading her temptations, and recommending herself to the young monarch's choice. Wisdom enters the last, and so captivates him with her appearance, that he gives himself up to her. Upon which she informs him, that those who appeared before her were nothing else but her equipage: and that since he had placed his heart upon Wisdom; Health, Wealth, Victory, and Honour, should always wait on her as her handmaids. &c.

No. 112.] Monday, July 20, 1713.

—aviam
Spernit humum fugiente pennâ.

Hor. Lib. 3. Od. il. 23.

Scorns the base earth, and crowd below;
And with a soaring wing still mounts on high.

Cicero.

THE philosophers of king Charles his reign were busy in finding out the art of flying. The famous bishop Wilkins was so confident of success in it. that he says he does not question

castles in the air for their reception. I always leave such trite quotations to my reader's private recollection. For which reason, also, I shall forbear extracting out of authors several instances of particular persons who have arrived at some perfection in this art, and exhibited specimens of it before multitudes of beholders. Instead of this I shall present my reader with the following letter from an artist, who is now taken up with this invention, and conceals his true name under that of *Dædalus*.

MR. IRONSIDE,

'Knowing that you are a great encourager of ingenuity, I think fit to acquaint you, that I have made a considerable progress in the art of flying. I flutter about my room two or three hours in a morning, and when my wings are on, can go above a hundred yards at a hop, step, and jump. I can fly already as well as a turkey-cock, and improve every day. If I proceed as I have begun, I intend to give the world a proof of my proficiency in this art. Upon the next public thanksgiving day it is my design to sit astride the dragon upon Bow steeple, from whence, after the first discharge of the Tower guns, I intend to mount into the air, fly over Fleet-street, and pitch upon the May-pole in the Strand. From thence, by a gradual descent, I shall make the best of my way for St. James's-park, and light upon the ground near Rosamond's-pond. This I doubt not will convince the world that I am no pretender; but before I set out, I shall desire to have a patent for making of wings, and that none shall presume to fly, under pain of death, with wings of any other man's making. I intend to work for the court myself, and will have journeymen under me to furnish the rest of the nation. I likewise desire, that I may have the sole teaching of persons of quality, in which I shall spare neither time nor pains until I have made them as expert as myself. I will fly with the women upon my back for the first fortnight. I shall appear at the next masquerade dressed up in my feathers and plumage like an Indian prince, that the quality may see how pretty they will look in their travelling habits. You know, sir, there is an unaccountable prejudice to projectors of all kinds, for which reason when I talk of practising to fly, silly people think me an owl for my pains: but, sir, you know better things.

to do more business in threescore and ten years, then they could do in a thousand by the methods now in use. I therefore recommend myself and art to your patronage, and am

Your most humble servant.

I have fully considered the project of these our modern *Dædalists*, and am resolved so far to discourage it, as to prevent any person from flying in my time. It would fill the world with innumerable immoralities, and give such occasions for intrigues as people cannot meet with who have nothing but legs to carry them. You should have a couple of lovers make a midnight assignation upon the top of the monument, and see the cupola of St. Paul's covered with both sexes like the outside of a pigeon-house. Nothing would be more frequent than to see a beau flying in at a garret window, or a gallant giving chase to his mistress, like a hawk after a lark. There would be no walking in a shady wood without springing a covey of toasts. The poor husband could not dream what was doing over his head. If he were jealous, indeed, he might clip his wife's wings, but what would this avail when there were flocks of whore-masters perpetually hovering over his house? What concern would the father of a family be in all the time his daughter was upon the wing? Every heiress must have an old woman flying at her heels. In short, the whole air would be full of this kind of *gibier*, as the French call it. I do allow, with my correspondent, that there would be much more business done than there is at present. However, should he apply for such a patent as he speaks of, I question not but there would be more petitions out of the city against it, than ever yet appeared against any other monopoly whatsoever. Every tradesman that cannot keep his wife a coach, could keep her a pair of wings, and there is no doubt but she would be every morning and evening taking the air with them.

I have here only considered the ill consequences of this invention in the influence it would have on love affairs. I have many more objections to make on other accounts; but these I shall defer publishing until I see my friend astride the dragon.

No. 113.] Tuesday, July 21, 1713.

public as much as myself. I shall not therefore scruple the giving it a place in my paper, which is designed for common use, and for the benefit of the poor as well as rich.

‘GOOD MR. IRONSIDE, Cheapside, July 18.

‘I have lately married a very pretty body, who being something younger and richer than myself, I was advised to go a wooing to her in a finer suit of clothes than ever I wore in my life; for I love to dress plain, and suitable to a man of my rank. However, I gained her heart by it. Upon the wedding day I put myself, according to custom, in another suit, fire-new, with silver buttons to it. I am so out of countenance among my neighbours upon being so fine, that I heartily wish my clothes well worn out. I fancy every body observes me as I walk the street, and long to be in my old plain gear again. Besides, forsooth, they have put me in a silk night-gown and a gaudy fool’s cap, and make me now and then stand in the window with it. I am ashamed to be dandled thus, and cannot look in the glass without blushing to see myself turned into such a pretty little master. They tell me I must appear in my wedding-suit for the first month at least; after which I am resolved to come again to my every day’s clothes, for at present every day is Sunday with me. Now, in my mind, Mr. Ironside, this is the wrongest way of proceeding in the world. When a man’s person is new and unaccustomed to a young body, he does not want any thing else to set him off. The novelty of the lover has more charms than a wedding-suit. I should think, therefore, that a man should keep his finery for the latter seasons of marriage, and not begin to dress until the honey-moon is over. I have observed at a lord mayor’s feast that the sweetmeats do not make their appearance until people are cloyed with beef and mutton, and begin to lose their stomachs. But instead of this, we serve up delicacies to our guests, when their appetites are keen, and coarse diet when their bellies are full. As bad as I hate my

suit, in the behaviour of persons of figure. After long experience in the world, and reflections upon mankind, I find one particular occasion of unhappy marriages, which, though very common, is not very much attended to. What I mean is this: Every man in the time of courtship, and in the first entrance of marriage, puts on a behaviour like my correspondent’s holiday suit, which is to last no longer than until he is settled in the possession of his mistress. He resigns his inclinations and understanding to her humour and opinion. He neither loves nor hates, nor talks, nor thinks, in contradiction to her. He is controlled by a nod, mortified by a frown, and transported by a smile. The poor young lady falls in love with this supple creature, and expects of him the same behaviour for life. In a little time she finds that he has a will of his own, that he pretends to dislike what she approves, and that instead of treating her like a goddess, he uses her like a woman. What still makes the misfortune worse, we find the most abject flatterers degenerate into the greatest tyrants. This naturally fills the spouse with sullenness and discontent, spleen and vapour, which, with a little discreet management, make a very comfortable marriage. I very much approve of my friend Tom Truelove in this particular. Tom made love to a woman of sense, and always treated her as such during the whole time of courtship. His natural temper and good breeding hindered him from doing any thing disagreeable, as his sincerity and frankness of behaviour made him converse with her, before marriage, in the same manner he intended to continue to do afterwards. Tom would often tell her, ‘Madam, you see what a sort of man I am. If you will take me with all my faults about me, I promise to mend rather than grow worse.’ I remember Tom was once hinting his dislike of some little trifle his mistress had said or done. Upon which she asked him, how he would talk to her after marriage, if he talked at this rate before? ‘No, madam,’ says Tom, ‘I mention this now because you are at your own disposal; were you at mine I should be

about a fortnight ago, is now erected at Burton's coffee-house in Russel-street, Covent-garden, where it opens its mouth at all hours for the reception of such intelligence as shall be thrown into it. It is reckoned an excellent piece of workmanship, and was designed by a great hand in imitation of the antique Egyptian lion, the face of it being compounded out of that of a lion and a wizard. The features are strong and well furrowed. The whiskers are admired by all that have seen them. It is planted on the western side of the coffee-house, bolding its paws under the chin upon a box, which contains every thing that he swallows. He is indeed a proper emblem of knowledge and action, being all head and paws. I need not acquaint my readers, that my lion, like a moth, or book-worm, feeds upon nothing but paper, and shall only beg of them to diet him with wholesome and substantial food. I must, therefore, desire that they will not gorge him either with nonsense or obscenity; and must likewise insist, that his mouth be not defiled with scandal, for I would not make use of him to revile the human species, and satirise those who are his betters. I shall not suffer him to worry any man's reputation, nor indeed fall on any person whatsoever, such only excepted as disgrace the name of this generous animal, and under the title of lions contrive the ruin of their fellow-subjects. I must desire, likewise, that intriguers will not make a pimp of my lion, and by his means convey their thoughts to one another. Those who are read in the history of the popes observe, that the Leos have been the best, and the Innocents the worst of that species, and I hope that I shall not be thought to derogate from my lion's character, by representing him as such a peaceable, good-natured, well-designing beast.

I intend to publish once every week, 'the roarings of the lion,' and hope to make him roar so loud as to be heard over all the British nation.

If my correspondents will do their parts in prompting him, and supplying him with suitable provision, I question not but the lion's head will be reckoned the best head in England.

There is a notion generally received in the world, that a lion is a dangerous creature to all women who are not virgins: which may have given occasion to a foolish report, that my lion's jaws are so contrived, as to snap the heads of any of the female sex, who are not thus qualified to approach it with safety. I shall not spend much time in exposing the falsity of this report, which I believe will not weigh any thing with women of sense: I shall only say, that there is not one of the sex in all the neighbourhood of Covent-garden, who may not put her hand in his mouth with the same security as if she were a vestal. However, that the ladies may not be deterred from corresponding

with me by this method, I must acquaint them that the coffee-man has a little daughter of about four years old, who has been virtuously educated, and will lend her hand upon this occasion to any lady that shall desire it of her.

In the mean time I must further acquaint my fair readers, that I have thoughts of making a further provision for them at my ingenious friend Mr. Motteux's, or at Corticelli's, or some other place frequented by the wits and beauties of the sex. As I have here a lion's head for the men, I shall there erect a unicorn's head for the ladies, and will so contrive it, that they may put in their intelligence at the top of the horn, which shall convey it into a little receptacle at the bottom prepared for that purpose. Out of these two magazines I shall supply the town from time to time, with what may tend to their edification, and at the same time, carry on an epistolary correspondence between the two heads, not a little beneficial both to the public and to myself. As both these monsters will be very insatiable, and devour great quantities of paper, there will no small use redound from them to that manufacture in particular.

The following letter having been left with the keeper of the lion, with a request from the writer that it may be the first morsel which is put into his mouth, I shall communicate it to the public as it came to my hand, without examining whether it be proper nourishment, as I intend to do for the future.

'MR. GUARDIAN,

'Your predecessor, the Spectator, endeavoured, but in vain, to improve the charms of the fair sex, by exposing their dress whenever it launched into extremities. Among the rest, the great petticoat came under his consideration, but in contradiction to whatever he has said, they still resolutely persist in this fashion. The form of their bottom is not, I confess, altogether the same; for whereas before it was of an orbicular make, they now look as if they were pressed, so that they seem to deny access to any part but the middle. Many are the inconveniences that accrue to her majesty's loving subjects from the said petticoats, as hurting men's shins, sweeping down the wares of industrious females in the streets, &c. I saw a young lady fall down the other day; and believe me, sir, she very much resembled an overturned bell without a clapper. Many other disasters I could tell you of, that befall themselves, as well as others, by means of this unwieldy garment. I wish, Mr. Guardian, you would join with me in showing your dislike of such a monstrous fashion, and I hope when the ladies see it is the opinion of two of the wisest men in England, they will be convinced of their folly.

'I am, Sir,

'your daily reader and admirer,

'TOM PLAIN.'

No. 115.] *Thursday, July 23, 1713.**Ingenium par materiam — Juv. Sat. l. 134.**A genius equal to the subject.*

WHEN I read rules of criticism I immediately inquire after the works of the author who has written them, and by that means discover what it is he likes in a composition; for there is no question but every man aims at least, at what he thinks beautiful in others. If I find by his own manner of writing that he is heavy and tasteless, I throw aside his criticisms with a secret indignation, to see a man without genius or politeness dictating to the world on subjects which I find are above his reach.

If the critic has published nothing but rules and observations in criticism, I then consider whether there be a propriety and elegance in his thoughts and words, clearness and delicacy in his remarks, wit and good breeding in his railery; but if in the place of all these, I find nothing but dogmatical stupidity, I must beg such a writer's pardon if I have no manner of deference for his judgment, and refuse to conform myself to his taste.

'So Macer and Mundanus school the times,
And write in rugged prose the softer rules of rhymes.
Well do they play the careful critic's part,
Instructing doubly by their matchless art:
Rules for good verse they first with pains indite,
Then show us what are bad by what they write.'

Mr. Congreve to Sir R. Temple.

The greatest critics among the ancients are those who have the most excelled in all other kinds of composition, and have shown the height of good writing even in the precepts which they have given for it.

Among the moderns, likewise, no critic has ever pleased, or been looked upon as authentic, who did not show by his practice that he was a master of the theory. I have now one before me, who, after having given many proofs of his performances both in poetry and prose, obliged the world with several critical works. The author I mean is Strada. His prolixion on the style of the most famous among the ancient Latin poets who are extant, and have written in epic verse, is one of the most entertaining, as well as the most just pieces of criticism that I have ever read: I shall make the plan of it the subject of this day's paper.

It is commonly known that pope Leo the Tenth was a great patron of learning, and used to be present at the performances, conversations, and disputes, of all the most polite writers of his time. Upon this bottom, Strada founds the following narrative: When this pope was at his villa, that stood upon an eminence on the banks of the Tiber, the poets contrived the following pageant or machine for his entertainment: They made a huge floating mountain, that was split at the top, in imitation of Parnassus. There were several

marks on it, that distinguished it for the habitation of heroic poets. Of all the muses Calliope only made her appearance. It was covered up and down with groves of laurel. Pegasus appeared hanging off the side of a rock, with a fountain running from his heel. This floating Parnassus fell down the river to the sound of trumpets, and in a kind of epic measure, for it was rowed forward by six huge wheels, three on each side, that by their constant motion carried on the machine, until it arrived before the pope's villa.

The representatives of the ancient poets were disposed in stations suitable to their respective characters. Statius was posted on the highest of the two summits, which was fashioned in the form of a precipice, and hung over the rest of the mountain in a dreadful manner, so that people regarded him with the same terror and curiosity as they look upon a daring rope-dancer, whom they expect to fall every moment.

Claudian was seated on the other summit, which was lower, and at the same time more smooth and even than the former. It was observed likewise to be more barren, and to produce, on some spots of it, plants that are unknown to Italy, and such as the gardeners call exotics.

Lucretius was very busy about the roots of the mountains, being wholly intent upon the motion and management of the machine which was under his conduct, and was indeed of his invention. He was sometimes so engaged among the wheels, and covered with machinery, that not above half the poet appeared to the spectators, though at other times, by the working of the engines, he was raised up, and became as conspicuous as any of the brotherhood.

Ovid did not settle in any particular place, but ranged over all Parnassus with great nimbleness and activity. But as he did not much care for the toil and pains that were requisite to climb the upper part of the hill, he was generally roving about the bottom of it.

But there was none who was placed in a more eminent station, and had a greater prospect under him than Lucan. He vaulted upon Pegasus with all the heat and intrepidity of youth, and seemed desirous of mounting into the clouds upon the back of him. But as the hinder feet of the horse stuck to the mountain while the body reared up in the air, the poet with great difficulty kept himself from sliding off his back, inasmuch that the people often gave him for gone, and cried out every now and then that he was tumbling.

Virgil, with great modesty in his looks, was seated by Calliope, in the midst of a plantation of laurels which grew thick about him, and almost covered him with their shade. He would not perhaps have been seen in this retirement,

but that it was impossible to look upon Calliope, without seeing Virgil at the same time.

This poetical masquerade was no sooner arrived before the pope's villa, but they received an invitation to land, which they did accordingly. The ball prepared for their reception was filled with an audience of the greatest eminence for quality and politeness. The poets took their places, and repeated each of them a poem, written in the style and spirit of those immortal authors whom they represented. The subject of these several poems, with the judgement passed upon each of them, may be an agreeable entertainment for another day's paper.

No. 116.] Friday, July 24, 1713.

Ridiculum acri

Fortius et melius

Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. x. 14.

A jest in scorn points out, and hits the thing
More home, than the morosest satire's sting.

THERE are many little enormities in the world which our preachers would be very glad to see removed; but at the same time dare not meddle with them, for fear of betraying the dignity of the pulpit. Should they recommend the tucker in a pathetic discourse, their audiences would be apt to laugh out. I knew a parish, where the top woman of it used always to appear with a patch upon some part of her forehead. The good man of the place preached at it with great zeal for almost a twelvemonth; but instead of fetching out the spot which he perpetually aimed at, he only got the name of Parson Patch for his pains. Another is to this day called by the name of Doctor Topknot, for reasons of the same nature. I remember the clergy during the time of Cromwell's usurpation, were very much taken up in reforming the female world, and showing the vanity of those outward ornaments in which the sex so much delights. I have heard a whole sermon against a white-wash, and have known a coloured riband made the mark of the unconverted. The clergy of the present age are not transported with these indiscreet fervours, as knowing that it is hard for a reformer to avoid ridicule, when he is severe upon subjects which are rather apt to produce mirth than seriousness. For this reason I look upon myself to be of great use to these good men. While they are employed in extirpating mortal sins, and crimes of a higher nature, I should be glad to rally the world out of indecencies and venial transgressions. While the doctor is curing distempers that have the appearance of danger or death in them, the merry-andrew has his separate packet for the megrims and tooth-ache.

Thus much I thought fit to premise before I resume the subject which I have already

handed, I mean the naked bosoms of our British ladies. I hope they will not take it ill of me, if I still beg that they will be covered. I shall here present them with a letter on that particular, as it was yesterday conveyed to me through the lion's mouth. It comes from a quaker, and is as follows:

'NESTOR IRONSIDE,

'Our friends like thee. We rejoice to find thou beginnest to have a glimmering of the light in thee. We shall pray for thee, that thou mayest be more and more enlightened. Thou givest good advice to the women of this world to clothe themselves like unto our friends, and not to expose their fleshly temptations, for it is against the record. Thy lion is a good lion; he roareth loud, and is heard a great way, even unto the sink of Babylon! for the scarlet whore is governed by the voice of thy lion. Look on his order.

"Rome, July 8, 1713. A placard is published here, forbidding women of whatsoever quality to go with naked breasts; and the priests are ordered not to admit the transgressors of this law to confession, nor to communion, neither are they to enter the cathedrals, under severe penalties."

'These lines are faithfully copied from the nightly paper, with this title written over it, "The Evening Post, from Saturday, July the eighteenth, to Tuesday, July the twenty-first."

'Seeing thy lion is obeyed at this distance, we hope the foolish women in thy own country will listen to thy admonitions. Otherwise thou art desired to make him still roar till all the beasts of the forest shall tremble. I must again repeat unto thee, friend Nestor, the whole brotherhood have great hopes of thee, and expect to see thee so inspired with the light, as thou mayest speedily become a great preacher of the word. I wish it heartily.

'Thine,

'in every thing that is praise-worthy,
Tom's coffee-house, in Birch-lane, the 23d day of the month
called July. 'TOM TREMBLE.'

It happens very oddly that the pope and I should have the same thoughts much about the same time. My enemies will be apt to say, that we hold a correspondence together, and act by concert in this matter. Let that be as it will, I shall not be ashamed to join with his holiness in those particulars which are indifferent between us, especially when it is for the reformation of the finer half of mankind. We are both of us about the same age, and consider this fashion in the same view. I hope that it will not be able to resist his bull and my lion. I am only afraid that our ladies will take occasion from hence to show their zeal for the protestant religion, and pretend to expose their naked bosoms only in opposition to popery.

No. 117.] Saturday, July 25, 1713.

Cura pii Dñs sunt— Ovid. Met. Lib. viii. 724.

The good are Heaven's peculiar care.

LOOKING over the late edition of monsieur Boileau's works, I was very much pleased with the article which he has added to his notes on the translation of Longinus. He there tells us, that the sublime in writing rises either from the nobleness of the thought, the magnificence of the words, or the harmonious and lively turn of the phrase, and that the perfect sublime arises from all these three in conjunction together. He produces an instance of this perfect sublime in four verses from the *Athalie* of monsieur Racine. When Abner, one of the chief officers of the court, represents to Joad the high-priest, that the queen was incensed against him, the high-priest, not in the least terrified at the news, returns this answer :

'Celui qui met un frein à la fureur des flots,
Scait aussi des méchants arrêter les complots.
Soumis avec respect à sa volonté sainte.
Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point d'autre crainte.'

'He who ruleth the raging of the sea, knows also how to check the designs of the ungodly. I submit myself with reverence to his holy will. O Abner, I fear my God, and I fear none but him.' Such a thought gives no less a sublimity to human nature, than it does to good writing. This religious fear, when it is produced by just apprehensions of a divine power, naturally overlooks all human greatness that stands in competition with it, and extinguishes every other terror that can settle itself in the heart of man ; it lessens and contracts the figure of the most exalted person ; it disarms the tyrant and executioner ; and represents to our minds the most enraged and the most powerful as altogether harmless and impotent.

There is no true fortitude which is not founded upon this fear, as there is no other principle of so settled and fixed a nature. Courage that grows from constitution very often forsakes a man when he has occasion for it ; and when it is only a kind of instinct in the soul, breaks out on all occasions without judgment or discretion. That courage which proceeds from the sense of our duty, and from the fear of offending him that made us, acts always in a uniform manner, and according to the dictates of right reason.

What can the man fear, who takes care in all his actions to please a being that is omnipotent ? A being who is able to crush all his adversaries ? A being that can divert any misfortune from befalling him, or turn any such misfortune to his advantage ? The person who lives with this constant and habitual regard to the great superintendent of the world, is indeed sure that no real evil can come into his lot.

Blessings may appear under the shape of pains, losses, and disappointments ; but let him have patience, and he will see them in their proper figures. Dangers may threaten him, but he may rest satisfied that they will either not reach him ; or that, if they do, they will be the instruments of good to him. In short, he may look upon all crosses and accidents, sufferings and afflictions, as means which are made use of to bring him to happiness. This is even the worst of that man's condition whose mind is possessed with the habitual fear of which I am now speaking. But it very often happens, that those which appear evils in our own eyes, appear also as such to him who has human nature under his care ; in which case they are certainly averted from the person who has made himself by this virtue an object of divine favour. Histories are full of instances of this nature, where men of virtue have had extraordinary escapes out of such dangers as have enclosed them, and which have seemed inevitable.

There is no example of this kind in pagan history which more pleases me, than that which is recorded in the life of Timoleon. This extraordinary man was famous for referring all his successes to Providence. Cornelius Nepos acquaints us that he had in his house a private chapel, in which he used to pay his devotions to the goddess who represented Providence among the heathens. I think no man was ever more distinguished by the deity whom he blindly worshipped, than the great person I am speaking of, in several occurrences of his life, but particularly in the following one which I shall relate out of Plutarch.

Three persons had entered into a conspiracy to assassinate Timoleon, as he was offering up his devotions in a certain temple. In order to it, they took their several stands in the most convenient places for their purpose. As they were waiting for an opportunity to put their design in execution, a stranger having observed one of the conspirators, fell upon him and slew him. Upon which the other two, thinking their plot had been discovered, threw themselves at Timoleon's feet, and confessed the whole matter. This stranger, upon examination, was found to have understood nothing of the intended assassination ; but having several years before had a brother killed by the conspirator, whom he here put to death, and having till now sought in vain for an opportunity of revenge, he chanced to meet the murderer in the temple, who had planted himself there for the above-mentioned purpose. Plutarch cannot forbear on this occasion, speaking with a kind of rapture on the schemes of Providence ; which, in this particular, had so contrived it, that the stranger should, for so great a space of time, be debarred the means of doing justice to his brother, until by the same blow that

revenge the death of one innocent man, he preserved the life of another.

For my own part, I cannot wonder that a man of Timoleon's religion, should have his intrepidity and firmness of mind; or that he should be distinguished by such a deliverance as I have here related.

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No. 118.] Monday, July 27, 1713.

— Largetor ingent

Venter —

Witty want.

Pers. Prol. ver. 10.

Dryden.

I AM very well pleased to find that my lion has given such universal content to all that have seen him. He has had a greater number of visitants than any of his brotherhood in the tower. I this morning examined his maw, where among much other food I found the following delicious morsels.

To Nestor Ironside, Esq.

MR GUARDIAN,

'I AM a daily peruser of your papers. I have read over and over your discourse concerning the tucker; as likewise your paper of Thursday the sixteenth instant, in which you say it is your intention to keep a watchful eye over every part of the female sex, and to regulate them from head to foot. Now, sir, being by profession a mantua-maker, who am employed by the most fashionable ladies about town, I am admitted to them freely at all hours; and seeing them both drest and undrest, I think there is no person better qualified than myself to serve you (if your honour pleases) in the nature of a witness. I am in the whole secret of their fashion; and if you think fit to entertain me in this character, I will have a constant watch over them, and doubt not I shall send you from time to time such private intelligence, as you will find of use to you in your future papers.

'Sir, this being a new proposal, I hope you will not let me lose the benefit of it; but that you will first hear me roar before you treat with any body else. As a sample of my intended services, I give you this timely notice of an improvement you will shortly see in the exposing of the female chest, which, in defiance of your gravity, is going to be uncovered yet more and more; so that, to tell you truly, Mr. Ironside, I am in some fear lest my profession should in a little time become wholly unnecessary. I must here explain to you a small covering, if I may call it so, or rather an ornament for the neck, which you have not yet taken notice of. This consists of a narrow lace, or a small skirt of fine ruffled linen, which runs along the upper part of the stays before, and crosses the breasts, without rising to the shoulders; and being, as it were, a part of the

tucker yet kept in use, is therefore, by a particular name, called the modesty-piece. Now sir, what I have to communicate to you at present is, that at a late meeting of the stripping ladies, in which were present several eminent toasts and beauties, it was resolved for the future to lay the modesty-piece wholly aside. It is intended at the same time to lower the stays considerably before, and nothing but the unsettled weather has hindered this design from being already put in execution. Some few indeed objected to this last improvement, but were overruled by the rest, who alleged it was their intention, as they ingeniously expressed it, to level their breast-works entirely, and to trust to no defence but their own virtue.

'I am Sir,

(If you please) your secret servant,
'LEONILLA FIGLEAF.'

'DEAR SIR,

'As by name, and duty bound, I yesterday brought in a prey of paper for my patron's dinner; but by the forwardness of his paws, he seemed ready to put it into his own mouth, which does not enough resemble its prototypes, whose throats are open sepulchres. I assure you, sir, unless he gapes wider he will sooner be felt than heard. Witness my hand,

'JACKALL'

'To Nestor Ironside, Esq.

'SAGE NESTOR,

'Lions being esteemed by naturalists the most generous of beasts, the noble and majestic appearance they make in poetry, wherein they so often represent the hero himself, made me always think that name very ill applied to a profligate set of men, at present going about seeking whom to devour: and though I cannot but acquiesce in your account of the derivation of that title to them, it is with great satisfaction I hear you are about to restore them to their former dignity, by producing one of that species so public spirited, as to roar for reformation of manners. "I will roar," says the clown in Shakspeare, "that it will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, Let him roar again, let him roar again." Such success, and such applause, I do not question but your lion will meet with, whilst, like that of Sampson, his strength shall bring forth sweetness, and his entrails abound with honey.

'At the same time that I congratulate with the republic of beasts upon this honour done to their king, I must condole with us poor mortals, who by distance of place are rendered incapable of paying our respects to him, with the same assiduity as those who are ushered into his presence by the discreet Mr. Button. Upon this account, Mr. Ironside, I am become a suitor to you, to constitute an out-riding lion; or, if you please, a jackall or two, to receive

and remit our homage in a more particular manner than is hitherto provided. As it is, our tenders of duty every now and then miscarry by the way; at least the natural self-love that makes us unwilling to think any thing that comes from us worthy of contempt, inclines us to believe so. Methinks it were likewise necessary to specify, by what means a present from a fair hand may reach his briddled majesty; the place of his residence being very unfit for a lady's personal appearance.

'I am
'your most constant reader,
'and admirer,
'N. R.'

'DEAR NESTOR,

'It is a well known proverb in a certain part of this kingdom, "Love me, love my dog;" and I hope you will take it as a mark of my respect for your person, that I here bring a bit for your lion.' ***

What follows being secret history, it will be printed in other papers; wherein the lion will publish his private intelligence. 67

No. 119.] Tuesday, July 28, 1713.

— postquam venit manus, auxilio quæ
Sibi mihi — Hor. Lib. I. Sat. IV. 141.

A band of poets to my aid I'll call.

THERE is nothing which more shows the want of taste and discernment in a writer than the decrying of any author in gross; especially of an author who has been the admiration of multitudes, and that too in several ages of the world. This however is the general practice of all illiterate and undistinguishing critics. Because Homer and Virgil and Sophocles have been commended by the learned of all times, every scribbler who has no relish of their beauties, gives himself an air of rapture when he speaks of them. But as he praises these he knows not why, there are others whom he depreciates with the same vehemence, and upon the same account. We may see after what a different manner Strada proceeds in his judgment on the Latin poets; for I intend to publish in this paper a continuation of that prolesion which was the subject of the last Thursday. I shall therefore give my reader a short account in prose of every poem which was produced in the learned assembly there described; and if he is thoroughly conversant in the works of those ancient authors, he will see with how much judgment every subject is adapted to the poet who makes use of it, and with how much delicacy every particular poet's way of writing is characterised in the censure that is passed upon it. Lucan's representative was the first who recited before that august assembly. As Lucan was a Spaniard, his poem does honour to that nation, which at the same

time makes the romantic bravery in the hero of it more probable.

Alphonso was the governor of a town invested by the Moors. During the blockade they made his only son their prisoner, whom they brought before the walls, and exposed to his father's sight, threatening to put him to death if he did not immediately give up the town. The father tells them if he had a hundred sons he would rather see them all perish, than do an ill action, or betray his country. 'But,' says he, 'if you take a pleasure in destroying the innocent, you may do it if you please: behold a sword for your purpose.' Upon which he threw his sword from the wall, returned to his palace, and was able, at such a juncture, to sit down to the feast which was prepared for him. He was soon raised by the shouts of the enemy, and the cries of the besieged. Upon returning again to the walls, he saw his son lying in the pangs of death; but far from betraying any weakness at such a spectacle, he upbraids his friends for their sorrow, and returns to finish his repast.

Upon the recital of this story, which is exquisitely drawn up in Lucan's spirit and language, the whole assembly declared their opinion of Lucan in a confused murmur. The poem was praised or censured according to the prejudices which every one had conceived in favour or disadvantage of the author. These were so very great, that some had placed him, in their opinions, above the highest, and others beneath the lowest of the Latin poets. Most of them, however, agreed, that Lucan's genius was wonderfully great, but at the same time too haughty and headstrong to be governed by art, and that his style was like his genius, learned, bold, and lively, but withal too tragical and blustering. In a word, that he chose rather a great than a just reputation; to which they added, that he was the first of the Latin poets who deviated from the purity of the Roman language.

The representative of Lucretius told the assembly, that they should soon be sensible of the difference between a poet who was a native of Rome, and a stranger who had been adopted into it: after which he entered upon his subject, which I find exhibited to my hand in a speculation of one of my predecessors.*

Strada, in the person of Lucretius, gives an account of a chimerical correspondence between two friends, by the help of a certain loadstone, which had such a virtue in it, that if it touched two several needles, when one of the needles so touched began to move, the other, though at never so great a distance, moved at the same time, and in the same manner. He tells us, that two friends, being each of them possessed of one of these needles,

* See Spectator, No. 211.

made a kind of dial-plate, inscribing it with the four-and-twenty letters, in the same manner as the hours of the day are marked upon the ordinary dial-plate. Then they fixed one of the needles on each of these plates in such a manner that it could move round without impediment, so as to touch any of the four-and-twenty letters. Upon their separating from one another into distant countries, they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their closets at a certain hour of the day, and to converse with one another by means of this their invention. Accordingly, when they were some hundred miles asunder, each of them shut himself up in his closet at the time appointed, and immediately cast his eyes upon his dial-plate. If he had a mind to write any thing to his friend, he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words which he had occasion for, making a little pause at the end of every word or sentence to avoid confusion. The friend, in the mean while, saw his own sympathetic needle moving of itself to every letter which that of his correspondent pointed at. By this means they talked together across a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an instant over cities or mountains, seas or deserts.

The whole audience were pleased with the artifice of the poet who represented Lucretius, observing very well how he had laid asleep their attention to the simplicity of his style in some verses, and to the want of harmony in others, by fixing their minds to the novelty of his subject, and to the experiment which he related. Without such an artifice they were of opinion that nothing would have sounded more harsh than Lucretius's diction and numbers. But it was plain that the more learned part of the assembly were quite of another mind. These allowed that it was peculiar to Lucretius, above all other poets, to be always doing or teaching something, that no other style was so proper to teach in, or gave a greater pleasure to those who had a true relish for the Roman tongue. They added further, that if Lucretius had not been embarrassed with the difficulty of his matter, and a little led away by an affectation of antiquity, there could not have been any thing more perfect than his poem.

Claudian succeeded Lucretius, having chosen

his verse and the flowing of his numbers, in which there were none of those elisions and cuttings off so frequent in the works of other poets. There were several however, of a more refined judgment, who ridiculed that infusion of foreign phrases with which he had corrupted the Latin tongue, and spoke with contempt of the equability of his numbers, that cloyed and satiated the ear for want of variety: to which they likewise added, a frequent and unseasonable affectation of appearing sonorous and sublime.

The sequel of this prolusion shall be the work of another day. ☞

No. 120.] *Wednesday, July 29, 1713.*

— Nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote.

Milton.

A BIT FOR THE LION.

'SIR,

'As soon as you have set up your unicorn, there is no question but the ladies will make him push very furiously at the men; for which reason I think it is good to be beforehand with them, and make the lion roar aloud at female irregularities. Among these, I wonder how their gaming has so long escaped your notice. You who converse with the sober family of the Lizards, are perhaps a stranger to these viragos; but what would you say, should you see the Sparkler shaking her elbow for a whole night together, and thumping the table with a dice-box? Or how would you like to hear the good widow lady herself returning to her house at midnight, and alarming the whole street with a most enormous rap, after having sat up until that time at crimp or ombre? Sir, I am the husband of one of these female gamblers, and a great loser by it, both in my rest and my pocket. As my wife reads your papers, one upon this subject might be of use both to her and

'Your humble servant'

I should ill deserve the name of Guardian, did I not caution all my fair wards against a practice which when it runs to excess, is the most shameful, but one, that the female world can fall into. The ill consequences of it are more than can be contained in this paper.

cards, and no ideas to be discovered in a soul which calls itself rational, excepting little square figures of painted and spotted paper. Was the understanding, that divine part in our composition, given for such a use? Is it thus that we improve the greatest talent human nature is endowed with? What would a superior being think were he shown this intellectual faculty in a female gamester, and at the same time told, that it was by this she was distinguished from brutes, and allied to angels?

When our women thus fill their imaginations with pips and counters, I cannot wonder at the story I have lately heard of a new-born child that was marked with the five of clubs.

Their passions suffer no less by this practice than their understandings and imaginations. What hope and fear, joy and anger, sorrow and discontent, break out all at once in a fair assembly upon so noble an occasion as that of turning up a card! Who can consider without a secret indignation that all those affections of the mind which should be consecrated to their children, husbands, and parents, are thus vilely prostituted and thrown away upon a hand at loo! For my own part, I cannot but be grieved when I see a fine woman fretting and bleeding inwardly from such trivial motives; when I behold the face of an angel agitated and discomposed by the heart of a fury.

Our minds are of such a make, that they naturally give themselves up to every diversion which they are much accustomed to; and we always find that play, when followed with assiduity, engrosses the whole woman. She quickly grows uneasy in her own family, takes but little pleasure in all the domestic innocent endearments of life, and grows more fond of Pam, than of her husband. My friend Theophrastus, the best of husbands and of fathers, has often complained to me, with tears in his eyes, of the late hours he is forced to keep if he would enjoy his wife's conversation. 'When she returns to me with joy in her face, it does not arise,' says he, 'from the sight of her husband, but from the good luck she has had at cards. On the contrary,' says he, 'if she has been a loser, I am doubly a sufferer by it. She comes home out of humour, is angry with every body, displeased with all I can do or say, and in reality for no other reason, but because she has been throwing away my estate.' What charming bed-fellows and companions for life are men likely to meet with, that choose their wives out of such women of vogue and fashion! What a race of worthies, what patriots, what heroes, must we expect from mothers of this make!

I come in the next place to consider the ill consequences which gaming has on the bodies of our female adventurers. It is so ordered that almost every thing which corrupts the

soul decays the body. The beauties of the face and mind are generally destroyed by the same means. This consideration should have a particular weight with the female world, who were designed to please the eye and attract the regards of the other half of the species. Now there is nothing that wears out a fine face like the vigils of the card-table, and those cutting passions which naturally attend them. Hollow eyes, haggard looks, and pale complexions, are the natural indications of a female gamester. Her morning sleeps are not able to repair her midnight watchings. I have known a woman carried off half dead from basset; and have many a time grieved to see a person of quality gliding by me in her chair at two o'clock in the morning, and looking like a spectre amidst a glare of flambeaux. In short, I never knew a thorough-paced female gamester hold her beauty two winters together.

But there is still another case in which the body is more endangered than in the former. All play-debts must be paid in specie, or by an equivalent. The man that plays beyond his income pawns his estate; the woman must find out something else to mortgage when her pin-money is gone. The husband has his lands to dispose of, the wife her person. Now when the female body is once *dipped*, if the creditor be very importunate, I leave my reader to consider the consequences.

No. 121.] Thursday, July 30, 1713.

Hinc exandiri gemitas, Iraque leonum.

Virg. En. vii. 15.

Hence to our ear the roar of lions came.

ROARINGS OF THE LION.

'OLD NESTOR,

'EVER since the first notice you gave of the erection of that useful monument of yours in Button's coffee-house, I have had a restless ambition to imitate the renowned London prentice, and boldly venture my hand down the throat of your lion. The subject of this letter is a relation of a club whereof I am member, and which has made a considerable noise of late, I mean the Silent Club. The year of our institution is 1694, the number of members twelve, and the place of our meeting is Dumb's alley, in Holborn. We look upon ourselves as the relics of the old Pythagoreans, and have this maxim in common with them, which is the foundation of our design, that "Talking spoils company." The president of our society is one who was born deaf and dumb, and owes that blessing to nature, which in the rest of us is owing to industry alone. I find upon inquiry, that the greater part of us are married men, and such whose wives are remarkably loud at home. Hither we fly for

refuge, and enjoy at once the two greatest and most valuable blessings, company and retirement. When that eminent relation of yours, the Spectator, published his weekly papers, and gave us that remarkable account of his silence (for you must know, though we do not read, yet we inspect all such useful essays) we seemed unanimous to invite him to partake our secrecy, but it was unluckily objected, that he had just then published a discourse of his at his own club, and had not arrived to that happy inactivity of the tongue, which we expected from a man of his understanding. You will wonder, perhaps, how we managed this debate; but it will be easily accounted for, when I tell you that our fingers are as nimble, and as infallible interpreters of our thoughts, as other men's tongues are; yet even this mechanic eloquence is only allowed upon the weightiest occasions. We admire the wise institutions of the Turks, and other eastern nations, where all commands are performed by officious mutes; and we wonder that the polite courts of Christendom should come so far short of the majesty of barbarians. Ben Jonson has gained an eternal reputation among us by his play called *The Silent Woman*. Every member here is another Morose while the club is sitting, but at home may talk as much and as fast as his family occasions require, without breach of statute. The advantages we find from this quaker-like assembly are many. We consider, that the understanding of man is liable to mistakes, and his will fond of contradictions; that disputes which are of no weight in themselves, are often very considerable in their effects. The disuse of the tongue is the only effectual remedy against these. All party concerns, all private scandal, all insults over another man's weaker reasons, must there be lost where no disputes arise. Another advantage which follows from the first (and which is very rarely to be met with) is, that we are all upon the same level in conversation. A wag of my acquaintance used to add a third, viz. that if ever we do debate, we are sure to have all our arguments at our fingers' ends. Of all Longinus's remarks, we are most enamoured with that excellent passage, where he mentions Ajax's silence as one of the noblest instances of the sublime; and (if you will allow me to be free with a namesake of yours) I should think that the everlasting story-teller, Nestor, had he been likened to the ass instead of our hero, he had suffered less by the comparison.

I have already described the practice and sentiments of this society, and shall but barely mention the report of the neighbourhood, that we are not only as mute as fishes, but that we drink like fishes too; that we are like the Welshman's owl, though we do not sing, we pay it off with thinking. Others take us for

an assembly of disaffected persons; nay, their zeal to the government has carried them so far as to send, last week, a party of constables to surprise us. You may easily imagine how exactly we represented the Roman senators of old, sitting with majestic silence, and undaunted at the approach of an army of Gauls. If you approve of our undertaking, you need not declare it to the world; your silence shall be interpreted as consent given to the honourable body of mutes, and in particular to

‘Your humble servant,

‘NED MUM.

‘P. S. We have had but one word spoken since the foundation, for which the member was expelled by the old Roman custom of bending back the thumb. He had just received the news of the battle of Hochstet, and being too impatient to communicate his joy, was unfortunately betrayed into a *lapsus linguae*. We acted on the principles of the Roman Manlius, and though we approved of the cause of his error as just, we condemned the effect as a manifest violation of his duty.’

I never could have thought a dumb man would have roared so well out of my lion's mouth. My next pretty correspondent, like Shakespeare's lion in *Pyramus and Thisbe*, roars as it were any nightingale.

‘MR. IRONSIDE,

July 28, 1713.

I was afraid at first you were only in jest, and had a mind to expose our nakedness for the diversion of the town; but since I see that you are in good earnest, and have infallibility of your side, I cannot forbear returning my thanks to you for the care you take of us, having a friend who has promised me to give my letters to the lion, until we can communicate our thoughts to you through our own proper vehicle. Now you must know, dear sir, that if you do not take care to suppress this exorbitant growth of the female chest, all that is left of my waist must inevitably perish. It is at this time reduced to the depth of four inches by what I have already made over to my neck. But if the stripping design, mentioned by Mrs. Fingleaf yesterday, should take effect, sir, I dread to think what it will come to. In short, there is no help for it, my girdle and all must go. This is the naked truth of the matter. Have pity on me then, my dear Guardian, and preserve me from being so inhumanly exposed. I do assure you that I follow your precepts as much as a young woman can, who will live in the world without being laughed at. I have no hooped petticoat, and when I am a matron will wear broad tuckers whether you succeed or no. If the flying project takes, I intend to be the last in wings, being resolved in every thing to behave myself as becomes

‘Your most obedient ward.’

GO

No. 122.] Friday, July 31, 1713.

*Mec magis express valens per aliequa signa.
Hor. Lib. 2. Ep. 1. 248.*

IMITATED.

Not with such majesty, such bold relief,
The forms august, of king, or conqu'ring chief,
E'er swell'd on marble. *Pope.*

THAT I may get out of debt with the public as fast as I can, I shall here give them the remaining part of Strada's criticism on the Latin heroic poets. My readers may see the whole work in the three papers numbered 115, 119, 122. Those who are acquainted with the authors themselves cannot but be pleased to see them so justly represented; and as for those who have never perused the originals, they may form a judgment of them from such accurate and entertaining copies. The whole piece will show at least how a man of genius (and none else should call himself a critic) can make the driest art a pleasing amusement.

The Sequel of Strada's Prolusio.

The poet who personated Ovid, gives an account of the chryso-magnet, or of the loadstone which attracts gold, after the same manner as the common loadstone attracts iron. The author, that he might express Ovid's way of thinking, derives this virtue to the chryso-magnet from a poetical metamorphosis.

'As I was sitting by a well,' says he, 'when I was a boy, my ring dropped into it, when immediately my father fastening a certain stone to the end of a line, let it down into the well. It no sooner touched the surface of the water, but the ring leaped up from the bottom, and clung to it in such a manner, that he drew it out like a fish. My father seeing me wonder at the experiment, gave me the following account of it: When Deucalion and Pyrrha went about the world to repair mankind by throwing stones over their heads, the men who rose from them differed in their inclinations according to the places on which the stones fell. Those which fell in the fields became ploughmen and shepherds. Those which fell into the water produced sailors and fishermen. Those that fell among the woods and forests gave birth to huntsmen. Among the rest there were several that fell upon mountains that had mines of gold and silver in them. This last race of men immediately betook themselves to the search of these precious metals; but nature being displeased to see herself ransacked, withdrew these her treasures towards the centre of the earth. The avarice of man, however, persiated in its former pursuits, and ransacked her inmost bowels in quest of the riches which they contained. Nature seeing herself thus plundered by a swarm of miners, was so highly incensed, that she shook the whole place with an earthquake, and buried the men under their own works. The

Stygian flames which lay in the neighbourhood of these deep mines, broke out at the same time with great fury, burning up the whole mass of human limbs and earth, until they were hardened and baked into stone. The human bodies that were delving in iron mines were converted into those common loadstones which attract that metal. Those which were in search of gold became chryso-magnets, and still keep their former avarice in their present state of petrification.'

Ovid had no sooner given over speaking, but the assembly pronounced their opinions of him. Several were so taken with his easy way of writing, and had so formed their tastes upon it, that they had no relish for any composition which was not framed in the Ovidian manner. A great many, however, were of a contrary opinion; until at length it was determined by a plurality of voices, that Ovid highly deserved the name of a witty man, but that his language was vulgar and trivial, and of the nature of those things which cost no labour in the invention, but are ready found out to a man's hand. In the last place, they all agreed, that the greatest objection which lay against Ovid, both as to his life and writings, was his having too much wit, and that he would have succeeded better in both, had he rather checked than indulged it. Statius stood up next with a swelling and haughty air, and made the following story the subject of his poem.

A German and a Portuguese, when Vienna was besieged, having had frequent contests of rivalry, were preparing for a single duel, when on a sudden the walls were attacked by the enemy. Upon this, both the German and Portuguese consented to sacrifice their private resentments to the public, and to see who could signalize himself most upon the common foe. Each of them did wonders in repelling the enemy from different parts of the wall. The German was at length engaged amidst a whole army of Turks, until his left arm, that held the shield, was unfortunately lopped off, and he himself so stunned with a blow he had received, that he fell down as dead. The Portuguese seeing the condition of his rival, very generously flew to his succour, dispersed the multitude that were gathered about him, and fought over him as he lay upon the ground. In the meanwhile the German recovered from his trance, and rose up to the assistance of the Portuguese, who a little after had his right arm, which held his sword, cut off by the blow of a sabre. He would have lost his life at the same time by a spear which was aimed at his back, had not the German slain the person who was aiming at him. These two competitors for fame having received such mutual obligations, now fought in conjunction, and as the one was only able to manage the sword, and the other

a shield, made up but one warrior betwixt them. The Portuguese covered the German, while the German dealt destruction upon the enemy. At length, finding themselves faint with loss of blood, and resolving to perish nobly, they advanced to the most shattered part of the wall, and threw themselves down, with a huge fragment of it, upon the heads of the besiegers.

When Statius ceased, the old factions immediately broke out concerning his manner of writing. Some gave him very loud acclamations, such as he had received in his life-time, declaring him the only man who had written in a style which was truly heroical, and that he was above all others in his fame as well as in his diction. Others censured him as one who went beyond all bounds in his images and expressions, laughing at the cruelty of his conceptions, the rumbling of his numbers, and the dreadful pomp and bombast of his expressions. There were, however, a few select judges, who moderated between both these extremes, and pronounced upon Statius, that there appeared in his style much poetical heat and fire, but withal so much smoke as sullied the brightness of it. That there was a majesty in his verse, but that it was the majesty rather of a tyrant than of a king. That he was often towering among the clouds, but often met with the fate of Icarus. In a word, that Statius was among the poets, what Alexander the Great is among heroes, a man of great virtues and of great faults.

Virgil was the last of the ancient poets who produced himself upon this occasion. His subject was the story of Theutilla, which being so near that of Judith in all its circumstances, and at the same time translated by a very ingenious gentleman in one of Mr. Dryden's Miscellanies, I shall here give no further account of it. When he had done, the whole assembly declared the works of this great poet a subject rather for their admiration than for their applause, and that if any thing was wanting in Virgil's poetry, it was to be ascribed to a deficiency in the art itself, and not in the genius of this great man. There were, however, some envious murmurs and detractions heard among the crowd, as if there were very frequently verses in him which flagged or wanted spirit, and were rather to be looked upon as faultless than beautiful. But these injudicious censures were heard with a general indignation.

I need not observe to my learned reader, that the foregoing story of the German and Portuguese is almost the same in every particular with that of the two rival soldiers in *Cæsar's Commentaries*. This prologue ends with the performance of an Italian poet, full of those little witticisms and conceits which have infected the greatest part of modern poetry.

No. 123.] *Saturday, August 1, 1713.*

— Ille marmis atheniens esto,
Nil consueve sibi — *Hor. Lib. I. Ep. I. 60.*

IMITATED.

True, conscious honour is to feel no sin;
He's arm'd without that's innocent within;
Be this thy screen, and this thy wall of brass.

Pope.

THERE are a sort of knights-errant in the world, who, quite contrary to those in romance, are perpetually seeking adventures to bring virgins into distress, and to ruin innocence. When men of rank and figure pass away their lives in these criminal pursuits and practices, they ought to consider that they render themselves more vile and despicable than any innocent man can be, whatever low station his fortune or birth have placed him in. Title and ancestry render a good man more illustrious, but an ill one more contemptible.

'Thy father's merit sets thee up to view,
And plants thee in the fairest point of light,
To make thy virtues, or thy faults conspicuous.'

Cato.

I have often wondered that these deflowers of innocence, though dead to all the sentiments of virtue and honour, are not restrained by compassion and humanity. To bring sorrow, confusion, and infamy, into a family, to wound the heart of a tender parent, and stain the life of a poor deluded young woman with a dishonour that can never be wiped off, are circumstances, one would think, sufficient to check the most violent passion in a heart which has the least tincture of pity and good-nature. Would any one purchase the gratification of a moment at so dear a rate, and entail a lasting misery on others, for such a transient satisfaction to himself; nay, for a satisfaction that is sure, at some time or other, to be followed with remorse? I am led to the subject by two letters which came lately to my hands. The last of them is, it seems, the copy of one sent by a mother to one who had abused her daughter; and though I cannot justify her sentiments at the latter end of it, they are such as might arise in a mind which had not yet recovered its temper after so great a provocation. I present the reader with it as I received it, because I think it gives a lively idea of the affliction which a fond parent suffers on such an occasion.

'SIR,

—shire, July, 1713.

'The other day I went into the house of one of my tenants, whose wife was formerly a servant in our family, and (by my grandmother's kindness) had her education with my mother from her infancy; so that she is of a spirit and understanding greatly superior to those of her own rank. I found the poor woman in the utmost disorder of mind and attire, drowned in tears, and reduced to a condition that looked rather like stupidity than grief.

She leaned upon her arm over a table, on which lay a letter folded up and directed to a certain nobleman very famous in our parts for low intrigue, or (in plainer words) for debauching country girls; in which number is the unfortunate daughter of my poor tenant, as I learn from the following letter written by her mother. I have sent you here a copy of it, which, made public in your paper, may perhaps furnish useful reflections to many men of figure and quality, who indulge themselves in a passion which they possess but in common with the vilest part of mankind.

"MY LORD,

"Last night I discovered the injury you have done to my daughter. Heaven knows how long and piercing a torment that short-lived shameful pleasure of yours must bring upon me; upon me, from whom you never received any offence. This consideration alone should have deterred a noble mind from so base and ungenerous an act. But alas! what is all the grief that must be my share, in comparison of that, with which you have requited her by whom you have been obliged? Loss of good name, anguish of heart, shame, and infamy are what must inevitably fall upon her, unless she gets over them by what is much worse, open impudence, professed lewdness, and abandoned prostitution. These are the returns you have made to her for putting in your power all her livelihood and dependence, her virtue and reputation. O, my lord, should my son have practised the like on one of your daughters—I know you swell with indignation at the very mention of it, and would think he deserved a thousand deaths, should he make such an attempt upon the honour of your family. It is well, my lord. And is then the honour of your daughter, whom still, though it had been violated, you might have maintained in plenty and even luxury, of greater moment to her, than to my daughter hers, whose only sustenance it was? And must my son, void of all the advantages of a generous education, must he, I say, consider; and may your lordship be excused from all reflection? Eternal contumely attend that guilty title which claims exemption from thought, and arrogates to its wearers the prerogative of brutes. Ever cursed be its false lustre, which could dazzle my poor daughter to her undoing. Was it for this that the exalted merits and godlike virtues of your great ancestor were honoured with a coronet, that it might be a pander to his posterity, and confer a privilege of dishonouring the innocent and defenceless? At this rate the laws of rewards should be inverted, and he who is generous and good, should be made a beggar and a slave; that industry and honest diligence may keep his posterity unspotted, and preserve them from ruining virgins, and making whole

families unhappy. Wretchedness is now become my everlasting portion! Your crime, my lord, will draw perdition even upon my head. I may not sue for forgiveness of my own failings and misdeeds, for I never can forgive yours, but shall curse you with my dying breath; and at the last tremendous day shall hold forth in my arms my much wronged child, and call aloud for vengeance on her defiler. Under these present horrors of mind, I could be content to be your chief tormentor, ever paying you mock reverence, and sounding in your ears, to your unutterable loathing, the empty title which inspired you with presumption to tempt, and overawed my daughter to comply.

"Thus have I given some vent to my sorrow; nor fear I to awaken you to repentance, so that your sin may be forgiven. The divine laws have been broken; but much injury, irreparable injury, has been also done to me, and the just Judge will not pardon that until I do.

"My Lord,

"your conscience will help you to my name."

No. 124.] *Monday, August 3, 1713.*

Quid fremat in terris violentus?—*Jus. Sat. viii. 37*
What roar more dreadful in the world is heard?

MORE ROARINGS OF THE LION.

'MR. GUARDIAN,

'BEFORE I proceed to make you my proposals, it will be necessary to inform you, that an uncommon ferocity in my countenance, together with the remarkable flatness of my nose, and extent of my mouth, have long since procured me the name of Lion in this our university.

'The vast emolument that in all probability will accrue to the public from the roarings of my new-erected likeness at Button's, hath made me desirous of being as like him in that part of his character, as I am told I already am in all parts of my person. Wherefore I most humbly propose to you, that (as it is impossible for this one lion to roar, either long enough or loud enough against all things that are rear-worthy in these realms) you would appoint him a sub-lion, as a *praefectus provinciae*, in every county in Great Britain; and it is my request, that I may be instituted his under-roarer in this university, town, and crunity of Cambridge, as my resemblance does, in some measure, claim that I should.

'I shall follow my metropolitan's example, in roaring only against those enormities that are too slight and trivial for the notices or censures of our magistrates; and shall communicate my roarings to him monthly, or oftener, if occasion requires, to be inserted in your papers *cum privilegio*.

'I shall not omit giving informations of the improvement or decay of punning, and may chance to touch upon the rise and fall of tuckers; but I will roar aloud and spare not, to the terror of, at present, a very flourishing society of people called loungers, gentlemen whose observations are mostly itinerant, and who think they have already too much good sense of their own, to be in need of staying at home to read other people's.

'I have, sir, a raven, that shall serve by way of jackall, to bring me in provisions, which I shall chaw and prepare for the digestion of my principal; and I do hereby give notice to all under my jurisdiction, that whoever are willing to contribute to this good design, if they will affix their information to the leg or neck of the aforesaid raven or jackall, they will be thankfully received by their (but more particularly your)

'humble servant,

From my den at — college 'LEO THE SECOND.
in Cambridge, July 29.

'N. B. The raven won't bite.'

'MR. IRONSIDE,

'Hearing that your unicorn is now in hand, and not questioning but his horn will prove a cornucopie to you, I desire that in order to introduce it, you will consider the following proposal.

'My wife and I intend a dissertation upon horns; the province she has chosen, is the planting of them, and I am to treat of their growth, improvement, &c. The work is like to swell so much upon our hands, that I am afraid we shall not be able to bear the charge of printing it without a subscription; wherefore I hope you will invite the city into it, and desire those who have any thing by their relating to that part of natural history, to communicate it to,

Sir,

'your humble servant,

'HUMPHREY BINICORN.'

'SIR,

'I humbly beg leave to drop a song into your lion's mouth, which will very truly make him roar like any nightingale. It is fallen into my hands by chance, and is a very fine imitation of the works of many of our English lyrics. It cannot but be highly acceptable to all those who admire the translations of Italian operas.

I.

Oh the charming month of May!
Oh the charming month of May!
When the breezes fan the trees
Full of blossoms fresh and gay —
Full, &c.

II.

Oh what joys our prospects yield!
Charming joys our prospects yield!
In a new sylvan when we see every
Bush and meadow, tree and field —
Push, &c.

III.

Oh how fresh the morning air.
Charming fresh the morning air.
When the zephyrs and the balsters
Their odoriferous breath compare
Their, &c.

IV.

Oh how fine our evening walk!
Charming fine our evening walk!
When the nightingale delighting
With her song, suspends our talk —
With her, &c.

V.

Oh how sweet at night to dream!
Charming sweet at night to dream!
On mossy pillows, by the trifles
Of a gentle purling stream —
Of a, &c.

VI.

Oh how kind the country lass
Charming kind the country lass!
Who, her cow milking, leaves her milking
For a green gown on the grass —
For a, &c.

VII.

Oh how sweet it is to spy!
Charming sweet it is to spy!
At the conclusion, her confusion,
Blushing cheeks, and downcast eye —
Blushing, &c.

VIII.

Oh the cooling curds and cream!
Charming cooling curds and cream!
When all is over, she gives her lover,
Who on her skimming dish carves her name —
Who on, &c.

'MR. IRONSIDE,

July 30.

'I have always been very much pleased with the sight of those creatures, which being of a foreign growth, are brought into our island for show. I may say, there has not been a tiger, leopard, elephant, or hyghreen, for some years past, in this nation, but I have taken their particular dimensions, and am able to give a very good description of them. But I must own, I never had a greater curiosity to visit any of these strangers than your lion. Accordingly I came yesterday to town; being able to wait no longer for fair weather, and made what haste I could to Mr. Button's, who readily conducted me to his den of state. He is really a creature of as noble a presence as I have seen; he has grandeur and good-humour in his countenance, which command both our love and respect; his shaggy mane and whiskers are peculiar graces. In short, I do not question but he will prove a worthy supporter of the British honour and virtue, especially when assisted by the unicorn. You must think I would not wait upon him without a morsel to gain his favour, and had provided what I hope would have pleased, but was unluckily prevented by the presence of a bear, which constantly as I approached with my present, threw his eyes in my way, and stared me out of my resolution. I must not forget to tell you, my younger daughter and your ward is

hard at work about her tucker, having never from her infancy laid aside the modesty-piece.

'I am, venerable Nestor,
'your friend and servant,
'P. N.

'I was a little surprised, having read some of your lion's roarings, that a creature of such eloquence should want a tongue; but he has other qualifications which make good that deficiency.'

No. 125.] Tuesday, August 4, 1713.

—Nunc formosissimus annus. *Virg. Ecl. lib. 57.*
Now the gay year in all her charms is drest.

MEN of my age receive a greater pleasure from fine weather than from any other sensual enjoyment of life. In spite of the auxiliary bottle, or any artificial heat, we are apt to droop under a gloomy sky; and taste no luxury like a blue firmament, and sunshine. I have often, in a splenetic fit, wished myself a dormouse during the winter; and I never see one of those snug animals, wrapt up close in his fur, and compactly happy in himself, but I contemplate him with envy beneath the dignity of a philosopher. If the art of flying were brought to perfection, the use that I should make of it would be to attend the sun round the world, and pursue the spring through every sign of the Zodiac. This love of warmth makes my heart glad at the return of the spring. How amazing is the change in the face of nature; when the earth, from being bound with frost, or covered with snow, begins to put forth her plants and flowers, to be clothed with green, diversified with ten thousand various dyes; and to exhale such fresh and charming odours, as fill every living creature with delight!

Full of thoughts like these, I make it a rule to lose as little as I can of that blessed season; and accordingly rise with the sun, and wander through the fields, throw myself on the banks of little rivulets, or lose myself in the woods. I spent a day or two this spring at a country gentleman's seat, where I feasted my imagina-

year only that prospects excel in beauty. But if the eye is delighted, the ear hath likewise its proper entertainment. The music of the birds at this time of the year, hath something in it so wildly sweet, as makes me less relish the most elaborate compositions of Italy. The vigour which the warmth of the sun pours afresh into their veins, prompts them to renew their species; and thereby puts the male upon wooing his mate with more mellow warblings, and to swell his throat with more violent modulations. It is an amusement by no means below the dignity of a rational soul, to observe the pretty creatures flying in pairs, to mark the different passions in their intrigues, the curious contexture of their nests, and their care and tenderness of their little offspring.

I am particularly acquainted with a wagtail and his spouse, and made many remarks upon the several gallantries he hourly used, before the coy female would consent to make him happy. When I saw in how many airy rings he was forced to pursue her; how sometimes she tripped before him in a pretty pitty-pat step, and scarce seemed to regard the cowering of his wings, and the many awkward and fopish contortions into which he put his body to do her homage, it made me reflect upon my own youth, and the caprices of the fair but fantastic Teraminta. Often have I wished that I understood the language of birds, when I have heard him exert an eager chuckle at her leaving him; and do not doubt, but that he muttered the same vows and reproaches which I often have vented against that unrelenting maid.

The sight that gave me the most satisfaction was a flight of young birds, under the conduct of the father, and indulgent directions and assistance of the dam. I took particular notice of a beau goldfinch, who was picking his plumes, pruning his wings, and with great diligence, adjusting all his gaudy garniture. When he had equipped himself with great trimness and nicety, he stretched his painted neck, which seemed to brighten with new glowings, and strained his throat into many wild notes and natural melody. He then flew about the nest

from a manuscript poem upon hunting. The author gives directions, that hounds should breed in the spring, whence he takes occasion, after the manner of the ancients, to make a digression in praise of that season. The verses here subjoined, are not all upon that subject; but the transitions slide so easily into one another, that I knew not how to leave off until I had writ out the whole digression.

In spring let loose thy males. Then all things prove
The stings of pleasure, and the pangs of love;
Ethereal Jove then glads, with genial showers,
Earth's mighty womb, and strews her lap with flow'rs;
Hence juices mount, and buds, embolden'd, try
More kindly breezes, and a softer sky;
Kind Venus reveals. Hark! on ev'ry bough,
In lulling strains the feather'd warblers woo,
Pell tigers soften in th' infectious flames,
And lions fawning, court their bridled dames:
Great love pervades the deep; to please his mate,
The whale, in gambols moves his monstrous weight;
Heav'd by his wayward mirth old Ocean roars,
And scatter'd navies barge on distant shores.

All nature smiles: Come now, nor fear, my love,
To taste the odours of the woodbine grove,
To pass the evening glooms in harmless play,
And sweetly swearing, languish life away,
An altar bound with recent flowers, I rear
To thee, best season of the various year:
All hail! such days in beauteous order ran,
So soft, so sweet, when first the world began;
In Eden's bow'rs, when man's great arts assign'd
The names and natures of the bruta kind.
Then lamb and lion friendly walk'd their round,
And hares, undaunted, lick'd the foaming bound;
Wood'rous to tell! but when with luckless hand,
Our darling mother broke the sole command,
Then want and envy brought their meagre train,
Then wrath came down, and death had leave to reign:
Hence foxes earth'd, and wolves abhor'd the day,
And hungry charls ensnar'd the nightly prey.
Rude arts at first; but witty want refin'd
The huntsman's wiles, and famine form'd the mind.

Bold Nimrod first the lion's trophies wore,
The panther bound, and lanc'd the bristling boar;
He taught to turn the hare, to bay the deer,
And wheel the coursers in his mid career.
Ah! had he there restrain'd his tyrant hand!
Let me, ye pow'rs, a humbler wreath demand:
No pomps I ask, which crows and sceptres yield;
Nor dang'rous laurels in the dusty field:
Fast by the forest, and the limpid spring,
Give me the warfare of the woods to sing,
To breed my whelps, and healthful press the game,
A mean, inglorious, but a guiltless name.

No. 126.] Wednesday, August 5, 1713.

Homo sum, humani nihil à me alienum puto.

Ter. Heaut. Act. I. Sc. 1.

I am a man, and have a fellow-feeling of every thing belonging to man.

If we consider the whole scope of the creation that lies within our view, the moral and intellectual, as well as the natural and corporeal, we shall perceive throughout, a certain correspondence of the parts, a similitude of operation, and unity of design, which plainly demonstrate the universe to be the work of one infinitely good and wise being; and that the system of thinking beings is actuated by laws derived from the same divine power which or-

dained those by which the corporeal system is upheld.

From the contemplation of the order, motion, and cohesion of natural bodies, philosophers are now agreed, that there is a mutual attraction between the most distant parts at least of this solar system. All those bodies that revolve round the sun are drawn towards each other, and towards the sun, by some secret, uniform, and never-ceasing principle. Hence it is, that the earth (as well as the other planets) without flying off in a tangent line, constantly rolls about the sun, and the moon about the earth, without deserting her companion in so many thousand years. And as the larger systems of the universe are held together by this cause, so likewise the particular globes derive their cohesion and consistence from it.

Now if we carry our thoughts from the corporeal to the moral world, we may observe in the spirits or minds of men, a like principle of attraction, whereby they are drawn together in communities, clubs, families, friendships, and all the various species of society. As in bodies, where the quantity is the same, the attraction is strongest between those which are placed nearest to each other; so it is likewise in the minds of men, *ceteris paribus*, between those which are most nearly related. Bodies that are placed at the distance of many millions of miles, may nevertheless attract and constantly operate on each other, although this action do not show itself by a union or approach of those distant bodies so long as they are withheld by the contrary forces of other bodies, which, at the same time, attract them different ways; but would, on the supposed removal of all other bodies, mutually approach and unite with each other. The like holds with regard to the human soul, whose affection towards the individuals of the same species, who are distantly related to it, is rendered inconspicuous by its more powerful attraction towards those who have a nearer relation to it. But as those are removed, the tendency which before lay concealed, doth gradually disclose itself.

A man who has no family is more strongly attracted towards his friends and neighbours; and if absent from these, he naturally falls into an acquaintance with those of his own city or country who chance to be in the same place. Two Englishmen meeting at Rome or Constantinople, soon run into a familiarity. And in China or Japan, Europeans would think their being so, a good reason for their uniting in particular converse. Farther, in case we suppose ourselves translated into Jupiter or Saturn, and there to meet a Chinese or other more distant native of our own planet, we should look on him as a near relation, and readily commence a friendship with him. These are natural reflections, and such as may

convince us that we are linked by an imperceptible chain to every individual of the human race.

The several great bodies which compose the solar system are kept from joining together at the common centre of gravity by the rectilinear motions the author of nature has impressed on each of them; which, concurring with the attractive principle, form their respective orbits round the sun; upon the ceasing of which motions, the general law of gravitation that is now thwarted, would show itself by drawing them all into one mass. After the same manner, in the parallel case of society, private passions and motions of the soul do often obstruct the operation of that benevolent uniting instinct implanted in human nature; which notwithstanding doth still exert, and will not fail to show itself when those obstructions are taken away.

The mutual gravitation of bodies cannot be explained any other way than by resolving it into the immediate operation of God, who never ceases to dispose and actuate his creatures in a manner suitable to their respective beings. So neither can that reciprocal attraction in the minds of men be accounted for by any other cause. It is not the result of education, law, or fashion; but is a principle originally ingrafted in the very first formation of the soul by the author of our nature.

And as the attractive power in bodies is the most universal principle which produceth innumerable effects, and is a key to explain the various phenomena of nature; so the corresponding social appetite in human souls is the great spring and source of moral actions. This it is that inclines each individual to an intercourse with his species, and models every one to that behaviour which best suits with the common well-being. Hence that sympathy in our nature, whereby we feel the pains and joys of our fellow-creatures. Hence that prevalent love in parents towards their children, which is neither founded on the merit of the object, nor yet on self-interest. It is this that makes us inquisitive concerning the affairs of distant nations, which can have no influence on our own. It is this that extends our care to future generations, and excites us to acts of beneficence towards those who are not yet in being, and consequently from whom we can expect no recompense. In a word, hence arises that diffusive sense of humanity so unaccountable to the selfish man who is untouched with it, and is indeed a sort of monster, or anomalous production.

These thoughts do naturally suggest the following particulars. First, that as social inclinations are absolutely necessary to the well-being of the world, it is the duty and interest of each individual to cherish, and improve them to the benefit of mankind; the duty, because

it is agreeable to the intention of the author of our being, who aims at the common good of his creatures, and as an indication of his will, hath implanted the seeds of mutual benevolence in our souls; the interest, because the good of the whole is inseparable from that of the parts; in promoting, therefore, the common good, every one doth at the same time promote his own private interest. Another observation I shall draw from the premises is, that it makes a signal proof of the divinity of the Christian religion, that the main duty which it inculcates above all others is charity. Different maxims and precepts have distinguished the different sects of philosophy and religion; our Lord's peculiar precept is, 'Love thy neighbour as thyself. By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, if you love one another.'

I will not say, that what is a most shining proof of our religion, is not often a reproach to its professors: but this I think very plain, that whether we regard the analogy of nature, as it appears in the mutual attraction or gravitations of the mundane system, in the general frame and constitution of the human soul; or lastly, in the ends and aptnesses which are discoverable in all parts of the visible and intellectual world; we shall not doubt but the precept, which is the characteristic of our religion, came from the author of nature. Some of our modern free-thinkers would indeed insinuate the Christian morals to be defective, because, say they, there is no mention made in the gospel of the virtue of friendship. These sagacious men (if I may be allowed the use of that vulgar saying) 'cannot see the wood for trees.' That a religion, whereof the main drift is to inspire its professors with the most noble and disinterested spirit of love, charity, and beneficence, to all mankind; or, in other words, with a friendship to every individual man; should be taxed with the want of that very virtue is surely a glaring evidence of the blindness and prejudice of its adversaries.

No. 127.] *Thursday, August 6, 1713.*

Læci amabiliſſimè ———

He ſported agreeably.

AN agreeable young gentleman, that has a talent for poetry, and does me the favour to entertain me with his performances after my more serious studies, read me yesterday the following translation. In this town, where there are so many women of prostituted charms, I am very glad when I gain so much time of reflection from a youth of a gay turn, as is taken up in any composition, though the piece he writes is not foreign to that of his natural inclination. For it is a great step towards gaining upon the passions, that there is a deli-

cacy in the choice of their object; and to turn the imaginations towards a bride, rather than a mistress, is getting a great way towards being in the interests of virtue. It is a hopeless manner of reclaiming youth, which has been practised by some moralists, to declaim against pleasure in general. No; the way is, to show that the pleasurable course is that which is limited and governed by reason. In this case virtue is upon equal terms with vice, and has, with all the same indulgences of desire, the advantage of safety in honour and reputation. I have for this reason often thought of exercising my pupils, of whom I have several of admirable talents, upon writing little poems, or epigrams, which in a volume I would entitle, *The Seeing Cupid*. These compositions should be written on the little advances made towards a young lady of the strictest virtue, and all the circumstances alluded to in them, should have something that might please her mind in its purest innocence, as well as celebrate her person in its highest beauty. This work would instruct a woman to be a good wife, all the while it is a wooing her to be a bride. Imagination and reason should go hand in hand in a generous amour; for when it is otherwise, real discontent and aversion in marriage, succeed the groundless and wild promise of imagination in courtship.

The Court of Venus from Claudian, being part of the Epithalamium on Honorius and Maria.

In the fan'd Cyprian isle a mountain stands,
That casts a shadow into distant lands.
In vain access by human feet is try'd,
Its lofty brow looks down with noble pride
On boundless Nile, thro' seven wide channels spread;
And sees old Proteus in his oozy bed.
Along its sides no hoary frosts presume
To blast the myrtle shrubs, or nip the bloom,
The winds with caution sweep the rising flowers,
While balmy dews descend, and vernal showers.
The ruling orbs no wintry horrors bring,
Fix'd in th' indulgence of eternal spring.
Unfading sweets in purple scenes appear,
And genial breezes soften all the year.
The nice, luxurious soul, uncloy'd may rove,
From pleasures still to thrilling pleasures move;
For endless beauty kindles endless love.

The mountain, when the summit once you gain,
Falls by degrees, and sinks into a plain;
Where the pleas'd eye may flow'ry meads behold,
Inclos'd with branching ore, and hedg'd with gold:
Or where large crops the gen'rous glebe supplies,
And yellow harvests unprovok'd arise.
For by mild zephyrs fann'd, the teeming soil
Yields ev'ry grain, nor asks the peasant's toil.
These were the bribes, the price of heav'nly charms;
These Cytherea won to Vulcan's arms:
For such a bliss he such a gift bestow'd;
The rich, th' immortal labours of a god.

A sylvan scene, in solemn state display'd,
Flatters each feather'd warbler with a shade;
But here no bird its painted wings can move,
Unless elected by the queen of love.
Ere made a member of this tuneful throng,
She hears the songster, and approves the song;
The joyous victors hop from spray to spray;
The vanquish'd fly with mournful notes away.

Branches in branches twin'd, compose the grove
And shoot, and spread, and blossom into love.
The trembling palms their mutual vows repeat;
And bending poplars bending poplars meet;
The distant plantains seem to press more nigh;
And to the sighing alder, alders nigh.
Blue heav'n's above them smile; and all below,
Two murr'ring streams in wild meanders flow.
This mix'd with gall; and that like honey sweet.
But ah! too soon th' unfriendly waters meet!
Steep'd in these springs (if verse belief can gain)
The darts of love their double power attain:
Hence all mankind a bitter sweet have found,
A painful pleasure, and a grateful wound.

Along the grassy banks, in bright array,
Ten thousand little loves their wings display:
Quivers and bows their usual sports proclaim;
Their dress, their stature, and their looks the same;
Smiling in innocence, and ever young,
And tender, as the nymphs from whom they sprung:
For Venus did but boast one only son,
And rosy Cupid was that boasted one;
He, uncontrolled, thro' heaven extends his way,
And gods and goddesses by turns obey;
Or if he stoops on earth, great princes born,
Sicken on thrones, and wreath'd with laurels mourn.
Th' inferior powers o'er hearts inferior reign,
And pierce the rural fair, or homely swain.
Here love's imperial pomp is spread around,
Voluptuous liberty that knows no bound;
And sudden storms of wrath, which soon decline;
And midnight watchings o'er the fumes of wine:
Unartful tears and hectic looks, that show
With silent eloquence the lover's woe;
Boldness unfeign'd, and to stol'n raptures new,
Half trembling stands, and scarcely dares pursue:
Fears that delight, and anxious doubts of joy,
Which check our swelling hopes, but not destroy;
And short-breath'd vows, forgot as soon as made,
On airy pinions flatter through the glade.
Youth with a haughty look, and gay attire,
And rolling eyes that glow with soft desire,
Shines forth exalted on a pompous seat;
While sullen cares and wither'd age retreat.

Now from afar the palace seems to blaze,
And hither would extend its golden rays;
But by reflection of the grove is seen
The gold still vary'd by a waving green.
For Mulciber with secret pride beheld
How far his skill all human wit excell'd;
And grown uxorious, did the work design
To speak the artist, and the art divine.
Proud columns tower'ing high, support the frame,
That hewn from hyacinthian quarries came.
The beams are emeralds, and yet scarce adorn
The ruby walls on which themselves are born.
The pavement, rich with veins of agate lies;
And steps, with shining jasper slippery, rise.

Here spices in parterres promiscuous blow,
Not from Arabia's fields more odours flow,
The wanton winds through groves of cassia play,
And steal the ripen'd fragrances away;
Here with its load the wild ammonum bends;
There cinnamon, in rival sweets, contends;
A rich perfume the ravish'd senses fills,
While from the weeping tree the balm distils.

At these delightful bowers arrives at last
The god of love, a tedious journey past;
Then shapes his way to reach the fronting gate,
Doubles his majesty, and walks in state.
It chanc'd, upon a radiant throne reclin'd,
Venus her golden tresses did unbind:
Proud to be thus employ'd, on either hand
Th' Italian sisters, rang'd in order stand.
Ambrosial essence one bestows in showers,
And lavishly whole streams of nectar pours;
With ivory combs another's dextrous care
Or curls, or opens the dishevel'd hair;
A third, industrious with a nicer eye,
Instructs the ringlets in what form to lie.

Yet leaves some few, that, not so closely prest,
Sport in the wind, and wanton from the rest :
Sweet negligence ! by artful study wrought,
A graceful error, and a lovely fault.
The judgment of the glass is here unknown ;
Here mirrors are supply'd by ev'ry stone.
Where'er the goddess turns, her image falls,
And a new Venus dances on the walls.
Now while she did her spotless form survey,
Pleas'd with Love's empire, and almighty sway,
She spy'd her son, and, fir'd with eager joy,
Sprang forwards, and embrac'd the fav'rite boy.

No. 128.] Friday, August 7, 1713.

Delenda est Carthago ———

Demolish Carthage.

It is usually thought, with great justice, a very impertinent thing in a private man to intermeddle in matters which regard the state. But the memorial which is mentioned in the following letter is so daring, and so apparently designed for the most traitorous purpose imaginable, than I do not care what misinterpretation I suffer, when I expose it to the resentment of all men who value their country, or have any regard to the honour, safety, or glory of their queen. It is certain there is not much danger in delaying the demolition of Dunkirk during the life of his present most Christian majesty, who is renowned for the most inviolable regard to treaties ; but that pious prince is aged, and in case of his decease, now the power of France and Spain is in the same family, it is possible an ambitious successor (or his ministry in a king's minority) might dispute his being bound by the act of his predecessor in so weighty a particular.

'MR. IRONSIDE,

'You employ your important moments, methinks, a little too frivolously, when you consider so often little circumstances of dress and behaviour, and never make mention of matters wherein you and all your fellow-subjects in general are concerned. I give you now an opportunity, not only of manifesting your loyalty to your queen, but your affection to your country, if you treat an insolence done to them both with the disdain it deserves. The inclosed printed paper in French and English has been handed about the town, and given gratis to passengers in the streets at noon-day.

may be spared ; and it seems the sieur Tugghe for so the petitioner is called, was thunder struck by the denunciation (which he says) "the lord viscount Bolingbroke made to him," That her majesty did not think to make any alteration in the dreadful sentence she had pronounced against the town. Mr. Ironside, I think you would do an act worthy your general humanity, if you would put the sieur Tugghe right in this matter ; and let him know, That her majesty has pronounced no sentence against the town, but his most Christian majesty has agreed that the town and harbour shall be demolished.

'That the British nation expect the immediate demolition of it.

'That the very common people know, that within three months after the signing of the peace, the works towards the sea, were to be demolished ; and, within three months after it, the works towards the land.

'That the said peace was signed the last of March, O. S.

'That the parliament has been told from the queen, that the equivalent for it is in the hands of the French king.

'That the sieur Tugghe has the impudence to ask the queen to remit the most material part of the articles of peace between her majesty and his master.

'That the British nation received more damage in their trade from the port of Dunkirk, than from almost all the ports of France, either in the ocean, or in the Mediterranean.

'That fleets of above thirty sail have come together out of Dunkirk, during the late war, and taken ships of war as well as merchantmen.

'That the pretender sailed from thence to Scotland ; and that it is the only port the French have until you come to Brest, for the whole length of St. George's channel, where any considerable naval armament can be made.

'That destroying the fortifications of Dunkirk is an inconsiderable advantage to England, in comparison to the advantage of destroying the mole, dikes, and harbour ; it being the naval force from thence which only can hurt the British nation.

'That the British nation expect the immediate demolition of Dunkirk.

'That the Dutch, who suffered equally with

should be demolished; it is necessary for the safety, honour, and liberty of England, that it should be so.

'That when Dunkirk is demolished, the power of France, on that side, should it ever be turned against us, will be removed several hundred miles further off of Great Britain than it is at present.

'That after the demolition, there can be no considerable preparation made at sea by the French on all the channel, but at Brest; and that Great Britain being an island, which cannot be attacked but by a naval power, we may esteem France effectually removed, by the demolition, from Great Britain, as far as the distance from Dunkirk to Brest.

'Pray, Mr. Ironside, repeat this last particular, and put it in a different letter, *That the demolition of Dunkirk will remove France many hundred miles farther off from us*; and then repeat again, *That the British nation expects the demolition of Dunkirk*.

'I demand of you, as you love and honour your queen and country, that you insert this letter, or speak to this purpose, your own way; for in this all parties must agree, that however bound in friendship one nation is with another, it is but prudent that in case of a rupture, they should be, if possible, upon equal terms.

'Be honest, old Nestor, and say all this; for whatever half-witted hot whigs may think, we all value our estates and liberties, and every true man of each party must think himself concerned that Dunkirk should be demolished.

'It lies upon all who have the honour to be in the ministry to hasten this matter, and not let the credulity of an honest brave people be thus infamously abused in our open streets.

'I cannot go on for indignation; but pray God that our mercy to France may not expose us to the mercy of France.

'Your humble servant,
'ENGLISH TORY.'

No. 129.] Saturday, August 8, 1713.

— Animasque in vulnere ponunt.

Virg. Georg. iv. 238.

And part with life, only to wound their foe.

ANGER is so uneasy a guest in the heart, that he may be said to be born unhappy who is of a rough and choleric disposition. The moralists have defined it to be 'a desire of revenge for some injury offered.' Men of hot and heady tempers are eagerly desirous of vengeance, the very moment they apprehend themselves injured: whereas the cool and sedate watch proper opportunities to return grief for grief to their enemy. By this means it often happens that the choleric inflict disproportioned punishments upon slight and sometimes imaginary offences: but the temperately revenge-

ful have leisure to weigh the merits of the cause, and thereby either to smother their secret resentments, or to seek proper and adequate reparations for the damages they have sustained. Weak minds are apt to speak well of the man of fury; because, when the storm is over, he is full of sorrow and repentance; but the truth is, he is apt to commit such ravages during his madness, that when he comes to himself, he becomes tame then, for the same reason that he ran wild before, 'only to give himself ease;' and is a friend only to himself in both extremities. Men of this unhappy make, more frequently than any others, expect that their friends should bear with their infirmities. Their friends should in return desire them to correct their infirmities. The common excuses, that they cannot help it, that it was soon over, that they harbour no malice in their hearts, are arguments for pardoning a bull or a mastiff; but shall never reconcile me to an intellectual savage. Why indeed should any one imagine, that persons independent upon him should venture into his society, who hath not yet so far subdued his boiling blood, but that he is ready to do something the next minute which he can never repair, and hath nothing to plead in his own behalf, but that he is apt to do mischief as fast as he can! Such a man may be feared, he may be pitied; he can never be loved.

I would not hereby be so understood as if I meant to recommend slow and deliberate malice; I would only observe, that men of moderation are of a more amiable character than the rash and inconsiderate; but if they do not husband the talent that Heaven hath bestowed upon them, they are as much more odious than the choleric, as the devil is more horrible than a brute. It is hard to say which of the two when injured is more troublesome to himself, or more hurtful to his enemy; the one is hoisterous and gentle by fits, dividing his life between guilt and repentance, now all tempest, again all sunshine. The other hath a smoother but more lasting anguish, lying under a perpetual gloom; the latter is a cowardly man, the former a generous beast. If lie may be held unfortunate who cannot be sure but that he may do something the next minute which he shall lament during his life; what shall we think of him who hath a soul so infected that he can never be happy until he hath made another miserable! What wars may we imagine perpetually raging in his breast! What dark stratagems, unworthy designs, inhuman wishes, dreadful resolutions! A snake curled in many intricate mazes, ready to sting a traveller, and to hiss him in the pangs of death, is no unfit emblem of such an artful, unsearchable projector. Were I to choose an enemy, whether should I wish for one that would stab me suddenly, or one that would give me an Italian

poison, subtle and lingering, yet as certainly fatal as the stroke of a stiletto? Let the reader determine the doubt in his own mind.

There is yet a third sort of revenge, if it may be called a third, which is compounded of the other two: I mean the mistaken honour which hath too often a place in generous breasts. Men of good education, though naturally choleric, restrain their wrath so far as to seek convenient times for vengeance. The single combat seems so generous a way of ending controversies, that until we have stricter laws, the number of widows and orphans, and I wish I could not say of wretched spirits, will be increased. Of all the medals which have been struck in honour of a neighbouring monarch, there is not one which can give him so true renown as that upon the success of his edicts for 'abolishing the impious practice of dueling.'

What inclined me at present to write upon this subject, was the sight of the following letters, which I can assure the reader to be genuine. They concern two noble names among us; but the crime of which the gentlemen are guilty bears too prevalently the name of honour, to need an apology to their relations for reviving the mention of their duel. But the dignity of wrath, and the cool and deliberate preparation (by passing different climes, and waiting convenient seasons) for murdering each other, when we consider them as moved by a sense of honour, must raise in the reader as much compassion as horror.

'A Monsieur Monsieur Sackville.'

'I that am in France hear how much you attribute to yourself in this time, that I have given the world leave to ring your praises
* * * * *

If you call to memory, whereas I gave you my hand last, I told you I reserved the heart for a truer reconciliation. Now be that noble gentleman my love once spoke you, and come and do him right that could recite the trials you owe your birth and country, were I not confident your honour gives you the same courage to do me right, that it did to do me wrong. Be master of your own weapons and time; the place, wheresoever, I will wait on you. By doing this you shall shorten revenge, and clear the idle opinion the world bath of both our worths.

'ED. BRUCE.'

'A Mons. Monsieur le Baron de Kinloss.'

'As it shall be always far from me to seek a quarrel, so will I always be ready to meet with any that desire to make trial of my valour by so fair a course as you require. A witness whereof yourself shall be, who within a month shall receive a strict account of time, place, and weapon, where you shall find me ready disposed to give you honourable satisfaction by him that shall conduct you thither. In the

mean time be as secret of the appointment as it seems you are desirous of it.

'ED. SACKVILLE.'

'A Mons. Monsieur le Baron de Kinloss.'

'I am ready at Tergosa, a town in Zealand, to give you that satisfaction your sword can render you, accompanied with a worthy gentleman my second, in degree a knight; and for your coming I will not limit you a peremptory day, but desire you to make a definite and speedy repair for your own honour, and fear of prevention, until which time you shall find me there.

Tergosa, Aug. 10, 1613.

'ED. SACKVILLE.'

'A Mons. Monsieur Sackville.'

'I have received your letter by your man, and acknowledge you have dealt nobly with me, and now I come with all possible haste to meet you.

'ED. BRUCE.'

No. 130.] Monday, August 10, 1713.

—Vacuum sine mente populum.

Musa Anglicana.

An empty, thoughtless tribe.

As the greatest part of mankind are more affected by things which strike the senses, than by excellencies that are to be discerned by reason and thought, they form very erroneous judgments when they compare the one with the other. An eminent instance of this is, that vulgar notion, that men addicted to contemplation are less useful members of society than those of a different course of life. The business therefore of my present paper shall be to compare the distinct merits of the speculative and the active parts of mankind.

The advantages arising from the labours of generals and politicians are confined to narrow tracts of the earth; and while they promote the interest of their own country, they lessen or obstruct that of other nations: whereas the light and knowledge that spring from speculation are not limited to any single spot, but equally diffused to the benefit of the whole globe. Besides, for the most part, the renown only of men of action is transmitted to distant posterity, their great exploits either dying with themselves, or soon after them; whereas speculative men continue to deserve well of the world thousands of years after they have left it. Their merits are propagated with their fame, which is due to them, but a free gift to those whose beneficence has not outlived their persons.

What benefit do we receive from the renowned deeds of Cæsar or Alexander, that we should make them the constant themes of our praise? while the name of Pythagoras is more sparingly celebrated, though it be to him that we are indebted for our trade and riches. This

may seem strange to a vulgar reader, but the following reflection will make it plain. That philosopher invented the forty-seventh proposition of the first book of Euclid, which is the foundation of trigonometry, and consequently of navigation, upon which the commerce of Great Britain depends.

The mathematics are so useful and ornamental to human life, that the ingenious sir William Temple acknowledges, in some part of his writings, all those advantages which distinguish polite nations from barbarians to be derived from them. But as these sciences cultivate the exterior parts of life, there are others of a more excellent nature, that endue the heart with rudiments of virtue, and by opening our prospects, and awakening our hopes, produce generous emotions and sublime sentiments in the soul.

The divine sages of antiquity, who by transmitting down to us their speculations upon good and evil, upon Providence, and the dignity and duration of thinking beings, have imprinted an idea of moral excellence on the minds of men, are most eminent benefactors to human nature; and however overlooked in the loud and thoughtless applauses that are every day bestowed on the slaughterers and disturbers of mankind, yet they will never want the esteem and approbation of the wise and virtuous.

This apology in behalf of the speculative part of mankind, who make useful truth the end of their being, and its acquisition the business as well as entertainment of their lives, seems not improper, in order to rectify the mistake of those who measure merit by noise and outward appearance, and are too apt to depreciate and ridicule men of thought and retirement. The raillery and reproaches which are thrown on that species by those who abound in the animal life, would incline one to think the world not sufficiently convinced that whatsoever is good or excellent proceeds from reason and reflection.

Even those who only regard truth as such, without communicating their thoughts, or applying them to practice, will seem worthy members of the commonwealth, if we compare the innocence and tranquillity with which they pass their lives, with the fraud and impertinence of other men. But the number of those who by abstracted thoughts become useless, is inconsiderable in respect of them who are useful to mankind by an active and

whereas those of the mind are permanent and universal. Plato and Euclid enjoy a sort of immortality upon earth, and at this day read lectures to the world.

But it to inform the understanding, and regulate the will, is the most lasting and diffusive benefit, there will not be found so useful and excellent an institution as that of the Christian priesthood, which is now become the scorn of fools. That a numerous order of men should be consecrated to the study of the most sublime and beneficial truths, with a design to propagate them by their discourses and writings, to inform their fellow-creatures of the being and attributes of the Deity, to possess their minds with the sense of a future state, and not only to explain the nature of every virtue and moral duty, but likewise to persuade mankind to the practice of them by the most powerful and engaging motives, is a thing so excellent and necessary to the well-being of the world, that nobody but a modern free-thinker could have the forehead or folly to turn it into ridicule.

The light in which these points should be exposed to the view of one who is prejudiced against the names, *religion, church, priest*, and the like, is to consider the clergy as so many philosophers, the churches as schools, and their sermons as lectures, for the information and improvement of the audience. How would the heart of Socrates or Tully have rejoiced, had they lived in a nation where the law had made provision for philosophers to read lectures of morality and theology every seventh day, in several thousands of schools erected at the public charge throughout the whole country; at which lectures all ranks and sexes, without distinction, were obliged to be present for their general improvement! And what wicked wretches would they think those men who would endeavour to defeat the purpose of so divine an institution?

It is indeed usual with that low tribe of writers, to pretend their design is only to reform the church, and expose the vices, and not the order of the clergy. The author of a pamphlet printed the other day (which without my mentioning the title, will on this occasion occur to the thoughts of those who have read it) hopes to insinuate by that artifice what he is afraid or ashamed openly to maintain. But there are two points which clearly show what it is he aims at. The first is, that he constantly uses the word *corrupt* in such a man-

light in which he places them, tend to give men an ill impression of the dispensers of the gospel; all which he pathetically addresses to the consideration of his wise and honest countrymen of the laity. The sophistry and ill-breeding of these proceedings are so obvious to men who have any pretence to that character, that I need say no more either of them or their author.

The inhabitants of the earth may properly be ranged under the two general heads of gentlemen and mechanics. This distinction arises from the different occupations wherein they exert themselves. The former of these species is universally acknowledged to be more honourable than the other, who are looked upon as a base and inferior order of men. But if the world is in the right in this natural judgment, it is not generally so in the distribution of particular persons under their respective denominations. It is a clear settled point, that the gentleman should be preferred to the mechanic. But who is the gentleman, and who the mechanic, wants to be explained.

The philosophers distinguish two parts in human nature; the rational, and the animal. Now, if we attend to the reason of the thing, we shall find it difficult to assign a more just and adequate idea of these distinct species, than by defining the gentleman to be him whose occupation lies in the exertion of his rational faculties; and the mechanic, him who is employed in the use of his animal parts, or the organic parts of his body.

The concurring assent of the world, in preferring gentlemen to mechanics seems founded in that preference which the rational part of our nature is entitled to above the animal; when we consider it in itself, as it is the seat of wisdom and understanding, as it is pure and immortal, and as it is that which, of all the known works of the creation, bears the brightest impress of the Deity.

It claims the same dignity and pre-eminence, if we consider it with respect to its object. Mechanical motives or operations are confined to a narrow circle of low and little things: whereas reason inquires concerning the nature

their office. It is the province of the former to preside and direct; of the latter, to execute and obey. Those who apply their hands to the materials appear the immediate builders of an edifice; but the beauty and proportion of it is owing to the architect, who designed the plan in his closet. And in like manner, whatever there is either in art or nature of use or regularity, will be found to proceed from the superior principle of reason and understanding. These reflections, how obvious soever, do nevertheless seem not sufficiently attended to by those who, being at great pains to improve the figure and motions of the body, neglect the culture of the mind.

From the premises it follows, that a man may descend from an ancient family, wear fine clothes, and be master of what is commonly called good-breeding, and yet not merit the name of gentleman. All those whose principal accomplishments consist in the exertion of the mechanic powers, whether the organ made use of be the eye, the muscles of the face, the fingers, feet, or any other part, are in the eye of reason to be esteemed mechanics.

I do therefore, by these presents, declare, that all men and women, by what title soever distinguished, whose occupation it is either to ogle with the eye, flirt with the fan, dress, cringe, adjust the muscles of the face, or other parts of the body, are degraded from the rank of gentry; which is from this time forward appropriated to those who employ the talents of the mind in the pursuit of knowledge and practice of virtue, and are content to take their places as they are distinguished by moral and intellectual accomplishments.

The rest of the human species come under the appellation of mechanics, with this difference, that the professed mechanics, who, not pretending to be gentlemen, contain themselves within their proper sphere, are necessary to the well-being of mankind, and consequently should be more respected in a well-regulated commonwealth, than those mechanics who make a merit of being useless.

Having hitherto considered the human species as distinguished into gentlemen and mecha-

order, and symmetry, are visible in the effects, we conclude the cause to be an intelligent being; but where nothing of these can be found, we ascribe the effect to hazard, necessity, or the like. Now I appeal to any one who is conversant in the modern productions of our free-thinkers, if they do not look rather like effects of chance, or at best of mechanism, than of a thinking principle, and consequently, whether the authors of those rhapsodies are not mere machines.

The same point is likewise evident from their own assertion; it being plain that no one could mistake thought for motion, who knew what thought was. For these reasons I do hereby give it in charge to all Christians, that hereafter they speak of free-thinkers in the neuter gender, using the term *it* for *him*. They are to be considered as automata, made up of bones and muscles, nerves, arteries, and animal spirits; not so innocent, indeed, but as destitute of thought and reason, as those little machines which the excellent author from whom I take the motto of this paper, has so elegantly described.

No. 131.] Tuesday, August 11, 1713.

Iter pigrorum quasi sepes spinarum.

Ex. LITH. PROV.

The way of the slothful man is a hedge of thorns.

Proverbs, xv. 19.

THERE are two sorts of persons within the consideration of my frontispiece; the first are the mighty body of lingerers, persons who do not indeed employ their time criminally, but are such pretty innocents, who, as the poet says,

— waste away
In gentle inactivity the day.

The others being something more vivacious, are such as do not only omit to spend their time well, but are in the constant pursuit of criminal satisfactions. Whatever the divine may think, the case of the first seems to be the most deplorable, as the habit of sloth is more invincible than that of vice. The first is preferred even when the man is fully possessed of himself, and submitted to with constant deliberation, and cool thought. The other we are driven into generally through the heat of wine, or youth, which Mr. Hobbes calls a natural drunkenness; and therefore consequently are more excusable for any errors committed during the deprivation or suspension of our reason, than in the possession of it. The irregular starts of vicious appetites are in time destroyed by the gratification of them; but a well-ordered life of sloth receives daily strength from its continuance. 'I went (says Solomon by the field of the slothful, and the vineyard

of the man void of understanding; and lo! it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down.' To raise the image of this person, the same author adds, 'The slothful man hideth his hand in his bosom, and it grieveth him to bring it again to his mouth.' If there were no future account expected of spending our time, the immediate inconvenience that attends a life of idleness should of itself be persuasion enough to the men of sense to avoid it. I say to the men of sense, because there are of these that give in to it, and for these chiefly is this paper designed. Arguments drawn from future rewards and punishments, are things too remote for the consideration of stubborn sanguine youth. They are affected by such only as propose immediate pleasure or pain; as the strongest persuasive to the children of Israel was a land flowing with milk and honey. I believe I may say there is more toil, fatigue, and uneasiness in sloth, than can be found in any employment a man will put himself upon. When a thoughtful man is once fixed this way, spleen is the necessary consequence. This directs him instantly to the contemplation of his health or circumstances, which must ever be found extremely bad upon these melancholy inquiries.

If he has any common business upon his hands, numberless objections arise, that make the despatch of it impossible; and he cries out with Solomon, 'There is a lion in the way, a lion in the streets; that is, there is some difficulty or other, which to his imagination is as invincible as a lion really would be. The man, on the contrary, that applies himself to books, or business, contracts a cheerful confidence in all his undertakings, from the daily improvements of his knowledge or fortune, and instead of giving himself up to

'Thick-ey'd musing carrel melancholy'

Shakespeare

has that constant life in his visage and conversation, which the idle splenetic man borrows sometimes from the sunshine, exercise, or an agreeable friend. A recluse idle sobriety must be attended with more bitter remorse, than the most active debauchery can at any intervals be molested with. The rake, if he is a cautious manager, will allow himself very little time to examine his own conduct, and will bestow as few reflections upon himself, as the lingerer does upon any thing else, unless he has the misfortune to repent. I repeat the misfortune to repent, because I have put the great day of account out of the present case, and am now inquiring, not whose life is most irreligious, but most inconvenient. A gentleman that has formerly been a very eminent lingerer and something splenetic, informs me, that in one winter he drank six bampers of Spa-water, several gallons of chalybeate tincture, two

hogsheads of bitters, at the rate of sixty pounds a hogshead, laid one hundred and fifty infallible schemes, in every one of which he was disappointed, received a thousand affronts during the north-easterly winds, and in short, run through more misery and expense, than the most meritorious bravo could boast of. Another tells me, that he fell into this way at the university, where the youth are too apt to be lulled into a state of such tranquillity as prejudices them against the bustle of that worldly business, for which this part of their education should prepare them. As he could with the utmost secrecy be idle in his own chamber, he says he was for some years irrecoverably sunk, and immersed in the luxury of an easy-chair, though at the same time, in the general opinion, he passed for a hard student. During this lethargy he had some intervals of application to books, which rather aggravated than suspended the painful thoughts of a mispent life. Thus his supposed relief became his punishment, and, like the damned in Milton, upon their conveyance at certain revolutions from fire to ice,

— He felt by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce.

When he had a mind to go out, he was so scrupulous as to form some excuse or other which the idle are ever provided with, and could not satisfy himself without this ridiculous appearance of justice. Sometimes by his own contrivance and insinuation, the woman that looked after his chamber would convince him of the necessity of washing his room, or any other matter of the like joyous import, to which he always submitted, after having decently opposed it, and made his exit with much seeming reluctance, and inward delight. Thus did he pass the noon of his life in the solitude of a monk, and the guilt of a libertine. He is since awakened, by application, out of slumber; has no more spleen than a Dutchman, who, as sir W. Temple observes, is not delicate or idle enough to suffer from this enemy, but 'is always well when he is not ill, always pleased when he is not angry.'

There is a gentleman I have seen at a coffee-house, near the place of my abode, who having a pretty good estate, and a disinclination to books or business, to secure himself from some of the above-mentioned misfortunes, employs himself with much alacrity in the following method. Being vehemently disposed to loquacity, he has a person constantly with him, to whom he gives an annual pension for no other merit but being very attentive, and never interrupting him by question and answer, whatever he may utter that may seemingly require it. To secure to himself discourse, his fundamental maxim seems to be, by no means to consider what he is going to say. He de-

livers therefore every thought as it first intrudes itself upon him, and then, with all the freedom you could wish, will examine it, and rally the impertinence, or evince the truth of it. In short, he took the same pleasure in confuting himself, as he could have done in discomfiting an opponent: and his discourse was as that of two persons attacking each other with exceeding warmth, incoherence, and good-nature. There is another, whom I have seen in the park, employing himself with the same industry, though not with the same innocence. He is very dexterous in taking flies, and fixing one at each end of a horse hair, which his perriwig supplies him with. He hangs them over a little stick, which suspension inclines them immediately to war upon each other, there being no possibility of retreat. From the frequent attention of his eyes to these combats, he perceives the several turns and advantages of the battle, which are altogether invisible to a common spectator. I the other day found him in the enjoyment of a couple of gigantic blue bottles, which were hung out and embattled in the aforesaid warlike appointments. That I might enter into the secret shocks of this conflict, he lent me a magnifying glass, which presented me with an engagement between two of the most rueful monsters I have ever read of even in romance.

If we cannot bring ourselves to appoint and perform such tasks as would be of considerable advantage to us, let us resolve upon some other, however trifling, to be performed at appointed times. By this we may gain a victory over a wandering unsettled mind, and by this regulation of the impulse of our wills, may in time, make them obedient to the dictates of our reason.

When I am disposed to treat of the irreligion of an idle life, it shall be under this head, *perreunt et imputantur*: which is an inscription upon a sun-dial in one of the inns of court, and is with great propriety placed to public view in such a place, where the inhabitants being in an everlasting burry of business or pleasure, the busy may receive an innocent admonition to keep their appointments, and the idle a dreadful one not to keep theirs.

MR. IRONSIDE,

August 10, 1713.

'I am obliged to you for inserting my letter concerning the demolition of Dunkirk in your paper of the seventh instant; but you will find, upon perusal, that you have printed the word *three* where you should have printed the word *two*; which I desire you would amend by inserting the whole paragraph, and that which immediately follows it, in your very next paper. The paragraph runs thus:

"The very common people know, that within two months after the signing of the peace the works towards the sea were to be demolished,

and within three months after it, the works towards the land.

"That the said peace was signed the last of March, O. S."

'I beg pardon for giving you so much trouble, which was only to avoid mistakes, having been very much abused by some whiggish senseless fellows, that give out I am for the Pretender.

'Your most humble servant,

'ENGLISH TORY.'

No. 132.] Wednesday, August 12, 1713.

Quisque suos patimur manes—

Virg. Æn. vi. 743.

All have their manes

Dryden.

'MR. IRONSIDE,

'THE following letter was really written by a young gentlemen in a languishing illness, which both himself, and those who attended him, thought it impossible for him to outlive. If you think such an image of the state of a man's mind in that circumstance be worth publishing, it is at your service, and take it as follows:

"DEAR SIR,

"You formerly observed to me, that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life, than the disparity we often find in him, sick and well. Thus one of an unfortunate constitution is perpetually exhibiting a miserable example of the weakness of his mind, or of his body, in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to consider myself in these different views, and hope I have received some advantage by it. If what Mr. Waller says be true, that,

'The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light thro' chinks that time has made.'

"Then surely sickness, contributing no less than old age to the shaking down this scaffolding of the body, may discover the inclosed structure more plainly. Sickness is a sort of early old age; it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly state, and inspires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thousand volumes of philosophers and divines. It gives so warning a concussion to those props of our vanity, our strength and youth, that we think of fortifying ourselves within, when there is so little dependence on our outworks. Youth at the very best, is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and smoother manner than age. It is like a stream that nourishes a plant upon its bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to the sight, but at the same time is undermining it at the root in secret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me. It has afforded several prospects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world

have not dazzled me very much; and I began where most people end, with a full conviction of the emptiness of all sorts of ambition, and the unsatisfactory nature of all human pleasures.

"When a smart fit of sickness tells me this scurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am even as unconcerned as was that honest Hibernian, who (being in bed in the great storm some years ago, and told the house would tumble over his head) made answer, 'What care I for the house? I am only a lodger.' I fancy it is the best time to die, when one is in the best humour: and so excessively weak as I now am, I may say with conscience, that I am not at all uneasy at the thought that many men, whom I never had any esteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconsiderable little atom every single man is, with respect to the whole creation, methinks it is a shame to be concerned at the removal of such a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit, the sun will arise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed in its old course, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast, as they were used to do. 'The memory of man,' as it is elegantly expressed in the Wisdom of Solomon, 'passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but one day.' There are reasons enough, in the fourth chapter of the same book, to make any young man contented with the prospect of death. 'For honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, or is measured by number of years. But wisdom is the grey hair to men, and an unspotted life is old age.' He was taken away speedily, lest that "wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul."

"I am, yours."

'To Nestor Ironside, Esq. greeting.

'OLD DAD.

"I am so happy as to be the husband of a woman that never is in the wrong, and yet is at continual war with every body, especially with all her servants, and myself. As to her maids, she never fails of having at least a dozen or fourteen in each year, yet never has above one at a time, and the last that comes is always the worst that ever she had in her life; altho' they have given very good content in better families than mine for several years together. Not that she has the pleasure of turning them away, but she does so ferrit them about, "Forsooth" and "Mistress" them up, and so find fault with every thing they do, and talks to them so loud and so long, that they either give her immediate warning, or march off without any wages at all. So that through her great zeal and care to make them better

servants than any in the world, and their obstinacy in being no better than they can, our house is a sort of Bedlam, and nothing in order; for by that time a maid comes to know where things stand, whip, she is gone, and so we have not another in four or five days, and this all the year round. As to myself, all the world believes me to be one of the best of husbands, and I am of the world's mind, until my dear Patient Grizzle comes to give her opinion about me, and then you would believe I am as bad as her maids. Oh, Mr. Ionside, never was a woman used as she is. The world does not think how unhappy she is! I am a wolf in sheep's clothing. And then her neighbours are so ill-natured, that they refuse to suffer her to say what she pleases of their families, without either returning her compliments, or withdrawing from her oratory; so that the poor woman has scarcely any society abroad, nor any comfort at home, and all through the sauciness of servants, and the unkindness of a husband that is so cruel to her, as to desire her to be quiet. But she is coming. I am in haste,

'Sir, your humble servant,

'NICHOLAS EARRING.'

'SIR,

'I hope you will not endure this dumb club, for I am the unlucky spouse of one of those gentlemen: and when my dear comes from this joyless society, I am an impertinent, noisy rattle-snake, my maid is a saucy sow, the man is a thick-skull puppy, and founders like a horse; my cook is a tasteless ass; and if a child cry, the maid is a careless bear: If I have company, they are a parcel of chattering magpies; if abroad, I am a gagging goose; when I return, you are a fine gallopper; women, like cats, should keep the house. This is a frequent sentence with him. Consider some remedy against a temper that seldom speaks, and then speaks only unkindness. This will be a relief to all those miserable women who are married to the worst of tempers, the sullen, more especially to

'Your distressed appellant,

'GOODY DUMP.'

'FRIEND NESTOR,

'Our brother Tremble having lately given thee wholesome advice concerning tuckers, I send thee a word of counsel touching thyself. Verily thou hast found great favour with the godly sisters. I have read in that mysterious book called *Æsop's Fables*, how once upon a time an ass arrayed himself in the skin of a lion, thereby designing to appear as one of the mighty. But behold the vanity of this world was found light, the spirit of untruth became altogether naked. When the vainglorious animal opened his jaws to roar, the lewd voice of an ass braying was heard in the mountains. Friend, friend, let the moral of this sink deep

into thy mind; the more thou ponderest thereon, the fitter thou wilt become for the fellowship of the faithful. We have every day more and more hopes of thee; but between thee and me, when thou art converted thou must take to thee a scripture name. One of thy writing brethren bore a very good name, he was entitled Isaac, but now sleepeth. Jacob suiteth thy bookseller well. Verily Nestor soundeth Babylonish in the ears of thy well-wisher and constant reader,

The third day of the week,
profundly called *Tuesday*.

'RUTH PRIM.'

'SIR,

'Notwithstanding your grave advice to the fair sex not to lay the beauties of their necks so open, I find they mind you so little, that we young men are in as much danger as ever. Yesterday, about seven in the evening, I took a turn with a gentleman just come to town, in a public walk. We had not walked above two rounds, when the spark on a sudden pretended weariness, and as I importuned him to stay longer, he turned short, and pointing to a celebrated beauty: "What," said he, "do you think I am made of, that I should bear the sight of such snowy breasts! Oh, she is intolerably handsome!" Upon this we parted, and I resolved to take a little more air in the garden, yet avoid the danger, by casting my eyes downwards: but to my unspeakable surprise, I discovered, in the same fair creature, the finest ankle and prettiest foot that ever fancy imagined. If the petticoats, as well as the stays, thus diminish, what shall we do, dear Nestor? If it is neither safe to look at the head nor the feet of the charmer, whither shall we direct our eyes? I need not trouble you with any further description of her, but I beg you would consider that your wards are frail and mortal.

'Your most obedient servant,

'EPIMETRIUS.'

No. 133.] *Thursday, August 13, 1743.*

Oh, fatal love of fame! Oh, glorious heat,
Only destructive to the brave and great.

Addison's Campaign.

THE letters which I published in the *Guardian* of Saturday last, are written with such spirit and greatness of mind, that they had excited a great curiosity in my lady Lizard's family, to know what occasioned a quarrel betwixt the two brave men who wrote them; and what was the event of their combat. I found the family the other day listening in a circle to Mr. William, the templar, who was informing the ladies of the ceremonies used in the single combat, when the kings of England permitted such trials to be performed in their presence. He took occasion from the chance

of such judicial proceedings, to relate a custom used in a certain part of India, to determine lawsuits, which he produced as a parallel to the single combat. The custom is, 'That the plaintiff and defendant are thrown into a river, where each endeavours to keep under water as long as he is able; and he who comes up first loses the cause.' The author adds, 'that if they had no other way of deciding controversies in Europe, the lawyers might even throw themselves in after them.'

The mirth occasioned by this Indian law did not hinder the ladies from reflecting still more upon the above-named letters. I found they had agreed, that it must be a mistress which caused the duel; and Mrs. Cornelia had already settled in her mind the fashion of their arms, their colours, and devices. My lady only asked with a sigh, if either of the combatants had a wife and children.

In order to give them what satisfaction I could, I looked over my papers; and though I could not find the occasion of the difference, I shall present the world with an authentic account of the fight, written by the survivor to a courtier. The gallant behaviour of the combatants may serve to raise in our minds a yet higher detestation of that false honour which robs our country of men so fitted to support and adorn it.

*Sir Edward Sachville's relation of the fight
between him and the lord Bruce.*

'WORTHY SIR,

'As I am not ignorant, so ought I to be sensible of the false aspersions some authorless tongues have laid upon me, in the report of the unfortunate passage lately happened between the lord Bruce and myself; which as they are spread here, so I may justly fear they reign also where you are. There are but two ways to resolve doubts of this nature; by oath or by sword. The first is due to magistrates, and communicable to friends; the other to such as maliciously slander and impudently defend their assertion. Your love, not my merit, assure me you hold me your friend, which esteem I am much desirous to retain. Do me therefore the right to understand the truth of that; and in my behalf inform others, who either are, or may be infected with sinister rumours, much prejudicial to that fair opinion I desire to hold amongst all worthy persons. And on the faith of a gentleman, the relation I shall give is neither more nor less than the bare truth. The inclosed contains the first citation, sent me from Paris by a Scotch gentleman, who delivered it to me in Derbyshire at my father-in-law's house. After it follows my then answer, returned him by the same bearer. The next is my accomplishment of my first promise, being a particular assignation of place and weapons, which I sent by a servant of mine,

by post from Rotterdam, as soon as I landed there. The receipt of which, joined with an acknowledgement of my too fair carriage to the deceased lord, is testified by the last, which periods the business until we met at Tergosa in Zealand, it being the place allotted for rendezvous; where he, accompanied with one Mr. Crawford, an English gentleman, for his second, a surgeon, and a man, arrived with all the speed he could. And there having rendered himself, I addressed my second, sir John Heidon, to let him understand, that now all following should be done by consent, as concerning the terms whereon we should fight, as also the place. To our seconds we gave power for their appointments, who agreed we should go to Antwerp, from thence to Bergen-op-Zoom, where in the midway but a village divides the States' territories from the archduke's. And there was the destined stage, to the end that having ended, he that could, might presently exempt himself from the justice of the country, by retiring into the dominion not offended. It was farther concluded, that in case any should fall or slip, that then the combat should cease, and he whose ill fortune had so subjected him, was to acknowledge his life to have been in the other's hands. But in case one party's sword should break, because that could only chance by hazard, it was agreed that the other should take no advantage, but either then be made friends, or else upon even terms go to it again. Thus these conclusions being each of them related to his party, was by us both approved, and assented to. Accordingly we embarked for Antwerp. And by reason my lord as I conceive, because he could not handsomely without danger or discovery, had not paired the sword I sent him to Paris; bringing one of the same length, but twice as broad; my second excepted against it, and advised me to match my own, and send him the choice, which I obeyed; it being, you know, the challenger's privilege to elect his weapon. At the delivery of the sword, which was performed by sir John Heidon, it pleased the lord Bruce to choose my own, and then, past expectation, he told him that he found himself so far behind-hand, as a little of my blood would not serve his turn; and therefore he was now resolved to have me alone, because he knew (for I will use his own words) "that so worthy a gentleman, and my friend, could not endure to stand by and see him do that which he must, to satisfy himself and his honour." Hereupon sir John Heidon replied, that such intentions were bloody and butcherly, far unfitting so noble a personage, who should desire to bleed for reputation, not for life; withal adding, he thought himself injured, being come thus far, now to be prohibited from executing those honourable offices he came for. The lord for answer, only reiterated his former resolutions;

whereupon, sir John leaving him the sword he had elected, delivered me the other, with his determinations. The which, not for matter, but manner, so moved me, as though to my remembrance, I had not of a long while eaten more liberally than at dinner, and therefore unfit for such an action (seeing the surgeons hold a wound upon a full stomach much more dangerous than otherwise) I requested my second to certify him, I would presently decide the difference, and therefore he should presently meet me on horseback, only waited on by our surgeons, they being unarmed. Together we rode, but one before the other, some twelve score, about two English miles: and then, passion having so weak an enemy to assail, as my direction, easily became victor, and using his power, made me obedient to his commands. I being verily mad with anger the lord Bruce should thirst after my life with a kind of assuredness, seeing I had come so far and needlessly, to give him leave to regain his lost reputation; I bade him alight, which with all willingness he quickly granted, and there in a meadow ankle deep in water at the least, bidding farewell to our doublets, in our shirts began to charge each other; having afore commanded our surgeons to withdraw themselves a pretty distance from us, conjuring them besides, as they respected our favours, or their own safeties, not to stir, but suffer us to execute our pleasures: we being fully resolved (God forgive us!) to despatch each other by what means we could; I made a thrust at my enemy, but was short, and in drawing back my arm I received a great wound thereon, which I interpreted as a reward for my short shooting; but in revenge I pressed in to him, though I then missed him also, and then received a wound in my right pap, which passed level through my body, and almost to my back. And there we wrestled for the two greatest and dearest prizes we could ever expect trial for, honour and life. In which struggling my hand, having but an ordinary glove on it, lost one of her servants, though the meanest, which hung by a skin, and to sight yet remaineth as before, and I am put in hope one day to recover the use of it again. But at last, breathless, yet keeping our holds, there passed on both sides propositions of quitting each other's sword. But when amity was dead, confidence could not live; and who should quit first was the question; which on neither part either would perform, and restraining again afresh, with a kick and a wrench together, I freed my long captivated weapon. Which incontinently levying at his throat, being master still of his, I demanded, if he would ask his life, or yield his sword; both which, though in that imminent danger, he bravely denied to do. Myself being wounded, and feeling loss of blood, having three conduits running on me, began to make

me faint; and he courageously persisting not to accord to either of my propositions; remembrance of his former bloody desire, and feeling of my present estate, I struck at his heart, but with his avoiding missed my aim, yet passed through the body, and drawing through my sword re-passed it through again, through another place; when he cried "Oh, I am slain!" seconding his speech with all the force he had to cast me. But being too weak, after I had defended his assault, I easily became master of him, laying him on his back; when being upon him, I redemanded if he would request his life, but it seemed he prized it not at so dear a rate to be beholding for it, bravely replying "be scourged it." Which answer of his was so noble and worthy, as I protest I could not find in my heart to offer him any more violence, only keeping him down until at length his surgeon afar off, cried out, "he would immediately die if his wounds were not stopped." Whereupon I asked if he desired his surgeon should come, which he accepted of; and so being drawn away, I never offered to take his sword, accounting it inhuman to rob a dead man, for so I held him to be. This thus ended, I retired to my surgeon, in whose arms after I had remained a while for want of blood, I lost my sight, and withal as I then thought, my life also. But strong water and his diligence quickly recovered me, when I escaped a great danger. For my lord's surgeon, when nobody dreamt of it, came full at me with his lord's sword; and had not mine with my sword interposed himself, I had been slain by those base hands: although my lord Bruce, weltering in his blood, and past all expectation of life, conformable to all his former carriage, which was undoubtedly noble, cried out "Rascal! hold thy hand." So may I prosper as I have dealt sincerely with you in this relation; which I pray you, with the inclosed letter, deliver to my lord chamberlain. And so, &c.

'Yours,

Louvain,
the 8th of Sept. 1613.

'EDWARD SACKVILLE.'

No. 134.] Friday, August 14, 1713.

*Matrona præter factum nil cernere possit,
Castora, ni Castia est, demissa veste tegenda.*

Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. li. 94.

In virtuous dames you see their face alone:
None show the rest but women of the town.

My lion having given over roaring for some time, I find that several stories have been spread abroad in the country to his disadvantage. One of my correspondents tells me, it is confidently reported of him in their parts, that he is silenced by authority; another informs me, that he hears he was sent for by a messenger, who had orders to bring him away with all his papers, and that upon examination he was found to contain several dangerous things in his maw.

I must not omit another report which has been raised by such as are enemies to me and my lion, namely, that he is starved for want of food, and that he has not had a good meal's meat for this fortnight. I do hereby declare these reports to be altogether groundless; and since I am contradicting common fame, I must likewise acquaint the world, that the story of a two hundred pound bank-bill being conveyed to me through the mouth of my lion has no foundation of truth in it. The matter of fact is this, my lion has not roared for these twelve days past, by reason that his prompters have put very ill words in his mouth, and such as he could not utter with common honour and decency. Notwithstanding the admonitions I have given my correspondents, many of them have crammed great quantities of scandal down his throat, others have choked him with lewdness and ribaldry. Some of them have gorged him with so much nonsense that they have made a very ass of him. On Monday last, upon examining, I found him an arrant French tory, and the day after a virulent whig. Some have been so mischievous as to make him fall upon his keeper, and give me very reproachful language; but as I have promised to restrain him from hurting any man's reputation, so my reader may be assured that I myself shall be the last man whom I will suffer him to abuse. However, that I may give general satisfaction, I have a design of converting a room in Mr. Button's house to the lion's library, in which I intend to deposit the several packets of letters and private intelligence which I do not communicate to the public. These manuscripts will in time be very valuable, and may afford good lights to future historians who shall give an account of the present age. In the mean while, as the lion is an animal which has a particular regard for chastity, it has been observed that mine has taken delight in roaring very vehemently against the untucked neck, and, as far as I can find by him, is still determined to roar louder and louder, until that irregularity be thoroughly reformed.

'GOOD MR. IRONSIDE,

'I must acquaint you, for your comfort, that your lion is grown a kind of bull-beggar among the women where I live. When my wife comes home late from cards, or commits any other enormity, I whisper in her ear, partly between jest and earnest, that "I will tell the

'You must know, sir, I am a Turkey merchant, and I lived several years in a country where the women show nothing but their eyes. Upon my return to England I was almost out of countenance to see my pretty countrywomen laying open their charms with so much liberality, though at that time many of them were concealed under the modest shade of the tucker. I soon after married a very fine woman, who always goes in the extremity of the fashion. I was pleased to think, as every married man must be, that I should make daily discoveries in the dear creature, which were unknown to the rest of the world. But since this new airy fashion is come up, every one's eye is as familiar with her as mine; for I can positively affirm, that her neck is grown eight inches within these three years. And what makes me tremble when I think of it, that pretty foot and ankle are now exposed to the sight of the whole world, which made my very heart dance within me, when I first found myself their proprietor. As in all appearance the curtain is still rising, I find a parcel of rascally young fellows in the neighbourhood are in hopes to be presented with some new scene every day.

'In short, sir, the tables are now quite turned upon me. Instead of being acquainted with her person more than other men, I have now the least share of it. When she is at home she is continually muffled up, and concealed in mobs, morning gowns, and handkerchiefs; but strips every afternoon to appear in public. For aught I can find, when she has thrown aside half her clothes, she begins to think herself half drest. Now, sir, if I may presume to say so, you have been in the wrong to think of reforming this fashion, by showing the immodesty of it. If you expect to make female proselytes, you must convince them, that if they would get husbands, they must not show all before marriage. I am sure, had my wife been dressed before I married her as she is at present, she would have satisfied a good half of my curiosity. Many a man has been hindered from laying out his money on a show, by seeing the principal figure of it hung out before the door. I have often observed a curious passenger so attentive to these objects which he could see for nothing, that he took no notice of the master of the show, who was continually crying out, "Pray, gentlemen walk in."

to the face and to the neck, properly speaking. Their being fair is no excuse for their being naked.

'You know, sir, that in the beginning of last century, there was a sect of men among us, who called themselves Adamites, and appeared in public without clothes. This heresy may spring up in the other sex, if you do not put a timely stop to it, there being so many in all public places, who show so great an inclination to be Eveites,

☞

'I am, Sir, &c.'

No. 135.] *Saturday, August 15 1713.*

— mea
Virtute me involvo— *Hor. Lib. 3. Od. xxix. 54.*

—Virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.
Dryden.

A good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body; it preserves a constant ease and serenity within us, and more than counteracts all the calamities and afflictions which can possibly befall us. I know nothing so hard for a generous mind to get over as calumny and reproach, and cannot find any method of quieting the soul under them, besides this single one, of our being conscious to ourselves that we do not deserve them.

I have been always mightily pleased with that passage in *Don Quixote*, where the fantastical knight is represented as loading a gentleman of good sense with praises and eulogiums. Upon which the gentleman makes this reflection to himself: How grateful is praise to human nature! I cannot forbear being secretly pleased with the commendations I receive, though I am sensible it is a madman that bestows them on me. In the same manner, though we are often sure that the censures which are passed upon us are uttered by those who know nothing of us, and have neither means nor abilities to form a right judgment of us, we cannot forbear being grieved at what they say.

In order to heal this infirmity, which is so natural to the best and wisest of men, I have taken a particular pleasure in observing the conduct of the old philosophers, how they bore themselves up against the malice and detraction of their enemies.

The way to silence calumny, says Bias, is to be always exercised in such things as are praise-worthy. Socrates after having received sentence, told his friends, that he had always accustomed himself to regard truth and not censure, and that he was not troubled at his condemnation, because he knew himself free from guilt. It was in the same spirit that he heard the accusations of his two great adversaries, who had uttered against him the most

virulent reproaches. Anytus and Melitus, says he, may procure sentence against me, but they cannot hurt me. This divine philosopher was so well fortified in his own innocence, that he neglected all the impotence of evil tongues which were engaged in his destruction. This was properly the support of a good conscience, that contradicted the reports which had been raised against him, and cleared him to himself.

Others of the philosophers rather choose to retort the injury by a smart reply, than thus to disarm it with respect to themselves. They show that it stung them, though at the same time they had the address to make their aggressors suffer with them. Of this kind was Aristotle's reply to one who pursued him with long and bitter invectives. 'You,' says he, 'who are used to suffer reproaches, utter them with delight; I who have not been used to utter them take no pleasure in hearing them.' Diogenes was still more severe on one who spoke ill of him: 'Nobody will believe you when you speak ill of me, any more than they would believe me should I speak well of you.'

In these, and many other instances I could produce, the bitterness of the answer sufficiently testifies the uneasiness of mind the person was under who made it. I would rather advise my reader, if he has not in this case the secret consolation, that he deserves no such reproaches as are cast upon him, to follow the advice of Epictetus: 'If any one speaks ill of thee, consider whether he has truth on his side; and if so, reform thyself, that his censures may not affect thee.' When Anaximander was told, that the very boys laughed at his singing; 'Ay,' says he, 'then I must learn to sing better.' But of all the sayings of philosophers which I have gathered together for my own use on this occasion, there are none which carry in them more candour and good sense than the two following ones of Plato. Being told that he had many enemies who spoke ill of him; 'It is no matter,' said he, 'I will live so that none shall believe them.' Hearing at another time that an intimate friend of his had spoken detractingly of him; 'I am sure he would not do it,' says he, 'if he had not some reason for it.' This is the surest as well as the noblest way of drawing the sting out of a reproach, and a true method of preparing a man for that great and only relief against the pains of calumny, 'a good conscience.'

I designed in this essay to show that there is no happiness wanting to him who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind, and that no person can be miserable who is in the enjoyment of it: but I find this subject so well treated in one of Dr. South's sermons, that I shall fill this Saturday's paper with a passage of it, which cannot but make the man's heart

burn within him, who reads it with due attention.

That admirable author having shown the virtue of a good conscience in supporting a man under the greatest trials and difficulties of life, concludes with representing its force and efficacy in the hour of death.

'The third and last instance, in which above all others this confidence towards God does most eminently show and exert itself, is at the time of death. Which surely gives the grand opportunity of trying both the strength and worth of every principle. When a man shall be just about to quit the stage of this world, to put off his mortality, and to deliver up his last accounts to God; at which sad time his memory shall serve him for little else, but to terrify him with a frightful review of his past life, and his former extravagances stripped of all their pleasure, but retaining their guilt: what is it then that can promise him a fair passage into the other world, or a comfortable appearance before his dreadful Judge when he is there? Not all the friends and interests, all the riches and honours under heaven can speak so much as a word for him, or one word of comfort to him in that condition; they may possibly reproach, but they cannot relieve him.

'No, at this disconsolate time, when the busy tempter shall be more than usually apt to vex and trouble him, and the pains of a dying body to hinder and discompose him, and the settlement of worldly affairs to disturb and confound him; and in a word, all things conspire to make his sick bed grievous and uneasy; nothing can then stand up against all these ruins, and speak life in the midst of death, but a clear conscience.

'And the testimony of that shall make the comforts of heaven descend upon his weary head, like a refreshing dew, or a shower upon a parched ground. It shall give him some lively earnestness, and secret anticipations of his approaching joy. It shall bid his soul go out of the body undauntedly, and lift up his head with confidence before saints and angels. Surely the comfort which it conveys at this season, is something bigger than the capacities of mortality, mighty and unspeakable, and not to be understood until it comes to be felt.

'And now, who would not quit all the pleasures, and trash, and trifles, which are apt to captivate the heart of man, and pursue the greatest rigours of piety, and austerities of a good life, to purchase to himself such a conscience, as at the hour of death, when all the friendship in the world shall bid him adieu, and the whole creation turn its back upon him, shall dismiss the soul and close his eyes with that blessed sentence, "well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"'

No. 136.] Monday, August 17, 1713.

Noces atque dies patet atri janua dñis.

Virg. Æn. vi. 127.

The gates of death are open night and day.

Dryden.

SOME of our quaint moralists have pleased themselves with an observation, that there is but one way of coming into the world, but a thousand to go out of it. I have seen a fanciful dream written by a Spaniard, in which he introduces the person of Death metamorphosing himself like another Proteus into innumerable shapes and figures. To represent the fatality of fevers and agues, with many other distempers and accidents that destroy the life of man, Death enters first of all in a body of fire; a little after he appears like a man of snow, then rolls about the room like a cannon-ball, then lies on the table like a gilded pill; after this he transforms himself of a sudden into a sword, then dwindles successively to a dagger, to a bodkin, to a crooked pin, to a needle, to a hair. The Spaniard's design by this allegory, was to show the many assaults to which the life of man is exposed, and to let his reader see that there was scarce any thing in nature so very mean and inconsiderable, but that it was able to overcome him, and lay his head in the dust. I remember monsieur Pascal, in his reflections on Providence, has this observation upon Cromwel's death. That usurper, says he, who had destroyed the royal family in his own nation, who had made all the princes of Europe tremble, and struck a terror into Rome itself, was at last taken out of the world by a fit of the gravel. An atom, a grain of sand, says he, that would have been of no significance in any other part of the universe, being lodged in such a particular place, was an instrument of Providence to bring about the most happy revolutions, and to remove from the face of the earth this troubler of mankind. In short, swarms of distempers are every where hovering over us; casualties, whether at home or abroad, whether we wake or sleep, sit or walk, are planted about us in ambuscade; every element, every climate, every season, all nature is full of death.

There are more casualties incident to men than women, as battles, sea-voyages, with several dangerous trades and professions that often prove fatal to the practitioners. I have seen a treatise written by a learned physician on the distempers peculiar to those who work in stone or marble. It has been therefore observed by curious men, that upon a strict examination there are more males brought into the world than females. Providence, to supply this waste in the species, has made allowances for it by a suitable redundancy in the male sex. Those who have made the nicest calculations have found, I think, that taking on:

year with another, there are about twenty boys produced to nineteen girls. This observation is so well grounded, that I will at any time lay five to four, that there appear more male than female infants in every weekly bill of mortality. And what can be a more demonstrative argument of the superintendency of Providence?

There are casualties incident to every particular station and way of life. A friend of mine was once saying, that he fancied these would be something new and diverting in a country bill of mortality. Upon communicating this hint to a gentleman who was then going down to his seat, which lies at a considerable distance from London, he told me he would make a collection, as well as he could, of the several deaths that had happened in his country for the space of a whole year, and send them up to me in the form of such a bill as I mentioned. The reader will here see that he has been as good as his promise. To make it the more entertaining he has set down, among the real distempers, some imaginary ones, to which the country people ascribe the deaths of some of their neighbours. I shall extract out of them such only as seem almost peculiar to the country, laying aside fevers, apoplexies, small-pox, and the like, which they have in common with towns and cities.

Of a six-bar gate, fox-hunters	4
Of a quick-set hedge	2
Two duels, viz.	
First, between a frying-pan and a pitch-fork	1
Second, between a joint-stool and a brown jug	1
Bewitched	13
Of an evil tongue	9
Croased in love	7
Broke his neck in robbing a hen-roost	1
Cut finger turned to a gangrene by an old gentlewoman of the parish	1
Surfeit of curds and cream	2
Took cold sleeping at church	11
Of a sprain in his shoulder by saving his dog at a bull-baiting	1
Lady B——'s cordial water	2
Knocked down by a quart bottle	1
Frighted out of his wits by a headless dog with saucer eyes	1
Of October	25
Broke a vein in bawling for a knight of the shire	1
Old women drowned upon trial of witchcraft	3
Climbing a crow's nest	1
Chalk and green apples	4
Led into a horse-pond by a will of the wisp	1
Died of a fright in an exercise of the trained bands	1
Over-eat himself at a house-warming	1
By the parson's bull	2

Vagrant beggars worried by the squire's house-dog	2
Shot by mistake	1
Of a mountebank doctor	6
Of the merry-andrew	1
Caught her death in a wet ditch	1
Old age	100
Foul distemper	0

—

No. 137.] Tuesday, August 18, 1713.

— sanctus haberi
 Justitiaeque tenax, factis dictaque mereris?
 Agnosco procerem — Jus. Sat. viii. 24.
 Convince the world that you're devout and true,
 I'm just in all you say, in all you do;
 Whatever be your birth, you're sure to be
 A peer of the first quality to me. *Stepney.*

HORACE, JUVENAL, BOILEAU, and indeed the greatest writers in almost every age, have exposed with all the strength of wit and good sense, the vanity of a man's valuing himself upon his ancestors, and endeavoured to show that true nobility consists in virtue, not in birth. With submission however to so many great authorities, I think they have pushed this matter a little too far. We ought, in gratitude, to honour the posterity of those who have raised either the interest or reputation of their country; and by whose labours we ourselves are more happy, wise, or virtuous, than we should have been without them. Besides, naturally speaking, a man bids fairer for greatness of soul, who is the descendant of worthy ancestors, and has good blood in his veins, than one who is come of an ignoble and obscure parentage. For these reasons I think a man of merit, who is derived from an illustrious line, is very justly to be regarded more than a man of equal merit, who has no claim to hereditary honours. Nay, I think those who are indifferent in themselves, and have nothing else to distinguish them but the virtues of their forefathers, are to be looked upon with a degree of veneration even upon that account, and to be more respected than the common run of men who are of low and vulgar extraction.

After having thus ascribed due honours to birth and parentage, I must however take notice of those who arrogate to themselves more honours than are due to them on this account. The first are such who are not enough sensible that vice and ignorance taint the blood, and that an unworthy behaviour degrades and dis-ennobles a man in the eye of the world as much as birth and family aggrandize and exalt him.

The second are those who believe a new man of an elevated merit is not more to be honoured than an insignificant and worthless man who is descended from a long line of patriots and heroes: or in other words, behold with contempt a person who is such a man as

the first founder of their family was, upon whose reputation they value themselves.

But I shall chiefly apply myself to those whose quality sits uppermost in all their discourses and behaviour. An empty man of a great family is a creature that is scarce conversible. You read his ancestry in his smile, in his air, in his eyebrow. He has indeed nothing but his nobility to give employment to his thoughts. Rank and precedence are the important points which he is always discussing within himself. A gentleman of this turn began a speech in one of king Charles's parliaments: 'Sir, I had the honour to be born at a time'—upon which a rough honest gentleman took him up short, 'I would fain know what that gentleman means; is there any one in the house that has not had the honour to be born as well as himself?' The good sense which reigns in our nation has pretty well destroyed this starched behaviour among men who have seen the world, and know that every gentleman will be treated upon a foot of equality. But there are many who have had their education among women, dependants, or flatterers, that lose all the respect which would otherwise be paid them, by being too assiduous in procuring it.

My lord Froth has been so educated in punctilio, that he governs himself by a ceremonial in all the ordinary occurrences of life. He measures out his bow to the degree of the person he converses with. I have seen him in every inclination of the body, from a familiar nod, to the low stoop in the salutation sign. I remember five of us, who were acquainted with one another, met together one morning at his lodgings, when a wag of the company was saying, it would be worth while to observe how he would distinguish us at his first entrance. Accordingly he no sooner came into the room, but casting his eye about, 'My lord such a one,' says he, 'your most humble servant. Sir Richard, your humble servant. Your servant, Mr. Ironside. Mr. Ducker, how do you do? Ha, Frank, are you there!'

There is nothing more easy than to discover a man whose heart is full of his family. Weak minds that have imbibed a strong tincture of the nursery, younger brothers that have been brought up to nothing, superannuated retainers to a great house, have generally their thoughts taken up with little else.

I had some years ago, an aunt of my own, by name Mrs. Martha Ironside, who would never marry beneath herself, and is supposed to have died a maid in the four-scoreth year of her age. She was the chronicle of our family, and past away the greatest part of the last forty years of her life in recounting the antiquity, marriages, exploits, and alliances of the Ironsides. Mrs. Martha conversed generally with a knot of old virgins, who were likewise of good families, and had been very cruel all the begin-

ning of the last century. They were every one of them as proud as Lucifer; but said their prayers twice a day, and in all other respects were the best women in the world. If they saw a fine petticoat at church, they immediately took to pieces the pedigree of her that wore it, and would lift up their eyes to heaven at the confidence of the saucy mix, when they found she was an honest tradesman's daughter. It is impossible to describe the pious indignation that would rise in them at the sight of a man who lived plentifully on an estate of his own getting. They were transported with zeal beyond measure, if they heard of a young woman's matching into a great family upon account only of her beauty, her merit, or her money. In short, there was not a female within ten miles of them that was in possession of a gold watch, a pearl necklace, or piece of Mechlin lace, but they examined her title to it. My aunt Martha used to chide me very frequently for not sufficiently valuing myself. She would not eat a bit all dinner-time, if at an invitation she found she had been seated below herself; and would frown upon me for an hour together, if she saw me give place to any man under a baronet. As I was once talking to her of a wealthy citizen whom she had refused in her youth, she declared to me with great warmth, that she preferred a man of quality in his shirt to the richest man upon the Change in a coach and six. She pretended that our family was nearly related by the mother's side to half a dozen peers; but as none of them knew any thing of the matter, we always kept it as a secret among ourselves. A little before her death she was reciting to me the history of my forefathers; but dwelling a little longer than ordinary upon the actions of sir Gilbert Ironside, who had a horse shot under him at Edgehill-fight, I gave an unfortunate pish, and asked, 'What was all this to me?' Upon which she retired to her closet, and fell a scribbling for three hours together, in which time, as I afterwards found, she struck me out of her will, and left all she had to my sister Margaret, a wheedling baggage, that used to be asking questions about her great-grandfather from morning to night. She now lies buried among the family of the Ironsides, with a stone over her, acquainting the reader, that she died at the age of eighty years, a spinster, and that she was descended of the ancient family of the Ironsides; after which follows the genealogy drawn up by her own hand.

No. 138.] Wednesday, August 19, 1713.

Inceditque animum flammæ venientis amore.

Virg. Æn. vi. 886.

And fires his mind with love of future flame.

THERE is nothing which I study so much in the course of these my daily dissertations as

variety. By this means every one of my readers is sure some time or other to find a subject that pleases him, and almost every paper has some particular set of men for its advocates. Instead of seeing the number of my papers every day increasing, they would quickly lie as a drug upon my hands, did not I take care to keep up the appetite of my guests, and quicken it from time to time by something new and unexpected. In short, I endeavour to treat my reader in the same manner as Eve does the angel in that beautiful description of Milton:

* So saying, with despatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent,
What choice to choose for delicacy bent;
What order, so contrived as not to mix
Tastes, not well joined, inelegant; but bring
Taste after taste, spickt with kindest change.
Whatever earth, all-bearing mother, yields
In India East or West, or middle shore;
In Pontus or the Punic coast, or where
Alicious reigueth; fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough or smooth rin'd, or bearded, husk or shell,
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unsparring hand.—— FIFTH BOOK.

If by this method I can furnish out a *Splendid farrago*, according to the compliment lately paid me in a fine poem, published among the exercises of the last Oxford act, I have gained the end which I proposed to myself.

In my yesterday's paper, I showed how the actions of our ancestors and forefathers should excite us to every thing that is great and virtuous. I shall here observe, that a regard to our posterity, and those who are to descend from us, ought to have the same kind of influence on a generous mind. A noble soul would rather die than commit an action that should make his children blush when he is in his grave, and be looked upon as a reproach to those who shall live a hundred years after him. On the contrary, nothing can be a more pleasing thought to a man of eminence, than to consider that his posterity, who lie many removes from him, shall make their boasts of his virtues, and be honoured for his sake.

Virgil represents this consideration as an incentive of glory to Æneas, when after having shown him the race of heroes who were to descend from him, Anchises adds with a noble warmth,

* Et dubitamus adhuc virtutem extendere factis?
Æn. vi. 806.

* And doubt we yet through dangers to pursue
The paths of honour?—— Dryden.

Since I have mentioned this passage in Virgil, where Æneas was entertained with the view of his great descendants, I cannot forbear observing a particular beauty, which I do not know that any one has taken notice of. The list which he has there drawn up was in general to do honour to the Roman name, but more particularly to compliment Augustus. For this reason Anchises, who shows Æneas most of the rest of his descendants in the same order

that they were to make their appearance in the world, breaks his method for the sake of Augustus, whom he singles out immediately after having mentioned Romulus, as the most illustrious person who was to rise in that empire which the other had founded. He was impatient to describe his posterity raised to the utmost pitch of glory, and therefore passes over all the rest to come at this great man, whom by this means he implicitly represents as making the most conspicuous figure among them. By this artifice the poet did not only give his emperor the greatest praise he could bestow upon him; but hindered his reader from drawing a parallel which would have been disadvantageous to him, had he been celebrated in his proper place, that is, after Pompey and Cæsar, who each of them eclipsed the other in military glory.

Though there have been finer things spoken of Augustus than of any other man, all the wits of his age having tried to out rival one another on that subject; he never received a compliment, which, in my opinion, can be compared, for sublimity of thought, to that which the poet here makes him. The English reader may see a faint shadow of it in Mr. Dryden's translation, for the original is inimitable.

* Hic vir, hic est, &c.

Æn. vi. 791.

* But next behold the youth of form divine,
Cæsar himself, exalted in his line;
Augustus, promis'd oft, and long foretold,
Sent to the realm that Saturn rul'd of old;
Born to restore a better age of gold.
Afric and India shall his power obey;
He shall extend his propagated sway
Beyond the solar year, without the starry way,
Where Atlas turns the rolling heavens around,
And his broad shoulders with their lights are crown'd.
At his foreseen approach, already quake
The Caspian kingdoms and Mærotian lake.
Their scurs behold the tempest from afar;
And threatening oracles denounce the war.
Nilæ hears him knocking at his sevenfold gates,
And seeks his hidden spring, and fears his nephews' fates.
Nor Hercules more lands or Inbours knew,
Not though the brazen-footed hind he slew;
Freed Erymanthus from the foaming boar,
And dipp'd his arrows in Lethean gore.
Nor Bacchus turning from his Indian war,
By tigers drawn triumphant in his car,
From Nisæ's top descending on the plains,
With curling vines around his purple reins.
And doubt we yet through dangers to pursue
The paths of honour?——

I could show out of other poets the same kind of vision as this in Virgil, wherein the chief persons of the poem have been entertained with the sight of those who were to descend from them: but instead of that, I shall conclude with a rabbinical story which has in it the oriental way of thinking, and is therefore very amusing.

Adam, say the rabbins, a little after his creation, was presented with a view of all those souls who were to be united to human bodies, and take their turn after him upon the earth. Among others the vision set before him the soul

of David. Our great ancestor was transported at the sight of so beautiful an apparition; but to his unspeakable grief was informed, that it was not to be conversant among men the space of one year.

*'Oscendent terris hunc tantum fata, neque ultra
Eas sineant'———* *Æn. vi. 860.*

*'This youth (the blissful vision of a day)
Shall just be shown on earth, and snatch'd away.'*
Dryden.

Adam, to procure a longer life for so fine a piece of human nature, begged that three-score and ten years (which he heard would be the age of man in David's time) might be taken out of his own life, and added to that of David. Accordingly, say the rabbins, Adam falls short of a thousand years, which was to have been the complete term of his life, by just so many years as make up the life of David. Adam having lived nine hundred and thirty years, and David seventy.

This story was invented to show the high opinion which the rabbins entertained of this man after God's own heart, whom the prophet, who was his own contemporary, could not mention without rapture, where he records the last poetical composition of David, 'of David, the son of Jesse, of the man who was raised up on high, of the anointed of the God of Jacob, of the sweet psalmist of Israel.'

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No. 139.] Thursday, August 20, 1713.

—— *præsa fides facta, sed fama perennat.*
Virg. Æn. ix. 79.

—— *'The fact, thro' length of time obscure,
Is hard to faith: yet shall the same endure.'*
Dryden.

'MOST VENERABLE NESTOR,

'I FIND that every body is very much delighted with the voice of your lion. His roarings against the tucker have been most melodious and emphatical. It is to be hoped, that the ladies will take warning by them, and not provoke him to greater outrages; for I observe, that your lion, as you yourself have told us, is made up of mouth and paws. For my own part, I have long considered with myself how I might express my gratitude to this noble animal that has so much the good of our country at his heart. After many thoughts on this subject, I have at length resolved to do honour to him, by compiling a history of his species, and extracting out of all authors whatever may redound to his reputation. In the prosecution of this design, I shall have no manner of regard to what Æsop has said upon the subject, whom I look upon to have been a republican, by the unworthy treatment which he often gives to the king of beasts, and whom, if I had time, I could convict of falsehood and forgery, in almost every matter of fact which he has re-

lated of this generous animal. Your romance writers are likewise a set of men whose authority I shall build upon very little in this case. They all of them are born with a particular antipathy to lions, and give them no more quarter than they do giants, wherever they chance to meet them. There is not one of the seven champions, but when he has nothing else to do, encounters with a lion, and you may be sure always gets the better of him. In short, a knight errant lives in a perpetual state of enmity with this noble creature, and hates him more than all things upon the earth, except a dragon. Had the stories recorded of them by these writers been true, the whole species would have been destroyed before now. After having thus renounced all fabulous authorities, I shall begin my memoirs of the lion with a story related of him by Aulus Gellius, and extracted by him out of Dion Cassius, a historian of undoubted veracity. It is the famous story of Androcles the Roman slave, which I premise for the sake of my learned reader, who needs go no farther in it, if he has read it already.

'Androcles was the slave of a noble Roman who was proconsul of Afric. He had been guilty of a fault, for which his master would have put him to death, had not be found an opportunity to escape out of his hands, and fled into the deserts of Numidia. As he was wandering among the barren sands, and almost dead with heat and hunger, he saw a cave in the side of a rock. He went inw, and finding at the farther end of it a place to sit down upon, rested there for some time. At length, to his great surprise, a huge overgrown lion entered at the mouth of the cave, and seeing a man at the upper end of it, immediately made towards him. Androcles gave himself for gone; but the lion, instead of treating him as he expected, laid his paw upon his lap, and with a complaining kind of voice fell a licking his hand. Androcles, after having recovered himself a little from the fright he was in, observed the lion's paw to be exceedingly swelled by a large thorn that stuck in it. He immediately pulled it out, and by squeezing the paw very gently made a great deal of corrupt matter run out of it, which probably freed the lion from the great anguish he had felt some time before. The lion left him upon receiving this good office from him, and soon after returned with a fawn which he had just killed. This he laid down at the feet of his benefactor, and went off again in pursuit of his prey. Androcles, after having sadden the flesh of it by the sun, subsisted upon it until the lion had supplied him with another. He lived many days in this frightful solitude, the lion catering for him with great assiduity. Being tired at length with this savage society, he was resolved to deliver himself up into his master's hands, and suffer the worst effects of his dis-

pleasure, rather than be thus driven out from mankind. His master, as was customary for the proconsul of Africa, was at that time getting together a present of all the largest lions that could be found in the country, in order to send them to Rome, that they might furnish out a show to the Roman people. Upon his poor slave's surrendering himself into his hands, he ordered him to be carried away to Rome as soon as the lions were in readiness to be sent, and that for his crime he should be exposed to fight with one of the lions in the amphitheatre, as usual, for the diversion of the people. This was all performed accordingly. Androcles, after such a strange run of fortune, was now in the area of the theatre amidst thousands of spectators, expecting every moment when his antagonist would come out upon him. At length a huge monstrous lion leaped out from the place where he had been kept hungry for the show. He advanced with great rage towards the man, but on a sudden, after having regarded him a little wistfully, fell to the ground, and crept towards his feet with all the signs of blandishment and caress. Androcles, after a short pause, discovered that it was his old Numidian friend, and immediately renewed his acquaintance with him. Their mutual congratulations were very surprising to the beholders, who, upon hearing an account of the whole matter from Androcles, ordered him to be pardoned, and the lion to be given up into his possession. Androcles returned at Rome the civilities which he had received from him in the deserts of Africa. Dion Cassius says, that he himself saw the man leading the lion about the streets of Rome, the people every where gathering about them, and repeating to one another, "*Hic est leo hospes hominis, hic est homo medicus leonis.*" "This is the lion who was the man's host, this is the man who was the lion's physician." G

No. 140.] Friday, August 21, 1713.

— quibus incensum jam frigidus ævo
Laomedontides, vel Nestora hærna possit.

Juv. Sat. vi. 324.

A sight, might thaw old Priam's frozen age,
And warm ev'n Nestor into amorous rage.

I HAVE lately received a letter from an astrologer in Moorfields, which I have read with great satisfaction. He observes to me, that my lion at Button's coffee-house was very luckily erected in the very month when the sun was in Leo. He further adds, that upon conversing with the above-mentioned Mr. Button, whose other name he observes is Daniel (a good omen still with regard to the non, his cohabitant,) he had discovered the very hour in which the said lion was set up; and that by the help of other lights, which he had received from the said Mr. Button, he had been enabled

to calculate the nativity of the lion. This mysterious philosopher acquaints me, that the sign of Leo in the heavens immediately precedes that of Virgo, by which, says he, is signified the natural love and friendship the lion bears to virginity; and not only to virginity, but to such matrons likewise as are pure and unspotted; from whence he foretells the good influence which the roarings of my lion are likely to have over the female world, for the purifying of their behaviour, and bettering of their manners. He then proceeds to inform me, that in the most exact astrological schemes, the lion is observed to affect, in a more particular manner, the legs and the neck, as well as to allay the power of the scorpion in those parts which are allotted to that fiery constellation. From hence he very naturally prognosticates, that my lion will meet with great success in the attacks he has made on the untuckered stays and short petticoat; and that, in a few months, there will not be a female bosom or ankle uncovered in Great Britain. He concludes, that by the rules of his art he foresaw five years ago, that both the pope and myself should about this time unite our endeavours in this particular, and that sundry mutations and revolutions would happen in the female dress.

I have another letter by me from a person of a more volatile and airy genius, who finding this great propension in the fair sex to go uncovered, and thinking it impossible to reclaim them entirely from it, is for compounding the matter with them, and finding out a middle expedient between nakedness and clothing. He proposes, therefore, that they should imitate their great-grandmothers, the Briths or Picts, and paint the parts of their bodies which are uncovered with such figures as shall be most to their fancy. The bosom of the coquette, says he, may bear the figure of a Cupid, with a bow in his hand, and his arrow upon the string. The prude might have a Pallas, with a shield and gorgon's head. In short, by this method, he thinks every woman might make very agreeable discoveries of herself, and at the same time show us what she would be at. But by my correspondent's good leave, I can by no means consent to spoil the skin of my pretty countrywomen. They could find no colours half so charming as those which are natural to them; and though, like the old Picts, they painted the sun itself upon their bodies, they would still change for the worse, and conceal something more beautiful than what they exhibited.

I shall therefore persist in my first design, and endeavour to bring about the reformation in neck and legs, which I have so long aimed at. Let them but raise their stays and let down their petticoats, and I have done. However, as I will give them space to consider of it,

I design this for the last time that my lion shall roar upon the subject during this season, which I give public notice of for the sake of my correspondents, that they may not be at an unnecessary trouble or expense in furnishing me with any informations relating to the tucker before the beginning of next winter, when I may again resume that point, if I find occasion for it. I shall not, however, let it drop without acquainting my reader, that I have written a letter to the pope upon it, in order to encourage him in his present good intentions, and that we may act by concert in this matter. Here follows the copy of my letter.

*'To Pope Clement the Eighth, A Letter from
side, greeting.*

DEAR BROTHER,

I have heard with great satisfaction, that you have forbidden your priests to confess any woman who appears before them without a tucker, in which you please me well. I do agree with you, that it is impossible for the good man to discharge his office as he ought, who gives an ear to those alluring penitents that discover their hearts and necks to him at the same time. I am labouring as much as in me lies to stir up the same spirit of modesty among the women of this island, and should be glad we might assist one another in so good a work. In order to it, I desire that you would send me over the length of a Roman lady's neck, as it stood before your late prohibition. We have some here who have necks of one, two, and three foot in length; some that have necks which reach down to their middles, and indeed, some who may be said to be all neck, and no body. I hope, at the same time you observe the stays of your female subjects, that you have also an eye to their petticoats, which rise in this island daily. When the petticoat reaches but to the knee, and the stays fall to the fifth rib (which I hear is to be the standard of each, as it has been lately settled in a junto of the sex), I will take care to send you one of either sort, which I advertise you of beforehand, that you may not compute the stature of our English women from the length of their garments. In the mean time I have desired the master of a vessel, who tells me that he shall touch at Civita Vecchia, to present you with a certain female machine which, I believe, will puzzle your infallibility to discover the use of it. Not to keep you in suspense, it is what we call in this country a hooped petticoat. I shall only beg of you to let me know, whether you find any garment of this nature among all the relics of your female saints, and in particular, whether it was ever worn by any of your twenty thousand virgin martyrs.

'Yours, usque ad aras,

'NESTOR IRONSIDE.'

I must not dismiss this letter without declaring myself a good protestant, as I hint in the subscribing part of it. This I think necessary to take notice of, lest I should be accused by an author of unexampled stupidity,* for corresponding with the head of the Romish church.

No. 141.] *Saturday, August 22, 1713.*

Frangere, miser, calamos, vigilataque prelia dele,
Qui facis in parva sublimia carmina celli,
Ut dignus venius hederis, et imagine macra.

Juv. Sat. vii. 27

Let flames on your unlucky papers prey
Or moths through written pages eat their way;
Your wars, your loves, your praises be forgot;
And make of all a universal blot—
The rest is empty praise, an ivy crown,
Or the lean statue of a mean renown.

Ch. Dryden.

'WIT,' saith the bishop of Rochester in his elegant sermon against the scorner, 'as it implies a certain uncommon reach and vivacity of thought, is an excellent talent, very fit to be employed in the search of truth, and very capable of assisting us to discern and embrace it.' I shall take leave to carry this observation farther into common life, and remark, that it is a faculty, when properly directed, very fit to recommend young persons to the favour of such patrons, as are generously studious to promote the interest of politeness, and the honour of their country. I am therefore much grieved to hear the frequent complaints of some rising authors whom I have taken under my guardianship. Since my circumstances will not allow me to give them due encouragement, I must take upon me the person of a philosopher, and make them a present of my advice. I would not have any poet whatsoever, who is not born to five hundred a year, deliver himself up to wit, but as it is subservient to the improvement of his fortune. This talent is useful in all professions, and should be considered not as a wife, but as an attendant. Let them take an old man's word; the desire of fame grows languid in a few years, and thoughts of ease and convenience erase the fairy images of glory and honour. Even those who have succeeded both in fame and fortune, look back on the petty trifles of their youth with some regret, when their minds are turned to more exalted and useful speculations. This is admirably expressed in the following lines, by an author† whom I have formerly done justice to on the account of his pastoral poems.

In search of wisdom, far from wit I fly;
Wit is a harlot beauteous to the eye,
In whose bewitching arms our early time
We waste, and vigour of our youthful prime—
But when reflection comes with ripèd years,
And manhood with a thoughtful brow appears;
We cast the mistress off to take a wife,
And, wed to wisdom, lead a happy life.

* The writer of the Examiner is here alluded to.

† Mr. Ambrose Phillips.

A passage which happened to me some years ago confirmed several maxims of frugality in my mind. A woollen-draper of my acquaintance, remarkable for his learning and good-nature, pulled out his pocket-book, wherein he showed me at the one end several well-chosen mottoes, and several patterns of cloth at the other.—I, like a well-bred man, praised both sorts of goods; whereupon he tore out the mottoes, and generously gave them to me: but, with great prudence, put up the patterns in his pocket again.

I am sensible that any accounts of my own secret history can have but little weight with young men of sanguine expectations. I shall therefore take this opportunity to present my wards with the history of an ancient Greek poet, which was sent me from the library of *l'ez*, and is to be found there in the end of a very ancient manuscript of Homer's works which was brought by the barbarians from Constantinople. The name of the poet is torn out, nor have the critics yet determined it. I have faithfully translated part of it, and desire that it may be diligently perused by all men who design to live by their wits.

'I was born at the foot of a certain mountain in Greece called Parnassus, where the country is remarkably delicious. My mother, while she was with child of me longed for laurel leaves; and as I lay in my cradle, a swarm of bees settled about my mouth, without doing me any injury. These were looked upon as presages of my being a great man; and the early promises I gave of a quick wit, and lively fancy, confirmed the high opinion my friends had conceived of me. It would be an idle tale to relate the trifling adventures of my youth, until I arrived at my twentieth year. It was then that the love I bore to a beautiful young virgin, with whom I had innocently and familiarly conversed from my childhood, became the public talk of our village. I was so taken up with my passion, that I entirely neglected all other affairs: and though the daughter of *Macbaon* the physician, and a rich heiress, the daughter of a famous Grecian orator, were offered me in marriage, I peremptorily refused both the matches, and rashly vowed to live and die with the lovely Polyhymnia. In vain did my parents remonstrate to me, that the tradition of her being descended from the gods was too poor a portion for one of my narrow fortunes; that except her fine green-house and garden, she had not one foot of land; and though she should gain the lawsuit about the summit of Parnassus, (which yet had many pretenders to it) that the air was so bleak there, and the ground so barren, that it would certainly starve the possessor. I fear my obstinacy in this particular broke my mother's heart, who died a short time after, and was soon followed by my father.

'I now found myself at liberty, and notwithstanding the opposition of a great many rivals, I won and enjoyed Polyhymnia. My amour was known to the whole country, and all who saw, extolled the beauty of my mistress, and pronounced me happy in the possession of so many charms. We lived in great splendour and gayety, I being persuaded that high living was necessary to keep up my reputation, and the beauty of my mistress; from whom I had daily expectations gave me of a post in the government, or some lavish present from the great men of our commonwealth. I was so proud of my partner, that I was perpetually bringing company to see her, and was a little tiresome to my acquaintance, by talking continually of her several beauties. She herself had a most exalted conceit of her charms, and often invited the ladies to ask their opinions of her dress; which if they disapproved in any particular, she called them a pack of envious insipid things, and ridiculed them in all companies. She had a delicate set of teeth, which appeared most to advantage when she was angry; and therefore she was very often in a passion. By this imprudent behaviour, when we had run out of our money, we had no living soul to befriend us; and every body cried out, it was a judgment upon me for being a slave to such a proud minx, such a conceited hussy.

'I loved her passionately, and exclaimed against a blind and injudicious world. Besides I had several children by her, and was likely still to have more; for I always thought the youngest the most beautiful. I must not forget that a certain great lord offered me a considerable sum in my necessity, to have the reputation of fathering one of them; but I rejected his offer with disdain. In order to support her family and vanities, she carried me to Athens; where she put me upon a hundred pranks to get money. Sometimes she dressed me in an antique robe, and placed a diadem on my head, and made me gather a mob about me by talking in a blustering tone, and unintelligible language. Sometimes she made me foam at the mouth, roll my eyes, invoke the gods, and act a sort of madness which the Athenians call the *Pindarism*. At another time she put a sheep-hook into my hand, and drove me round my garret, calling it the plains of Arcadia. When these projects failed, she gave out, with good success, that I was an old astrologer; after that a dumb man; and last of all she made me pass for a lion.

'It may seem strange, that after so tedious a slavery, I should ever get my freedom. But so it happened, that during the three last transformations, I grew acquainted with the lady *Sophia*, whose superior charms cooled my passion for Polyhymnia; inasmuch that some envious dull fellows gave it out, my mistress had jilted and left me. But the slanders o'

'my enemies were silenced by my public espousal of Sophia; who, with a greatness of soul, void of all jealousy, hath taken Polychymnia for her woman, and is dressed by her every day.'

No. 142.] *Monday, August 24, 1713.*

——— *Pactis mala; savior armis
Luxuria incubat, victimaque alicuius—*

Juv. Sat. vi. 291.

——— *'Th' inveterate ill of peace,
And wasteful riot; whose destructive charms
Revenge the vanquish'd—'*

Dryden.

BEING obliged, at present, to attend a particular affair of my own, I do empower my rinter to look into the arcana of the lion, and select out of them such as may be of public utility; and Mr. Button is hereby authorised and commanded to give my said printer free ingress and egress to the lion, without any hindrance, let, or molestation whatsoever, until such time as he shall receive orders to the contrary. And for so doing this shall be his warrant.

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

'By virtue of the foregoing order, the lion has been carefully examined, and the two following papers being found upon him, are thought very proper for public use.'

Given in at the lion's mouth at six of the clock in the morning.

'MR. IRONSIDE,

'I came very early this morning to rouse your lion, thinking it the properest time to offer him trash when his stomach was empty and sharp set; and being informed too that he is so very modest, as to be shy of swallowing any thing before much company, and not without some other politic views, the principal of which was, that his digestion being then the most keen and vigorous, it might probably refine this raw piece from several of its crudities, and so make it proper food for his master; for as great princes keep their taster, so I perceive you keep your digester, having an appetite peculiarly turned for delicacies. If a fellow-feeling and similitude of employment are any motives to engage your attention, I may for once promise myself a favourable hearing. By the account you have given us of the Sparkler, and your other female wards, I am

tries of a late masquerade, (which no doubt Tom, according to his usual vivacity, set forth in all its gayest colours) that the young creature has been perfectly giddy ever since, and so set agog with the thoughts of it, that I am teased to death by her importuning me to let her go to the next. In the mean time, I have surprised her more than once or twice very busy in pulling all her clothes to pieces, in order to make up a strange dress, and with much ado have reprieved them from her merciless scissors. Now you must understand, old Iron, I am very loth to trust her all alone into such an ocean of temptations. I have made use of all manner of dissuaves to her, and have sufficiently demonstrated to her, that the devil first addressed himself to Eve in a mask, and that we owe the loss of our first happy state to a masquerade, which that sly intriguer made in the garden, where he seduced her; but she does not at all regard all this; the passion of curiosity is as predominant in her as ever it was in her predecessor. Therefore I appeal, sage Nestor, to your experienced age, whether these nocturnal assemblies have not a bad tendency, to give a loose turn to a young lady's imagination. For the being in disguise takes away the usual checks and restraints of modesty; and consequently the beaux do not blush to talk wantonly, nor the belles to listen; the one as greedily sucks in the poison, as the other industriously infuses it; and I am apt to think too, that the ladies might possibly forget their own selves in such strange dresses, and do that in a personated character which may stain their real ones. A young milk-maid may indulge herself in the innocent freedom of a green gown; and a shepherdess, without thinking any harm, may lie down with a shepherd on a mossy-bank; and all this while poor Sylvia may be so far lost in the pleasing thoughts of her new romantic attire, and Damon's soft endearing language, as never once to reflect who she is, until the romance is completed. Besides, do but consider, dear Nestor, when a young lady's spirits are fermented with sparkling champaign, her heart opened and dilated by the attractive gaiety of every thing about her, her soul melted away by the soft airs of music, and the gentle powers of motion; in a word, the whole woman dissolved in a luxury of pleasure; I say, in such critical circum-

not at all question, but they will be very shortly gadding after these midnight gambols. Therefore, to promote your own peace and quietness, as well as mine, and the safety of all young virgins, pray order your lion to exert his loudest notes against masquerades; I am sure it would be a perfect concert to all good mothers, and particularly charm the ears of

'Your faithful friend and companion,
'OLD RUSTSIDES.'

'MOST WORTHY SIR,

'Being informed that the Eveites daily increase, and that fig-leaves are shortly coming into fashion; I have hired me a piece of ground and planted it with fig-trees, the soil being naturally productive of them. I hope, good sir, you will so far encourage my new project, as to acquaint the ladies, that I have now by me a choice collection of fig-leaves of all sorts and sizes, of a delicate texture, and a lovely bright verdure, beautifully scalloped at the extremities, and most curiously wrought with variety of slender fibres, ranged in beautiful meanders and windings. I have some very cool ones for summer, so transparently thin, that you may see through them, and others of a thicker substance for winter; I have likewise some very small ones of a particular species for little misses. So that I do not question but to give general satisfaction to all ladies whatsoever, that please to repair to me at the sign of the Adam and Eve, near Cupid's gardens. If you will favour me with the insertion of this in your Guardian, I will make your favourite, the Sparkler, a present of some of the choicest fig-leaves I have, and lay before her feet the primitiæ of my new garden; and if you bring me a great many customers for my leaves, I promise you my figs shall be at your service.

'I am, worthy Sir,

'your worship's most obedient

'humble servant,

'ANTHONY EVERGREEN.

'N. B. I am now rearing up a set of fine furbelowed dock-leaves, which will be exceeding proper for old women, and superannuated maids; those plants having two excellent good

subject I am going upon is of the most serious consequence, and concerns no less than the peace and quiet, and (for aught I know) the very life and safety, of every inoffensive and well-disposed inhabitant of this city. Frequent complaints have been made to me, by men of discretion and sobriety, in most of the coffee-houses from St. James's to Jonathan's, that there is sprung up of late a very numerous race of young fellows about the town, who have the confidence to walk the streets, and come into all public places in open day-light, with swords of such immoderate length, as strike terror into a great many of her majesty's good subjects. Besides this, half a dozen of this fraternity in a room or a narrow street, are as inconvenient as so many turn-stiles, because you can pass neither backward nor forward, until you have first put their weapons aside. When Jack Lizard made his first trip to town from the university, he thought he could never bring up with him too much of the gentleman; this I soon perceived in the first visit he made me, when I remember, he came scraping in at the door, encumbered with a bar of cold iron so irksomely long, that it banged against his calf and jarred upon his right heel, as he walked, and came rattling behind him as he ran down the stairs. But his sister Annabella's raillery soon cured him of this awkward air, by telling him that his sword was only fit for going up stairs, or walking up hill, and that she shrewdly suspected he had stolen it out of the college kitchen.

But to return to the public grievance of this city; it is very remarkable, that these 'brothers of the blade' began to appear upon the first suspension of arms; and that since the conclusion of the peace the order is very much increased, both as to the number of the men, and the size of their weapons. I am informed, that these men of preposterous bravery, who affect a military air in a profound peace, and dare to look terrible amongst their friends and fellow-citizens, have formed a plan to erect themselves into a society, under the name of the Terrible Club; and that they entertain hopes of getting the most airy hall in the

Articles to be agreed upon by the Members of the Terrible Club.

Imprimis. That the club do meet at midnight in the great armory-hall in the tower, (if leave can be obtained) the first Monday in every month.

II. That the president be seated upon a drum at the upper end of the table, accoutred with a helmet, a basket-hilt sword, and a buff belt.

III. That the president be always obliged to provide, for the first and standing dish of the club, a pasty of bull beef, baked in a target made for that purpose.

IV. That the members do cut their meat with bayonets instead of knives.

V. That every member do sit to the table, and eat with his hat, his sword, and his gloves on.

VI. That there be no liquor drank but rack-punch, quickened with brandy and gunpowder.

VII. That a large mortar be made use of for a punch-bowl.

In all appearance it could be no other than a member of this club, who came last week to Button's, and sat over-against the lion with such a settled fierceness in his countenance, as if he came to vie with that animal in sternness of looks. His stature was somewhat low; his motions quick and smart, and might be mistaken for startings and convulsions. He wore a broad stiff hat, cudgel-proof, with an edging three fingers deep, trussed up into the fierce trooper's cock. To this was added a dark wig, very moderately curled, and tied in two large knots up to his ears; his coat was short, and rich in tarnished lace; his nostrils and his upper lip were all begrimed with snuff. At first I was in hopes the gentleman's friends took care not to intrust him with any weapon; until looking down, I could perceive a sword of a most unwarrantable size, that hung carelessly below his knee, with two large tassels at the hilt, that played about his ankles.

I must confess I cannot help shrewdly suspecting the courage of the Terribles. I beg pardon if I am in the wrong when I think, that the long sword, and the swaggering cock, are the ordinary disguises of a faint heart. These men while they think to impose terror upon others, do but render themselves contemptible; their very dress tells you that they are surrounded with fears, that they live in Hobbes's state of nature, and that they are never free from apprehensions. I dare say, if one were to look into the hearts of these champions, one should find there a great tendency to go cased in armour, and that nothing but the fear of a stronger ridicule restrains them from it. A brave man scorns to wear any thing that may give him an advantage over his neighbour; his

great glory is neither to fear, not to be feared. I remember, when I was abroad, to have seen a buffoon in an opera, whose excessive cowardice never failed to set the whole audience into a loud laughter; but the scene which seemed to divert them most, was that in which he came on with a sword that reached quite across the stage, and was put to flight by an adversary, whose stature was not above four foot high, and whose weapon was not three foot long. This brings to my mind what I have formerly read of a king of Arabia, who showing a rich sword, that had been presented to him, his courtiers unanimously gave their opinion, that it had no other fault, but that of being too short; upon which the king's son said, that there was no weapon too short for a brave man, since there needed no more but to advance one step to make it long enough. To this I shall subjoin, by way of corollary, that there is no weapon long enough for a coward, who never thinks himself secure while he is within sight of his adversary's point. I would therefore advise these men of distant courage, as they tender their honour, to shorten their dimensions, and reduce their tilts to a more reputable, as well as a more portable size.

No. 144.] *Wednesday, August 26, 1713.*

*Sua enique quàm sit animi cogitatio,
Colorque proprius?— Phædr. Prol. Lib. v. 7*

Every man has his peculiar way of thinking and acting.

It is a very just, and a common observation upon the natives of this island, that in their different degrees, and in their several professions and employments, they abound as much and perhaps more, in good sense than any people; and yet, at the same time there is scarce an Englishman of any life and spirit, that has not some odd cast of thought, some original humour that distinguishes him from his neighbour. Hence it is that our comedies are enriched with such a diversity of characters, as is not to be seen upon any other theatre in Europe. Even in the masquerades that have been lately given to the town (though they are diversions we are not accustomed to) the singularities of dress were carried much farther than is usual in foreign countries, where the natives are trained up, as it were, from their infancy, to those amusements. The very same measure of understanding, the very same accomplishments, the very same defects, shall, amongst us, appear under a quite different aspect in one man, to what they do in another. This makes it as impracticable to foreigners to enter into a thorough knowledge of the English, as it would be to learn the Chinese language, in which there is a different character for every individual word. I know not how to explain

this vein of humour so obvious in my countrymen, better than by comparing it to what the French call *Le goût du terroir* in wines, by which they mean the different flavour one and the same grape shall draw from the different soils in which it is planted. This national mark is visible amongst us in every rank and degree of men, from the persons of the first quality and politest sense, down to the rudest and most ignorant of the people. Every mechanic has a peculiar cast of head and turn of wit, or some uncommon whim, as a characteristic that distinguishes him from others of his trade, as well as from the multitudes that are upon a level with him. We have a small-coal-man, who from beginning with two plain notes, which made up his daily cry, has made himself master of the whole compass of the gamut, and has frequent concerts of music at his own house, for the entertainment of himself and his friends. There is a person of great hospitality, who lives in a plastered cottage upon the road to Hampstead, and gets a superfluity of wealth, by accommodating holiday passengers with ale, brandy, pipes, tobacco, cakes, gingerbread, apples, pears, and other small refreshments of life; and on work-days takes the air in his chaise, and recreates himself with the elegant pleasures of the beau-monde. The shining men amongst our mob, dignified by the title of ringleaders, have an inexhaustible fund of archness and railery; as likewise have our sailors and watermen. Our very street-beggars are not without their peculiar oddities, as the schoolmen term them. The other day a tattered wag followed me across the Mews with 'one farthing or half-penny, good your honour, do your honour; and I shall make bold to pray for you.'

Shakspeare (who was a great copier of nature) whenever he introduces any artisans or low characters into his plays, never fails to dash them strongly with some distinguishing stain of humour, as may be seen more remarkably in the scene of the grave-diggers in *Hamlet*.

Though this singularity of temper, which runs through the generality of us, may make us seem whimsical to strangers; yet it furnishes out a perpetual change of entertainment to ourselves, and diversifies all our conversations with such a variety of mirth, as is not to be met with in any other country. Sir William Temple, in his *Essay upon Poetry*, endeavours to account for the British humours in the following manner:

'This may proceed from the native plenty of our soil, the unequalness of our climate, as well as the ease of our government, and the liberty of professing opinions and factions, which perhaps our neighbours have about them, but are forced to disguise, and thereby may

come in time to be extinguished. Thus we come to have more originals, and more that appear what they are. We have more humour, because every man follows his own, and takes a pleasure, perhaps a pride, to show it. On the contrary, where the people are generally poor, and forced to hard labour, their actions and lives are all of a piece. Where they serve hard masters, they must follow their examples, as well as commands, and are forced upon imitation in small matters, as well as obedience in great: so that some nations look as if they were cast all by one mould, or cut out all by one pattern, at least the common people in one, and the gentlemen in another. They seem all of a sort in their habits, their customs, and even their talk and conversation, as well as in the application and pursuit of their actions, and their lives. Besides all this, there is another sort of variety amongst us, which arises from our climate, and the dispositions it naturally produces. We are not only more unlike one another, than any nation I know; but we are more unlike ourselves too, at several times, and owe to our very air some ill qualities, as well as many good.'

Ours is the only country, perhaps, in the whole world, where every man, rich and poor, dares to have a humour of his own, and to avow it upon all occasions. I make no doubt, but that it is to this great freedom of temper, and this unconstrained manner of living, that we owe in a great measure, the number of shining geniuses, which rise up amongst us from time to time, in the several arts and sciences, for the service and for the ornament of life. This frank and generous disposition in a people, will likewise never fail to keep up in their minds an aversion to slavery, and be, as it were, a standing bulwark of their liberties. So long as ever wit and humour continue, and the generality of us will have their own way of thinking, speaking, and acting, this nation is not like to give any quarter to an invader, and much less to bear with the absurdities of popery, in exchange for an established and a reasonable faith.

No. 145.] *Thursday, August 27, 1713.*

Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.
Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 122.
 Scorning all judges and all law, but arms.
Roscommon.

AMONGST the several challenges and letters which my paper of the twenty-fifth has brought upon me, there happens to be one, which I know not well what to make of. I am doubtful whether it is the archness of some wag, or the serious resentment of a coxcomb that vents his indignation with an insipid pertness. In

either of these two lights I think it may divert my readers, for which reason I shall make no scruple to comply with the gentleman's request, and make his letter public.

' OLD TESTY,

Thir-yard Coffee-house.

' Your grey hairs for once shall be your protection, and this billet a fair warning to you for your audacious raillery upon the dignity of long swords. Look to it for the future; consider we brothers of the blade are men of a "long reach:" think betimes,

"How many perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron."

' It has always been held dangerous to play with edge-tools. I grant you, we men of valour are but awkward jesters; we know not how to repay joke for joke; but then we always make up in point what we want in wit. He that shall rashly attempt to regulate our hilts, or reduce our blades, had need to have a heart of oak, as well as "sides of iron." Thus much for the present. In the mean time Bilbo is the word, remember that, and tremble.

' THO. SWAGGER.'

This jocose manner of bullying an old man, so long as it affords some entertainment to my friends, is what I shall not go about to discourage. However my witty antagonist must give me leave, since he attacks me in proverbs, to exchange a thrust or two with him at the same weapons; and so let me tell Mr. Swagger, 'There is no catching old birds with chaff;' and that 'Brag is a good dog, but Hold-fast is a better.' 'Forewarned, fore-armed.' Having despatched this combatant, and given him as good as he brings, I proceed to exhibit the case of a person who is the very reverse of the former: the which he lays before me in the following epistle.

' WORTHY SIR,

' I am the most unfortunate of men, if you do not speedily interpose with your authority in behalf of a gentleman, who by his own example, has for these six months endeavoured, at the peril of his life, to bring little swords into fashion, in hopes to prevail upon the gentry by that means (winning them over inch by inch) to appear without any swords at all. It

sir, mine is not (hilt and all) above a foot and a half. I take the liberty of including it to you in my wig box, and shall be eternally obliged to you, if upon sight of it, your compassion may be so far moved, as to occasion you to write a good word for me to my adversary, or to say any thing that may shame him into reason, and save at once the life and reputation of,

' Sir, your most devoted slave,
' TIMOTHY BODKIN.

GOOD MR. BODKIN,

The perusal of this paper will give you to understand, that your letter, together with the little implement you sent me in the band-box, came safe to my hands. From the dimensions of it I perceive your courage lies in a narrow compass. Suppose you should send this bravo the fellow to it, and desire him to meet you in a closet, letting him know at the same time, that you fight all your duels under lock and key, for the sake of privacy. But if this proposal seems a little too rash, I shall send my servant with your sword to the person offended, and give him instructions to tell him you are a little punblind, and dare not for that reason trust to a longer weapon, and that an inch in his body will do your business as well as an ell. Or, if you would have me proceed yet more cautiously, my servant shall let him know, as from me, that he should meddle with his match; and that alone, if he be a man of honour, will make him reflect; if otherwise, (as I am very inclinable to doubt it) you need give yourself no farther unnecessary fears; but rely upon the truth of my remarks upon the terribles. I have bethought myself of one expedient more for you, which seems to be the most likely to succeed. Send your own servant to wait upon the gentleman: let him carry with him your sword and a letter, in which you tell him, that admiring the magnificence and grandeur of his weapon at Tom's, you thought it great pity so gallant a cavalier should not be completely armed; for which reason you humbly request, that you may have the honour of presenting him with a dagger.

I am, Sir,

your faithful servant,
NESTOR IRONSIDE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

August 19. 'Whereas a modesty-piece was lost at the masquerade last Monday night, being the seventeenth instant, between the hours of twelve and one, the author of this paper gives notice, that if any person will put it into the hands of Mr. Daniel Button, to be returned to the owner, it shall by her be acknowledged as the last favour, and no questions asked.

'N. B. It is of no use but to the owner.'

No. 146.] *Friday, August 28, 1713.*

Primum hominum leonem manu tractare ausus, et ostendere mansuetum, Hanno à clarissimis Pannorum traditur. Plin.

Hanno, a noble Carthaginian, is reported to have been the first man who ventured to handle a lion, and bring him up tame.

The generality of my readers, I find, are so well pleased with the story of the lion, in my paper of the twentieth instant, and with my friend's design of compiling a history of that noble species of animals, that a great many ingenious persons have promised me their assistance to bring in materials for the work, from all the storehouses of ancient and modern learning, as well as from oral tradition. For a farther encouragement of the undertaking, a considerable number of virtuosi have offered, when my collection shall swell into a reasonable bulk, to contribute very handsomely, by way of subscription, towards the printing of them in folio, on a large royal paper, curiously adorned with variety of forests, deserts, rocks, and caves, and lions of all sorts and sizes, upon copper-plates, by the best hands. A rich old bachelor of Lion's-inn (who is zealous for the honour of the place in which he was educated) sends me word I may depend upon a hundred pounds from him, towards the embellishing of the work; assuring me, at the same time, that he will set his clerk to search the records, and inquire into the antiquities of that house, that there may be no stone left unturned to make the book complete. Considering the volumes that have been written upon insects and reptiles, and the vast expense and pains some philosophers have been at to discover, by the help of glasses, their almost imperceptible qualities and perfections; it will not, I hope, be thought unreasonable, if the lion (whose majestic form lies open to the naked eye) should take up a first-rate folio.

A worthy merchant, and a friend of mine, sends me the following letter, to be inserted in my commentaries upon lions.

'SIR,

'Since one of your correspondents has of late entertained the public with a very remarkable and ancient piece of history, in ho-

nour of the grandees of the forest; and since it is probable you may in time collect a great many curious records and amazing circumstances, which may contribute to make these animals respected over the face of the whole earth; I am not a little ambitious to have the glory of contributing somewhat to so generous an undertaking. If you throw your work into the form of chronicle, I am in hopes I may furnish out a page in it towards the latter end of the volume, by a narration of a modern date, which I had in the year 1700, from the gentleman to whom it happened.

About sixty years ago, when the plague raged at Naples, sir George Davis (consul there for the English nation) retired to Florence. It happened one day he went out of curiosity to see the great duke's lions. At the farther end, in one of the dens, lay a lion, which the keepers in three years' time could not tame, with all the art and gentle usage imaginable. Sir George no sooner appeared at the grates of the den, but the lion ran to him with all the marks of joy and transport he was capable of expressing. He reared himself up and licked his hand, which this gentleman put in through the grates. The keeper, affrighted, took him by the arm and pulled him away, begging him not to hazard his life by going so near the fiercest creature of that kind that ever entered those dens. However, nothing would satisfy sir George, notwithstanding all that could be said to dissuade him, but he must go into the den to him. The very instant he entered, the lion threw his paws upon his shoulders, and licked his face, and ran to and fro in the den, fawning, and full of joy, like a dog at the sight of his master. After several embraces and salutations exchanged on both sides, they parted very good friends. The rumour of this interview between the lion and the stranger rung immediately through the whole city, and sir George was very near passing for a saint among the people. The great duke, when he heard of it, sent for sir George, who waited upon his highness to the den, and to satisfy his curiosity, gave him the following account of what seemed so strange to the duke and his followers.

"A captain of a ship from Barbary gave me this lion when he was a young whelp. I brought him up tame; but when I thought him too large to be suffered to run about the house, I built a den for him in my court-yard; from that time he was never permitted to go loose, except when I brought him within doors to show him to my friends. When he was five years old, in his gamesome tricks, he did some mischief by pawing and playing with people. Having griped a man one day a little too hard, I ordered him to be shot, for fear of incurring the guilt of what might happen; upon this a friend who was then at dinner with me, begged him: how he came here I know not."

'Here sir George Davis ended, and thereupon the duke of Tuscany assured him, that he had the lion from that very friend of his.

'I am, Sir,
'your most obedient servant,
'and constant reader, &c.'

No. 147.] Saturday, August 29, 1713.

Bonum est fugienda aspiroere alieno in malo.

Publ. Syr.

It is a good thing to learn caution by the misfortunes of others.

HAVING in my paper of the twenty-first of July, showed my dislike of the ridiculous custom of garnishing a new-married couple, and setting a gloss upon their persons which is to last no longer than the honey-moon; I think it may be much for the emolument of my disciples of both sexes, to make them sensible in the next place, of the folly of launching out into extravagant expenses, and a more magnificent way of living immediately upon marriage. If the bride and bridegroom happen to be persons of any rank, they come into all public places, and go upon all visits with so gay an equipage, and so glittering an appearance, as if they were making so many public entries. But to judicious minds, and to men of experience in this life, the gilt chariot, the coach and six, the gaudy liveries, the supernumerary train of servants, the great house, the sumptuous table, the services of plate, the embroidered clothes, the rich brocades, and the profusion of jewels, that upon this occasion break out at once, are so many symptoms of madness in the happy pair, and prognostications of their future misery.

I remember a country neighbour of my lady Lizard's, squire Wisacre by name, who enjoyed a very clear estate of five hundred pounds per annum, and by living frugally upon it was beforehand in the world. This gentleman unfortunately fell in love with Mrs. Fanny Flippan, the then reigning toast in those parts. In a word, he married her, and to give a lasting proof of his affection, consented to make both her and himself miserable by setting out in the high mode of wedlock. He, in less than the space of five years, was reduced to starve in prison for debt; and his lady, with a son and three daughters, became a burden to the parish. The conduct of Frank Foresight was the very reverse to squire Wisacre's. He had lived a bachelor some years about this town, in the best of companies; kept a chariot and four footmen, besides six saddle-horses; he did not exceed, but went to the utmost stretch of his income; but when he married the beautiful Clarinda (who brought him a plentiful fortune) he dismissed two of his footmen, four of the saddle-horses, and his chariot; and kept only

a chair for the use of his lady. Embroidered clothes and laced linen were quite laid aside; he was married in a plain druggat, and from that time forward, in all the accommodations of life, never coveted any thing beyond cleanliness and conveniency. When any of his acquaintance asked him the reason of this sudden change, he would answer, 'In single life I could easily compute my wants, and provide against them; but the condition of life I am now engaged in, is attended with a thousand unforeseen casualties, as well as a great many distant, but unavoidable expenses. The happiness or misery, in this world, of a future progeny, will probably depend upon my good or ill husbandry. I shall never think I have discharged my duty until I have laid up a provision for three or four children at least.' 'But, pr'ythee, Frank,' says a pert coxcomb that stood by, 'why shouldst thou reckon thy chickens before'—upon which he cut him short, and replied, 'It is no matter; a brave man can never want heirs, while there is one man of worth living.' This precautionary way of reasoning and acting has proved to Mr. Foresight and his lady an uninterrupted source of felicity. Wedlock sits light and easy upon them; and they are at present happy in two sons and a daughter, who a great many years hence will feel the good effects of their parents' prudence.

My memory fails me in recollecting where I have read, that in some parts of Holland it is provided by law, that every man, before he marries, shall be obliged to plant a certain number of trees, proportionable to his circumstances, as a pledge to the government for the maintenance of his children. Every honest as well as every prudent man should do something equivalent to this, by retrenching all superfluous and idle expenses, instead of following the extravagant practice of persons, who sacrifice every thing to their present vanity, and never are a day beforehand in thought. I know not what delight splendid nuptials may afford to the generality of the great world: I could never be present at any of them without a heavy heart. It is with pain I refrain from tears, when I see the bride thoughtlessly jiggling it about the room, dishonoured with jewels, and dazzling the eyes of the whole assembly at the expense of her children's future subsistence. How singular, in the age we live in, is the moderate behaviour of young Sophia, and how amiable does she appear in the eyes of wise men! Her lover, a little before marriage, acquainted her, that he intended to lay out a thousand pounds for a present in jewels; but before he did it, desired to know what sort would be most acceptable to her. 'Sir,' replied Sophia, 'I thank you for your kind and generous intentions, and only beg they may be executed in another manner: be pleased only to give me the money, and I will try to lay it

out to a better advantage. I am not,' continues she, 'at all fond of those expensive trifles; neither do I think the wearing of diamonds can be any addition, nor the absence of them any diminution, to my happiness. I should be ashamed to appear in public for a few days in a dress which does not become me at all times. Besides, I see by that modest plain garb of yours, that you are not yourself affected with the gayety of apparel. When I am your wife, my only care will be to keep my person clean and neat for you, and not to make it fine for others.' The gentleman, transported with this excellent turn of mind in his mistress, presented her with the money in new gold. She purchased an annuity with it; out of the income of which, at every revolution of her wedding-day, she makes her husband some pretty present, as a token of her gratitude, and a fresh pledge of her love; part of it she yearly distributes among her indigent and best deserving neighbours; and the small remainder she lays out in something useful for herself, or the children.

No. 148.] Monday, August 31, 1713.

— *Pae est et ab hute doceri.*

Ovid. Met. Lib. iv. 428.

'Tis good to learn even from an enemy.

THERE is a kind of apophthegm, which I have frequently met with in my reading, to this purpose: 'That there are few, if any books, out of which a man of learning may not extract something for his use.' I have often experienced the truth of this maxim, when calling in at my bookseller's, I have taken the book next to my hand off the counter, to employ the minutes I have been obliged to linger away there, in waiting for one friend or other. Yesterday when I came there, the Turkish tales happened to lie in my way; upon opening of that amusing author, I happened to dip upon a short tale, which gave me a great many serious reflections. The very same fable may fall into the hands of a great many men of wit and pleasure, who, it is probable, will read it with their usual levity; but since it may as probably divert and instruct a great many persons of plain and virtuous minds, I shall make no scruple of making it the entertainment of this day's paper. The moral to be drawn from it is entirely Christian, and is so very obvious, that I shall leave to every reader the pleasure of picking it out for himself. I shall only premise, to obviate any offence that may be taken, that a great many notions in the Mahometan religion are borrowed from the holy scriptures.

The History of Santon Barsaia.

There was formerly a santon whose name was Barsaia, which for the space of a hundred

years, very fervently applied himself to prayers; and scarce ever went out of the grotto in which he made his residence, for fear of exposing himself to the danger of offending God. He fasted in the day-time, and watched in the night. All the inhabitants of the country had such a great veneration for him, and so highly valued his prayers, that they commonly applied to him when they had any favour to beg of Heaven. When he made vows for the health of a sick person, the patient was immediately cured.

It happened that the daughter of the king of that country fell into a dangerous distemper, the cause of which the physicians could not discover, yet they continued prescribing remedies by guess; but instead of helping the princess, they only augmented her disease. In the mean time the king was inconsolable, for he passionately loved his daughter; wherefore, one day, finding all human assistance vain, he declared it as his opinion that the princess ought to be sent to the santon Barsaia.

All the boys applauded his sentiment, and the king's officers conducted her to the santon, who, notwithstanding his frozen age, could not see such a beauty without being sensibly moved. He gazed on her with pleasure; and the devil taking this opportunity, whispered in his ear thus: 'O santon! don't let slip such a fortunate minute: tell the king's servants that it is requisite for the princess to pass this night in the grotto, to see whether it will please God to cure her; that you will put up a prayer for her, and that they need only come to fetch her to-morrow.'

How weak is man! the santon followed the devil's advice, and did what he suggested to him. But the officers, before they would yield to leave the princess, sent one of their number to know the king's pleasure. That monarch, who had an entire confidence in Barsaia, never in the least scrupled the trusting of his daughter with him. 'I consent,' said he, 'that she stay with that holy man, and that he keep her as long as he pleases: I am wholly satisfied on that head.'

When the officers had received the king's answer, they all retired, and the princess remained alone with the hermit. Night being come, the devil presented himself to the santon, saying, 'Canst thou let slip so favourable an opportunity with so charming a creature? Fear not her telling of the violence you offer her; if she were even so indiscreet as to reveal it, who will believe her? The court, the city, and all the world, are too much prepossessed in your favour, to give any credit to such a report. You may do any thing unpunished, when armed by the great reputation for wisdom which you have acquired.' The unfortunate Barsaia was so weak as to hearken to the enemy of mankind. He approached the princess, took her



into his arms, and in a moment cancelled a virtue of a hundred years duration.

He had no sooner perpetrated his crime, than a thousand avenging horrors haunted him night and day. He thus accosts the devil: 'Oh, wretch,' says he, 'it is thou which hast destroyed me! Thou hast encompassed me for a whole age, and endeavoured to seduce me; and now at last thou hast gained thy end.' 'Oh, santón!' answered the devil, 'do not reproach me with the pleasure thou hast enjoyed. Thou mayst repent; but what is unhappy for thee is, that the princess is impregnated, and thy sin will become public. Thou wilt become the laughing-stock of those who admire and reverence thee at present, and the king will put thee to an ignominious death.'

Barsisa, terrified by this discourse, says to the devil, 'What shall I do to prevent the publication of my shame?' 'To hinder the knowledge of your crime, you ought to commit a fresh one,' answered the devil. 'Kill the princess, bury her at the corner of the grotto, and when the king's messengers come to-morrow, tell them you have cured her, and that she went from the grotto very early in the morning. They will believe you, and search for her all over the city and country; and the king her father will be in great pain for her, but after several vain searches it will wear off.'

The hermit, abandoned by God, pursuant to this advice, killed the princess, buried her in a corner of the grotto, and the next day told the officers what the devil bid him say. They made diligent inquiry for the king's daughter, but not being able to hear of her, they despaired of finding her, when the devil told them that all their search for the princess was vain; and relating what had passed betwixt her and the santón, he told them the place where she was interred. The officers immediately went to the grotto, seized Barsisa, and found the princess's body in the place to which the devil had directed them; whereupon they took up the corpse, and carried that and the santón to the palace.

When the king saw his daughter dead, and was informed of the whole event, he broke out into tears and bitter lamentations; and assembling the doctors, he laid the santón's crime before them, and asked their advice how he should be punished. All the doctors condemned him to death, upon which the king ordered him to be hanged. Accordingly, a gibbet was erected: the hermit went up the ladder, and when he was going to be turned off, the devil whispered in his ear these words: 'O, santón! if you will worship me, I will extricate you out of this difficulty, and transport you two thousand leagues from hence, into a country where you shall be revered by men as much as you were before this adventure.' 'I am content,' says Barsisa; 'deliver me, and I will worship thee.' 'Give me first a sign of ado-

ration,' replies the devil. Whereupon the santón bowed his head, and said, 'I give myself to you.' The devil then raising his voice, said, 'O, Barsisa, I am satisfied; I have obtained what I desired;' and with these words, spitting in his face, he disappeared; and the deluded santón was hanged.

No. 149.] Tuesday, September 1, 1713.

Uratur vestis amore (sar. Ovid.
Your very dress shall captivate his heart.

I HAVE in a former precaution endeavoured to show the mechanism of an epic poem, and given the reader prescriptions whereby he may, without the scarce ingredient of a genius, compose the several parts of that great work. I shall now treat of an affair of more general importance, and make dress the subject of the following paper.

Dress is grown of universal use in the conduct of life. Civilities and respect are only paid to appearance. It is a varnish that gives a lustre to every action, a *passé par tout* that introduces us into all polite assemblies, and the only certain method of making most of the youth of our nation conspicuous.

There was formerly an absurd notion among the men of letters, that to establish themselves in the character of wits, it was absolutely necessary to show a contempt of dress. This injudicious affectation of theirs flattened all their conversation, took off the force of every expression, and incapacitated a female audience from giving attention to any thing they said. While the man of dress catches their eyes as well as ears, and at every ludicrous turn obtains a laugh of applause by way of compliment.

I shall lay down as an established maxim, which hath been received in all ages, that no person can dress without a genius.

A genius is never to be acquired by art, but is the gift of nature; it may be discovered even in infancy. Little master will smile when you shake his plume of feathers before him, and thrust its little knuckles in papa's full-bottom; miss will toy with her mother's Mechlin lace, and gaze on the gaudy colours of a fan; she smacks her lips for a kiss at the appearance of a gentleman in embroidery, and is frightened at the indecency of the house-maid's blue apron: as she grows up, the dress of her baby begins to be her care, and you will see a genteel fancy open itself in the ornaments of the little machine.

We have a kind of sketch of dress, if I may so call it, among us, which, as the invention was foreign, is called a *dishabille*: every thing is thrown on with a loose and careless air; yet a genius discovers itself even through this negligence of dress, just as you may see the mas-

terly hand of a painter in three or four swift strokes of the pencil.

The most fruitful in geniuses is the French nation; we owe most of our janty fashions now in vogue, to some adept beau among them. Their ladies exert the whole scope of their fancies upon every new petticoat; every head-dress undergoes a change; and not a lady of genius will appear in the same shape two days together; so that we may impute the scarcity of geniuses in our climate to the stagnation of fashions.

The ladies among us have a superior genius to the men; which have for some years past shot out in several exorbitant inventions for the greater consumption of our manufacture. While the men have contented themselves with the retrenchment of the hat, or the various scallop of the pocket, the ladies have sunk the head-dress, inclosed themselves in the circumference of the hoop-petticoat; furbelows and flounces have been disposed of at will, the stays have been lowered behind, for the better displaying the beauties of the neck; not to mention the various rolling of the sleeve, and those other nice circumstances of dress upon which every lady employs her fancy at pleasure.

The sciences of poetry and dress have so near an alliance to each other, that the rules of the one, with very little variation, may serve for the other.

As in a poem all the several parts of it must have a harmony with the whole; so to keep to the propriety of dress, the coat, waistcoat, and breeches, must be of the same piece.

As Aristotle obliges all dramatic writers to a strict observance of time, place, and action, in order to compose a just work of this kind of poetry; so it is absolutely necessary for a person that applies himself to the study of dress, to have a strict regard to these three particulars.

To begin with the time. What is more absurd than the velvet gown in summer? and what is more agreeable in the winter? The muff and fur are preposterous in June, which

advantage; by a pinch of snuff judiciously taken will display the glittering ornament of her little finger; by the new modelling her tucker, at one view present you with a fine turned hand, and a rising bosom. In order to be a proficient in action, I cannot sufficiently recommend the science of dancing: this will give the feet an easy gait, and the arms a gracefulness of motion. If a person have not a strict regard to these three above-mentioned rules of antiquity, the richest dress will appear stiff and affected, and the most gay habit fantastical and tawdry.

As different sorts of poetry require a different style: the elegy, tender and mournful; the ode, gay and sprightly; the epic, sublime, &c. so must the widow confess her grief in the veil; the bride frequently makes her joy and exultation conspicuous in the silver brocade; and the plume and the scarlet die is requisite to give the soldier a martial air. There is another kind of occasional dress in use among the ladies; I mean the riding-habit, which some have not injudiciously styled the hermaphroditical, by reason of its masculine and feminine composition; but I shall rather choose to call it the Pindaric, as its first institution was at a New-market horse-race, and as it is a mixture of the sublimity of the epic with the easy softness of the ode.

There sometimes arises a great genius in dress, who cannot content himself with merely copying from others, but will, as he sees occasion, strike out into the long pocket, slashed sleeve, or something particular in the disposition of his lace, or the flourish of his embroidery. Such a person, like the masters of other sciences, will show that he hath a manner of his own.

On the contrary, there are some pretenders to dress who shine out but by halves; whether it be for want of genius or money. A dancing-master of the lowest rank seldom fails of the scarlet stocking and the red heel; and shows a particular respect to the leg and foot, to which he owes his subsistence; when at the same time perhaps all the superior ornament

over the shoulders, is generally observed to be less curious in the furniture of the inward recesses of the scull, and lays himself open to the application of that censure which Milton applies to the fair sex,

—————' of outward form
Elaborate, of inward, less exact.'

A lady of genius will give a genteel air to her whole dress by a well-fancied suit of knots, as a judicious writer gives a spirit to a whole sentence by a single expression. As words grow old, and new ones enrich the language, so there is a constant succession of dress; the fringe succeeds the lace, the stays shorten or extend the waist, the riband undergoes divers variations, the head-dress receives frequent rises and falls every year; and in short, the whole woman throughout, as curious observers of dress have remarked, is changed from top to toe, in the period of five years. A poet will now and then, to serve his purpose, coin a word, so will a lady of genius venture at an innovation in the fashion; but as Horace advises, that all new-minted words should have a Greek derivation to give them an indisputable authority, so I would counsel all our improvers of fashion always to take the hint from France, which may as properly be called the 'fountain of dress,' as Greece was of literature.

Dress may bear a parallel to poetry with respect to moving the passions. The greatest captive to love, as daily experience shows us, is dress. I have known a lady at sight fly to a red feather, and readily give her hand to a fringed pair of gloves. At another time I have seen the awkward appearance of her rural humble servant move her indignation; she is jealous every time her rival hath a new suit; and in a rage when her woman pins her mantua to disadvantage. Unhappy, unguarded woman! alas! what moving rhetoric has she often found in the seducing full-bottom! who can tell the resistless eloquence of the embroidered coat, the gold snuff-box, and the amber-headed cane!

I shall conclude these criticisms with some general remarks upon the milliner, the mantua-maker, and the lady's woman, these being the

must have a regard to the several ages of women: the head-dress must give the mother a more sedate mien than the virgin; and age must not be made ridiculous with the flaunting airs of youth. There is a beauty that is peculiar to the several stages of life, and as much propriety must be observed in the dress of the old, as the young.

The mantua-maker must be an expert anatomist; and must, if judiciously chosen, have a name of French termination; she must know how to hide all the defects in the proportions of the body, and must be able to mould the shape by the stays, so as to preserve the intestines, that while she corrects the body, she may not interfere with the pleasures of the palate.

The lady's woman must have all the qualities of a critic in poetry; as her dress, like the critic's learning, is at second-hand, she must, like him, have a ready talent at censure, and her tongue must be deeply versed in detraction; she must be sure to asperse the characters of the ladies of most eminent virtue and beauty, to indulge her lady's spleen; and as it hath been remarked, that critics are the most fawning sycophants to their patrons, so must our female critic be a thorough proficient in flattery: she must add sprightliness to her lady's air, by encouraging her vanity; give gracefulness to her step, by cherishing her pride; and make her show a haughty contempt of her admirers, by enumerating her imaginary conquests. As a critic must stock his memory with the names of all the authors of note, she must be no less ready in the recital of all the beaux and pretty fellows in vogue; like the male critic, she asserts, that the theory of any science is above the practice, and that it is not necessary to be able to set her own person off to advantage, in order to be a judge of the dress of others; and besides all those qualifications, she must be endued with the gift of secrecy, a talent very rarely to be met with in her profession.

By what I have said, I believe my reader will be convinced, that notwithstanding the many pretenders, the perfection of dress cannot be attained without a genius; and shall

several children. She had a little prating girl upon her lap, who was begging to be very fine, that she might go abroad; and the indulgent mother, at her little daughter's request, had just taken the knots off her own head, to adorn the hair of the pretty trifier. A smiling boy was at the same time aressing^d a lap-dog, which is their mother's favourite, because it pleases the children; and she, with a delight in her looks, which heightened her beauty, so divided her conversation with the two pretty prattlers, as to make them both equally cheerful.

As I came in, she said with a blush, Mr. Ironside, though you are an old bachelor, you must not laugh at my tenderness to my children. I need not tell my reader what civil things I said in answer to the lady, whose matron-like behaviour gave me infinite satisfaction; since I myself take great pleasure in playing with children, and am seldom unprovided of plums or marbles, to make my court to such entertaining companions.

Whence is it, said I to myself when I was alone, that the affection of parents is so intense to their offspring? Is it because they generally find such resemblances in what they have produced, as that thereby they think themselves renewed in their children, and are willing to transmit themselves to future times? Or is it, because they think themselves obliged, by the dictates of humanity, to nourish and rear what is placed so immediately under their protection; and what by their means is brought into this world, the scene of misery, of necessity? These will not come up to it. Is it not rather the good providence of that being, who in a supereminent degree protects and cherishes the whole race of mankind, his sons and creatures? How shall we, any other way, account for this natural affection, so signally displayed throughout every species of the animal creation, without which the course of nature would quickly fail, and every various kind be extinct? Instances of tenderness in the most savage brutes are so frequent, that quotations of that kind are altogether unnecessary.

If we, who have no particular concern in them, take a secret delight in observing the gentle dawn of reason in babes; if our ears are soothed with their half-forming and aiming at articulate sounds; if we are charmed with their pretty mimicry, and surprised at the unexpected starts of wit and cunning in these miniatures of man; what transport may we imagine in the breasts of those, into whom natural instinct hath poured tenderness and fondness for them! how amiable is such a weakness in human nature! or rather, how great a weakness is it, to give humanity so reproachful a name! The bare consideration of paternal affection should methinks create a more grateful tenderness in children toward

their parents, than we generally see; and the silent whispers of nature be attended to, though the laws of God and man did not call aloud.

These silent whispers of nature have had a marvellous power, even when their cause hath been unknown. There are several examples in story of tender friendships formed between men who knew not of their near relation. Such accounts confirm me in an opinion I have long entertained, that there is a sympathy between souls, which cannot be explained by the prejudice of education, the sense of duty, or any other human motive.

The memoirs of a certain French nobleman, which now lie before me, furnish me with a very entertaining instance of this secret attraction implanted by Providence in the human soul. It will be necessary to inform the reader, that the person whose story I am going to relate, was one whose roving and romantic temper, joined to a disposition singularly amorous, had led him through a vast variety of gallantries and amours. He had, in his youth, attended a princess of France into Poland, where he had been entertained by the king her husband, and married the daughter of a grandee. Upon her death he returned into his native country; where his intrigues and other misfortunes having consumed his paternal estate, he now went to take care of the fortune his deceased wife had left him in Poland. In his journey he was robbed before he reached Warsaw, and lay ill of a fever, when he met with the following adventure, which he shall relate in his own words.

'I had been in this condition for four days, when the countess of Venoski passed that way. She was informed that a stranger of good fashion lay sick, and her charity led her to see me. I remembered her, for I had often seen her with my wife, to whom she was nearly related; but when I found she knew not me, I thought fit to conceal my name. I told her I was a German; that I had been robbed; and that if she had the charity to send me to Warsaw, the queen would acknowledge it; I having the honour to be known to her majesty. The countess had the goodness to take compassion of me; and ordering me to be put in a litter, carried me to Warsaw, where I was lodged in her house until my health should allow me to wait on the queen.

'My fever increased after my journey was over, and I was confined to my bed for fifteen days. When the countess first saw me, she had a young lady with her about eighteen years of age, who was much taller and better shaped than the Polish women generally are. She was very fair, her skin exceeding fine, and her hair and shape inexpressibly beautiful. I was not so sick as to overlook this young beauty; and I felt in my heart such emotions at the first view, as made me fear that all my mis-

fortunes had not armed me sufficiently against the charms of the fair sex. The amiable creature seemed afflicted at my sickness; and she appeared to have so much concern and care for me, as raised in me a great inclination and tenderness for her. She came every day into my chamber to inquire after my health; I asked who she was, and I was answered, that she was niece to the countess of Venoski.

'I verily believe that the constant sight of this charming maid, and the pleasure I received from her careful attendance, contributed more to my recovery than all the medicines the physicians gave me. In short, my fever left me, and I had the satisfaction to see the lovely creature overjoyed at my recovery. She came to see me oftener as I grew better; and I already felt a stronger and more tender affection for her than I ever bore to any woman in my life; when I began to perceive that her constant care of me was only a blind, to give her an opportunity of seeing a young Pole, whom I took to be her lover. He seemed to be much about her age, of a brown complexion, very tall, but finely shaped. Every time she came to see me, the young gentleman came to find her out; and they usually retired to a corner of the chamber, where they seemed to converse with great earnestness. The aspect of the youth pleased me wonderfully; and if I had not suspected that he was my rival, I should have taken delight in his person and friendship.

'They both of them often asked me if I were in reality a German; which when I continued to affirm, they seemed very much troubled. One day, I took notice that the young lady and gentleman, having retired to a window, were very intent upon a picture; and that every now and then they cast their eyes upon me, as if they had found some resemblance betwixt that and my features. I could not forbear to ask the meaning of it; upon which the lady answered, that if I had been a Frenchman, she should have imagined that I was the person for whom the picture was drawn, because it so exactly resembled me. I desired to see it; but how great was my surprise, when I found it to be the very painting which I had sent to the queen five years before, and which she commanded me to get drawn to be given to my children. After I had viewed the piece, I cast my eyes upon the young lady, and then upon the gentleman I had thought to be her lover. My heart beat, and I felt a secret emotion which filled me with wonder. I thought I traced in the two young persons some of my own features, and at that moment I said to myself, "Are not these my children?" The tears came into my eyes, and I was about to run and embrace them; but constraining myself with pain, I asked whose picture it was? The maid, per-

ceiving that I could not speak without tears fell a weeping. Her tears absolutely confirmed me in my opinion, and falling upon her neck, "Ah, my dear child," said I, "yes, I am your father." I could say no more. The youth seized my hands at the same time, and kissing my life, I never felt a joy equal to this; and it must be owned, that nature inspires more lively emotions and pleasing tenderness than the passions can possibly excite.'

No. 151.] *Thursday, September 3, 1713.*

Accipiat sanè mercedem sanguinis, et sic
Palleat, et nudis pressit q̄i calcibus anguem.

Juv. Sat. l. 42.

A dear-bought bargain, all things daly weigh'd,
For which their thrice-concocted blood is paid;
With looks as wan, as he who, in the brake,
At unawares has trod upon a snake. *Dryden.*

To the Guardian.

'OLD NESTOR,

'I BELIEVE your distance me not so much in years as in wisdom, and therefore since you have gained so deserved a reputation, I beg your assistance in correcting the manners of an untoward lad, who perhaps may listen to your admonitions, sooner than to all the severe checks, and grave reproofs of a father. Without any longer preamble, you must know, sir, that about two years ago, Jack, my eldest son and heir, was sent up to London, to be admitted of the Temple, not so much with a view of his studying the law, as a desire to improve his breeding. This was done out of complaisance to a cousin of his, an airy lady, who was continually teasing me, that the boy would shoot up into a mere country booby, if he did not see a little of the world. She herself was bred chiefly in town, and since she was married into the country, neither looks, nor talks, nor dresses like any of her neighbours, and is grown the admiration of every one but her husband. The latter end of last month some important business called me up to town, and the first thing I did, the next morning about ten, was to pay a visit to my son at his chambers; but as I began to knock at the door, I was interrupted by the bed-maker in the staircase, who told me her master seldom rose till about twelve, and about one I might be sure to find him drinking tea. I bid her somewhat hastily hold her prating, and open the door, which accordingly she did. The first thing I observed upon the table was the secret amours of ———, and by it stood a box of pills: on a chair lay a snuff-box with a fan half broke, and on the floor a pair of foils. Having seen this furniture, I entered his bed-chamber, not without some noise; whereupon he began to swear at his bed-maker (as he thought) for disturbing him so soon, and was turning about for the other

nap, when he discovered such a thin, pale, sickly visage, that had I not heard his voice, I should never have guessed him to have been my son. How different was this countenance from that ruddy, hale complexion, which he had at parting with me from home! After I had waked him, he gave me to understand, that he was but lately recovered out of a violent fever, and the reason why he did not acquaint me with it, was, lest the melancholy news might occasion too many tears among his relations, and be an unsupportable grief to his mother. To be short with you, old Nestor, I hurried my young spark down into the country along with me, and there am endeavouring to plump him up, so as to be no disgrace to his pedigree; for I assure you it was never known in the memory of man, that any one of the family of the Ringwoods ever fell into a consumption, except Mrs. Dorothy Ringwood, who died a maid at forty-five. In order to bring him to himself, and to be one of us again, I make him go to bed at ten, and rise half an hour past five; and when he is pulling for bohea tea and cream, I place upon a table a jolly piece of cold roast beef, or well powdered ham, and bid him eat and live; then take him into the fields to observe the reapers, how the harvest goes forwards. There is nobody pleased with his present constitution but his gay cousin, who spirits him up, and tells him, he looks fair, and is grown well-shaped; but the honest tenants shake their heads, and cry, "Lack-a-day, how thin is poor young master fallen!" The other day, when I told him of it, he had the impudence to reply, "I hope, sir, you would not have me as fat as Mr. ———. Alas! what would then become of me? how would the ladies pish at such a great monstrous thing!"—If you are truly, what your title imports, a Guardian, pray, sir, be pleased to consider what a noble generation must in all probability ensue from the lives which the town-bred gentlemen too often lead. A friend of mine, not long ago, as we were complaining of the times, repeated two stanzas out of my lord Roscommon, which I think may here be applicable:

"'Twas not the spawn of such as these,
That dy'd with Punic blood the conquer'd seas,
And quash'd the stern *Xacides*;
Made the proud Asian monarch feel

' P. S. I forgot to tell you, that while I waited in my son's anti-chamber, I found upon the table the following bill.

"Sold to Mr. Jonathan Ring-	£.	s.	d.
wood, a plain muslin head and	1	18	6
ruffles, with colbertine lace,			

"Six pair of white kid gloves	0	14	0
for madam Sally,			

"Three handkerchiefs for ma-	0	15	0
dam Sally,			

' In his chamber window I saw his shoemaker's bill, with this remarkable article.

"For Mr. Ringwood, three pair	3	0	0
of laced shoes,			

' And in the drawer of the table was the following billet.

"MR. RINGWOOD,

"I desire, that because you are such a country booby, that you forget the use and care of your snuff-box, you would not call me thief. Pray see my face no more.

'Your abused friend,
'SARAH GALLOP."

' Under these words my hopeful heir had writ, "Memorandum, To send her word I have found my box, though I know she has it."

No. 152.] Friday, September 4, 1713.

Quin potius pacem aeternam pactoque hymenaeos
Exercemus ——— *Virg. Æn. iv. 90.*

Rather in leagues of endless peace unite,
And celebrate the hymenal rite.

THERE is no rule in *Longinus* which I more admire than that wherein he advises an author who would attain to the sublime, and writes for eternity, to consider, when he is engaged in his composition, what Homer, or Plato, or any other of those heroes in the learned world, would have said or thought upon the same occasion. I have often practised this rule, with regard to the best authors among the ancients, as well as among the moderns. With what success, I must leave to the judgment of others. I may at least venture to say with Mr. Dryden, where he professes to have imitated *Shakespeare's* style, that in imitating such great authors I have always excelled myself.

and instructive; in the first place, the fable of it ought to be perfect, and if possible to be filled with surprising turns and incidents. In the next, there ought to be useful morals and reflections couched under it, which still receive a greater value from their being new and uncommon; as also from their appearing difficult to have been thrown into emblematical types and shadows.

I was once thinking to have written a whole canto in the spirit of Spenser, and in order to it, contrived a fable of imaginary persons and characters. I raised it on that common dispute between the comparative perfections and pre-eminence of the two sexes, each of which have very frequently had their advocates among the men of letters. Since I have not time to accomplish this work, I shall present my reader with the naked fable, reserving the embellishments of verse and poetry to another opportunity.

The two sexes contending for superiority, were once at war with each other, which was chiefly carried on by their auxiliaries. The males were drawn up on the one side of a very spacious plain, the females on the other; between them was left a very large interval for their auxiliaries to engage in. At each extremity of this middle space lay encamped several bodies of neutral forces, who waited for the event of the battle before they would declare themselves, that they might then act as they saw occasion.

The main body of the male auxiliaries was commanded by Fortitude; that of the female by Beauty. Fortitude began the onset on Beauty, but found to his cost, that she had such a particular witchcraft in her looks, as withered all his strength. She played upon him so many smiles and glances that she quite weakened and disarmed him.

In short, he was ready to call for quarter, had not Wisdom come to his aid: this was the commander of the male right wing, and would have turned the fate of the day, had not he been timely opposed by Cunning, who commanded the left wing of the female auxiliaries. Cunning was the chief engineer of the fair army; but upon this occasion was posted, as I have here said, to receive the attacks of Wisdom. It was very entertaining to see the workings of these two antagonists; the conduct of the one, and the stratagems of the other. Never was there a more equal match. Those who beheld it, gave the victory sometimes to the one, and sometimes to the other, though most declared the advantage was on the side of the female commander.

In the mean time the conflict was very great in the left wing of the army, where the battle began to turn to the male side. This wing was commanded by an old experienced officer called Patience, and on the female side by a

general known by the name of Scorn. The latter, that fought after the manner of the Parthians, had the better of it all the beginning of the day; but being quite tired out with the long pursuits, and repeated attacks of the enemy, who had been repulsed above a hundred times, and rallied as often, began to think of yielding; when on a sudden a body of neutral forces began to move. The leader was of an ugly look, and gigantic stature. He acted like a drawcansir, sparing neither friend nor foe. His name was Lust. On the female side he was opposed by a select body of forces, commanded by a young officer that had the face of a cherubim, and the name of Modesty. This beautiful young hero was supported by one of a more masculine turn, and fierce behaviour, called by men, Honour, and by the gods, Pride. This last made an obstinate defence, and drove back the enemy more than once, but at length resigned at discretion.

The dreadful monster, after having overturned whole squadrons in the female army, fell in among the males, where he made a more terrible havoc than on the other side. He was here opposed by Reason who drew up all his forces against him, and held the fight in suspense for some time, but at length quitted the field.

After a great ravage on both sides, the two armies agreed to join against this common foe. And in order to it, drew out a small chosen band, whom they placed by consent under the conduct of Virtue, who in a little time drove this foul ugly monster out of the field.

Upon his retreat, a second neutral leader, whose name was Love, marched in between the two armies. He headed a body of ten thousand winged boys, that threw their darts and arrows promiscuously among both armies. The wounds they gave were not the wounds of an enemy. They were pleasing to those that felt them; and had so strange an effect, that they wrought a spirit of mutual friendship, reconciliation, and good-will in both sexes. The two armies now looked with cordial love on each other, and stretched out their arms with tears of joy, as longing to forget old animosities, and embrace one another.

The last general of neutrals that appeared in the field, was Hymen, who marched immediately after Love, and seconding the good inclinations which he had inspired, joined the hands of both armies. Love generally accompanied him, and recommended the sexes, pair by pair, to his good offices.

But as it is usual enough for several persons to dress themselves in the habit of a great leader, Ambition and Avarice had taken on them the garb and habit of Love, by which means they often imposed on Hymen, by putting into his hands several couples whom he would never have joined together, had it not

been brought about by the delusion of these two impostors.

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No. 153.] Saturday, September 5, 1713.

*Admiranda tibi levium spectacula rerum.
Virg. Georg. iv. 3.*

*A mighty pomp, though made of little things.
Dryden.*

THERE is no passion which steals into the heart more imperceptibly, and covers itself under more disguises, than pride. For my own part, I think if there is any passion or vice which I am wholly a stranger to, it is this; though at the same time, perhaps this very judgment which I form of myself proceeds in some measure from this corrupt principle.

I have been always wonderfully delighted with that sentence in holy writ,—'Pride was not made for man.' There is not indeed any single view of human nature under its present condition, which is not sufficient to extinguish in us all the secret seeds of pride; and, on the contrary, to sink the soul into the lowest state of humility, and what the school-men call self-annihilation. Pride was not made for man, as he is,

1. A sinful,
2. An ignorant,
3. A miserable being.

There is nothing in his understanding, in his will, or in his present condition that can tempt any considerate creature to pride or vanity.

These three very reasons why he should not be proud, are, notwithstanding, the reasons why he is so. Were not he a sinful creature, he would not be subject to a passion which rises from the depravity of his nature; were he not an ignorant creature, he would see that he has nothing to be proud of; and were not the whole species miserable, he would not have those wretched objects of comparison before his eyes, which are the occasions of his passion, and which make one man value himself more than another.

A wise man will be contented that his glory be deferred until such time as he shall be truly glorified; when his understanding shall be cleared, his will rectified, and his happiness assured; or in other words, when he shall be neither sinful, nor ignorant, nor miserable.

If there be any thing which makes human nature appear ridiculous to beings of superior faculties, it must be pride. They know so well the vanity of those imaginary perfections that swell the heart of man, and of those little supernumerary advantages, whether in birth, fortune, or title, which one man enjoys above another, that it must certainly very much astonish, if it does not very much divert them, when they see a mortal puffed up, and valuing

himself above his neighbours on any of these accounts, at the same time that he is obnoxious to all the common calamities of the species.

To set this thought in its true light, we will fancy, if you please, that yonder mole-hill is inhabited by reasonable creatures, and that every pismire (his shape and way of life only excepted) is endowed with human passions. How should we smile to hear one give us an account of the pedigrees, distinctions, and titles that reign among them! Observe how the whole swarm divide and make way for the pismire that passes through them! You must understand he is an emmet of quality, and has better blood in his veins than any pismire in the mole-hill. Do not you see how sensible he is of it, how slow he marches forward, how the whole rabble of ants keep their distance? Here you may observe one placed upon a little eminence, and looking down on a long row of labourers. He is the richest insect on this side the hillock, he has a walk of half a yard in length, and a quarter of an inch in breadth, he keeps a hundred menial servants, and has at least fifteen barley-corns in his granary. He is now chiding and beslaving the emmet that stands before him, and who, for all that we can discover, is as good an emmet as himself.

But here comes an insect of figure! Do not you take notice of a little white straw that he carries in his mouth? That straw, you must understand, he would not part with for the longest tract about the mole-hill: did you but know what he has undergone to purchase it! See how the ants of all qualities and conditions swarm about him! Should this straw drop out of his mouth, you would see all this numerous circle of attendants follow the next that took it up, and leave the discarded insect, or run over his back to come at his successor.

If now you have a mind to see all the ladies of the mole-hill, observe first the pismire that listens to the emmet on her left hand, at the same time that she seems to turn away her head from him. He tells this poor insect that she is a goddess, that her eyes are brighter than the sun, that life and death are at her disposal. She believes him, and gives herself a thousand little airs upon it. Mark the vanity of the pismire on your left hand. She can scarce crawl with age; but you must know she values herself upon her birth; and if you mind, spurns at every one that comes within her reach. The little nimble coquette that is running along by the side of her, is a wit. She has broke many a pismire's heart. Do but observe what a drove of lovers are running after her.

We will here finish this imaginary scene; but first of all, to draw the parallel closer, will suppose, if you please, that death comes down upon the mole hill, in the shape of a cock-sparrow, who picks up, without distinction,

the pismire of quality and his batters; the pismire of substance and day-labourers; the white-straw officer and his sycophants; with all the goddesses, wits, and beauties of the mole-hill.

May we not imagine that beings of superior natures and perfections, regard all the instances of pride and vanity, among our own species, in the same kind of view, when they take a survey of those who inhabit the earth: or in the language of an ingenious French poet; of those pismires that people this heap of dirt, which human vanity has divided into climates and regions.

G

No. 154.] Monday, September 7, 1713.

Omnia transformant sese in miracula rerum.
Vtrg. Georg. iv. 441.

All shapes, the most prodigious, they assume.

I QUESTION not but the following letter will be entertaining to those who were present at the late masquerade, as it will recall into their minds several merry particulars that passed in it, and at the same time, be very acceptable to those who were at a distance from it, as they may form from hence some idea of this fashionable amusement.

'To Nestor Ironside, Esq. Per via leonis.

SIR,

'I could scarce ever go into good company, but the discourse was on the ambassador, the politeness of his entertainments, the goodness of his Burgundy and Champaign, the gayety of his masquerades, with the odd fantastical dresses which were made use of in those midnight solemnities. The noise these diversions made, at last raised my curiosity, and for once I resolved to be present at them, being at the same time provoked to it by a lady I then made my addresses to, one of a sprightly humour, and a great admirer of such novelties. In order to it I hurried my habit, and got it ready a week before the time, for I grew impatient to be initiated in these new mysteries. Every morning I drest myself in it, and acted before the looking glass, so that I am vain enough to think I was as perfect in my part as most who had oftener frequented those diversions. You must understand I personated a devil, and that for several weighty reasons. First, because appearing as one of that fraternity, I expected to meet with particular civilities from the more polite and better-bred part of the company. Besides, as from their usual reception, they are called familiars, I fancied I should in this character be allowed the greatest liberties, and soonest be led into the secrets of the masquerade. To recommend and distinguish me from the vulgar, I drew a very long tail after me. But to speak the

truth, what persuaded me most to this disguise was, because I heard an intriguing lady say, in a large company of females, who unanimously assented to it, that she loved to converse with such, for that generally they were very clever fellows who made choice of that shape. At length, when the long-wished-for evening came, which was to open to us such vast scenes of pleasure, I repaired to the place appointed about ten at night, where I found nature turned topsy-turvy, women changed into men, and men into women, children in leading-strings seven foot high, courtiers transformed into clowns, ladies of the night into saints, people of the first quality into beasts or birds, gods or goddesses. I fancied I had all Ovid's *Metamorphoses* before me. Among these were several monsters to which I did not know how to give a name;

———"worse
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire." *Milton.*

'In the middle of the first room I met with one drest in a shroud. This put me in mind of the old custom of serving up a death's head at a feast. I was a little angry at the dress, and asked the gentleman whether he thought a dead man was fit company for such an assembly; but he told me, that he was one who loved his money, and that he considered this dress would serve him another time. This walking corpse* was followed by a gigantic woman with a high-crowned hat, that stood up like a steeple over the heads of the whole assembly. I then chanced to tread upon the foot of a female quaker, to all outward appearance; but was surprised to hear her cry out, "D—n you, you son of a —!" upon which I immediately rebuked her, when all of a sudden resuming her character, "Verily," says she, "I was to blame; but thou hast bruised me sorely." A few moments after this adventure I had like to have been knocked down by a shepherdess for having run my elbow a little inadvertently into one of her sides. She swore like a trooper, and threatened me with a very masculine voice; but I was timely taken off by a presbyterian parson, who told me in a very soft tone, that he believed I was a pretty fellow, and that he would meet me in Spring-gardens to-morrow night. The next object I saw was a chimney-sweeper made up of black crape and velvet, with a huge diamond in his mouth, making love to a butterfly. On a sudden I found myself among a flock of bats, owls, and lawyers. But what took up my attention most, was one drest in white feathers that represented a swan. He would fain have found out a Leda among the fair sex, and indeed was the most unlucky bird in the company. I was then engaged in a discourse with a running-footman;

but as I treated him like what he appeared to be, a Turkish emperor whispered me in the ear, desiring me "to use him civilly, for that it was his master." I was here interrupted by the famous large figure of a woman hung with little looking-glasses. She had a great many that followed her as she passed by me, but I would not have her value herself upon that account, since it was plain they did not follow so much to look upon her as to see themselves. The next I observed was a nun making an assignation with a heathen god; for I heard them mention the Little Piazza in Covent-garden. I was by this time exceeding hot and thirsty; so that I made the best of my way to the place where wine was dealt about in great quantities. I had no sooner presented myself before the table, but a magician seeing me, made a circle over my head with his wand, and seemed to do me homage. I was at a loss to account for his behaviour, until I recollected who I was; this however drew the eyes of the servants upon me, and immediately procured me a glass of excellent Champaign. The magician said I was a spirit of an adust and dry constitution; and desired that I might have another refreshing glass: adding withal, that it ought to be a brimmer. I took it in my hand and drank it off to the magician. This so enlivened me, that I led him by the hand into the next room, where we danced a rigadoun together. I was here a little offended at a jackanapes of a scaramouch, that cried out, "Avant Satan;" and gave me a little tap on my left shoulder with the end of his lath sword. As I was considering how I ought to resent this affront, a well-shaped person that stood at my left-hand, in the figure of a bell-man, cried out with a suitable voice, "Past twelve o'clock." This put me in mind of bed-time. Accordingly I made my way towards the door, but was intercepted by an Indian king, a tall, slender youth, dressed up in a most beautiful party-coloured plumage. He regarded my habit very attentively, and after having turned me about once or twice, asked me "whom I had been tempting?" I could not tell what was the matter with me, but my heart leaped as soon as he touched me, and was still in greater disorder, upon my hearing his voice. In short, I found after a little discourse with him, that his Indian majesty was my dear Leonora, who knowing the disguise I had put on, would not let me pass by her unobserved. Her awkward manliness made me guess at her sex, and her own confession quickly let me know the rest. This masquerade did more for me than a twelvemonth's courtship: for it inspired her with such tender sentiments, that I married her the next morning.

'How happy I shall be in a wife taken out of a masquerade, I cannot yet tell; but I have reason to hope the best, Leonora having assured

me it was the first, and shall be the last time of her appearing at such an entertainment.

'And now, sir, having given you the history of this strange evening, which looks rather like a dream than a reality, it is my request to you, that you will oblige the world with a dissertation on masquerades in general, that we may know how far they are useful to the public, and consequently how far they ought to be encouraged. I have heard of two or three very odd accidents that have happened upon this occasion, as in particular of a lawyer's being now big-bellied, who was present at the first of these entertainments; not to mention (what is still more strange) an old man with a long beard, who was got with child by a milk-maid. But in cases of this nature, where there is such a confusion of sex, age, and quality, men are apt to report rather what might have happened, than what really came to pass. Without giving credit therefore to any of these rumours, I shall only renew my petition to you, that you will tell us your opinion at large of these matters, and am, Sir, &c.



'LUCIFER.'

No. 155.] Tuesday, September 8, 1713.

— Libelli stolidi inter sericos
Jacere pulvillus amant. *Hor. Epod. viii. 15.*

The books of stois ever chose
On silken cushions to repose.

I HAVE often wondered that learning is not thought a proper ingredient in the education of a woman of quality or fortune. Since they have the same improveable minds as the male part of the species, why should they not be cultivated by the same method? Why should reason be left to itself in one of the sexes, and be disciplined with so much care in the other?

There are some reasons why learning seems more adapted to the female world, than to the male. As in the first place, because they have more spare time upon their hands, and lead a more sedentary life. Their employments are of a domestic nature, and not like those of the other sex, which are often inconsistent with study and contemplation. The excellent lady, the lady Lizard, in the space of one summer, furnished a gallery with chairs and couches of her own and her daughters' working; and at the same time heard all doctor Tillotson's sermons twice over. It is always the custom for one of the young ladies to read, while the others are at work; so that the learning of the family is not at all prejudicial to its manufactures. I was mightily pleased the other day to find them all busy in preserving several fruits of the season, with the Sparkler in the midst of them, reading over the Plurality of Worlds. It was very entertaining to me to see them dividing their speculations between jellies and

stars, and making a sudden transition from the sun to an apricot, or from the Corpernican system to the figure of a cheesecake.

A second reason why women should apply themselves to useful knowledge rather than men, is because they have that natural gift of speech in greater perfection. Since they have so excellent a talent, such a *copia verborum*, or plenty of words, it is pity they should not put it to some use. If the female tongue will be in motion, why should it not be set to go right? Could they discourse about the spots in the sun, it might divert them from publishing the faults of their neighbours. Could they talk of the different aspects and conjunctions of the planets, they need not be at the pains to comment upon oglings and clandestine marriages. In short, were they furnished with matters of fact, out of arts and sciences, it would now and then be a great ease to their invention.

There is another reason why those especially who are women of quality, should apply themselves to letters, namely, because their husbands are generally strangers to them.

It is great pity there should be no knowledge in a family. For my own part, I am concerned, when I go into a great house, where perhaps there is not a single person that can spell, unless it be by chance the butler, or one of the footmen. What a figure is the young heir likely to make, who is a dunce both by father and mother's side!

If we look into the histories of famous women, we find many eminent philosophers of this sex. Nay, we find that several females have distinguished themselves in those sects of philosophy which seem almost repugnant to their natures. There have been famous female Pythagoreans, notwithstanding most of that philosophy consisted in keeping a secret, and that the disciple was to hold her tongue five years together. I need not mention Portia, who was a stoic in petticoats; nor Hipparchia, the famous she cynic, who arrived at such a perfection in her studies, that she conversed with her husband, or man-planter, in broad day-light, and in the open streets.

Learning and knowledge are perfections in

not be at a loss how to employ those hours that lie upon their hands.

I might also add this motive to my fair readers, that several of their sex who have improved their minds by books and literature, have raised themselves to the highest posts of honour and fortune. A neighbouring nation may at this time furnish us with a very remarkable instance of this kind; but I shall conclude this head with the history of Athenais, which is a very signal example to my present purpose.

The emperor Theodosius being about the age of one-and-twenty, and designing to take a wife, desired his sister Pulcheria and his friend Paulinus to search his whole empire for a woman of the most exquisite beauty and highest accomplishments. In the midst of this search, Athenais, a Grecian virgin, accidentally offered herself. Her father, who was an eminent philosopher of Athens, and had bred her up in all the learning of that place, at his death left her but a very small portion, in which also she suffered great hardships from the injustice of her two brothers. This forced her upon a journey to Constantinople, where she had a relation who represented her case to Pulcheria in order to obtain some redress from the emperor. By this means that religious princess became acquainted with Athenais, whom she found the most beautiful woman of her age, and educated under a long course of philosophy in the strictest virtue, and most unspotted innocence. Pulcheria was charmed with her conversation, and immediately made her reports to the emperor, her brother Theodosius. The character she gave, made such an impression on him, that he desired his sister to bring her away immediately to the lodgings of his friend Paulinus, where he found her beauty and her conversation beyond the highest idea he had framed of them. His friend Paulinus converted her to Christianity, and gave her the name of Eudisia; after which the emperor publicly espoused her, and enjoyed all the happiness in his marriage which he promised himself from such a virtuous and learned bride. She not only forgave the injuries which her two brothers had done her, but raised them to great

As the small ant (for she instructs the man,
And preaches labour) gathers all she can,
And brings it to increase her heap at home,
Against the winter, which she knows will come:
But, when that comes she creeps abroad no more,
But lies at home, and feasts upon her store. *Creech.*

In my last Saturday's paper I supposed a mole-hill inhabited by pismires or ants, to be a lively image of the earth, peopled by human creatures. This supposition will not appear too forced or strained to those who are acquainted with the natural history of these little insects; in order to which I shall present my reader with the extract of a letter upon this curious subject, as it was published by the members of the French academy, and since translated into English. I must confess I was never in my life better entertained than with this narrative, which is of undoubted credit and authority.

'In a room next to mine, which had been empty for a long time, there was upon a window a box full of earth, two feet deep, and fit to keep flowers in. That kind of parterre had been long uncultivated; and therefore it was covered with old plaster, and a great deal of rubbish that fell from the top of the house and from the walls, which, together with the earth formerly imbibed with water, made a kind of a dry and barren soil. That place lying to the south, and out of the reach of the wind and rain, besides the neighbourhood of a granary, was a most delightful spot of ground for ants; and therefore they had made three nests there, without doubt for the same reason that men build cities in fruitful and convenient places, near springs and rivers.

'Having a mind to cultivate some flowers, I took a view of that place, and removed a tulip out of the garden into that box; but casting my eyes upon the ants, continually taken up with a thousand cares, very inconsiderable with respect to us, but of the greatest importance for them, they appeared to me more worthy of my curiosity than all the flowers in the world. I quickly removed the tulip, to be the admirer and restorer of that little commonwealth. This was the only thing they wanted; for their policy and the order observed among them, are more perfect than those of the wisest republics: and therefore they have nothing to fear, unless a new legislator should attempt to change the form of their government.

'I made it my business to procure them all sorts of conveniences. I took out of the box every thing that might be troublesome to them; and frequently visited my ants, and studied all their actions. Being used to go to bed very late, I went to see them work in a moon-shiny night; and I did frequently get up in the night, to take a view of their labours. I always found some going up and down, and very busy: one would think that they never sleep. Every body knows that ants come out of their holes

in the day-time, and expose to the sun the corn, which they keep under ground in the night. Those who have seen ant-hills, have easily perceived these small heaps of corn about their nests. What surprised me at first was, that my ants never brought out their corn but in the night, when the moon did shine, and kept it under ground in the day-time: which was contrary to what I had seen, and saw still practised by those insects in other places. I quickly found out the reason of it: there was a pigeon-house not far from thence: pigeons and birds would have eaten their corn, if they had brought it out in the day time. It is highly probable they knew it by experience; and I frequently found pigeons and birds in that place, when I went to it in a morning. I quickly delivered them from those robbers: I frightened the birds away with some pieces of paper tied to the end of a string over the window. As for the pigeons, I drove them away several times; and when they perceived that the place was more frequented than before, they never came to it again. What is most admirable, and what I could hardly believe, if I did not know it by experience, is, that those ants knew some days after that they had nothing to fear, and began to lay out their corn in the sun. However, I perceived they were not fully convinced of being out of all danger; for they durst not bring out their provisions all at once, but by degrees, first in a small quantity, and without any great order, that they might quickly carry them away, in case of any misfortune, watching, and looking every way. At last, being persuaded that they had nothing to fear, they brought out all their corn, almost every day, and in good order, and carried it in at night.

'There is a straight hole in every ant's nest, about half an inch deep, and then it goes down sloping into a place where they have their magazine, which I take to be a different place from that where they rest and eat. For it is highly improbable that an ant, which is a very cleanly insect, and throws out of her nest all the small remains of the corn on which she feeds, as I have observed a thousand times, would fill up her magazine, and mix her corn with dirt and ordure.

'The corn that is laid up by ants, would shoot under ground, if those insects did not take care to prevent it. They bite off all the buds before they lay it up; and therefore the corn that has lain in their nests will produce nothing. Any one may easily make this experiment, and even plainly see that there is no bud in their corn. But though the bud be bitten off, there remains another inconvenience, that corn must needs swell and rot under ground; and therefore it could be of no use for the nourishment of ants. Those insects prevent that inconvenience by their labour and industry, and contrive the matter so, that corn

will keep as dry in their nests as in our granaries.

'They gather many small particles of dry earth, which they bring every day out of their holes, and place them round to heat them in the sun. Every ant brings a small particle of that earth in her pincers, lays it by the hole, and then goes and fetches another. Thus, in less than a quarter of an hour, one may see a vast number of such small particles of dry earth, heaped up round the hole. They lay their corn under ground upon that earth, and cover it with the same. They perform this work almost every day, during the heat of the sun; and though the sun went from the window about three or four o'clock in the afternoon, they did not remove their corn and their particles of earth, because the ground was very hot, until the heat was over.

'If any one should think that those animals should use sand, or small particles of brick or stone, rather than take so much pains about dry earth; I answer, that upon such an occasion nothing can be more proper than earth heated in the sun. Corn does not keep upon sand: besides, a grain of corn that is cut, being deprived of its bud, would be filled with small sandy particles that could not easily come out. To which I add, that sand consists of such small particles, that an ant could not take them up one after another; and therefore those insects are seldom to be seen near rivers, or in a very sandy ground.

'As for the small particles of brick or stone, the least moistness would join them together, and turn them into a kind of mastic, which those insects could not divide. Those particles sticking together could not come out of an ant's nest, and would spoil its symmetry.

'When ants have brought out those particles of earth, they bring out their corn after the same manner, and place it round the earth. Thus one may see two heaps surrounding their hole, one of dry earth, and the other of corn; and then they fetch out a remainder of dry earth, on which doubtless their corn was laid up.

'Those insects never go about this work but when the weather is clear, and the sun very hot. I observed, that those little animals having one day brought out their corn at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, removed it, against their usual custom, before one in the afternoon. The sun being very hot, and sky very clear, I could perceive no reason for it. But half an hour after, the sky began to be overcast, and there fell a small rain, which the ants foresaw; whereas the Milan almanack had foretold there would be no rain upon that day.

'I have said before, that those ants which I did so particularly consider, fetched their corn out of a garret. I went very frequently into that garret. There was some old corn in

it; and because every grain was not alike, I observed that they chose the best.

'I know, by several experiments, that those little animals take great care to provide themselves with wheat when they can find it, and always pick out the best; but they can make shift without it. When they can get no wheat, they take rye, oats, millet, and even crumbs of bread; but seldom any barley, unless it be in a time of great scarcity, and when nothing else can be had.

'Being willing to be more particularly informed of their forecast and industry, I put a small heap of wheat in a corner of the room where they kept; and to prevent their fetching corn out of the garret, I shut up the window, and stopped all the holes. Though ants are very knowing, I do not take them to be conjurers; and therefore they could not guess that I had put some corn in that room. I perceived for several days that they were very much perplexed, and went a great way to fetch their provisions. I was not willing for some time to make them more easy; for I had a mind to know whether they would at last find out the treasure, and see it at a great distance; and whether smelling enabled them to know what is good for their nourishment. Thus they were some time in great trouble, and took a great deal of pains. They went up and down a great way, looking out for some grains of corn: they were sometimes disappointed, and sometimes they did not like their corn, after many long and painful excursions. What appeared to me wonderful was, that none of them came home without bringing something: one brought a grain of wheat, another a grain of rye or oats, or a particle of dry earth, if she could get nothing else.

'The window upon which those ants had made their settlement, looked into a garden, and was two stories high. Some went to the farther end of the garden, others to the fifth story, in quest of some corn. It was a very hard journey for them, especially when they came home loaded with a pretty large grain of corn, which must needs be a heavy burden for an ant, and as much as she can bear. The bringing of that grain from the middle of the garden to the nest, took up four hours; whereby one may judge of the strength and prodigious labour of those little animals. It appears from thence, that an ant works as hard as a man who should carry a very heavy load on his shoulders almost every day for the space of four leagues. It is true, those insects do not take so much pains upon a flat ground: but then how great is the hardship of a poor ant, when she carries a grain of corn to the second story, climbing up a wall with her head downwards, and her backside upwards! None can have a true notion of it, unless they see those little animals at work in such a situation.

The frequent stops they made in the most convenient places, are a plain indication of their weariness. Some of them were strangely perplexed, and could not get to their journey's end. In such a case, the strongest ants, or those that are not so weary, having carried their corn to their nests, came down again to help them. Some are so unfortunate as to fall down with their load, when they are almost come home. When this happens they seldom lose their corn, but carry it up again.

'I saw one of the smallest carrying a large grain of wheat with incredible pains. When she came to the box where the nest was, she made so much haste that she fell down with her load, after a very laborious march. Such an unlucky accident would have vexed a philosopher. I went down, and found her with the same corn in her paws. She was ready to climb up again. The same misfortune happened to her three times. Sometimes she fell in the middle of her way, and sometimes higher; but she never let go her hold, and was not discouraged. At last her strength failed her: she stopt; and another ant helped her to carry her load, which was one of the largest and finest grains of wheat that an ant can carry. It happens sometimes, that a corn slips out of their paws when they are climbing up; they take hold of it again, when they can find it; otherwise they look for another, or take something else, being ashamed to return to their nest without bringing something. This I have experimented, by taking away the grain which they looked for. All those experiments may easily be made by any one that has patience enough: they do not require so great a patience as that of ants; but few people are capable of it.'

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No. 157.] *Thursday, September 10, 1713.*

Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise.
Prov. vi. 6.

It has been observed by writers of morality, that in order to quicken human industry, Providence has so contrived it, that our daily food is not to be procured without much pains and labour. The chase of birds and beasts, the several arts of fishing, with all the different kinds of agriculture, are necessary scenes of business, and give employment to the greatest part of mankind. If we look into the brute creation, we find all its individuals engaged in a painful and laborious way of life, to procure a necessary subsistence for themselves, or those that grow up under them. The preservation of their being is the whole business of it. An idle man is therefore a kind of monster in the creation. All nature is busy about him; every animal he sees reproaches him. Let such a man, who lies as a burden or dead weight upon

the species, and contributes nothing either to the riches of the commonwealth, or to the maintenance of himself and family, consider that instinct with which Providence has endowed the ant, and by which is exhibited an example of industry to rational creatures. This is set forth under many surprising instances in the paper of yesterday, and in the conclusion of that narrative, which is as follows:

'Thus my ants were forced to make shift for a livelihood, when I had shut up the garret, out of which they used to fetch their provisions. At last being sensible that it would be a long time before they could discover the small heap of corn which I had laid up for them, I resolved to show it to them.

'In order to know how far their industry could reach, I contrived an expedient, which had good success. The thing will appear incredible to those who never considered that all animals of the same kind, which form a society, are more knowing than others. I took one of the largest ants, and threw her upon that small heap of wheat. She was so glad to find herself at liberty, that she ran away to her nest, without carrying off a grain; but she observed it: for an hour after, all my ants had notice given them of such a provision; and I saw most of them very busy in carrying away the corn I had laid up in the room. I leave it to you to judge, whether it may not be said, that they have a particular way of communicating their knowledge to one another; for otherwise, how could they know, one or two hours after, that there was corn in that place? It was quickly exhausted; and I put in more, but in a small quantity, to know the true extent of their appetite or prodigious avarice; for I make no doubt but they lay up provisions against the winter. We read it in holy scripture; a thousand experiments teach us the same; and I do not believe that any experiment has been made that shows the contrary.

'I have said before, that there were three ants' nests in that box or parterre, which formed, if I may say so, three different cities, governed by the same laws, and observing the same order, and the same customs. However there was this difference, that the inhabitants of one of those holes seemed to be more knowing and industrious than their neighbours. The ants of that nest were disposed in a better order; their corn was finer; they had a greater plenty of provisions; their nest was furnished with more inhabitants, and they were bigger and stronger. It was the principal and the capital nest. Nay, I observed that those ants were distinguished from the rest, and had some pre-eminence over them.

'Though the box full of earth, where the ants had made their settlement, was generally free from rain, yet it rained sometimes upon it, when a certain wind blew. It was a great

inconvenience for those insects. Ants are afraid of water; and when they go a great way in quest of provisions, and are surprised by the rain, they shelter themselves under some tile, or something else, and do not come out until the rain is over. The ants of the principal nest found out a wonderful expedient to keep out the rain: there was a small piece of a flat slate, which they laid over the hole of their nest in the day-time, when they foresaw it would rain, and almost every night. Above fifty of those little animals, especially the strongest, surrounded that piece of slate, and drew it equally in a wonderful order. They removed it in the morning; and nothing could be more curious than to see those little animals about such a work. They had made the ground uneven about their nest, inasmuch that the slate did not lie flat upon it, but left a free passage underneath. The ants of the two other nests did not so well succeed in keeping out the rain: they laid over their holes several pieces of old and dry plaster, one upon the other; but they were still troubled with the rain, and the next day they took a world of pains to repair the damage. Hence it is, that those insects are so frequently to be found under tiles, where they settle themselves to avoid the rain. Their nests are at all times covered with those tiles, without any encumbrance, and they lay out their corn and their dry earth in the sun about the tiles, as one may see every day. I took care to cover the two ants' nests that were troubled with the rain. As for the capital nest, there was no need of exercising my charity towards it.

'M. de la Loubere says, in his relation of Siam, that in a certain part of that kingdom, which lies open to great inundations, all the ants make their settlements upon trees. No ants' nests are to be seen any where else. I need not insert here what that author says about those insects: you may see his relation.

'Here follows a curious experiment, which I made upon the same ground, where I had three ants' nests. I undertook to make a fourth, and went about it in the following manner. In a corner of a kind of a terrace, at a considerable distance from the box, I found a hole swarming with ants, much larger than all those I had already seen; but they were not so well provided with corn, nor under so good a government. I made a hole in the box like that of an ants' nest, and laid, as it were, the foundations of a new city. Afterwards I got as many ants as I could out of the nest in the terrace, and put them into a bottle, to give them a new habitation in my box; and because I was afraid they would return to the terrace, I destroyed their old nest, pouring boiling water into the hole, to kill those ants that remained in it. In the next place, I filled the new hole with the ants that were in the bottle; but none of them would stay in it. They went

away in less than two hours; which made me believe that it was impossible to make a fourth settlement in my box.

'Two or three days after, going accidentally over the terrace, I was much surprised to see the ants' nest which I had destroyed, very artfully repaired. I resolved then to destroy it entirely, and to settle those ants in my box. To succeed in my design, I put some gunpowder and brimstone into their hole, and sprung a mine, whereby the whole nest was overthrown; and then I carried as many ants as I could get, into the place which I designed for them. It happened to be a very rainy day, and it rained all night; and therefore they remained in the new hole all that time. In the morning when the rain was over, most of them went away to repair their old habitation; but finding it impracticable by reason of the smell of the powder and brimstone, which kills them, they came back again, and settled in the place I had appointed for them. They quickly grew acquainted with their neighbours, and received from them all manner of assistance out of their holes. As for the inside of their nest, none but themselves were concerned in it, according to the inviolable laws established among those animals.

'An ant never goes into any other nest but her own; and if she should venture to do it, she would be turned out, and severely punished. I have often taken an ant out of one nest, to put her into another; but she quickly came out, being warmly pursued by two or three other ants. I tried the same experiment several times with the same ant; but at last the other ants grew impatient, and tore her to pieces. I have often frightened some ants with my fingers, and pursued them as far as another hole, stopping all the passages to prevent their going to their own nest. It was very natural for them to fly into the next hole. Many a man would not be so cautious, and would throw himself out of the windows, or into a well, if he were pursued by assassins. But the ants I am speaking of avoided going into any other hole but their own, and rather tried all other ways of making their escape. They never fled into another nest, but at the last extremity; and sometimes chose rather to be taken, as I have often experienced. It is therefore an inviolable custom among those insects, not to go into any other hole but their own. They do not exercise hospitality; but they are very ready to help one another out of their holes. They put down their loads at the entrance of a neighbouring nest; and those that live in it carry them in.

'They keep up a sort of trade among themselves; and it is not true that those insects are not for lending: I know the contrary. They lend their corn; they make exchanges; they are always ready to serve one another; and I

can assure you, that more time and patience would have enabled me to observe a thousand things more curious and wonderful than what I have mentioned. For instance, how they lend and recover their loans; whether it be in the same quantity, or with usury; whether they pay the strangers that work for them, &c. I do not think it impossible to examine all those things: and it would be a great curiosity to know by what maxims they govern themselves. Perhaps such a knowledge might be of some use to us.

'They are never attacked by any enemies in a body, as it is reported of bees. Their only fear proceeds from birds, which sometimes eat their corn when they lay it out in the sun; but they keep it under ground when they are afraid of thieves. It is said that some birds eat them; but I never saw any instance of it. They are also infested by small worms; but they turn them out and kill them. I observed that they punish those ants which probably had been wanting to their duty; nay, sometimes they killed them; which they did in the following manner: Three or four ants fell upon one, and pulled her several ways, until she was torn in pieces. Generally speaking, they live very quietly; from whence I infer that they have a very severe discipline among themselves, to keep so good an order; or that they are great lovers of peace if they have no occasion for any discipline.

'Was there ever a greater union in any commonwealth? Every thing is common among them; which is not to be seen any where else. Bees, of which we are told so many wonderful things, have each of them a hole in their hives; their honey is their own; every bee minds her own concerns. The same may be said of all other animals. They frequently fight, to deprive one another of their portion. It is not so with ants: they have nothing of their own; a grain of corn which an ant carries home, is deposited in a common stock. It is not designed for her own use, but for the whole community; there is no distinction between a private and a common interest. An ant never works for herself, but for the society.

'Whatever misfortune happens to them, their care and industry find out a remedy for it; nothing discourages them. If you destroy their nests, they will be repaired in two days. Any body may easily see how difficult it is to drive them out of their habitations, without destroying the inhabitants; for as long as there are any left, they will maintain their ground.

'I had almost forgot to tell you, sir, that mercury has hitherto proved a mortal poison for them; and that it is the most effectual way of destroying those insects. I can do something for them in this case: perhaps you will hear in a little time that I have reconciled them to mercury.'

No. 158.] Friday, September 11, 1713.

Grossius lux Rhadamanthus habet durissima regna,
Castagatque, auditque dolos; subigitque fateri
Que quis apud superos, furto lactatus inani,
Distulit in sacrum committere placula mortem.

Virg. Æn. vi. 566.

These are the realms of unrelenting fate:
And awful Rhadamanthus rules the state:
He hears and judges each committed crime;
Inquires into the manner, place, and time.
The conscious wretch must all his acts reveal,
Loath to confess, unable to conceal,
From the first moment of his vital breath,
To the last hour of unrepenting death.

Dryden.

I was yesterday pursuing the hint which I mentioned in my last paper, and comparing together the industry of man with that of other creatures; in which I could not but observe, that notwithstanding we are obliged by duty to keep ourselves in constant employ, after the same manner as inferior animals are prompted to it by instinct, we fall very short of them in this particular. We are here the more inexcusable, because there is a greater variety of business to which we may apply ourselves. Reason opens to us a large field of affairs, which other creatures are not capable of. Beasts of prey, and I believe of all other kinds, in their natural state of being, divide their time between action and rest. They are always at work, or asleep. In short their waking hours are wholly taken up in seeking after their food, or in consuming it. The human species only, to the great reproach of our natures, are filled with complaints, that 'the day hangs heavy on them,' that 'they do not know what to do with themselves,' that 'they are at a loss how to pass away their time,' with many of the like shameful murmurs, which we often find in the mouths of those who are styled 'reasonable beings.' How monstrous are such expressions among creatures who have the labours of the mind, as well as those of the body, to furnish them with proper employments! Who, besides the business of their proper callings and professions, can apply themselves to the duties of religion, to meditation, to the reading of useful books, to discourse! In a word, who may exercise themselves in the unbounded pursuits of knowledge and virtue, and every hour of their lives make themselves wiser or better than they were before!

After having been taken up for some time in this course of thought, I diverted myself with a book according to my usual custom, in order to unbend my mind before I went to sleep. The book I made use of on this occasion was Lucian, where I amused my thoughts for about an hour among the dialogues of the dead, which in all probability produced the following dream.

I was conveyed, methought, into the entrance of the infernal regions, where I saw Rhadamanthus, one of the judges of the dead,

seated in his tribunal. On his left-hand stood the keeper of Erebus, on his right the keeper of Elysium. I was told he sat upon women that day, there being several of the sex lately arrived who had not yet their mansions assigned them. I was surprised to hear him ask every one of them the same question, namely, 'What they had been doing?' Upon this question being proposed to the whole assembly, they stared one upon another, as not knowing what to answer. He then interrogated each of them separately. 'Madam,' says he to the first of them, 'you have been upon the earth about fifty years: what have you been doing there all this while?' 'Doing!' says she, 'really I do not know what I have been doing: I desire I may have time given me to recollect.' After about half an hour's pause she told him, that she had been playing at crimp; upon which Rhadamanthus beckoned to the keeper on his left-hand, to take her into custody. 'And you, madam,' says the judge, 'that look with such a soft and languishing air; I think you set out for this place in your nine-and-twentieth year; what have you been doing all this while?' 'I had a great deal of business on my hands,' says she, 'being taken up the first twelve years of my life, in dressing a jointed baby, and all the remaining part of it in reading plays and romances.' 'Very well,' says he, 'you have employed your time to good purpose. Away with her!' The next was a plain country-woman. 'Well, mistress,' says Rhadamanthus, 'and what have you been doing?' 'An't please your worship,' says she, 'I did not live quite forty years; and in that time brought my husband seven daughters, made him nine thousand cheeses, and left my eldest girl with him, to look after his house in my absence, and who, I may venture to say, is as pretty a housewife as any in the country.' Rhadamanthus smiled at the simplicity of the good woman, and ordered the keeper of Elysium to take her into his care. 'And you, fair lady,' says he, 'what have you been doing these five-and-thirty years?' 'I have been doing no hurt, I assure you sir,' said she. 'That is well,' said he; 'but what good have you been doing?' 'The lady was in great confusion at this question, and not knowing what to answer, the two keepers leaped out to seize her at the same time; the one took her by the hand to convey her to Elysium, the other caught hold of her to carry her away to Erebus. But Rhadamanthus observing an ingenuous modesty in her countenance and behaviour, bid them both let her loose, and set her aside for a re-examination when he was more at leisure. An old woman, of a proud and sour look, presented herself next at the bar, and being asked, what she had been doing? 'Truly,' says she, 'I lived three-score and ten years in a very wicked world, and was so angry at the behaviour of a parcel of young

flirts, that I passed most of my last years in condemning the follies of the times; I was every day blaming the silly conduct of people about me, in order to deter those I conversed with from falling into the like errors and mis-carriages.' 'Very well,' says Rhadamanthus, 'but did you keep the same watchful eye over your own actions?' 'Why truly,' says she, 'I was so taken up with publishing the faults of others, that I had no time to consider my own.' 'Madam,' says Rhadamanthus, 'be pleased to file off to the left, and make room for the venerable matron that stands behind you.' 'Old gentlewoman,' says he, 'I think you are four-score. You have heard the question, What have you been doing so long in the world?' 'Ah, sir,' says she, 'I have been doing what I should not have done, but I had made a firm resolution to have changed my life, if I had not been snatched off by an untimely end.' 'Madam,' says he, 'you will please to follow your leader;' and spying another of the same age, interrogated her in the same form. To which the matron replied, 'I have been the wife of a husband who was as dear to me in his old age as in his youth. I have been a mother, and very happy in my children, whom I endeavoured to bring up in every thing that is good. My eldest son is blest by the poor, and beloved by every one that knows him. I lived within my own family, and left it much more wealthy than I found it.' Rhadamanthus, who knew the value of the old lady, smiled upon her in such a manner, that the keeper of Elysium, who knew his office, reached out his hand to her. He no sooner touched her but her wrinkles vanished, her eyes sparkled, her cheeks glowed with blushes, and she appeared in full bloom and beauty. A young woman observing that this officer, who conducted the happy to Elysium, was so great a beautifier, longed to be in his hands; so that pressing through the crowd, she was the next that appeared at the bar; and being asked what she had been doing the five-and-twenty years that she had passed in the world, 'I have endeavoured,' says she, 'ever since I came to years of discretion, to make myself lovely, and gain admirers. In order to it, I passed my time in bottling up May-dew, inventing white-washes, mixing colours, cutting out patches, consulting my glass, suiting my complexion, tearing off my tucker, sinking my stays—' Rhadamanthus, without hearing her out, gave the sign to take her off. Upon the approach of the keeper of Erebus her colour faded, her face was puckered up with wrinkles, and her whole person lost in deformity.

I was then surprised with a distant sound of a whole troop of females that came forward, laughing, singing, and dancing. I was very desirous to know the reception they would meet with, and withal was very apprehensive

that Rhadamanthus would spoil their mirth: but at their nearer approach the noise grew so very great that it awakened me.

I lay some time, reflecting in myself on the oddness of this dream, and could not forbear asking my own heart, what I was doing? I answered myself, that I was writing *Guardians*. If my readers make as good a use of this work as I design they should, I hope it will never be imputed to me as a work that is vain and unprofitable.

I shall conclude this paper with recommending to them the same short self-examination. If every one of them frequently lays his hand upon his heart, and considers what he is doing, it will check him in all the idle, or what is worse, the vicious moments of life; lift up his mind when it is running on in a series of indifferent actions, and encourage him when he is engaged in those which are virtuous and laudable. In a word, it will very much alleviate that guilt which the best of men have reason to acknowledge in their daily confessions, of 'leaving undone those things which they ought to have done, and of doing those things which they ought not to have done.' ✻

No. 159.] *Saturday, September 12, 1715.*

*Præsens vel funo tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus, vel imperbo
Vertere funeribus triumphos.*

Hor. Lib. 1. Od. xxxv. 2.

Whose force is strong, and quick to raise
The lowest to the highest place:
Or with a word's turn fall
To bring the hangly lower,
And turn proud triumphs to a funeral. *Creech.*

SIR,

'HAVING read over your paper of Tuesday last, in which you recommend the pursuits of wisdom and knowledge to those of the fair sex, who have much time lying upon their hands, and among other motives make use of this, that several women, thus accomplished, have raised themselves by it to considerable posts of honour and fortune: I shall beg leave to give you an instance of this kind, which many now living can testify the truth of, and which I can assure you is matter of fact.

'About twelve years ago, I was familiarly acquainted with a gentleman who was in a post that brought him a yearly revenue, sufficient to live very handsomely upon. He had a wife, and no child but a daughter, whom he bred up, as I thought, too high for one that could expect no other fortune than such a one as her father could raise out of the income of his place; which as they managed it was scarce sufficient for their ordinary expenses, Miss Betty had always the best sort of clothes, and was hardly allowed to keep company but with those above her rank; so that it was no wonder she grew proud and haughty towards those

she looked upon as her inferiors. There lived by them a barber who had a daughter about miss's age, that could speak French, had read several books at her leisure hours, and was a perfect mistress of her needle, and in all kinds of female manufacture. She was at the same time a pretty, modest, witty girl. She was hired to come to miss an hour or two every day, to talk French with her, and teach her to work; but miss always treated her with great contempt; and when Molly gave her any advice, rejected it with scorn.

'About the same time several young fellows made their addresses to miss Betty, who had indeed a great deal of wit and beauty, had they not been infected with so much vanity and self-conceit. Among the rest was a plain sober young man, who loved her almost to distraction. His passion was the common talk of the neighbourhood, who used to be often discoursing of Mr. T——'s angel, for that was the name he always gave her in ordinary conversation. As his circumstances were very indifferent, he being a younger brother, Mrs. Betty rejected him with disdain. Inasmuch, that the young man, as is usual among those who are crossed in love, put himself aboard the fleet, with a resolution to seek his fortune, and forget his mistress. This was very happy for him, for in a very few years, being concerned in several captures, he brought home with him an estate of about twelve thousand pounds.

'Meanwhile days and years went on, miss lived high, and learnt but little, most of her time being employed in reading plays and practising to dance, in which she arrived at great perfection. When of a sudden, at a change of ministry, her father lost his place, and was forced to leave London, where he could no longer live upon the foot he had formerly done. Not many years after, I was told the poor gentleman was dead, and had left his widow and daughter in a very desolate condition, but I could not learn where to find them, though I made what inquiry I could; and I must own, I immediately suspected their pride would not suffer them to be seen or relieved by any of their former acquaintance. I had left inquiring after them for some years, when I happened, not long ago, as I was asking at a house for a gentleman I had some business with, to be led into a parlour by a handsome young woman, who I presently fancied was that very daughter I had so long sought in vain. My suspicion increased, when I observed her to blush at the sight of me, and to avoid, as much as possible, looking upon, or speaking to me: "Madam," said I, "are not you Mrs. such-a-one?" At which words the tears ran down her cheeks, and she would fain have retired without giving me an answer; but I stopped her, and being to wait a while

for the gentleman I was to speak to, I resolved not to lose this opportunity of satisfying my curiosity. I could not well discern by her dress, which was genteel though not fine, whether she was the mistress of the house, or only a servant; but supposing her to be the first, "I am glad, madam," said I, "after having long inquired after you, to have so happily met with you, and to find you mistress of so fine a place." These words were like to have spoiled all, and threw her into such a disorder, that it was some time before she could recover herself; but as soon as she was able to speak, "Sir," said she, "you are mistaken; I am but a servant." Her voice fell in these last words, and she burst again into tears. I was sorry to have occasioned in her so much grief and confusion, and said what I could to comfort her. "Alas, sir," said she, "my condition is much better than I deserve, I have the kindest and best of women for my mistress. She is wife to the gentleman you come to speak withal. You know her very well, and have often seen her with me." To make my story short, I found that my late friend's daughter was now a servant to the barber's daughter, whom she had formerly treated so disdainfully. The gentleman at whose house I now was, fell in love with Moll, and being master of a great fortune, married her, and lives with her as happily, and as much to his satisfaction as he could desire. He treats her with all the friendship and respect possible, but not with more than her behaviour and good qualities deserve. And it was with a great deal of pleasure I heard her maid dwell so long upon her commendation. She informed me, that after her father's death, her mother and she lived for a while together in great poverty. But her mother's spirit could not bear the thoughts of asking relief of any of her own, or her husband's acquaintance, so they retired from all their friends, until they were providentially discovered by this new-married woman, who heaped on them favours upon favours. Her mother died shortly after, who, while she lived, was better pleased to see her daughter a beggar, than a servant; but being freed by her death, she was taken into this gentlewoman's family, where she now lived, though much more like a friend or a companion, than like a servant.

I went home full of this strange adventure; and about a week after chancing to be in company with Mr. T. the rejected lover, whom I mentioned in the beginning of my letter, I told him the whole story of his angel, not questioning but he would feel on this occasion, the usual pleasures of a resenting lover, when he hears that fortune has avenged him of the cruelty of his mistress. As I was recounting to him at large these several particulars, I observed that he covered his face with his hand, and that his breast heaved as though it would

have burst, which I took at first to have been a fit of laughter; but upon lifting up his head, I saw his eyes all red with weeping. He forced a smile at the end of my story, and we parted.

"About a fortnight after, I received from him the following letter.

"DEAR SIR,

"I am infinitely obliged to you for bringing me news of my angel. I have since married her, and think the low circumstances she was reduced to a piece of good luck to both of us, since it has quite removed that little pride and vanity, which was the only part of her character that I disliked, and given me an opportunity of showing her the constant and sincere affection which I professed to her in the time of her prosperity."

'Yours,

'R. T.'

No. 160.] Monday, September 14, 1713.

Solveatur rimæ tanquam, in missis abitis.

Hor. Lib. 2. Sat. 1. ver. ult.

IMITATED.

My lords the judges laugh, and you're diamis'd.

Pope.

FROM writing the history of lions, I lately went off to that of ants; but to my great surprise, I find that some of my good readers have taken this last to be a work of invention, which was only a plain narrative of matter of fact. They will several of them have it that my last Thursday and Friday's papers are full of concealed satire, and that I have attacked people in the shape of pismires, whom I durst not meddle with in the shape of men. I must confess that I write with fear and trembling, ever since that ingenious person the Examiner, in his little pamphlet, which was to make way for one of his following papers, found out treason in the word *expect*.

But I shall for the future leave my friend to manage the controversy in a separate work, being unwilling to fill with disputes a paper which was undertaken purely out of good-will to my countrymen. I must therefore declare that those jealousies and suspicions, which have been raised in some weak minds, by means of the two above-mentioned discourses concerning ants or pismires, are altogether groundless. There is not an emmet in all that whole narrative who is either whig or tory; and I could heartily wish, that the individuals of all parties among us, had the good of their country at heart, and endeavoured to advance it by the same spirit of frugality, justice, and mutual benevolence, as are visibly exercised by members of those little commonwealths.

After this short preface, I shall lay before my reader a letter or two which occasioned it.

'MR. IRONSIDE,

'I have laid a wager with a friend of mine about the pigeons that used to peck up the corn which belonged to the ants. I say that by these pigeons you meant the Palatines. He will needs have it that they were the Dutch. We both agree that the papers upon the strings which frightened them away were pamphlets, Examiners, and the like. We beg you will satisfy us in this particular, because the wager is very considerable, and you will much oblige two of your

DAILY READERS.'

'OLD IRON,

'Why so rusty? with you never leave your innuendoes? Do you think it hard to find out who is the tolip in your last Thursday's paper? Or can you imagine that three nests of ants is such a disguise, that the plainest reader cannot see three kingdoms through it? The blowing up of a neighbouring settlement, where there was a race of poor beggarly ants, under a worse form of government, is not so difficult to be explained as you imagine. Dunkirk is not yet demolished. Your ants are enemies to rain, are they! old Birmingham: no more of your ants, if you don't intend to stir up a nest of hornets.

'WILL WASP.'

'DEAR GUARDIAN,

'Calling in yesterday at a coffee-house in the city, I saw a very short, corpulent, angry man reading your paper about the ants. I observed that he reddened and swelled over every sentence of it. After having perused it throughout, he laid it down upon the table, called the woman of the coffee-house to him, and asked her in a magisterial voice, if she knew what she did in taking in such papers! The woman was in such a confusion, that I thought it a piece of charity to interpose in her behalf, and asked him whether he had found any thing in it of dangerous import? "Sir," said he, "it is a republican paper from one end to the other, and if the author had his deserts"—He here grew so exceeding choleric and fierce, that he could not proceed; till after having recovered himself, he laid his finger upon the following sentence, and read it with a very stern voice—"Though ants are very knowing, I do not take them to be conjurers: and therefore they could not guess that I had put some corn in that room. I perceived for several days that they were very much perplexed, and went a great way to fetch their provisions. I was not willing for some time to make them more easy: for I had a mind to know whether they would at last find out the treasure, and see it at a great distance, and whether smelling enabled them to know what is good for their nourishment." Then throwing the paper upon the table—"Sir," says he, "these things are not to be suffered—I would engage out of this

sentence to draw up an indictment that"—He here lost his voice a second time in the extremity of his rage; and the whole company, who were all of them Tories, bursting out into a sudden laugh, he threw down his penny in great wrath, and retired with a most formidable frown.

'This, sir, I thought fit to acquaint you with, that you may make what use of it you please. I only wish that you would sometimes diversify your papers with many other pieces of natural history, whether of insects or animals; this being a subject which the most common reader is capable of understanding, and which is very diverting in its nature; besides that, it highly redounds to the praise of that Being who has inspired the several parts of the sensitive world with such wonderful and different kinds of instinct as enable them to provide for themselves, and preserve their species in that state of existence wherein they are placed. There is no party concerned in speculations of this nature, which, instead of inflaming those unnatural heats that prevail among us, and take up most of our thoughts, may divert our minds to subjects that are useful, and suited to reasonable creatures. Dissertations of this kind are the more proper for your purpose, as they do not require any depth of mathematics, or any previous science to qualify the reader for the understanding of them. To this I might add, that it is a shame for men to be ignorant of these worlds of wonders which are transacted in the midst of them, and not be acquainted with those objects which are every where before their eyes. To which I might further add, that several are of opinion, there is no other use in many of these creatures than to furnish matter of contemplation and wonder to those inhabitants of the earth, who are its only creatures that are capable of it.

'I am, Sir,

'Your constant reader,

'and humble servant.'

After having presented my reader with this set of letters, which are all upon the same subject, I shall here insert one that has no relation to it. But it has always been my maxim, never to refuse going out of my way to do any honest man a service, especially when I have an interest in it myself.

'MOST VENERABLE NESTOR,

'As you are a person that very eminently distinguish yourself in the promotion of the public good, I desire your friendship in signifying to the town what concerns the greatest good of life, health. I do assure you, sir, there is in a vault under the Exchange in Cornhill, over-against Pope's-head-alley, a parcel of French wines, full of the seeds of good humour, cheerfulness, and friendly mirth. I have been told, the learned of our nation agree, there is

no such thing as bribery in liquors; therefore I shall presume to send you of it, lest you should think it inconsistent with integrity to recommend what you do not understand by experience. In the mean time please to insert this, that every man may judge for himself.

'I am, Sir, &c.'

No. 161.] Tuesday, September 15, 1713.

—*Jacotura generose pernis inest.*
Perz. Sat. ii. 74.

A genuine virtue of a vigorous mind,
Pure in the last recesses of the mind. *Dryden.*

Every principle that is a motive to good actions ought to be encouraged, since men are of so different a make, that the same principle does not work equally upon all minds. What some men are prompted to by conscience, duty, or religion, which are only different names for the same thing, others are prompted to by honour.

The sense of honour is of so fine and delicate a nature, that it is only to be met with in minds which are naturally noble, or in such as have been cultivated by great examples, or a refined education. This paper therefore is chiefly designed for those who by means of any of these advantages are, or ought to be actuated by this glorious principle.

But as nothing is more pernicious than a principle of action, when it is misunderstood, I shall consider honour with respect to three sorts of men: First of all, with regard to those who have a right notion of it: Secondly, with regard to those who have a mistaken notion of it: and Thirdly, with regard to those who treat it as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule.

In the first place, true honour, though it be a different principle from religion, is that which produces the same effects. The lines of action, though drawn from different parts, terminate in the same point. Religion embraces virtue, as it is enjoined by the laws of God; honour, as it is graceful and ornamental to human nature. The religious man fears, the man of honour scorns to do an ill action. The latter considers vice as something that is beneath him, the other as something that is offensive to the Divine Being. The one, as what is unbecoming; the other, as what is forbidden. Thus Seneca speaks in the natural and genuine language of a man of honour, when he declares, that were there no God to see or punish vice, he would not commit it, because it is of so mean, so base, and so vile a nature.

I shall conclude this head with the description of honour in the part of young Juba:

'Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens virtue where it meets her,
And limits her actions where she is not.
It ought not to be sported with.'——

Cato.

In the second place, we are to consider those who have mistaken notions of honour. And these are such as establish any thing to themselves for a point of honour, which is contrary either to the laws of God, or of their country; who think it more honourable to revenge than to forgive an injury; who make no scruple of telling a lie, but would put any man to death that accuses them of it; who are more careful to guard their reputation by their courage, than by their virtue. True fortitude is indeed so becoming in human nature, that he who wants it scarce deserves the name of a man; but we find several who so much abuse this notion, that they place the whole idea of honour in a kind of brutal courage; by which means we have had many among us who have called themselves men of honour, that would have been a disgrace to a gibbet. In a word, the man who sacrifices any duty of a reasonable creature to a prevailing mode or fashion, who looks upon any thing as honourable that is displeasing to his Maker, or destructive to society, who thinks himself obliged by this principle to the practice of some virtues and not of others, is by no means to be reckoned among true men of honour.

Timogenes was a lively instance of one actuated by false honour. Timogenes would smile at a man's jest who ridiculed his Maker, and at the same time run a man through the body that spoke ill of his friend. Timogenes would have scorned to have betrayed a secret that was intrusted with him, though the fate of his country depended upon the discovery of it. Timogenes took away the life of a young fellow in a duel, for having spoken ill of Belinda, a lady whom he himself had seduced in her youth, and betrayed into want and ignominy. To close his character, Timogenes, after having ruined several poor tradesmen's families who had trusted him, sold his estate to satisfy his creditors; but, like a man of honour, disposed of all the money he could make of it, in the paying off his play debts, or to speak in his own language, his debts of honour.

In the third place, we are to consider those persons, who treat this principle as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule. Men who are professedly of no honour, are of a more profligate and abandoned nature than even those who are actuated by false notions of it, as there is more hope of a heretic than of an atheist. These sons of infamy consider honour with old Syphax, in the play before-mentioned, as a fine imaginary notion that leads astray young unexperienced men, and draws them into real mischiefs, while they are engaged in the pursuits of a shadow. These are generally persons who, in Shakespeare's phrase, 'are worn and hackneyed in the ways of men'; whose imaginations are grown callous, and have lost all those delicate sentiments which are natural to

minds that are innocent and undepraved. Such old battered miscreants ridicule every thing as romantic that comes in competition with their present interest, and treat those persons as visionaries, who dare stand up in a corrupt age for what has not its immediate reward joined to it. The talents, interest, or experience of such men, make them very often useful in all parties, and at all times. But whatever wealth and dignities they may arrive at, they ought to consider, that every one stands as a blot in the annals of his country who arrives at the temple of honour by any other way than through that of virtue.

No. 162.] *Wednesday, September 16, 1713.*

Proprium hoc esse prudentie, conciliare albi animos hominum, et ad suos suos adiungere. Cicero.

The art of prudence lies in gaining the esteem of the world, and turning it to a man's own advantage.

I WAS the other day in company at my lady Lizard's, when there came in among us their cousin Tom, who is one of those country squires that set up for plain honest gentlemen who speak their minds. Tom is in short a lively impudent clown, and has wit enough to have made him a pleasant companion, had it been polished and rectified by good manners. Tom had not been a quarter of an hour with us before he set every one in the company a blushing, by some blunt question, or unlucky observation. He asked the Sparkler if her wit had yet got her a husband; and told her eldest sister she looked a little wan under the eyes, and that it was time for her to look about her, if she did not design to lead apes in the other world. The good lady Lizard, who suffers more than her daughters on such an occasion, desired her cousin Thomas with a smile, not to be so severe on his relations; to which the booby replied, with a rude country laugh, 'If I be not mistaken, aunt, you were a mother at fifteen, and why do you expect that your daughters should be maids till five-and-twenty!' I endeavoured to divert the discourse; when without taking notice of what I said, 'Mr. Ironside,' says he, 'you fill my cousins' heads with your fine notions, as you call them; can you teach them to make a pudding?' I must confess he put me out of countenance with his rustic railery, so that I made some excuse, and left the room.

This fellow's behaviour made me reflect on the uselessness of complaisance, to make all conversation agreeable. This, though in itself it be scarce reckoned in the number of moral virtues, is that which gives a lustre to every talent a man can be possessed of. It was Plato's advice to an unpolished writer, that he should sacrifice to the Graces. In the same manner

I would advise every man of learning, who would not appear in the world a mere scholar or philosopher, to make himself master of the social virtue which I have here mentioned.

Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable. It smooths distinction, sweetens conversation, and makes every one in the company pleased with himself. It produces good nature and mutual benevolence, encourages the timorous, soothes the turbulent, humanizes the fierce, and distinguishes a society of civilized persons from a confusion of savages. In a word, complaisance is a virtue that blends all orders of men together in a friendly intercourse of words and actions, and is suited to that equality in human nature which every one ought to consider, so far as is consistent with the order and economy of the world.

If we could look into the secret anguish and affliction of every man's heart, we should often find that more of it arises from little imaginary distresses, such as checks, frowns, contradictions, expressions of contempt, and (what Shakspeare reckons among other evils under the sun)

— 'The proud man's contumely,
The insolence of office, and the spurs
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,'

than from the more real pains and calamities of life. The only method to remove these imaginary distresses as much as possible out of human life, would be the universal practice of such an ingenuous complaisance as I have been here describing, which, as it is a virtue, may be defined to be, 'a constant endeavour to please those whom we converse with, so far as we may do it innocently.' I shall here add, that I know nothing so effectual to raise a man's fortune as complaisance; which recommends more to the favour of the great, than wit, knowledge, or any other talent whatsoever. I find this consideration very prettily illustrated by a little wild Arabian tale, which I shall here abridge, for the sake of my reader, after having again warned him, that I do not recommend to him such an impertinent or vicious complaisance as is not consistent with honour and integrity.

Schacabac being reduced to great poverty, and having eat nothing for two days together, made a visit to a noble barmecide in Persia, who was very hospitable, but withal a great humorist. The barmecide was sitting at his table that seemed ready covered for an entertainment. Upon hearing Schacabac's complaint, he desired him to sit down and fall on. He then gave him an empty plate, and asked him how he liked his rice soup. Schacabac, who was a man of wit, and resolved to comply with the barmecide in all his humours, told him it was admirable, and at the same time, in imitation of the other, lifted up the empty

spoon to his mouth with great pleasure. The barmecide then asked him if he ever saw whiter bread? Schacabac, who saw neither bread nor meat, "if I did not like it, you may be sure," says he, "I should not eat so heartily of it." "You oblige me mightily," replied the barmecide, "pray let me help you to this leg of a goose." Schacabac reached out his plate, and received nothing on it with great cheerfulness.

As he was eating very heartily on this imaginary goose, and crying up the sauce to the skies, the barmecide desired him to keep a corner of his stomach for a roasted lamb fed with pistachio nuts, and after having called for it, as though it had really been served up, "here is a dish," says he, "that you will see at nobody's table but my own." Schacabac was wonderfully delighted with the taste of it, "which is like nothing," says he, "I ever eat before." Several other nice dishes were served up in idea, which both of them commended, and feasted on after the same manner. This was followed by an invisible dessert, no part of which delighted Schacabac so much as a certain lozenge, which the barmecide told him was a sweet-meat of his own invention. Schacabac at length being courteously reproached by the barmecide, that he had no stomach, and that he eat nothing, and at the same time being tired with moving his jaws up and down to no purpose, desired to be excused, for that really he was so full he could not eat a bit more. "Come then," says the barmecide, "the cloth shall be removed, and you shall taste of my wines, which I may say, without vanity, are the best in Persia." He then filled both their glasses out of an empty decanter. Schacabac would have excused himself from drinking so much at once, because he said he was a little quarrelsome in his liquor; however, being preat to it, he pretended to take it off, having beforehand praised the colour, and afterwards the flavour. Being plied with two or three other imaginary bumpers of different wines, equally delicious, and a little vexed with this fantastic treat, he pretended to grow flustered, and gave the barmecide a good box on the ear, but immediately recovering himself, "Sir," says he, "I beg ten thousand pardons, but I told you before, that it was my misfortune to be quarrelsome in my drink." The barmecide could not but smile at the humour of his guest, and, instead of being angry at him, "I find," says he, "thou art a complaisant fellow, and deservest to be entertained in my house. Since thou canst accommodate thyself to my humour, we will now eat together in good earnest." Upon which, calling for his supper, the rice soup, the goose, the pistachio lamb, the several other nice dishes, with the dessert, the lozenges, and all the variety of Persian wines, were served up successively, one after another: and Schacabac was feasted in

reality with those very things which he had before been entertained with in imagination."

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No. 163.] Thursday, September 17, 1713.

—miseram est alienâ vivere quadâ
Juv. Sat. v. 2.

How wretched he, by cruel fortune cross'd,
Who never dines but at another's cost.

WHEN I am disposed to give myself a day's rest, I order the lion to be opened, and search into that magazine of intelligence for such letters as are to my purpose. The first I looked into comes to me from one who is chaplain to a great family. He treats himself in the beginning of it, after such a manner, as I am persuaded no man of sense would treat him. Even the lawyer and the physician to a man of quality, expect to be used like gentlemen, and much more may any one of so superior a profession. I am by no means for encouraging that dispute, whether the chaplain or the master of the house be the better man, and the more to be respected. The two learned authors, doctor Hickee and Mr. Collier, to whom I might add several others, are to be excused, if they have carried the point a little too high in favour of the chaplain, since in so corrupt an age as that we live in, the popular opinion runs so far into the other extreme. The only controversy, between the patron and the chaplain, ought to be, which should promote the good designs and interests of each other most, and for my own part, I think it is the happiest circumstance in a great estate or title, that it qualifies a man for choosing out of such a learned and valuable body of men as that of the English clergy, a friend, a spiritual guide, and a companion. The letter I have received from one of this order, is as follows:

'MR. GUARDIAN,

'I hope you will not only indulge me in the liberty of two or three questions, but also in the solution of them.

'I have had the honour many years of being chaplain to a noble family, and of being accounted the highest servant in the house, either out of respect to my cloth, or because I lie in the uppermost garret.

'Whilst my old lord lived, his table was always adorned with useful learning and innocent mirth, as well as covered with plenty. I was not looked upon as a piece of furniture fit only to sanctify and garnish a feast, but treated as a gentleman, and generally desired to fill up the conversation an hour after I had done my duty. But now my young lord is come to the estate, I find I am looked upon as a *censor morum*, an obstacle to mirth and talk, and suffered to retire constantly with "Prosperity to the church" in my mouth. I declare solemnly, sir,

that I have heard nothing from all the fine gentlemen who visit us, more remarkable, for half a year, than that one young lord was seven times drunk at Genoa, and another had an affair with a famous courtesan at Venice. I have lately taken the liberty to stay three or four rounds beyond the church, to see what topics of discourse they went upon, but to my great surprise, have hardly heard a word all the time besides the toasts. Then they all stare full in my face, and show all the actions of uneasiness till I am gone. Immediately upon my departure, to use the words in an old comedy, "I find by the noise they make, that they had a mind to be private." I am at a loss to imagine what conversation they have among one another, which I may not be present at; since I love innocent mirth as much as any of them, and am shocked with no freedoms whatsoever, which are consistent with Christianity. I have, with much ado, maintained my post hitherto at the dessert, and every day eat tart in the face of my patron; but how long I shall be invested with this privilege I do not know. For the servants, who do not see me supported as I was in my old lord's time, begin to brush very familiarly by me, and thrust aside my chair when they set the sweetmeats on the table. I have been born and educated a gentleman, and desire you will make the public sensible, that the Christian priesthood was never thought, in any age or country, to debase the man who is a member of it. Among the great services which your useful papers daily do to religion, this perhaps will not be the least, and will lay a very great obligation on your unknown servant,

G. W.

‘VENERABLE NESTOR,

‘I was very much pleased with your paper of the seventh instant, in which you recommend the study of useful knowledge to women of quality or fortune. I have since that met with a very elegant poem, written by the famous sir Thomas More. It is inscribed to a friend of his who was then seeking out a wife;

Gravis, molestave
Vitæ comes tuæ;
Quæ docta parvulos
Docebit, et tuos
Cum lacte literas
Olim nepotulos.
Jam te juvaverit
Virus relinquere,
Doctæque conjugis
Sinu quiescere:
Dum grata te fovet;
Manuque mobili
Illum plectra personat;
Et voce (quæ nec est,
Progne, sororculæ
Tuae suavior)
Amœna cantillat,
Apollo quæ velit
Audire carmina.
Jam te juvaverit
Sermone blandulo
Docto tamen, dies
Noctesque ducere;
Notare verbula
Mellitæ, maxims
Non absque gratis,
Ab ore melleo
Semper fluentia:
Quibus coërceat,
Si quando te levet
Inane gaudium;

Quibus levaverit,
Si quando deprimat
Te mœror anxius.
Certabit in quibus
Summa eloquentia,
Jan. cum omnium gravi
Rerum Scientia.
Talem olim ego patrem
Et vatis Orphel
Fuisse conjugem;
Nec unquam ab inferis
Curâset improbo
Labore feminam
Referre rusticam:
Talemque credimus
Nasonis inelytam,
Quæ vel patrem quæat
Æquare carmine,
Fuisse filiam:
Talemque suspicor
(Quæ nulla clarior
Unquam fuit patri,
Quo nemo doctior)
Fuisse Tulliam:
Talisque, quæ tedit
Græchos duos, fuit;
Quæ quos tulit, bonis
Instruxit artibus;
Nec profuit minus
Magistra, quam pa-
rens."

‘The sense of this elegant description is as follows:

“May you meet with a wife who is not always stupidly silent, not always prattling nonsense! May she be learned, if possible, or at least capable of being made so! A woman thus accomplished will be always drawing sentences and maxims of virtue out of the best authors of antiquity. She will be herself in all changes of fortune, neither blown up in prosperity, nor broken with adversity. You will find in her an even, cheerful, good-humoured friend, and an agreeable companion for life. She will infuse knowledge into your children with their milk, and from their infancy train them up to

have recovered a foolish bride? Such was the daughter of Ovid, who was his rival in poetry. Such was Tullia, as she is celebrated by the most learned and the most fond of fathers. And such was the mother of the two Gracchi, who is no less famous for having been their instructor, than their parent." →

No. 164.] Friday, September 18, 1713.

— *simill frondescit virga metallo.*

Virg. En. vi. 144.

The same rich metal glitters on the tree.

AN eminent prelate of our church observes, that 'there is no way of writing so proper for the refining and polishing a language, as the translating of books into it, if he who undertakes it has a competent skill of the one tongue, and is a master of the other. When a man writes his own thoughts, the heat of his fancy, and the quickness of his mind, carry him so much after the notions themselves, that for the most part he is too warm to judge of the aptness of words, and the justness of figures; so that he either neglects these too much, or overdoes them: but when a man translates, he has none of these heats about him; and therefore the French took no ill method, when they intended to reform and beautify their language, in setting their best writers on work to translate the Greek and Latin authors into it.' Thus far this learned prelate.

And another, lately deceased, tells us, that 'the way of leaving verbal translations, and chiefly regarding the sense and genius of the author, was scarce heard of in England before this present age.'

As for the difficulty of translating well, every one, I believe, must allow my lord Roscommon to be in the right, when he says,

'Tis true, composing is the nobler part,
But good translation is no easy art:
For tho' materials have long since been found,
Yet both your fancy, and your hands are bound;
And by improving what was writ before,
Invention labours less, but judgment more.'

Dryden judiciously remarks, that 'a translator is to make his author appear as charming as possibly he can, provided he maintains his character, and makes him not unlike himself.' And a too close and servile imitation, which the same poet calls 'treading on the heels of an author,' is deservedly laughed at by sir John Denham; 'I conceive it,' says he, 'a vulgar error in translating poets, to affect being *fidus interpres*. Let that care be with them who deal in matters of fact, or matters of faith; but whosoever aims at it in poetry, as he attempts what is not required, so shall he never perform what he attempts; for it is not his business alone to translate language into language, but poetry into poetry; and poetry is of so subtle

a spirit, that in pouring out of one language into another, it will all evaporate, and if a new spirit is not added in the transfusion, there will remain nothing but a *caput mortuum*, there being certain graces and happinesses peculiar to every language, which give life and energy to the words, and whosoever offers at verbal translation, shall have the misfortune of that young traveller, who lost his own language abroad, and brought home no other instead of it. For the grace of the Latin will be lost by being turned into English words, and the grace of the English by being turned into the Latin phrase.'

After this collection of authorities out of some of our greatest English writers, I shall present my reader with a translation, in which the author has conformed himself to the opinion of these great men. The beauty of the translation is sufficient to recommend it to the public, without acquainting them that the translator is Mr. Eusden of Cambridge: who obliged them in the Guardian of August the sixth, with the Court of Venus out of the same Latin poet, which was highly applauded by the best judges in performances of this nature.

The Speech of Pluto to Proserpine, from the second book of her Rape, by Claudian.

'Cease, cease, fair nymph, to lavish precious tears,
And discompose your soul with airy fears.
Look on Scyllia's glittering courts with scorn;
A nobler sceptre shall that hand adorn.
Imperial pomp shall sooth a gen'rous pride;
The bridegroom never will disgrace the bride.
If you above terrestrial thrones aspire,
From heaven I spring, and Saturn was my sire.
The power of Pluto stretches all around,
Uncircumscrib'd by nature's utmost bound;
Where matter mould'ring dies, where forms decay
Thro' the vast trackless void extends my way.
Mark not with mournful eyes the fainting light,
Nor tremble at this interval of night;
A fairer scene shall open to your view,
An earth more verdant, and a heaven more blue;
Another Phœbus glides those happy skies,
And other stars, with purer flames, arise.
There chaste adorers shall their praises join,
And with the choicest gifts enrich your shrine.
The blissful climes no change of ages knew,
The golden first began, and still is new.
That golden age your world a while could boast,
But here it flourish'd and was never lost.
Perpetual zephyrs breathe thro' fragrant bowers;
And painted meads smile with unbidden flowers;
Flows of immortal bloom and various hue;
No rival sweets in your own *Eneæ* grew.
In the recess of a cool sylvan glade
A monarch-tree projects no vulgar shade.
Encumber'd with their wealth, the branches bend,
And golden apples to their reach descend.
Spare not the fruit, but pluck the blooming ore,
The yellow harvest will increase the more.
But I too long on trifling themes explain,
Nor speak th' unbounded glories of your reign.
Whole nature owns your pow'r: Whate'er have birth
And live, and move o'er all the face of earth;
Or in old Ocean's mighty caverns sleep,
Or sportive roll along the foamy deep;
Or on stiff pinions airy journeys take
Or cut the floating stream or stagnant lake:
In vain they labour to preserve their breath
And soon fall victims to your subject, Death.

Unnumber'd triumphs swift to you he brings.
 Hail! goddess of all subinary things!
 Empires, that sink above, here rise again,
 And worlds unpeopled crowd th' Elysian plain.
 The rich, the poor, the monarch, and the slave,
 Know no superior honours in the grave.
 Proud tyrants cease, and laurel'd chiefs shall come,
 And kneel, and trembling wait from you their doom.
 The impious, forc'd, shall then their crimes disclose,
 And see past pleasures teem with future woe;
 Deplore in darkness your impartial sway,
 While spotless souls enjoy the fields of day.
 When ripe for second birth, the dead shall stand,
 In shiv'ring throngs on the Lethæan strand,
 That shade whom you approve shall first be brought
 To quaff oblivion in the pleasing draught,
 Whose thread of life, just spun, you would renew,
 Ere nod, and Clotho shall rewind the clue.
 Let not distrust of power your joys abate,
 Speak what you wish, and what you speak is fate.
 The ravisher thus sooth'd the weeping fair,
 And cheek'd the fury of his steeds with care;
 Possessed of beauty's charms, he calmly rode,
 And love first soften'd the relentless god.'

No. 165.] *Saturday, September 19, 1713.*

Decipit exemplar, vitis imitabile.—

Hor. Lib. 1. Ep. xix. 17.

Examples, vices can imitate, deceive, *Creck.*

It is a melancholy thing to see a coxcomb at the head of a family. He scatters infection through the whole house. His wife and children have always their eyes upon him; if they have more sense than himself, they are out of countenance for him; if less, they submit their understandings to him, and make daily improvements in folly and impertinence. I have been very often secretly concerned, when I have seen a circle of pretty children cramped in their natural parts, and prattling even below themselves, while they are talking after a couple of silly parents. The dulness of a father often extinguishes a genius in the son, or gives such a wrong cast to his mind as it is hard for him ever to wear off. In short, where the head of a family is weak, you hear the repetitions of his insipid pleasantries, shallow conceits, and topical points of mirth, in every member of it. His table, his fire-side, his parties of diversion, are all of them so many standing scenes of folly.

This is one reason why I would the more recommend the improvements of the mind to my female readers, that a family may have a double chance for it; and if it meets with weakness in one of the heads, may have it made up in the other. It is indeed an unhappy circumstance in a family, where the wife has more knowledge than the husband; but it is better it should be so, than that there should be no knowledge in the whole house. It is highly expedient that at least one of the persons, who sits at the helm of affairs, should give an example of good sense to those who are under them in these little domestic governments.

If folly is of ill consequence in the head of a family, vice is much more so, as it is of a more

pernicious and of a more contagious nature. When the master is a profligate, the rake runs through the house. You hear the sons talking loosely, and swearing after the father, and see the daughters either familiarized to his discourse, or every moment blushing for him.

The very footman will be a fine gentleman in his master's way. He improves by his table-talk, and repeats in the kitchen what he learns in the parlour. Invest him with the same title and ornaments, and you would scarce know him from his lord. He practises the same oaths, the same ribaldry, the same way of joking.

It is therefore of very great concern to a family, that the ruler of it should be wise and virtuous. The first of these qualifications does not indeed lie within his power; but though a man cannot abstain from being weak, he may from being vicious. It is in his power to give a good example of modesty, of temperance, of frugality, of religion, and of all other virtues, which though the greatest ornaments of human nature, may be put in practice by men of the most ordinary capacities.

As wisdom and virtue are the proper qualifications in the master of a house, if he is not accomplished in both of them, it is much better that he should be deficient in the former than in the latter, since the consequences of vice are of an infinitely more dangerous nature than those of folly.

When I read the histories that are left us of Pythagoras, I cannot but take notice of the extraordinary influence which that great philosopher, who was an illustrious pattern of virtue and wisdom, had on his private family. This excellent man, after having perfected himself in the learning of his own country, travelled into all the known parts of the world, on purpose to converse with the most learned men of every place; by which means he gleaned up all the knowledge of the age, and is still admired by the greatest men of the present times as a prodigy of science. His wife Theano wrote several books, and after his death taught his philosophy in his public school, which was frequented by numberless disciples of different countries. There are several excellent sayings recorded of her. I shall only mention one, because it does honour to her virtue, as well as to her wisdom. Being asked by some of her sex, in how long a time a woman might be allowed to pray to the gods, after having conversed with a man? 'If it were her husband,' says she, 'the next day; if a stranger, never.' Pythagoras had by this wife two sons and three daughters. His two sons, Telauges and Mnearchus, were both eminent philosophers, and were joined with their mother in the government of the Pythagorean school. Arignote was one of the daughters, whose writings were extant, and very much admired, in the age of Porphyrius. Demo was another of

his daughters, in whose hands Pythagoras left his works, with a prohibition to communicate them to strangers, which she observed to the hazard of her life; and though she was offered a great sum for them, rather chose to live in poverty, than not obey the commands of her beloved father. Myla was the third of the daughters, whose works and history were very famous, even in Lucian's time. She was so signally virtuous, that for her unblemished behaviour in her virginity, she was chosen to lead up the chorus of maids in a national solemnity; and for her exemplary conduct in marriage, was placed at the head of all the matrons, in the like public ceremony. The memory of this learned woman was so precious among her countrymen, that her house was after her death converted into a temple, and the street she lived in called by the name of the Musæum. Nor must I omit, whilst I am mentioning this great philosopher, under his character as the master of a family, that two of his servants so improved themselves under him, that they were instituted into his sect, and make an eminent figure in the list of Pythagoreans. The names of these two servants were Astræus and Zamolxes. This single example sufficiently shows us both the influence and the merit of one who discharges as he ought the office of a good master of a family; which, if it were well observed in every house, would quickly put an end to that universal depravation of manners, by which the present age is so much distinguished, and which it is more easy to lament than to reform. 63

No. 166.] Monday, September 21, 1713.

— aliquisque malo fuit usus in illo.

Old. Met. Lib. II. 332.

Some comfort from the mighty mischief rose.

Addison.

CHARITY is a virtue of the heart, and not of the hands, says an old writer. Gifts and alms are the expressions, not the essence, of this virtue. A man may bestow great sums on the poor and indigent without being charitable, and may be charitable when he is not able to bestow any thing. Charity is therefore a habit of good-will, or benevolence in the soul, which disposes us to the love, assistance, and relief of mankind, especially of those who stand in need of it. The poor man who has this excellent frame of mind, is no less entitled to the reward of this virtue than the man who founds a college. For my own part, I am charitable to an extravagance this way. I never saw an indigent person in my life, without reaching out to him some of this imaginary relief. I cannot but sympathize with every one I meet that is in affliction: and if my abilities were equal to my wishes, there should be neither pain nor poverty in the world.

To give my reader a right notion of myself in this particular, I shall present him with the secret history of one of the most remarkable parts of my life.

I was once engaged in search of the philosopher's stone. It is frequently observed of men who have been busied in this pursuit, that though they have failed in their principal design, they have however made such discoveries in their way to it, as have sufficiently recompensed their inquiries. In the same manner, though I cannot boast of my success in that affair, I do not repent of my engaging in it, because it produced in my mind such an habitual exercise of charity, as made it much better than perhaps it would have been, had I never been lost in so pleasing a delusion.

As I did not question but I should soon have a new Indies in my possession, I was perpetually taken up in considering how to turn it to the benefit of mankind. In order to it I employed a whole day in walking about this great city, to find out proper places for the erection of hospitals. I had likewise entertained that project, which has since succeeded in another place, of building churches at the court end of the town, with this only difference, that instead of fifty, I intended to have built a hundred, and to have seen them all finished in less than one year.

I had with great pains and application got together a list of all the French protestants; and by the best accounts I could come at, had calculated the value of all those estates and effects which every one of them had left in his own country for the sake of his religion, being fully determined to make it up to him, and return some of them the double of what they had lost.

As I was one day in my laboratory, my operator, who was to fill my coffers for me, and used to foot it from the other end of the town every morning, complained of a sprain in his leg, that he had met with over-against Saint Clement's church. This so affected me, that as a standing mark of my gratitude to him, and out of compassion to the rest of my fellow-citizens, I resolved to new pave every street within the liberties, and entered a memorandum in my pocket book accordingly. About the same time I entertained some thoughts of mending all the highways on this side the Tweed, and of making all the rivers in England navigable.

But the project I had most at heart was the settling upon every man in Great Britain three pounds a year (in which sum may be comprised, according to sir William Petty's observations, all the necessities of life), leaving to them whatever else they could get by their own industry, to lay out on superfluities.

I was above a week debating in myself what I should do in the matter of impropriations;

but at length came to a resolution to buy them all up, and restore them to the church.

As I was one day walking near St. Paul's, I took some time to survey that structure, and not being entirely satisfied with it, though I could not tell why, I had some thoughts of pulling it down, and building it up anew at my own expense.

For my own part, as I have no pride in me, I intended to take up with a coach and six, half a dozen footmen, and live like a private gentleman.

It happened about this time that public matters looked very gloomy, taxes came hard, the war went on heavily, people complained of the great burdens that were laid upon them. This made me resolve to set aside one morning, to consider seriously the state of the nation. I was the more ready to enter on it, because I was obliged, whether I would or no, to sit at home in my morning gown, having, after a most incredible expense, pawned a new suit of clothes, and a full-bottomed wig, for a sum of money, which my operator assured me was the last he should want to bring all our matters to bear. After having considered many projects, I at length resolved to beat the common enemy at his own weapons, and laid a scheme which would have blown him up in a quarter of a year, had things succeeded to my wishes. As I was in this golden dream, somebody knocked at my door. I opened it, and found it was a messenger that brought me a letter from the laboratory. The fellow looked so miserably poor, that I was resolved to make his fortune before he delivered his message: but seeing he brought a letter from my operator, I concluded I was bound to it in honour, as much as a prince is to give a reward to one that brings him the first news of a victory. I knew this was the long-expected hour of projection, and which I had waited for with great impatience, above half a year before. In short, I broke open my letter in a transport of joy, and found it as follows:

'SIR,

'After having got out of you every thing you can conveniently spare, I scorn to trespass upon your generous nature, and therefore must ingenuously confess to you, that I know no more of the philosopher's stone than you do. I shall only tell you for your comfort, that I could never yet bubble a blockhead out of his money. They must be men of wit and parts who are for my purpose. This made me apply myself to a person of your wealth and ingenuity. How I have succeeded you yourself can best tell.

'Your humble servant to command,

THOMAS WHITE.

'I have locked up the laboratory, and laid the key under the door.'

I was very much shocked at the unworthy treatment of this man, and not a little mortified at my disappointment, though not so much for what I myself, as what the public suffered by it. I think however I ought to let the world know what I designed for them, and hope that such of my readers who find they had a share in my good intentions, will accept of the will for the deed.

67

No. 167.] Tuesday, September 22, 1713.

Fata viam inveniunt—

Virg. Æn. lib. 3d.

—Fate the way will find.

Dryden.

THE following story is lately translated out of an Arabian manuscript, which I think has very much the turn of an oriental tale; and as it has never before been printed, I question not but it will be highly acceptable to my reader.

The name of Helim is still famous through all the eastern parts of the world. He is called among the Persians, even to this day, Helim the great physician. He was acquainted with all the powers of simples, understood all the influences of the stars, and knew the secrets that were engraved on the seal of Solomon the son of David. Helim was also governor of the Black Palace, and chief of the physicians to Alnareschin the great king of Persia.

Alnareschin was the most dreadful tyrant that ever reigned in this country. He was of a fearful, suspicious, and cruel nature, having put to death, upon very slight jealousies and surmises, five-and-thirty of his queens, and above twenty sons whom he suspected to have conspired against his life. Being at length wearied with the exercise of so many cruelties in his own family, and fearing lest the whole race of caliphs should be entirely lost, he one day sent for Helim, and spoke to him after this manner: 'Helim,' said he, 'I have long admired thy great wisdom, and retired way of living. I shall now show thee the entire confidence which I place in thee. I have only two sons remaining, who are as yet but infants. It is my design that thou take them home with thee, and educate them as thy own. Train them up in the humble unambitious pursuits of knowledge. By this means shall the line of caliphs be preserved, and my children succeed after me, without aspiring to my throne whilst I am yet alive.' 'The words of my lord the king shall be obeyed,' said Helim; after which he bowed, and went out of the king's presence. He then received the children into his own house, and from that time bred them up with him in the studies of knowledge and virtue. The young princes loved and respected Helim as their father, and made such improvements under him, that by the age of one-and-twenty they were instructed in all the learning of the

East. The name of the eldest was Ibrahim, and of the youngest Abdallah. They lived together in such a perfect friendship, that to this day it is said of intimate friends, that they live together like Ibrahim and Abdallah. Helim had an only child, who was a girl of a fine soul, and a most beautiful person. Her father omitted nothing in her education that might make her the most accomplished woman of her age. As the young princes were in a manner excluded from the rest of the world, they frequently conversed with this lovely virgin, who had been brought up by her father in the same course of knowledge and of virtue. Abdallah, whose mind was of a softer turn than that of his brother, grew by degrees so enamoured of her conversation, that he did not think he lived when he was not in company with his beloved Balsora, for that was the name of the maid. The fame of her beauty was so great, that at length it came to the ears of the king, who pretending to visit the young princes his sons, demanded of Helim the sight of Balsora, his fair daughter. The king was so inflamed with her beauty and behaviour, that he sent for Helim the next morning, and told him it was now his design to recompense him for all his faithful services; and that in order to it, he intended to make his daughter queen of Persia. Helim, who knew very well the fate of all those unhappy women who had been thus advanced, and could not but be privy to the secret love which Abdallah bore his daughter, 'Far be it,' says he, 'from the king of Persia to contaminate the blood of the caliphs, and join himself in marriage with the daughter of his physician.' The king, however, was so impatient for such a bride, that without hearing any excuses, he immediately ordered Balsora to be sent for into his presence, keeping the father with him, in order to make her sensible of the honour which he designed her. Balsora, who was too modest and humble to think her beauty had made such an impression on the king, was a few moments after brought into his presence as he had commanded.

She appeared in the king's eye as one of the virgins of Paradise. But upon hearing the honour which he intended her, she fainted away, and fell down as dead at his feet. Helim wept, and after having recovered her out of the trance into which she was fallen, represented to the king, that so unexpected an honour was too great to have been communicated to her all at once; but that, if he pleased, he would himself prepare her for it. The king bid him take his own way, and dismissed him. Balsora was conveyed again to her father's house, where the thoughts of Abdallah renewed her affliction every moment; insomuch that at length she fell into a raging fever. The king was informed of her condition by those that saw her. Helim finding no other

means of extricating her from the difficulties she was in, after having composed her mind, and made her acquainted with his intentions, gave her a certain potion, which he knew would lay her asleep for many hours; and afterwards, in all the seeming distress of a disconsolate father, informed the king she was dead. The king, who never let any sentiments of humanity come too near his heart, did not much trouble himself about the matter; however, for his own reputation, he told the father, that since it was known through the empire that Balsora died at a time when he designed her for his bride, it was his intention that she should be honoured as such after her death, that her body should be laid in the Black Palace, among those of his deceased queens.

In the mean time Abdallah, who had heard of the king's design, was not less afflicted than his beloved Balsora. As for the several circumstances of his distress, as also how the king was informed of an irrecoverable distemper into which he was fallen, they are to be found at length in the history of Helim. It shall suffice to acquaint the reader, that Helim, some days after the supposed death of his daughter, gave the prince a potion of the same nature with that which had laid asleep Balsora.

It is the custom among the Persians, to convey in a private manner the bodies of all the royal family, a little after their death, into the Black Palace: which is the repository of all who are descended from the caliphs, or any way allied to them. The chief physician is always governor of the Black Palace; it being his office to embalm and preserve the holy family after they are dead, as well as to take care of them while they are yet living. The Black Palace is so called from the colour of the building, which is all of the finest polished black marble. There are always burning in it five thousand everlasting lamps. It has also a hundred folding doors of ebony, which are each of them watched day and night by a hundred negroes, who are to take care that nobody enters besides the governor.

Helim, after having conveyed the body of his daughter into this repository, and at the appointed time received her out of the sleep into which she was fallen, took care some time after to bring that of Abdallah into the same place. Balsora watched over him till such time as the dose he had taken lost its effect. Abdallah was not acquainted with Helim's design when he gave him this sleepy potion. It is impossible to describe the surprise, the joy, the transport he was in at his first awaking. He fancied himself in the retirements of the blest, and that the spirit of his dear Balsora, who he thought was just gone before him, was the first who came to congratulate his arrival. She soon informed him of the place he was in, which, notwithstanding all its horrors, appeared

to him more sweet than the bower of Mahomet, in the company of his Balsora.

Helim, who was supposed to be taken up in the embalming of the bodies, visited the place very frequently. His greatest perplexity was how to get the lovers out of it, the gates being watched in such a manner as I have before related. This consideration did not a little disturb the two interred lovers. At length Helim bethought himself, that the first day of the full moon of the month Tispa was near at hand. Now it is a received tradition among the Persians, that the souls of those of the royal family, who are in a state of bliss, do, on the first full moon after their decease, pass through the eastern gate of the Black Palace, which is therefore called the gate of Paradise, in order to take their flight for that happy place. Helim therefore having made due preparation for this night, dressed each of the lovers in a robe of azure silk, wrought in the finest looms of Persia, with a long train of linen whiter than snow, that floated on the ground behind them. Upon Abdallah's head he fixed a wreath of the greenest myrtle, and on Balsora's a garland of the freshest roses. Their garments were scented with the richest perfumes of Arabia. Having thus prepared every thing, the full moon was no sooner up, and shining in all its brightness, but he privately opened the gate of Paradise, and shut it after the same manner as soon as they had passed through it. The band of negroes who were posted at a little distance from the gate, seeing two such beautiful apparitions, that showed themselves to advantage by the light of the full moon, and being ravished with the odour that flowed from their garments, immediately concluded them to be the ghosts of the two persons lately deceased. They fell upon their faces as they passed through the midst of them, and continued prostrate on the earth until such time as they were out of sight. They reported the next day what they had seen; but this was looked upon by the king himself, and most others, as the compliment

tual a passion for each other, that their solitude never lay heavy on them. Abdallah applied himself to those arts which were agreeable to his manner of living, and the situation of the place; insomuch that in a few years he converted the whole mountain into a kind of garden, and covered every part of it with plantations or spots of flowers. Helim was too good a father to let him want any thing that might conduce to make his retirement pleasant.

In about ten years after their abode in this place, the old king died, and was succeeded by his son Ibrahim, who, upon the supposed death of his brother, had been called to court, and entertained there as heir to the Persian empire. Though he was some years inconsolable for the death of his brother, Helim durst not trust him with the secret, which he knew would have fatal consequences, should it by any means come to the knowledge of the old king. Ibrahim was no sooner mounted to the throne, but Helim sought after a proper opportunity of making a discovery to him, which he knew would be very agreeable to so good-natured and generous a prince. It so happened, that before Helim found such an opportunity as he desired, the new king Ibrahim, having been separated from his company in a chase, and almost fainting with heat and thirst, saw himself at the foot of mount Khacau. He immediately ascended the hill, and coming to Helim's house, demanded some refreshments. Helim was very luckily there at that time; and after having set before the king the choicest of wines and fruits, finding him wonderfully pleased with so seasonable a treat, told him that the best part of his entertainment was to come. Upon which he opened to him the whole history of what had passed. The king was at once astonished and transported at so strange a relation, and seeing his brother enter the room with Balsora in his hand, he leaped off from the sofa on which he sat, and cried out, 'It is he! it is my Abdallah!' Having said this, he fell upon his neck, and wept. The whole company, supposing that the king

with groves and fountains, gardens and seats of pleasure, until it became the most delicious spot of ground within the empire, and is therefore called the garden of Persia. This caliph, Ibrahim, after a long and happy reign, died without children, and was succeeded by Abdallah, a son of Abdallah and Balsora. This was that king Abdallah, who afterwards fixed the imperial residence upon mount Khacan, which continues at this time to be the favourite palace of the Persian empire.

67

No. 168.] Wednesday, September 23, 1713.

— Iuca Jam rectata revolvimus —

Hor. Lib. 2. Ep. 1. 223.

The same subjects we repeat

'SIR,

'I OBSERVE that many of your late papers have represented to us the characters of accomplished women; but among all of them I do not find a quotation which I expected to have seen in your works; I mean the character of the mistress of a family as it is drawn out at length in the book of Proverbs. For my part, considering it only as a human composition, I do not think that there is any character in Theophrastus, which has so many beautiful particulars in it, and which is drawn with such elegance of thought and phrase. I wonder that it is not written in letters of gold in the great hall of every country gentleman.

"Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies.

"The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil.

"She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life.

"She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands.

"She is like the merchants' ships, she bringeth her food from afar.

"She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens.

"She considereth a field, and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard.

"She girdeth her loins with strength, and

"Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land.

"She maketh fine linen, and selleth it, and delivereth girdles unto the merchant.

"Strength and honour are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come.

"She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

"She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

"Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.

"Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.

"Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord she shall be praised.

"Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates."

'Your humble servant.'

'SIR,

"I ventured to your lion with the following lines, upon an assurance, that if you thought them not proper food for your beast, you would at least permit him to tear them.

'FROM ANACREON.

"Αἶσα (ὑπερφύσιν αἶσα," &c.

'Best and happiest artisan,
Best of painters, if you can
With your many-coloured art
Paint the mistress of my heart;
Describe the charms you hear from me,
(Her charms you could not paint and see)
And make the absent nymph appear
As if her lovely self was here.
First draw her easy-flowing hair
As soft and black as she is fair;
And, if your art can rise so high,
Let breathing odours round her fly:
Beneath the shade of flowing jet
The ivory forehead smoothly set.
With care the sable brows extend,
And in two arches nicely bend;
That the fair space which lies between
The melting shade may scarce be seen.
The eye must be uncommon fire;
Sparkle, languish, and desire:
The flames unseen must yet be felt;
Like Pallas kill, like Venus melt.
The rosy cheeks must seem to glow
Amidst the white of new fall'n snow.
Let her lips persuasion wear,
In silence elegantly fair;
As if the blushing rivals strove,
Breathing and inviting love.
Below her chin be sure to deck
With white and downy curls the neck.

pamphlets and two Examiners; but there are printed on my side a letter to the Guardian about Dunkirk, and a pamphlet called, Dunkirk or Dover. I am no proper judge who has the better of the argument, the Examiner or myself: but I am sure my seconds are better than his. I have addressed a defence against the ill treatment I have received for my letter (which ought to have made every man in England my friend) to the bailiff of Stockbridge, because, as the world goes, I am to think myself very much obliged to that honest man, and esteem him my patron, who allowed that fifty was a greater number than one-and-twenty, and returned me accordingly to serve for that borough.

There are very many scurrilous things said against me, but I have turned them to my advantage, by quoting them at large, and by that means swelling the volume to a shilling price. If I may be so free with myself, I might put you in mind upon this occasion of one of those animals which are famous for their love of mankind, that, when a bone is thrown at them, fall to eating it, instead of flying at the person who threw it. Please to read the account of the channel, by the map at Will's, and you will find what I represent concerning the importance of Dunkirk, as to its situation, very just.

'I am, Sir,
'very often your great admirer,
'RICHARD STEELE.'

No. 169.] Thursday, September 24, 1713.

—Cœlumque tærit

Janet—

Ovid. Met. Lib. 1. 65.

And bade him lift to heaven his wond'ring eyes.

In fair weather, when my heart is cheered, and I feel that exaltation of spirits which results from light and warmth, joined with a beautiful prospect of nature; I regard myself as one placed by the hand of God in the midst of an ample theatre, in which the sun, moon, and stars, the fruits also, and vegetables of the earth, perpetually changing their positions, or their aspects, exhibit an elegant entertainment to the understanding, as well as to the eye.

Thunder and lightning, rain and hail, the painted bow, and the glaring comets, are decorations of this mighty theatre. And the sable hemisphere studded with spangles, the blue vault at noon, the glorious gildings and rich colours in the horizon, I look on as so many successive scenes.

When I consider things in this light, methinks it is a sort of impiety to have no attention to the course of nature, and the revolutions of the heavenly bodies. To be regardless of those phenomena that are placed within our view, on purpose to entertain our faculties,

and display the wisdom and power of their Creator, is an affront to Providence of the same kind, (I hope it is not impious to make such a simile) as it would be to a good poet, to fit out his play without minding the plot or beauties of it.

And yet how few are there who attend to the drama of nature, its artificial structure, and those admirable machines, whereby the passions of a philosopher are gratefully agitated, and his soul affected with the sweet emotions of joy and surprise!

How many fox-hunters and rural squires are to be found in Great Britain, who are ignorant that they have all this while lived on a planet; that the sun is several thousand times bigger than the earth; and that there are other worlds within our view greater and more glorious than our own! 'Ay, but,' says some illiterate fellow, 'I enjoy the world, and leave others to contemplate it.' Yes, you eat and drink, and run about upon it, that is, you enjoy it as a brute; but to enjoy it as a rational being, is to know it, to be sensible of its greatness and beauty, to be delighted with its harmony, and by these reflections to obtain just sentiments of the Almighty mind that framed it.

The man who, unembarrassed with vulgar cares, leisurely attends to the flux of things in heaven, and things on earth, and observes the laws by which they are governed, hath secured to himself an easy and convenient seat, where he beholds with pleasure all that passes on the stage of nature, while those about him are, some fast asleep, and others struggling for the highest places, or turning their eyes from the entertainment prepared by Providence, to play at push-pin with one another.

Within this ample circumference of the world, the glorious lights that are hung on high, the meteors in the middle region, the various livery of the earth, and the profusion of good things that distinguish the seasons, yield a prospect which annihilates all human grandeur. But when we have seen frequent returns of the same things, when we have often viewed the heaven and the earth in all their various array, our attention flags, and our admiration ceases. All the art and magnificence in nature could not make us pleased with the same entertainment, presented a hundred years successively to our view.

I am led into this way of thinking by a question started the other night, viz. Whether it were possible that a man should be weary of a fortunate and healthy course of life? My opinion was, that the bare repetition of the same objects, abstracted from all other inconveniences, was sufficient to create in our minds a distaste of the world; and that the abhorrence old men have of death, proceeds rather from a distrust of what may follow, than from the

prospect of losing any present enjoyments. For (as an ancient author somewhere expresses it) when a man has seen the vicissitudes of night and day, winter and summer, spring and autumn, there turning faces of the several parts of nature, what is there further to detain his fancy here below?

The spectacle indeed is glorious, and may bear viewing several times. But in a very few scenes of revolving years, we feel a satiety of the same images; the mind grows impatient to see the curtain drawn, and behold new scenes disclosed; and the imagination is in this life, filled with a confused idea of the next.

Death, considered in this light, is no more than passing from one entertainment to another. If the present objects are grown tiresome and distasteful, it is in order to prepare our minds for a more exquisite relish of those which are fresh and new. If the good things we have hitherto enjoyed are transient, they will be succeeded by those which the inexhaustible power of the Deity will supply to eternal ages. If the pleasures of our present state are blended with pain and uneasiness, our future will consist of sincere unmixed delights. Blessed hope! the thought whereof turns the very imperfections of our nature into occasions of comfort and joy.

But what consolation is left to the man who hath no hope or prospect of these things? View him in that part of life, when the natural decay of his faculties concurs with the frequency of the same objects to make him weary of this world, when like a man who hangs upon a precipice, his present situation is uneasy, and the moment that he quits his hold, he is sure of sinking into hell or annihilation.

There is not any character so hateful as his who invents racks and tortures for mankind. The free-thinkers make it their business to introduce doubts, perplexities, and despair, into the minds of men, and, according to the poet's rule, are most justly punished by their own schemes.

No. 170.] Friday, September 25, 1713.

—Timeo Danaos, et dona ferentes.

Virg. Æn. ii. 49.

I fear your Greeks, with presents in their hands.

London, Sept. 28.

'MOST VENERABLE NESTOR,

'THE plan laid down in your first paper gives me a title and authority to apply to you in behalf of the trading world. According to the general scheme you proposed in your said first paper, you have not professed only to entertain men of wit and polite taste, but also to be useful to the trader and the artificer. You cannot do your country greater service than by informing all ranks of men amongst us, that the

greatest benefactor to them all is the merchant. The merchant advances the gentleman's rent, gives the artificer food, and supplies the courtier's luxury. But give me leave to say, that neither you, nor all your clan of wits, can put together so useful and commodious a treatise for the welfare of your fellow-subjects as that which an eminent merchant of the city has lately written. It is called, *General Maxims of Trade*, particularly applied to the Commerce between Great Britain and France. I have made an extract of it, so as to bring it within the compass of your paper, which take as follows:

'I. That trade which exports manufactures made of the product of the country, is undoubtedly good; such is the sending abroad our Yorkshire cloth, Colchester baize, Exeter serges, Norwich stuffs, &c.; which being made purely of British wool, as much as those exports amount to, so much is the clear gain of the nation.

'II. That trade which helps off the consumption of our superfluities, is also visibly advantageous; as the exporting of allum, coppers, leather, tin, lead, coals, &c. So much as the exported superfluities amount unto, so much also is the clear national profit.

'III. The importing of foreign materials to be manufactured at home, especially when the goods, after they are manufactured, are mostly sent abroad, is also, without dispute, very beneficial; as for instance, Spanish wool, which for that reason is exempted from paying any duties.

'IV. The importation of foreign materials, to be manufactured here, although the manufactured goods are chiefly consumed by us, may be also beneficial; especially when the said materials are procured in exchange for our commodities; as raw silk, grogram-yarn, and other goods brought from Turkey.

'V. Foreign materials, wrought up here into such goods as would otherwise be imported ready manufactured, is a means of saving money to the nation: such is the importation of hemp, flax, and raw silk; it is therefore to be wondered at, that these commodities are not exempt from all duties, as well as Spanish wool.

'VI. A trade may be called good which exchanges manufactures for manufactures, and commodities for commodities. Germany takes as much in value of our woollen and other goods, as we do of their linen: by this means numbers of people are employed on both sides, to their mutual advantage.

'VII. An importation of commodities, bought partly for money and partly for goods, may be of national advantage; if the greatest part of the commodities thus imported, are again exported, as in the case of East India goods, and generally all imports of goods which are re-exported, are beneficial to a nation.

'VIII. The carrying of goods from one foreign country to another, is a profitable article in trade. Our ships are often thus employed between Portugal, Italy, and the Levant, and sometimes in the East Indies.

'IX. When there is a necessity to import goods which a nation cannot be without, although such goods are chiefly purchased with money, it cannot be accounted a bad trade, as our trade to Norway and other parts, from whence are imported naval stores, and materials for building.

'But a trade is disadvantageous to a nation:

'1. Which brings in things of mere luxury and pleasure, which are entirely, or for the most part, consumed among us; and such I reckon the wine trade to be, especially when the wine is purchased with money, and not in exchange for our commodities.

'2. Much worse is that trade which brings in a commodity that is not only consumed amongst us, but hinders the consumption of the like quantity of ours. As is the importation of brandy, which hinders the spending of our extracts of malt and molasses; therefore very prudently charged with excessive duties.

'3. That trade is eminently bad, which supplies the same goods as we manufacture ourselves, especially if we can make enough for our consumption: and I take this to be the case of the silk manufacture; which, with great labour and industry, is brought to perfection in London, Canterbury, and other places.

'4. The importation upon easy terms of such manufactures as are already introduced in a country, must be of bad consequence, and check their progress; as it would undoubtedly be the case of the linen and paper manufactures in Great Britain, (which are of late very much improved) if those commodities were suffered to be brought in without paying very high duties.

'Let us now judge of our trade with France by the foregoing maxims.

'I. The exportation of our woollen goods to France, is so well barred against, that there is not the least hope of reaping any benefit by this article. They have their work done for half the price we pay for ours. And since they send great quantities of woollen goods to Italy, Spain, Portugal, Turkey, the Rhine, and other places, although they pay a duty upon exportation, it is a demonstration, that they have more than is sufficient for their own wear, and consequently no great occasion for any of ours. The French cannot but be so sensible of the advantage they have over us in point of cheapness, that I do not doubt they will give us leave to import into France not only woollen goods, but all other commodities whatsoever, upon very easy duties, provided we permit them to import into Great Britain, wines, brandies, silk, linen, and paper, upon paying the same

duties as others do. And when that is done, you will send little more to France than now you do, and they will import into Great Britain, ten times more than now they can.

'II. As to our superfluities, it must be owned the French have occasion for some of them, as lead, tin, leather, copperas, coals, allum, and several other things of small value, as also some few of our plantation commodities; but these goods they will have whether we take any of theirs or no, because they want them. All these commodities together, that the French want from us, may amount to about two hundred thousand pounds yearly.

'III. As to materials; I do not know of any one sort useful to us that ever was imported from France into England. They have indeed hemp, flax, and wool in abundance, and some raw silk; but they are too wise to let us have any, especially as long as they entertain any hopes we shall be so self-denying, as to take those materials from them after they are manufactured.

'IV. Exchanging commodities for commodities (if for the like value on both sides) might be beneficial; but it is far from being the case between us and France. Our ships went constantly in ballast (except now and then some lead) to St. Malo, Morlaix, Nantes, Rochelle, Bourdeaux, Bayonne, &c. and ever came back full of linen, wines, brandy, and paper; and if it was so before the revolution, when one of our pounds sterling cost the French but thirteen livres, what are they like to take from us (except what they of necessity want) now that for each pound sterling they must pay us twenty livres, which enhances the price of all British commodities to the French above fifty per cent.

'V. Goods imported to be re-exported, is certainly a national advantage; but few or no French goods are ever exported from Great Britain, except to our plantations, but all are consumed at home; therefore no benefit can be reaped this way by the French trade.

'VI. Letting ships to freight cannot but be of some profit to a nation: but it is very rare if the French ever make use of any other ships than their own; they victual and man cheaper than we, therefore nothing is to be got from them by this article.

'VII. Things that are of absolute necessity cannot be reckoned prejudicial to a nation; but France produces nothing that is necessary, or even convenient, or but which we had better be without, except claret.

'VIII. If the importation of commodities of mere luxury, to be consumed amongst us, be a sensible disadvantage, the French trade in this particular might be highly pernicious to this nation; for if the duties on French wines be lowered to a considerable degree, the least we can suppose would be imported into Eng-

land and Scotland is eighteen thousand tons a year, which being most clarets, at a moderate computation, would cost in France four hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

'IX. As to brandy; since we have laid high duties upon it, the distilling of spirits from malt and molasses is much improved and increased, by means of which a good sum of money is yearly saved to the nation; for very little brandy hath been imported either from Italy, Portugal, or Spain, by reason that our English spirits are near as good as those countries' brandies. But as French brandy is esteemed, and is indeed very good, if the extraordinary duty on that liquor be taken off, there is no doubt but great quantities will be imported. We will suppose only three thousand tons a year, which will cost Great Britain about seventy thousand pounds yearly, and prejudice besides the extracts of our own malt spirits.

'X. Linen is an article of more consequence that many people are aware of: Ireland, Scotland, and several counties in England, have made large steps towards the improvement of that useful manufacture, both in quantity and quality; and with good encouragement would doubtless, in a few years, bring it to perfection, and perhaps make sufficient for our own consumption; which besides employing great numbers of people, and improving many acres of land, would save us a good sum of money, which is yearly laid out abroad in that commodity. As the case stands at present, it improves daily; but if the duties on French linen be reduced, it is to be feared it will come over so cheap, that our looms must be laid aside, and six or seven hundred thousand pounds a year be sent over to France for that commodity.

'XI. The manufacture of paper is very near akin to that of linen. Since the high duties laid on foreign paper, and that none hath been imported from France, where it is cheapest, the making of it is increased to such a degree in England, that we import none of the lower sorts from abroad, and make them all ourselves; but if the French duties be taken off, undoubtedly most of the mills which are employed in the making of white paper, must leave off their work, and thirty or forty thousand pounds a year be remitted over to France for that commodity.

'XII. The last article concerns the silk manufacture. Since the late French wars, it is increased to a mighty degree. Spitalfields alone manufactures to the value of two millions a year, and were daily improving, till the late fears about lowering the French duties. What pity that so noble a manufacture, so extensive, and so beneficial to an infinite number of people, should run the hazard of being ruined! It is however to be feared, that if the French can import their wrought silks upon easy terms, they outdo us so much in cheapness of labour,

and they have Italian and Levant raw silk upon so much easier terms than we, besides great quantities of their own in Provence, Languedoc, and other provinces, that in all probability half the looms in Spitalfields would be laid down, and our ladies be again clothed in French silks. The loss that would accrue to the nation by so great a mischief, cannot be valued at less than five hundred thousand pounds a year.

'To sum up all, if we pay to France yearly	
For their wines	£ 450,000
For their brandies	70,000
For their linen	600,000
For their paper	30,000
For their silks	500,000

£ 1,650,000

'And they take from us in lead, tin, leather, allum, copperas, coals, horn, plates, &c. and plantation goods to the value of	} 200,000

'Great Britain loses by the balance of that trade yearly	} 1,450,000

'All which is humbly submitted to your consideration by,

'Sir, your most humble servant,
'GENEROSITY THRIFT.'

ADVERTISEMENT,

For the Protection of Honour, Truth, Virtue, and Innocence.

Mr. Ironside has ordered his amanuensis to prepare for his perusal whatever he may have gathered, from his table-talk, or otherwise, a volume to be printed in twelves, called, *The Art of Defamation discovered*. This piece is to consist of the true characters of all persons calumniated by the Examiner; and after such characters, the true and only method of sullyng them set forth in examples from the ingenious and artificial author, the said Examiner.

N. B. To this will be added the true characters of persons he has commended, with observations to show, that panegyric is not that author's talent.

No. 171.] Saturday, September 26, 1713.

Fuit ista quondam in hac republica virtus, ut viri fortes acrioribus suppliciis civem perniciosum, quam acerbissimum hostem coercerent. Cicer. in Catilla.

There was once that virtue in this commonwealth, that a bad fellow-citizen was thought to deserve a severer correction than the bitterest enemy.

I HAVE received letters of congratulation and thanks from several of the most eminent chocolate-houses and coffee-houses, upon my late gallantry and success in opposing myself to the long swords. One tells me, that whereas his rooms were too little before, now his customers can saunter up and down from corner

to corner, and table to table, without any let or molestation. I find I have likewise cleared a great many alleys and by-lanes, made the public walks about town more spacious, and all the passages about the court and the Exchange more free and open. Several of my female wards have sent me the kindest billets upon this occasion, in which they tell me, that I have saved them some pounds in the year, by freeing their furbelows, flounces, and hoops, from the annoyance both of hilt and point. A scout whom I sent abroad to observe the posture, and to pry into the intentions of the enemy, brings me word, that the Terrible club is quite blown up, and that I have totally routed the men that seemed to delight in arms. My lion, whose jaws are at all hours open to intelligence, informs me, that there are a few enormous weapons still in being; but that they are to be met with only in gaming-houses, and some of the obscure retreats of lovers in and about Drury-lane and Covent-garden. I am nightly delighted with an adventure that befell my witty antagonist, Tom Swagger, captain of the band of long swords. He had the misfortune three days ago to fall into company with a master of the noble science of defence, who taking Mr. Swagger by his habit, and the airs he gave himself, to be one of the profession, gave him a fair invitation to Mary-le-bone, to exercise at the usual weapons. The captain thought this so foul a disgrace to a gentleman, that he blunk away in the greatest confusion, and has never been seen since at the Tilt-yard coffee-house, nor in any of his usual haunts.

As there is nothing made in vain, and as every plant and every animal, though never so noisome, has its use in the creation; so these men of terror may be disposed of, so as to make a figure in the polite world. It was in this view, that I received a visit last night from a person, who pretends to be employed here from several foreign princes in negotiating matters of less importance. He tells me, that the continual wars in Europe have in a manner quite drained the cantons of Switzerland of their supernumerary subjects, and that he foresees there will be a great scarcity of them to serve at the entrance of courts, and the palaces of great men. He is of opinion this want may very seasonably be supplied out of the great numbers of such gentlemen, as I have given notice of in my paper of the twenty-fifth past, and that his design is in a few weeks, when the town fills, to put out public advertisements to this effect, not questioning but it may turn to a good account: 'That if any person of good stature and fierce demeanor, as well members of the Terrible club, as others of the like exterior ferocity, whose ambition is to cock and look big, without exposing themselves to any bodily danger, will repair to his

lodgings, they shall, (provided they bring their swords with them) be furnished with shoulder-belts, broad hats, red feathers, and halberds, and be transported without farther trouble into several courts and families of distinction, where they may eat, and drink, and strut, at free cost.' As this project was not communicated to me for a secret, I thought it might be for the service of the abovesaid persons to divulge it with all convenient speed; that those who are disposed to employ their talents to the best advantage, and to shine in the station of life for which they seem to be born, may have time to adorn their upper lip, by raising a quickset beard there in the form of whiskers, that they may pass to all intents and purposes for true Switzers.

• INDEFATIGABLE NESTOR,

'Give me leave to thank you, in behalf of myself and my whole family, for the daily diversion and improvement we receive from your labours. At the same time I must acquaint you, that we have all of us taken a mighty liking to your lion. His roarings are the joy of my heart, and I have a little boy, not three years old, that talks of nothing else, and who, I hope, will be more afraid of him as he grows up. That your animal may be kept in good plight, and not roar for want of prey, I shall, out of my esteem and affection for you, contribute what I can towards his sustenance; "Love me, love my lion," says the proverb. I will not pretend, at any time, to furnish out a full meal for him; but I shall now and then send him a savory morsel, a tid bit. You must know, I am but a kind of holiday writer, and never could find in my heart to set my pen to a work of above five or six periods long. My friends tell me my performances are little and pretty. As they have no manner of connexion one with the other, I write them upon loose pieces of paper, and throw them into a drawer by themselves; this drawer I call the lion's pantry. I give you my word, I put nothing into it but what is clean and wholesome *nourriture*. Therefore remember me to the lion, and let him know, that I shall always pick and cull the pantry for him; and there are morsels in it, I can assure you, will make his chaps to water.

'I am, with the greatest respect, Sir,
'your most obedient servant,
'and most assiduous reader.'

I must ask pardon of Mrs. Dorothy Care, that I have suffered her billet to lie by me these three weeks without taking the least notice of it. But I believe the kind warning in it, to our sex, will not be now too late.

• GOOD MR. IRONSIDE,

'I have waited with impatience for that same unicorn you promised should be erected

for the fair sex. My business is, before winter comes on, to desire you would precaution your own sex against being Adamites, by exposing their bare breasts to the rigour of the season. It was this practice amongst the fellows, which at first encouraged our sex to show so much of their necks. The downy dock-leaves you speak of would make good stomachers for the beaux. In a word, good Nestor, so long as the men take a pride in showing their hairy skins, we may with a much better grace set out our snowy chests to view. We are, we own, the weaker, but at the same time, you must own, much the more beautiful sex.

'I am, Sir,
'your humble reader,
'DOROTHY CARE.'

No. 172.] Monday, September 28, 1713.

—Vitam excolere per artes. Virg. *Æn.* vi. 667.
They grac'd their age with new invented arts.
Dryden.

'MR. IRONSIDE,

'I HAVE been a long time in expectation of something from you on the subject of speech and letters. I believe the world might be as agreeably entertained on that subject, as with any thing that ever came into the lion's mouth. For this end I send you the following sketch; and am, yours,

'PHILOGRAM.

'Upon taking a view of the several species of living creatures our earth is stocked with, we may easily observe, that the lower orders of them, such as insects and fishes, are wholly without a power of making known their wants and calamities. Others, which are conversant with man, have some few ways of expressing the pleasure and pain they undergo by certain sounds and gestures; but man has articulate sounds whereby to make known his inward sentiments and affections, though his organs of speech are no other than what he has in common with many other less perfect animals. But the use of letters, as significative of these sounds, is such an additional improvement to them, that I know not whether we ought not to attribute the invention of them to the assistance of a power more than human.

'There is this great difficulty which could not but attend the first invention of letters, to wit, that all the world must conspire in affixing steadily the same signs to their sounds, which affixing was at first as arbitrary as possible; there being no more connexion between the letters and the sounds they are expressive of, than there is between those sounds and the ideas of the mind they immediately stand for. Notwithstanding which difficulty, and the variety of languages, the powers of the letters in each are very nearly the same, being in all places about twenty-four.

'But be the difficulty of the invention as great as it will, the use of it is manifest, particularly in the advantage it has above the method of conveying our thoughts by words or sounds, because this way we are confined to narrow limits of place and time: whereas we may have occasion to correspond with a friend at a distance; or a desire, upon a particular occasion, to take the opinion of an honest gentleman who has been dead this thousand years. Both which defects are supplied by the noble invention of letters. By this means we materialize our ideas, and make them as lasting as the ink and paper, their vehicles. This making our thoughts by art visible to the eye, which nature had made intelligible only by the ear, is next to the adding a sixth sense, as it is a supply in case of the defect of one of the five nature gave us, namely, hearing, by making the voice become visible.

'Have any of any school of painters gotten themselves an immortal name, by drawing a face, or painting a landscape; by laying down on a piece of canvass a representation only of what nature had given them originals? What applauses will be merit, who first made his ideas sit to his pencil, and drew to his eye the picture of his mind! Painting represents the outward man, or the shell; but cannot reach the inhabitant within, or the very organ by which the inhabitant is revealed. This art may reach to represent a face, but cannot paint a voice. Kneller can draw the majesty of the queen's person; Kneller can draw her sublime air, and paint her bestowing hand as fair as the lily: but the historian must inform posterity, that she has one peculiar excellence above all other mortals, that her ordinary speech is more charming than song.

'But to drop the comparison of this art with any other, let us see the benefit of it in itself. By it the English trader may hold commerce with the inhabitants of the East or West Indies, without the trouble of a journey. Astronomers seated at a distance of the earth's diameter asunder, may confer; what is spoken and thought at one pole, may be heard and understood at the other. The philosopher who wished he had a window in his breast, to lay open his heart to all the world, might as easily have revealed the secrets of it this way, and as easily left them to the world, as wished it. This silent art of speaking by letters, remedies the inconvenience arising from distance of time, as well as place; and is much beyond that of the Egyptians, who could preserve their mummies for ten centuries. This preserves the works of the immortal part of men, so as to make the dead still useful to the living. To this we are beholden for the works of Demosthenes and Cicero, of Seneca and Plato; without it the Iliad of Homer, and Æneid of Virgil, had died with their authors;

but by this art those excellent men still speak to us.

'I shall be glad if what I have said on this art, gives you any new hints for the more useful or agreeable application of it.

'I am, Sir, &c.'

I shall conclude this paper with an extract from a poem in praise of the invention of writing, 'written by a lady.' I am glad of such a quotation, which is not only another instance how much the world is obliged to this art, but also a shining example of what I have heretofore asserted, that the fair sex are as capable as men of the liberal sciences; and indeed there is no very good argument against the frequent instruction of females of condition this way, but that they are but too powerful without that advantage. The verses of the charming author are as follow:

'Blest be the man! his memory at least,
Who found the art thus to unfold his breast
And taught succeeding times an easy way
Their secret thoughts by letters to convey;
To baffle absence, and secure delight,
Which till that time was limited to sight.
The parting farewell spoke, the last adieu,
The less'ning distance past, then loss of view,
The friend was gone which some kind moments gave,
And absence separated, like the grave.
When for a wife the youthful patriarch sent
The camels, jewels, and the steward went,
And wealthy equipage, though grave and slow,
But not a line that might the lover show.
The ring and bracelets woo'd her hands and arms,
But hid she known of melting words the charms
That under secret seals in ambush lie,
To catch the son, when drawn into the eye;
The fair Aegyrian had not took his guide,
Nor her soft heart in chains of pearl been ty'd.'

No. 173.] Tuesday, September 29, 1713.

— Nec sera romanem

Narcissum, aut flexi tacuisse vimen aeanthi,
Palantesq; hederas, et amantes littora myrtos.

Virg. Georg. iv. 122.

The late narcissus, and the winding trail
Of bear's-foot, myrtles green, and ivy pale.

Dryden.

I LATELY took a particular friend of mine to my house in the country, not without some apprehension that it could afford little entertainment to a man of his polite taste, particularly in architecture and gardening, who had so long been conversant with all that is beautiful and great in either. But it was a pleasant surprise to me, to hear him often declare, he had found in my little retirement that beauty which he always thought wanting in the most celebrated seats, or, if you will, villas, of the nation. This he described to me in those verses, with which Martial begins one of his epigrams:

'Palana nostri villa, Basse, Faustini,
Non otiosa ordinata myrtetis,
Viduaque platano, tonsilique buxeto,
Ingrata lati spatia detinet campi;
Sed rure vero barbaroque latet.' Lib. iii. Ep. 56.

'Our friend Faustinus' country seat I've seen:
No myrtles, plac'd in rows, and idly green,
No widow'd plantain, nor chip'd box-tree, there,
The useless soil unprofitably share;
But simple nature's hand, with nobler grace,
Diffuses artless beauties o'er the place.

There is certainly something in the amiable simplicity of unadorned nature that spreads over the mind a more noble sort of tranquillity, and a loftier sensation of pleasure, that can be raised from the nicer scenes of art.

This was the taste of the ancients in their gardens, as we may discover from the descriptions extant of them. The two most celebrated wits of the world have each of them left us a particular picture of a garden; wherein those great masters, being wholly unconfin'd, and painting at pleasure, may be thought to have given a full idea of what they esteemed most excellent in this way. These (one may observe) consist entirely of the useful part of horticulture, fruit-trees, herbs, water, &c. The pieces I am speaking of, are Virgil's account of the garden of the old Corycian, and Homer's of that of Alcinous. The first of these is already known to the English reader, by the excellent versions of Mr. Dryden and Mr. Addison. The other having never been attempted in our language with any elegance, and being the most beautiful plan of this sort that can be imagined, I shall here present the reader with a translation of it.

The Garden of Alcinous, from Homer's Odyssey, Book 7.

Close to the gates a spacious garden lies,
From storms defend'd and inclement skies;
Four acres was the allotted space of ground,
Fenc'd with a green inclosure all around.
Tall thriving trees confess the fruitful mould;
The redd'ning apple ripens here to gold;
Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows,
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows:
The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
And verdant olives flourish round the year.
The balmy spirit of the western gale
Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fall;
Each dropping pear a following pear supplies,
On apples apples, figs on figs arise;
The same mild season gives the blooms to blow
The beds to harden, and the fruits to grow.

Here order'd vines in equal ranks appear
With all the united labours of the year.
Some to unload the fertile branches ran,
Some dry the black'ning clusters in the sun.
Others to tread the liquid harvest join,
The groaning presses foam with floods of wine.
Here are the vines in early flow'r deserv'd,
Here grapes discolour'd on the sunny side,
And there in Autumn's richest purple dy'd.

Beds of all various herbs for ever green,
In beauteous order terminate the scene.

Two plenteous fountains the whole prospect crown'd;
This through the gardens leads its streams around,
Visits each plant, and waters all the ground:
While that in pipes beneath the palace flows,
And thence its current on the town bestows;
To various use their various streams they bring,
The people one, and one supplies the king.

Sir William Temple has remarked, that this description contains all the justest rules and provisions which can go toward composing the best gardens. Its extent was four acres, which in those times of simplicity was looked upon as a large one, even for a prince; it was inclosed all round for defence; and for convenience joined close to the gates of the palace.

He mentions next the trees, which were standards, and suffered to grow to their full height. The fine description of the fruits that never failed, and the eternal zephyrs, is only a more noble and poetical way of expressing the continual succession of one fruit after another, throughout the year.

The vineyard seems to have been a plantation distinct from the garden; as also the beds of greens mentioned afterwards at the extremity of the inclosure, in the nature and usual place of our kitchen gardens.

The two fountains are disposed very remarkably. They rose within the inclosure, and were brought by conduits, or ducts, one of them to water all parts of the gardens, and the other underneath the palace into the town for the service of the public.

How contrary to this simplicity is the modern practice of gardening! We seem to make it our study to recede from nature, not only in the various tonsure of greens into the most regular and formal shapes, but even in monstrous attempts beyond the reach of the art itself. We run into sculpture, and are yet better pleased to have our trees in the most awkward figures of men and animals, than in the most regular of their own.

*Hinc et nexilibus vitæ æ frondibus hortos,
Implexos latè muros, et moenia ciretini
Porrigere, et latas æ ramis surgere turres;
Dedecum et myrtum in puppes, atque ærea rostra:
In buxisque undare fretum, atque æ rore rudentes.
Parte aliâ frondere suis tentoria castris;
Scutaque spiculaque et jaculantia citra vallos.'*

Here interwoven branches form a wall,
And from the living fence green turrets rise;
There ships of myrtle sail in seas of box;
A green encampment yonder meets the eye,
And loaded citrons bearing shields and spears.

I believe it is no wrong observation, that persons of genius, and those who are most capable of art, are always most fond of nature: as such are chiefly sensible, that all art consists in the imitation and study of nature. On the contrary, people of the common level of understanding are principally delighted with the little niceties and fantastical operations of art, and constantly think that finest which is least natural. A citizen is no sooner proprietor of a couple of yews, but he entertains thoughts of erecting them into giants, like those of Guildhall. I know an eminent cook, who beautified his country seat with a coronation dinner in greens; where you see the cham-

pion flourishing on horseback at one end of the table, and the queen in perpetual youth at the other.

For the benefit of all my loving countrymen of this curious taste, I shall here publish a catalogue of greens to be disposed of by an eminent town gardener, who has lately applied to me upon this head. He represents, that for the advancement of a politer sort of ornament in the villas and gardens adjacent to this great city, and in order to distinguish those places from the mere barbarous countries of gross nature, the world stands much in need of a virtuoso gardener who has a turn to sculpture, and is thereby capable of improving upon the ancients of his profession in the imagery of evergreens. My correspondent is arrived to such perfection, that he cuts family pieces of men, women, or children. Any ladies that please may have their own effigies in myrtle, or their husbands' in hornbeam. He is a puritan wag, and never fails when he shows his garden, to repeat that passage in the Psalms, 'Thy wife shall be as the fruitful vine, and thy children as olive branches round thy table.' I shall proceed to his catalogue, as he sent it for my recommendation.

'Adam and Eve in yew; Adam a little shattered by the fall of the tree of knowledge in the great storm: Eve and the serpent very flourishing.

'The tower of Babel, not yet finished.

'St. George in box; his arm scarce long enough, but will be in a condition to stick the dragon by next April.

'A green dragon of the same, with a tail of ground-ivy for the present.

'N. B. These two not to be sold separately.

'Edward the Black Prince in cypress.

'A laurestine bear in blossom, with a juniper hunter in berries.

'A pair of giants, stunted, to be sold cheap.

'A queen Elizabeth in phylræa, a little inclining to the green-sickness, but of full growth.

'Another queen Elizabeth in myrtle, which was very forward, but miscarried by being too near a savin.

'An old maid of honour in wormwood.

'A topping Ben Jonson in laurel.

'Divers eminent modern poets in bays, somewhat blighted, to be disposed of, a pennyworth.

'A quickset hog, shot up into a porcupine, by its being forgot a week in rainy weather.

'A lavender pig, with sage growing in his belly.

'Noah's ark in holly, standing on the mount; the ribs a little damaged for want of water.

'A pair of maidenheads in fir, in great forwardness.

No. 174.] *Wednesday, September 30, 1713.*

*Salve Pæonia largitor nobilis undæ,
Salve Dardani gloria magna soli:
Publica morborum requies, commune medentam
Auxillam, præsens nomen, inempta salus.*
Cloud.

Hail, greatest good Dardanian fields bestow,
At whose command Pæonian waters flow,
Unparcha'd health! that doest thy aid impart
Both to the patient, and the doctor's art!

In public assemblies there are generally some envious sullen people, who having no merit to procure respect, are ever finding fault with those who distinguish themselves. This happens more frequently at those places, where this season of the year calls persons of both sexes together for their health. I have had reams of letters from Bath, Epsom, Tunbridge, and St. Wenefrede's well; wherein I could observe that a concern for honour and virtue, proceeded from the want of health, beauty, or fine petticoats. A lady who subscribes herself Eudosis, writes a bitter invective against Chloe, the celebrated dancer; but I have learned, that she herself is lame of the rheumatism. Another, who hath been a prude ever since she had the small-pox, is very bitter against the coquettes and their indecent airs; and a sharp wit hath sent me a keen epigram against the gamblers; but I took notice, that it was not written upon gilt paper.

Having had several strange pieces of intelligence from the Bath; as, that more constitutions were weakened there than repaired; that the physicians were not more busy in destroying old bodies, than the young fellows in producing new ones; with several other common-place strokes of raillery; I resolved to look upon the company there, as I returned lately out of the country. It was a great jest to see such a grave ancient person as I am, in an embroidered cap and brocade night-gown. But, besides the necessity of complying with the custom, by these means I passed undiscovered, and had a pleasure I much covet, of being alone in a crowd. It was no little satisfaction to me, to view the mixed mass of all ages and dignities upon a level, partaking of the same benefits of nature, and mingling in the same diversions. I sometimes entertained myself by observing what a large quantity of ground was hid under spreading petticoats; and what little patches of earth were covered by creatures with wigs and hats, in comparison to those spaces that were distinguished by flounces, fringes, and furbelows. From the earth my fancy was diverted to the water, where the distinctions of sex and condition are concealed; and where the mixture of men and women hath given occasion to some persons of light imaginations, to compare the Bath to the fountain of Salmacis, which had the virtue of joining the two sexes into one person; or to

the stream wherein Diana washed herself when she bestowed horns on Actæon; but by one of a serious turn, these healthful springs may rather be likened to the Stygian waters, which made the body invulnerable; or to the river of Lethe, one draught of which washed away all pain and anguish in a moment.

As I have taken upon me a name which ought to abound in humanity, I shall make it my business, in this paper, to cool and assuage those malignant humours of scandal which run throughout the body of men and women there assembled; and after the manner of those famous waters, I will endeavour to wipe away all foul aspersions, to restore bloom and vigour to decayed reputations, and set injured characters upon their legs again. I shall herein regulate myself by the example of that good man, who used to talk with charity of the greatest villains; nor was ever heard to speak with rigour of any one, until he affirmed with severity that Nero was a wag.

Having thus prepared thee, gentle reader, I shall not scruple to entertain thee with a panegyric upon the gamblers. I have indeed spoken incautiously heretofore of that class of men; but I should forfeit all titles to modesty, should I any longer oppose the common sense of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom. Were we to treat all those with contempt, who are the favourites of blind chance, few levees would be crowded. It is not the height of sphere in which a man moves, but the manner in which he acts, that makes him truly valuable. When therefore I see a gentleman lose his money with serenity, I recognise in him all the great qualities of a philosopher.

If he storms, and invokes the gods, I lament that he is not placed at the head of a regiment. The great gravity of the countenances round Harrison's table, puts me in mind of a council board; and the indefatigable application of the several combatants furnishes me with an unanswerable reply to those gloomy mortals, who censure this as an idle life. In short, I cannot see any reason why gentlemen should be hindered from raising a fortune by those means, which at the same time enlarge their minds. Nor shall I speak dishonourably of some little artifice and fineness used upon these occasions; since the world is so just to any man who is become a possessor of wealth, as not to respect him the less, for the methods he took to come by it.

Upon considerations like these, the ladies share in these diversions. I must own, that I receive great pleasure in seeing my pretty countrywomen engaged in an amusement which puts them upon producing so many virtues. Hereby they acquire such a boldness, as raises them near the lordly creature man. Here they are taught such contempt of wealth, as

may dilate their minds, and prevent many curtain lectures. Their natural tenderness is a weakness here easily unlearned; and I find my soul exalted, when I see a lady sacrifice the fortune of her children with as little concern as a Spartan or a Roman dame. In such a place as the Bath I might urge, that the casting of a die is indeed the properest exercise for a fair creature to assist the waters; not to mention the opportunity it gives to display the well-turned arm, and to scatter to advantage the rays of the diamond. But I am satisfied, that the gamester ladies have surmounted the little vanities of showing their beauty, which they so far neglect, as to throw their features into violent distortions, and wear away their lilies and roses in tedious watching, and restless lucubrations. I should rather observe that their chief passion is an emulation of manhood; which I am the more inclined to believe, because, in spite of all slanders, their confidence in their virtue keeps them up all night, with the most dangerous creatures of our sex. It is to me an undoubted argument of their ease of conscience, that they go directly from church to the gaming-table; and so highly reverence play, as to make it a great part of their exercise on Sundays.

The water poets are an innocent tribe, and deserve all the encouragement I can give them. It would be barbarous to treat those authors with bitterness, who never write out of the season, and whose works are useful with the waters. I made it my care therefore to sweeten some sour critics who were sharp upon a few sonnets, which, to speak in the language of the Bath, were mere alkalies. I took particular notice of a lenitive electuary, which was wrapped up in some of these gentle compositions; and am persuaded that the pretty one who took it, was as much relieved by the cover as the medicine. There are a hundred general topics put into metre every year, viz. 'The lover is inflamed in the water; or, he finds his death where he sought his cure; or, the nymph feels her own pain, without regarding her lover's torment.' These being for ever repeated, have at present a very good effect; and a physician assures me, that laudanum is almost out of doors at the Bath.

Thy physicians here are very numerous, but very good-natured. To these charitable gentlemen I owe, that I was cured, in a week's time, of more distempers than I ever had in my life. They had almost killed me with their humanity. A learned fellow-lodger prescribed me a little something, at my first coming, to keep up my spirits; and the next morning I was so much enlivened by another, as to have an order to bleed for my fever. I was proffered a cure for the scurvy by a third, and had a recipe for the dropsy gratis before night. In vain did I modestly decline these favours; for

I was awakened early in the morning by an apothecary, who brought me a dose from one of my well-wishers. I paid him, but withal told him severely, that I never took physic. My landlord hereupon took me for an Italian merchant that suspected poison; but the apothecary, with more sagacity, guessed that I was certainly a physician myself.

The oppression of civilities which I underwent from the sage gentlemen of the faculty, frightened me from making such inquiries into the nature of these springs, as would have furnished out a nobler entertainment upon the Bath, than the loose hints I have now thrown together. Every man who hath received any benefit there, ought, in proportion to his abilities, to improve, adorn, or recommend it. A prince should found hospitals, the noble and rich may diffuse their ample charities. Mr. Tompion gave a clock to the Bath; and I, Nestor Ironside, have dedicated a Guardian.

No. 175.] Thursday, October 1, 1713.

Quilque sui memores alios fecere merando.

Virg. Æn. vi. 604.

Who rais'd by merit an immortal name.

THE noble genius of Virgil would have been exalted still higher, had he had the advantage of Christianity. According to our scheme of thoughts, if the word *memores* in the front of this paper were changed into *similes*, it would have very much heightened the motive to virtue in the reader. To do good and great actions merely to gain reputation, and transmit a name to posterity, is a vicious appetite, and will certainly ensnare the person who is moved by it, on some occasions, into a false delicacy for fear of reproach; and at others, into artifices which taint his mind, though they may enlarge his fame. The endeavour to make men like you, rather than mindful of you, is not subject to such ill consequences, but moves with its reward in its own hand; or to speak more in the language of the world, a man with this aim is as happy as a man in an office, that is paid out of money under his own direction. There have been very worthy examples of this self-denying virtue among us in this nation; but I do not know of a nobler example in this taste, than that of the late Mr. Boyle, who founded a lecture for the 'Proof of the Christian religion, against atheists, and other notorious infidels.' The reward of perpetual memory amongst men, which might possibly have some share in this sublime charity, was certainly considered but in a second degree; and Mr. Boyle had it in his thoughts to make men imitate him as well as speak of him, when he was gone off our stage.

The world has received much good from this institution, and the noble emulation of great

men on the inexhaustible subject of the essence, praise, and attributes of the Deity, has had the natural effect, which always attends this kind of contemplation: to wit, that he who writes upon it with a sincere heart, very eminently excels whatever he has produced on any other occasion. It eminently appears from this observation, that a particular blessing has been bestowed on this lecture. This great philosopher provided for us, after his death, an employment not only suitable to our condition, but to his own at the same time. It is a sight fit for angels, to behold the benefactor and the persons obliged, not only in different places, but under different beings, employed in the same work.

This worthy man studied nature, and traced all her ways to those of her unsearchable author. When he had found him, he gave this bounty for the praise and contemplation of him. To one who has not run through regular courses of philosophical inquiries (the other learned labourers in this vineyard will forgive me,) I cannot but principally recommend the book, intitled, *Phisico-Theology*: printed for William Innys, in St. Paul's church-yard.

It is written by Mr. Derham, rector of Upminster, in Essex. I do not know what Upminster is worth; but I am sure, had I the best living in England to give, I should not think the addition of it sufficient acknowledgment of his merit; especially since I am informed, that the simplicity of his life is agreeable to his useful knowledge and learning.

The praise of this author seems to me to be the great perspicuity and method which render his work intelligible and pleasing to people who are strangers to such inquiries, as well as to the learned. It is a very desirable entertainment to find occasions of pleasure and satisfaction in those objects and occurrences which we have all our lives, perhaps, overlooked; or beheld without exciting any reflections that made us wiser, or happier. The plain good man does, as with a wand, show us the wonders and spectacles in all nature, and the particular capacities with which all living creatures are endowed for their several ways of life; how the organs of creatures are made according to the different paths in which they are to move and provide for themselves and families; whether they are to creep, to leap, to swim, to fly, to walk; whether they are to inhabit the bowels of the earth, the coverts of the wood, the muddy or clear streams; to howl in forests, or converse in cities. All life from that of a worm to that of a man is explained;

and, if I may so speak, the wondrous works of the creation, by the observations of this author, lie before us as objects that create love and admiration; which, without such explanations, strike us only with confusion and amazement.

The man who, before he had this book, dressed and went out to loiter and gather up something to entertain a mind too vacant, no longer needs news to give himself amusement; the very air he breathes suggests abundant matter for his thoughts. He will consider that he has begun another day of life, to breathe with all other creatures in the same mass of air, vapours, and clouds, which surround our globe; and of all the numberless animals that live by receiving momentary life, or rather momentary and new reprieves from death, at their nostrils, he only stands erect, conscious and contemplative of the benefaction.

A man who is not capable of philosophical reflections from his own education, will be as much pleased as with any other good news which he has not before heard. The agitations of the wind, and the falling of the rains, are what are absolutely necessary for his welfare and accommodation. This kind of reader will behold the light with a new joy, and a sort of reasonable rapture. He will be led from the appendages which attend and surround our globe, to the contemplation of the globe itself, the distribution of the earth and waters, the variety and quantity of all things provided for the uses of our world. Then will his contemplation, which was too diffused and general, be let down to particulars, to different soils and moulds, to the beds of minerals and stones, into caverns and volcanoes, and then again to the tops of mountains, and then again to the fields and valleys.

When the author has acquainted his reader with the place of his abode; he informs him of his capacity to make himself easy and happy in it by the gift of senses, by their ready organs, by showing him the structure of those organs, the disposition of the ear for the receipt of sounds, of the nostril for smell, the tongue for taste, the nerves to avoid harms by our feeling, and the eye by our sight.

The whole work is concluded (as it is, the sum of fifteen sermons in proof of the existence of the Deity) with reflections which apply each distinct part of it to an end, for which the author may hope to be rewarded with an immortality much more to be desired, than that of remaining in eternal honour among all the sons of men.

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